

NOT A DULL SOCIAL WEEK.

Sufficient Swirl to Make it Interesting.

UNITARIAN GENTLEMEN AS OYSTER COOKS

Jenness Lectures, Flower Growers and Whist Players.

MALE COOKING CLASS.

The supper and social given in Channing Hall by the gentlemen of Unity church last Tuesday evening was a decided success in every particular.

THE JENNESS MEETINGS

At Salem the past week were attended by the best people of the city and all who heard, saw or became acquainted with Mabel Jenness carried away new ideas that tend to free freedom for the sex, better physical development and artistic culture.

The Jenness meeting was a "ladies" meeting. Lady users were provided by Dean Hanson of the Woman's College, who supplied a half dozen umbrellas from among the students of Willamette university, who wore the black silk Oxford college caps. It was a very successful affair.

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS RECEPTION

At Hotel Willamette, De Molay commandry, No. 6, K. T., of Salem, gave a reception to visiting Sir Knights last Monday evening. Fraternal greetings were exchanged and the social courtesies presented by the eminent commander and members of the home commandry.

The following is thought to be a full roster of all Sir Knights present:

- Vanhook commandry No. 2, K. T., of Eugene—S. M. Moran, grand commander, K. T. of Oregon, and Sir Knights J. F. Robinson, A. C. Woodcock, J. L. Page, D. A. Paine, N. L. Roney, W. E. Preston, W. V. Henderson, O. P. Hoff, B. D. Paine, J. C. Goodale, W. T. Peet, and C. E. Loomis.

How a Great Tenor Died. Brignoli died poor and was buried by a friend. The last money he spent was received on a check signed by William Astor, who had bought 10 tickets at \$5 each for one of his concerts. This check Brignoli carried in his pocket for nearly two years, and never had it cashed until in the direst necessity.—New York Tribune.

THE FLORICULTURISTS conducted the closing session of the two days Fruit Grower's convention

Wednesday evening at Y. M. C. A. hall. There were recitals by Miss Marie Vandenberg and Miss Vera Lee-man, both pupils of Miss Scriber and they were warmly received, it being Miss Lee-man's first reading, and she gave "How We Entertained the Editor," with a great range of power and expression. The first public meeting of the florist was happy all around.

OLD FOLKS WHIST.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Flemming entertained the veterans at whist last Monday evening. There was a very large party and concluded with the gentleman present being invited to affix the candle appendage to a world's fair donkey. Following members of the club and invited guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Waite, Mr. and Mrs. Werner Breyman, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Breyman, Mr. and Mrs. Major George Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Gov. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cottle, Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Cosgrove and Mrs. Combs of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Krause, Mr. and Mrs. John Krause, Judge William Waldo, Mrs. Alice Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

A COOK BOOK FREE.

"Table and Kitchen" is the title of a new cook book published by the Price Baking Powder Company, Chicago. Just at this time it will be sent free if you write a postal mentioning this paper. This book has been tried by ourselves and is one of the best of its kind. Besides containing over 400 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are many hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter the dining room, etc., a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as of the most economical and home line is provided for. Remember "Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid to any lady sending her address (name, town and state) plainly given. A copy in German or Scandinavian will be sent if desired. Postal card is as good as letter, address Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill. J. A. Van Eaton, the Salem grocer, has these cook books for free distribution.

(Continued on fourth page.)

ALLOW FOR IDIOSYNCRASIES.

The Way the Psychological Girl Cultivates a Spirit of Charity.

The psychological girl is purely a product of the nineteenth century. She never could have existed under any circumstances except those afforded at the present.

I sat behind one of these youthful philosophers at the theater one evening. Along toward the close of the first act a couple came in and made every one in the row get up to let them pass. The psychological girl's escort, a meek looking youth, made some remark about people being late and disturbing half the house, when his companion said:

"You have no right to blame them for being late. Probably the woman kept the man waiting for three-quarters of an hour. But that was not her fault, and she is not to blame. She can't help being late. It is one of her idiosyncrasies."

