

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY THE Capital Journal Publishing Company, Postoffice Block, Commercial Street.

HOFER BROTHERS, - - - Editors. Daily, by carrier, per month, \$0.50; Daily, by mail, per year, \$5.00; Weekly, 8 pages, per year, \$1.00.

OREGON STATE FINANCES.

When the State Should Be Solid It Is Weak.

DEFECTS OF OUR SYSTEM SHOWN.

Straight Comments On Treatment of Public Funds.

If the people of this state ever secure any reform in the management of their state taxes they can thank the present financial crisis and the agitation of the matter in the JOURNAL. The people are determined to stop further juggling with public taxes by county officials and local banks. Oregon is in the pitiful condition of having collected half a million of state taxes from the people and having not a cent turned over to the state treasurer according to law.

The writer spent two days looking over Portland and Oregon City, a population of 100,000 people. He saw no grounds for apprehension of calamity overtaking those places. There are new buildings going up and considerable public work being done on streets; railroads are building and improvements are the order of the day.

There is no disposition to make the matter worse than it is. The attempt to suppress discussion of this great public iniquity comes from those who have reaped the profits of hoodling the public taxes. It does not come from the state officials. It is an abuse that has been fostered for profit by an unscrupulous ring of money-changers and boodle politicians at Portland. They are crying out that there should be one newspaper in the state to make their corrupt practices prominent at a time when it will educate the people to demand a better order of things in our public revenues and a higher code of morality among those who handle the public monies direct from the people.

Discussing this subject a Portland paper—the Telegram—has the following scathing rebuke to the tax hoodlers: A BAD PRACTICE. What is the difference between stealing under the guise of law and stealing contrary to law? What shall we think of the morality of the Portland banks that have confessedly been doing business with state funds, city funds, county funds, and all these public taxes paid by the people?—CAPITAL JOURNAL.

The Portland banks are not alone. It is the universal practice throughout the state to deposit public funds in the banks, because the law has made no other provision for the custody of the money. It is also the universal practice for the banks to use these funds as if the money belonged to them and was not committed to them in fiduciary trust. The practice is most reprehensible, yet it is more the fault of the legislature and of the state constitution than it is of the state and county officials. It has gone so long without protest being made against it that the banks look upon it as their special perquisite, and has led to the additional evil of allowing banks and bank officers to become bondsmen for the public officials who handle the money.

There are two remedies for this. One is to have certain banks designated as depositories of public funds and then require them to execute and file special bonds to cover the public deposits; and to further require them to pay interest on such deposits. The other remedy is to make the public treasury in fact what it is in name—the place of deposit for public funds. The state and each county should have its own vaults, and the treasurer made custodian thereof. Then there would be no temptation to juggle with the public funds. The collecting officers would have to deposit in the vault before taking a receipt from the treasurer. If the treasurer took the money out of the vaults and deposited it in a bank, he would be guilty of embezzlement.



A well known photographer of Merced, Cal., testifies: "My face and body were covered with red blotches which disfigured me and caused much suffering. After medicines failed, but after taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am entirely free from blotches and am perfectly well." HOOD'S CURES. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and carefully prepared. 25c. Try a box.

TIMES NOT SO HARD.

A view on our city shows times are not so hard as many seem to think. On one fine farm near Salem a threshing machine runs from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m. turning out the golden grain. The men get \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day. Single wagons roll 70 to 100 bushels of grain to mill at Salem and get the money for it. Hoj yards are engaging 20 to 100 hands each at good wages. Later the hops will bring the yellow gold.

The writer spent two days looking over Portland and Oregon City, a population of 100,000 people. He saw no grounds for apprehension of calamity overtaking those places. There are new buildings going up and considerable public work being done on streets; railroads are building and improvements are the order of the day.

There is no disposition to make the matter worse than it is. The attempt to suppress discussion of this great public iniquity comes from those who have reaped the profits of hoodling the public taxes. It does not come from the state officials. It is an abuse that has been fostered for profit by an unscrupulous ring of money-changers and boodle politicians at Portland. They are crying out that there should be one newspaper in the state to make their corrupt practices prominent at a time when it will educate the people to demand a better order of things in our public revenues and a higher code of morality among those who handle the public monies direct from the people.

Discussing this subject a Portland paper—the Telegram—has the following scathing rebuke to the tax hoodlers: A BAD PRACTICE. What is the difference between stealing under the guise of law and stealing contrary to law? What shall we think of the morality of the Portland banks that have confessedly been doing business with state funds, city funds, county funds, and all these public taxes paid by the people?—CAPITAL JOURNAL.

