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HEART DISEASE 30 YEARS.

GRAND ISLAND, NEB., April 28, 1892. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. GENTLEMEN: I had been troubled with many...

TRY DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem

Baby cried, Mother sighed, Doctor prescribed: Castoria.

TODAY'S MARKETS.

Prices Current by Telegraph - Local and Portland Quotations. SALEM, August 2, 4 p. m. - Office DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL.

SALEM PRODUCE MARKET. FRUIT. Peas - 8 to 10 cents a gallon. Raspberries - red 6c, black 4c.

BUTCHER STOCK. Veals - dressed 4c. Hogs - dressed 6c to 6 1/2.

MILL PRICES. Salem Milling Co. quotes: Flour in wholesale lots \$3.20. Retail \$3.60.

HAY AND GRAIN. Oats - 40 to 45 cents. Hay - Baled, new \$8 to \$12; old \$10 to \$14.

FARM PRODUCTS. Apples - \$1.50 a bushel. Wool - Best, 10c. Hops - Small sale, 15c to 17c.

PORTLAND QUOTATIONS. Grain, Feed, etc. Flour - Standard, \$3.40; Walla Walla, \$3.40; Graham, \$3.00; superfine, \$2.50 per barrel.

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter - Oregon fancy creamery, 22c to 25c; fancy dairy, 17c to 20c; fair to good, 15c to 16c.

SALE OF THE MILLER. As same as the highfallootist kinds down in the blue grass country, said old Tom Burke, speaking to a group of young fellows at his house one day.

THE LITTLE OLD STORE.

Oh, the little old store with the bell on the door. That rang as you went out or in. With a tinkling tinkle as it swung on the spring.

And deafened your ears with its din! Oh, the little old store gave measure and more. And everything called sweet of mine.

For a quiet little maid in muslin arrayed Would answer each ring from the door. And smiles sweet and simple played with the dimples.

THE FEUD ENDED. Old Jake Miller and old Rad Blankership were two of the most prominent citizens of Magoffin county, eastern Kentucky.

Stranger to say, he posed as a great philanthropist and would often declare in the most public manner that "he didn't know what would become of the country if it wasn't for him."

Often at Thompson's store he would sit, the center of a worshiping group, and tell in a condescending manner how he had "made every dollar he had hisself," and that early in his career he had "worked for a bit a day" - less than half what he now paid good hands.

Old Rad Blankership was popular as well as prominent. There were numbers of men who would lay off their coats and roll up their sleeves to defend old Rad against a tongue of slander.

"That never wuz a better ole man," said Tom Latimer, with affection in his tones. "I never go ter him for a drink, money or no money, without gettin it. I spent \$20 at his still last week, an when I went ter leave, all broke up an busted, he give me a big groundful ter drink afore I started an a quart bottle full besides to take home. I'm goin back ag'in just as soon as my next pension check comes. He knows how ter treat er man white, he does."

It is needless to state that old Jake and old Rad got about all the money that filtered into that section. They were therefore enabled to live in excellent style and educate their children.

Old Rad had a daughter, Frances, whose beauty gave joy to the eyes and despair to the hearts of all the young men of the county.

From the time she was 14 young pumpkins began to array themselves in the most striking rural finery - all for her sake. To attract her eye new boots with brilliant yellow or red tops were worn.

Well oiled heads were set off with new white hats, the crowns encircled by yellow cords. For her sake crowds would collect at the "meeting house" doors when she'd go in or out, and many, many "smart things" would be said by said crowds that she might hear and by hearing admire.

Many threats would be made by said pumpkins to the effect that each in tended at no distant date to "back up to her" and "see her home." But all action in the matter was postponed from day to day and from year to year. The little beauty was not of their kind. This they instinctively understood. They knew when they would look at the matter in the proper light that it was ridiculous - the idea that either could ever hope to win her. Every curve of the face and figure, every movement, every word, every tone and every look - all proclaimed her superiority to the herd of uncouth, illiterate youngsters around her.