"Can't help being late!" the young man exclaimed incredulously. "No," was the answer. "She is simply unable to estimate time. Now, for example," continued the young lady, "take the young man who is always behind time. He never allows himself time enough to do things. It always takes him longer than he thinks. It is not that he overestimates his own work, but he simply underestimates time. This same person will underestimate the value of things and underestimate the cleverness or the goodness of his friends."

"On the other hand, the man who is always a few minutes early for an engagement is the man who overestimates time and everything else. Other things being equal, he will be affected by the eloquence of the last speaker in debate. He is apt to think the last good book the best he has ever read. He is conceited, and he probably overestimates the ability of his friends. He thinks they are better or smarter or more generous than they really are. He is as unreliable as the other person. The strangest thing is that in the matter of idiosyncrasies we are all astonishingly consistent."

"I am always watching people and studying their idiosyncrasies. I find it makes me much more charitable." Just then the curtain rose, and the psychological young woman turned her attention to the stage, while I relapsed into thoughtfulness. I decided that I would forgive Miss F. hereafter for keeping me waiting half an hour, for I now know that she was not to blame.—New York Herald.

How a Great Tenor Died. Brignoli died poor and was buried by a friend. The last money he spent was received on a check signed by William Astor, who had bought 10 tickets at \$5 each for one of his concerts. This check Brignoli carried in his pocket for nearly two years, and never had it cashed until in the direst necessity.—New York Tribune.

THE SEASON OF SILENCE.

Now comes the hush that follows after snow. In one wild burst the melody went out. From all the glowing woods and fields about and coldly shines the sun the whole day long. The south winds will inspire the earth no more. The glad, responsive voices now are dumb. And if, as guest, a summer day should come No smiling hand would open wide the door.

THE TRAITOR SCOUT.

It had been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that after the Mormons located at Salt Lake they bent all their energies to two things—making friends with the Indians and seeking to prevent white people not of their own faith from penetrating into that country. They did gain the good will of the several tribes of Indians with whom they came in contact to such a degree as made it safe for a Mormon to go anywhere. Once in awhile one was killed before he could identify himself, but the man who proved himself a Mormon need have no fear of the savages, who had been trained from infancy to hate a white man and take his scalp whenever opportunity offered.

This desideratum was accomplished in various ways. They made common cause with the redskin against the remainder of the white race, promising him all the scalps and plunder. They made him presents, caused him to believe that they were persecuted because they espoused his cause, and in other ways got such a firm hold on his affections that he became the most powerful ally that they could have selected. They made him arrowheads and lanceheads, they provided him with his first firearms and best tomahawks, they fed him when he was hungry and helped to outfit him when he went to war.

When the California gold fever began to push long wagon trains across the country the Mormons saw what the result would be unless they could stop the rush. Left to themselves the savages would no doubt have attacked in every case where there was hope of success, but not one person would have been killed where ten actually yielded up their lives but for the assistance of the accursed Danites. These were the "good men and true" of the Mormon church—the enthusiasts and fanatics who could be depended on to carry out any order and preserve the secrets of the church with their last breath.

They knew the country, the trails, the streams and ravines and valleys from Council Bluffs or St. Joseph to their own doors in Salt Lake City. They were strung out all along the overland trail, and in constant communication with the Indians. They acted as guides—were elected as captains of trains—sought every position which would enable them to play into the hands of their allies and work the destruction of trains. This was not even suspected, however, until they had worked fearful slaughter among the gold seekers. No living man will ever be able to give figures on the train people murdered during the many years in which the overland trail was in use.

The first train I went out with, said an old scout, consisted of fifteen wagons and fifty persons. Of these twenty-two were full grown men and well armed, and each one fully realized the perils which beset the route. It would seem the height of folly for a husband to invest his all in a span of horses and wagon and set out for California with a sickly wife and three or four children, but plenty of them did so. Indeed there was no train without its women and children, and their presence always increased the dangers. Previous to leaving St. Joe we had to elect a captain of the train, a "boss," whose word should be law until we reached the end of our journey.

The position naturally fell to some veteran—some hunter, scout or Indian fighter, who was posted as to the ways and routes of the Indians. Some such man was always going out with a train. In our case the choice lay between two—one an old trapper of many years' experience, who looked honest and seemed to have had plenty of experience, and a man who was a stranger to all, but who was loud in his boasts of how many Indians he had killed and what a brave, careful man he was. I disliked him at first sight, as I know he did me, but, though I did all I could to defeat him, he was elected to the position of captain. He was a fellow with an ugly, sulky look to his face; eyes which were constantly roving about and could never look you square in the face, and in my heart I believed he meant us ill.