The Portland banks are not alone. It is the universal practice throughout the state to deposit public funds in the banks, because the law has made no other provision for the custody of the money. It is also the universal practice for the banks to use these funds as if the money belonged to them and was not committed to them in fiduciary trust. The practice is most reprehensible, yet it is more the fault of the legislature and of the state constitution than it is of the state and county officials. It has gone so long without protest being made against it that the banks look upon it as their special perquisite, and has led to the additional evil of allowing banks and bank officers to become bondsmen for the public officials who handle the money.

There are two remedies for this. One is to have certain banks designated as depositories of public funds and then require them to execute and file special bonds to cover the public deposits; and to further require them to pay interest on such deposits. The other remedy is to make the public treasury in fact what it is in name—the place of deposit for public funds. The state and each county should have its own vaults, and the treasurer made custodian thereof. Then there would be no temptation to juggle with the public funds. The collecting officers would have to deposit in the vault before taking a receipt from the treasurer. If the treasurer took the money out of the vaults and deposited it in a bank, he would be guilty of embezzlement.

The evil of the prevailing system was exemplified right here in Portland, where the bank crash was precipitated by a fight between two rival banking institutions for control of the county money. How much loss there will be to state and county is yet a conjecture, but we know enough to say that it is going to be a hard rub for the taxpayers. At all events the people of Oregon have

GREAT YEAR FOR MOSQUITOES.

It's the Female Birds That Make All the Trouble, Says One Expert.

"Mosquitoes? Well, I should say so," exclaimed genial Captain Veazey of the steamer Enoch Pratt. He had been asked if this was a good season for the birds. "Why, there are billions of them down in the tidewater counties of Maryland and Virginia. We caught it at Deal's island recently. There was a land breeze, and the mosquitoes swarmed about the boat. Every one was lean and hungry and seemed to want a square meal, and from the way we felt when we got away they must have got it. They are bad in Somerset. I've got a farm four miles from Princess Anne and wanted to go up and see if my wheat had been harvested properly, but was afraid of the mosquitoes. I haven't been yet."

Just why the mosquitoes are so numerous this year no one seems to know. A great many persons attribute the increase to the warm, wet spring, while others say the mosquitoes are just like peaches—after two or three years in which they are comparatively scarce there will be a tremendous crop. This was the view taken by a party of steamboat men who sat on one of the wharves along Light street yesterday and grumbled about the hot weather. A mosquito which had just arrived on one of the bay boats landed on the neck of one of the party and was getting his or rather her dinner when she was killed by a vicious swipe of her victim. "There's another 'skeeter' done for," remarked the murderer, with satisfaction. "He won't bother anybody else in this yere vale o' tears."

"She, not he," corrected another. "Don't you know that a 'skeeter' never bothers anybody? It's the females that make all the trouble in this world, and that applies to 'skeeters' just the same as it does to women. If all 'skeeters' were men we wouldn't have any trouble from them, just the same as if all human beings were men we'd have things more quiet and peaceful. A he 'skeeter' doesn't live long. Go down along the water in the spring and you will see billions and billions of them, 'woolly heads,' we call them. But you can get right in among them and have them so thick around you that you can't see through them, and you will not be bitten. They only live long enough to provide for the next season's crop, and then they die, leaving the she 'skeeters' to make mankind miserable till cold weather comes."—Baltimore Sun.

The Importance of Good Cooking.

A good cook is a treasure a mistress rarely wishes to offend. How often does one hear a woman say something like the following, after recounting faults of a most serious character on the part of her cook: "Still I cannot afford to part with her, for she is a far better cook than I can get elsewhere. She satisfies my husband better than any we have had, and you know how difficult he is to please. There is no peace if his dinner does not please him."

"If a woman is at the mercy of the cook, and she is not good," as a writer I have already quoted has remarked, "her table will soon become intolerable. Bad soup, soft and flabby fish, meat burned outside and raw within—the husband will soon fly from the Barmecide feast and take refuge in his club, where he will not only find food that he can digest, but at the same time fly from the domestic discord that usually accompanies ill cooked victuals at home."

Bad cookery may seem a small thing in comparison with other evils, but the results are as dire as those that followed the proverbial lost nail in the horse's shoe—wasted incomes, impaired health, drinking habits, family discord, bad cookery, more often than not, causes "the little rift within the lute" which by and by makes the music of married life mute. "Whom God hath joined in matrimony ill cooked joints and ill cooked potatoes have often put asunder."—Nineteenth Century.