When preaching was over and the jolly streams of young people had dived out of the house and forged an eddy of happy tumult in front,

young Miller went up to Frances, who was about starting, and lifting his hat said, "This is my schoolmate, Miss Frances Blankership, I believe." The young girl smiled, blushed and bowed.

"If you have no objection, I'd like the pleasure of being your escort home!" The girl turned very pale for a moment, hesitated, then resolutely spoke her consent.

They walked on in embarrassed, perplexed silence for some time. Then William spoke with decision: "Miss Frances, it's very abrupt, in deed, my talking as I shall talk, the first time I've seen you since we were children; but necessity forces me to it, and it will, I hope, be a good excuse. I may not have an opportunity such as this for a long while; therefore I'll say - I love you! I know you are thinking of that old feud that has so long existed between our people. It has been bad, and for that reason, if for no other, it should stop. It cannot be wrong to do away with what has only done - can only do - harm. I love you. It's love, you might say, at first sight, but it's love as strong as years can make it. If I'd have plenty of opportunities to tell you this later on, it would of course be almost rude to make the declaration at this time. But I must speak when I can. Oh, Frances, shall we not end this old, miserable, foolish feud?"

He caught her little hand. It trembled in his own like a scared dove. She turned her tender eyes to his anxious gaze. He saw tears on the fringes of her lids. He had won.

"God bless you, little sweetheart!" he exclaimed, lifting her hand to his burning lips.

Then the humor of the whole matter broke upon them, and they laughed aloud in their great happiness.

Their laughter, however, was short lived, for looking up they saw old man Blankership coming toward them with furious strides.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Frances, turning with frightened, appealing eyes to William, "there comes papa! Oh, William, what will you do! Oh, my God!"

"Now, darling, trust me, will you? Say you will! Before heaven, I swear that neither I nor your father shall be harmed. I'm only afraid on your account, and if you will trust me now you shall have no reason for fear, I swear it. Nothing that I shall do now must alarm you. Trust me, darling."

The old chap came charging on. Before he got within 15 yards they could hear his agitated breathing.

"Stop now, darling, and remember what I've told you!" quietly spoke William Miller.

A few seconds later the old fellow, with eyes glittering like new dirk knives, confronted them. He was pale as death; his lips were pressed hard against his teeth.

"This is Mr. Miller, I believe!" spoke the old fellow in a low, ominous tone.

"It is, sir, and you are Mr. Rad!" "Blankership, sah. You are with my gal, you d---d, low down rascal! You know (with a motion toward his hip pocket), you know what such a thing means!"

"I mean," returned William, punching a pistol under the old fellow's chin, "that you are my prisoner!"

"What! You are an infernal!" "Deputy United States marshal, Mr. Blankership! Keep your hands down until I get these on!" returned the young man, producing a pair of handcuffs.

"I don't know what you mean, sah! What authority, sah! Why, jewhillskins! Why?" "Never mind, Mr. Blankership. Here's my commission, sir. I was selected to capture you because I know the situation and the people here. My father is just as powerful as you are, Mr. Blankership. You have defied the United States long enough. Now, you are my prisoner and there's no need to curse and fret anything about it!"

At this moment a number of old Jake Miller's strikers dashed up on old mules and horses, armed to the teeth. The old man was now thoroughly frightened.

"Now, Mr. Blankership," spoke the young man quietly, "you see what these miserable feuds do for people."

"Waal, by goh!" said the old man, scratching his head and laughing, "ain't that no way to stop this danged feud?"

"Oh, yes. Your daughter and I had a plan we were fixing up when you came up and disturbed it," returned William, smiling significantly.

"Waal, by goh, you an her just come up to the house and finish your plans. The preacher is thar for dinner. It can all be fixed as soon as he can shoot off the ceremony."

The old man was released, and the Miller-Blankership feud put to rest forever. - New York Dispatch.

Gazing at a Column. "If I had an 'ad' at the top of that column," murmured the advertising agent softly to himself as he gazed admiringly at the Washington monument, "I wouldn't care whether it was next to pure reading matter or not." - Buffalo Courier.

BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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