I found one or two others who entirely agreed with me, but the majority were perfectly satisfied that he was all right, and it would not be prudent for us to say anything until we had a better foundation than mere suspicion. It would have been rebellion to speak against him or refuse to obey his orders, and he had the power to disarm us and put us under guard.

At that date the train which progressed 100 miles into Kansas was sure to find the advance guard of the Indians. On the fourth day out we sighted some at a distance, and I narrowly watched our captain. He closed the train up in good order, stationed the defenders where they could do the most good, and exhibited such nerve and caution that I began to feel ashamed of myself for having suspected his loyalty. But for one circumstance I should have banished all suspicion. We saw the first Indians two hours before sundown. None of them came nearer than half a mile, seeming to be content with an inspection of our strength. An hour later and when we were within two miles of the spot where we proposed to camp the captain, whose name I neglected to state was Baker, ran up a green flag on one of the wagons. This flag, as we afterward concluded, he must have had secreted about his person. He explained that if we ran up a flag the Indians would conclude that there were soldiers with the train and haul off, and no one—no one but me—questioned the truth or policy of the proceeding. It struck me that he raised the flag for a signal, and when I stated my suspicions to one or two others of the band, they agreed with me that he could have no other object. From that time we watched his every movement with the eyes of a fox, but he made no further sign for many hours. When we went into camp he took all the precautions the most timid could suggest, and I do not believe he slept two hours between dark and dawn. The night passed without an alarm, and it was after noon next day before we saw Indians again. We had been traveling an hour after the noon halt when we came to a singular bit of ground. It was a ridge about fifty feet wide, with heavy washouts or dry ravines on each side of it. This place could be avoided by turning to either the right or left, but Baker, who was mounted, as most of us were, led the way right along this ridge. I was watching him, and I saw that he was farther ahead than usual. I also saw him make a curious sign. He raised his right arm on a line with his ear, bent the forearm across his head and held it thus for a few seconds, with the palm opened and toward the horse's head. Looking ahead and to the left, I thought I caught a brief glimpse of a dark object, something like a black head peering above the bank of the ravine. I was close to the head wagon, and I asked the man to halt, and in twenty words made him understand that I firmly believed the Indians had prepared an ambush for us. I had made him understand this when Baker halted and turned to us with the query: "What's the matter now?" "The route looks dangerous," I answered. "The route is all right; bring your wagons."

"Why can't we go to the left or the right?" I asked. "Look here," he began as he rode back, "is this train under my orders or yours?" "Yours, sir."

"Then you be careful. If you attempt to interfere with me I'll order you under arrest. Come on with the wagons." He turned and galloped forward. As he did so I rode to the right and a companion to the left to reach a point where we could see into the ravines. We both saw the same sight—the dry ditches crowded with redskins—and we both cried out together: "Shoot the villain! He has led us into an ambush!" I don't know who killed him. Five or six of us fired together just as he put his horse on a gallop, and he toppled from his saddle and fell to the earth. The Indians, seeing that they were discovered, sprang up and made a dash at us on foot. Although without a leader we did just the right thing. Every man rushed to the front, leaving the rear of the train to take care of itself, and we gave the savages a volley which broke them up and left nine of their number dead on the ridge.

The living sought cover, ran down the ditches behind a rise where their ponies were concealed and made off without firing another shot, although there were eighty-four of them in the band. Had we got the train strung out on that ridge every soul in the train would have been murdered within ten minutes. Baker was, as I found out several years later, an active Danite, and had led more than 100 emigrants to slaughter.