A Pinch of Dust.

The dangers that lurk unseen in the air form the subject of an essay by M. de Nansouty on "The Atmosphere of Large Towns and Micrography." He points out the increased pollution of the air in Paris from the factories worked by steam machinery and remarks that vapors which contain sulphur are especially disastrous to the lungs, since the sulphur which they contain is transformed into sulphurous acid and then into sulphuric acid, which falls back on the streets with the rain and fog. An analysis of dust particles reveals that a remarkable collection of diverse objects may be absorbed at every breath in the street of a large city—silic, chalk, plaster, pulverized rock, charcoal, hairs, fibers, vegetable refuse, starch, pollen cells, etc. A specimen of dust collected from furniture on the third floor of a street in Rennes contained all this and nearly 3,000,000 bacteria in addition. A grain of dust (about 15 grains) in movement in the streets incloses about 180,000 bacteria. The dust of houses, then, is very dangerous. M. de Nansouty concludes that it is of incalculable importance to devote incessant attention to the number, quantity and nature of those microscopic beings which surround us.—London Hospital.

This is a Georgia Story.

At Waynesboro, just before a recent hanging, two young fellows went out to inspect the gallows and satisfy their curiosity. Arrived on the spot, one of them expressed a desire to see how the thing worked. "Put your head in the noose," said the other, "and I'll show you." For the novelty of the thing his companion suited the action to the word, when—"click" and down shot the trap! The noose was not in position, however, and slipped off the head of the frightened fellow just in time to save him from being jerked out of the world. Neither of those adventurous young men has any further desire to test the efficacy of the sheriff's preparations for dispatching people from this world to the next.—Atlanta Constitution.



Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. "I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unasked, to the world the benefit received from Dr. Miles' RESTORATIVE REMEDY. I was stricken down with Heart Disease and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 90 to 140 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression in the chest, much pain in the region of the heart and below lower ribs, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicines without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedy. He was cured by Dr. Miles' remedy. I have taken three bottles of your Restorative and my pulse is normal. I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I am a well man. I can recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to take Dr. Miles' Restorative. Restoring and be cured." L. L. CARTER. SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

THOUSANDS.

Thousands of the heart and below lower ribs, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicines without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedy. He was cured by Dr. Miles' remedy. I have taken three bottles of your Restorative and my pulse is normal. I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I am a well man. I can recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to take Dr. Miles' Restorative. Restoring and be cured." L. L. CARTER. SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

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.

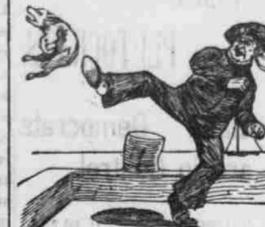
Prices Current by Telegraph—Local and Portland Quotations.