What was for several years known as the Lost Train made its start from Council Bluffs and struck for the Platte river, in Nebraska, and followed it west. It consisted of seventeen wagons and sixty people, twenty-four of these being full grown men and boys capable of handling a rifle and standing guard. The captain was an Illinois farmer and pioneer, and as he had his wife and two children along no one could doubt that he would do his best to pull us through. I had a wagon loaded with clothing, powder, lead and firearms in the train valued at over \$5,000, and I was greatly pleased, when we finally made our start, to find our train made up of men whose looks indicated that they could be relied upon if a pinch came. Nearly every man had two rifles, intending to sell one in California, and many of them had revolvers and pistols as well as rifles. We had been out six days, and had

not yet seen an Indian, when, about 9 o'clock on the morning of the seventh day, a white man came riding into our train from the west, closely pursued by a dozen Indians.

They hung about us for an hour or so, yelling and firing at long range, and then rode away. The stranger gave his name as Comstock. He was dressed like a scout and hunter, and he claimed to belong to a train of seven wagons, which had entered the territory from a point about twenty miles below the bluffs. This train was, he thought, about thirty miles ahead of us.

He had left camp two days before to look for a valuable saddle horse which had stampeded, had lost his way, and the Indians had run him for ten or twelve miles. He expressed great thankfulness at reaching a haven of safety, and at once began to offer his advice. We were adding many miles and days to our journey, he said, by following the river. By heading more to the northwest we should after forty miles' travel strike a valley which extended almost to Pike's peak. Grass, water and fuel were plenty, and he had been over it three times without seeing an Indian.

In those days the mapmakers knew but little of the great west, and what they did locate was as apt to be wrong as right. None of us had ever heard of such a valley, but it might exist for all that. Most of us were opposed to making any change in our route, but here the captain proved his inefficiency. The story of this valley charmed him, and Comstock piled it on until it was finally decided to change the route.

Four of us held out until the others decided to go on without us. It would have been folly for us to think of splitting off, weak handed as we were, and so we gave in. The change of route was made on the morning of the eighth day. We struck away from the river out on the prairie, and made a good twenty-five miles that day.

We got no water at noon, but at night camped beside a creek. I don't say that I suspected Comstock of any evil, for I believed his escape from the Indians was genuine, but I did think it queer that he talked so much and that he was so anxious to break us off the regular route. While he avoided the four of us who had rebelled he cultivated the others, and they soon came to take much stock in him.

On the second day we found very rough ground, and got no water either at noon or night. On the third day we found water at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Comstock led the way, and it seemed to me as if he selected the very worst route. At noon on this third day he said we were only fifteen miles from the entrance to the valley. We had to make a dry camp again at night, and I had now begun to doubt the man so strongly that I sought an opportunity to ask the captain if he fully believed in the stranger. "Why, bless you, yes," he replied. "Do you believe in the valley he speaks of?" "Certainly. It can't be over seven or eight miles away."

"Captain, what is a valley?" I asked. "Why, it's the level ground between two mountains," he replied. "But do you see any mountains? We ought to be able to see one fifty miles away."

"Say, you don't think there is anything wrong, do you?" Before I could reply he was called away, and Comstock took care that I should not get to him again. We started off again in the morning, and found no water until noon. Then it was a brackish, filthy stuff, in a sink or pond. The route was rough and difficult, and the pasturage was so scant that our animals were beginning to suffer and grow weak.

Comstock kept talking about the valley to cheer the men up, but as night came and we seemed to have got no nearer several of the captain's party began to give vent to suspicion. Comstock argued, protested and entreated, promising that we should see grass up to our knees by mid-forenoon next day, and all talk was thus quieted.

That night a storm set in, and it rained as if it meant to float us away. The rain did not cease until noon next day, but some time during the night the fellow Comstock deserted us, and we soon found he had taken the axle pins from almost every wagon. Then everybody was ready to believe he was a decoy who had led us away from the route to be overpowered and slaughtered.

We were one whole day replacing the pins and were in momentary expectation of an attack, but not an Indian was sighted. Next morning we headed to the southwest, and were six days in getting to the overland trail again, and during all this time we did not sight a redskin. As all of us believed that Comstock had an understanding with the Indians, we could not make out why they did not show up.

Twelve years later an Indian told me all about it. We were right in suspecting Comstock. He was a renegade and living with a tribe. The plan to join a train and decoy it was his own, and the only reason he failed to wipe us out was because the 250 redskins backing him were waiting for us in another locality, there being a misunderstanding between them.—True Flag.

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