SALEM, August 21, 4 p. m.—Office DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL. Quotations for day and up to hour of going to press were as follows: SALEM PRODUCE MARKET. FRUIT. Peas and beans—8 to 10 cents a gallon. Blackberries—wild 50c; tame 5 cts. a box. Peaches—70 to 80 cts. a basket. BUTCHER STOCK. Veals—dressed 4 cts. Hogs—dressed 6 1/2 to 8 1/2. Live cattle—2 to 2 1/2. Sheep—alive \$1.50 to \$2.00. Spring lambs—\$1.50 to \$2.00. MILL PRICES. Salem Milling Co. quotes: Flour in wholesale lots \$3.20. Retail \$3.60. Bran \$17 bulk, \$18 sacked. Shorts \$19 and \$20. Chop feed \$19 and \$20. WHEAT. Old wheat on storage 48 cents. New wheat 50 cents. HAY AND GRAIN. Oats—old, 38 to 40c., new 30c. Hay—Baled, new \$5 to \$12; old \$10 to \$14. Wild bulk, \$9 to \$2. Barley—Brewing, at Salem, No. 1, 95 to \$1.00 per cwt. No. 2, 70 to 85 cts. FARM PRODUCTS. Apples—75c to \$1.00 a bushel. Wool—Best, 10c. Hops—Small sale, 15 1/2 to 17c. Eggs—Cash, 18 cents. Butter—Best dairy, 25; fancy creamery, 30. Cheese—12 to 15 cts. Farm smoked meats—Bacon 12 1/2; hams, 13; shoulders, 10. Potatoes—new, 50c. to 60c. Onions—1 1/2 to 2 cents. Beeswax—34c. Caraway seed, 18c. Anise seed, 26c. Ginseng, \$1.40. HIDES AND PELTS. Green, 2 cts; dry, 4 cts; sheep pelts, 75 cts to \$1.25. No quotations on furs. LIVE POULTRY. Chickens—7 to 10 cts; broilers 10c to 12c; ducks, 12c; turkeys, slow sale, choice, 10 cts; geese slow. PORTLAND QUOTATIONS. Grains, Feed, etc. Flour—Standard, \$3.40; Walla Walla, \$3.40; graham, \$3.00; superfine, \$2.50 per barrel. Oats—White, 45c per bushel, grey, 42c; rolled, in bags \$0.25 to \$0.50; barrels, \$2.50 to \$2.75; coarse, \$2.75. Hay—Best, \$15 to \$17 per ton; common, \$10 to \$13. Wool—valley, 10 to 12c. Millstuffs—Bran, \$17.00; shorts, \$21; ground barley, \$28 to \$24; chop feed, \$15 per ton; whole feed, barley, 80c to 85c per cental; middling, \$23 to \$25 per ton; brewing barley, 90c to 95c per cental; chicken wheat, \$1.24 to \$1.24 per cental. Hops—10 to 18c. DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter—Oregon fancy creamery, 22 1/2 to 25c; fancy dairy, 20 to 22 1/2c; fair to good, 18 to 17c; common, 14 to 15c per lb; California, 35 to 44c per roll. Cheese—Oregon, @ 12 1/2; Eastern twins, 16c; Young American, 14c per per pound; California flats, 14c. Eggs—Oregon, 15 to 17c per dozen. Poultry—Chickens, old, 85c; broilers, large, \$2.00 to \$3.00; ducks, old, \$4.50 to 6.00; young, \$2.50 to 4.00; geese, \$8.00 turkeys, live, 12c; dressed, 15c, per lb. SAN FRANCISCO MARKET. Wool: Oregon Eastern choice, 12c to 15c; do inferior, 9c to 11c; do valley, 14c to 16c. Hops—16 to 18c. Potatoes—E-17y Rose, 45c to 50c. Bur-bank, \$1.55 to \$1.60 per cental. Onions—75c to 85c per cental for red, and \$3.90 to \$4.00 for silverskins. Barley—Feed, 50c to 52c per cental for good quality and \$3 1/2 for choice; brewing, \$1.50 per cental. Oats—Milling, \$1.15 to \$1.35.

At the Dude Club.

Cholly—Aw! Theah goes my brother—got engaged to Nell Setemup lawst week, don't ye know. Chappie (after a pause)—Who got engaged to Nell Setemup? Cholly—My brother. Chappie (after a pause)—When did he get engaged to her? Cholly—Lawst week. Chappie (after a pause)—Got engaged o' whom? Cholly—To Nell Setemup. Chappie (after a pause)—Why, I heard about that a week ago.—Brooklyn Life.

Marine Notes.



Captain Hendee toed his bark into the harbor yesterday noon.—Harper's Weekly.

Love and Business.

"Sir, you have deceived me!" exclaimed Mr. Dukane wrathfully. "How have I deceived you, Mr. Dukane?" replied young Mr. Bellefield. "Why, sir, you came to my house, and you sent up word that you would like to see me on a matter of business. I come down to the parlor, and you ask my consent to your engagement with my daughter. I cannot countenance deception, sir! You may go and be thankful I do not put you on the pavement forcibly." "But won't you hear me in my defense, sir?" pleaded the young man. "What sort of a defense can you possibly make?" "Why, sir, I really did call to see you on business. I mean business, and your daughter means business. We both mean business. If such an important occasion does not warrant my sending you word that I wished to speak to you on a matter of business, I do not know what would. Why, my dear sir—" "There, that will do," Mr. Dukane. "You love my daughter?" "Devotedly." "And she loves you?" "Ask her." "That's all right. You can have her. Take a seat, and I'll send Nellie down to calm your feelings."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

What Saved Him.

"Time I was out in Colorado," said the man with the ginger beard, "I was chased by the Indians into a cave and had to stay there three months without anything to eat. Here the man with the ginger beard looked round defiantly, expecting some one to doubt his assertion, but as no one spoke he continued: "I 'pose I would 'a' starved if it hadn't been for my wife and family back east. Whenever I would git to thinkin' of them, a big lump would rise right up in my throat, and by swallerin' that I kep' myself from starvin'."—Tit-Bits.

Truly Heathen.

Mother—See here! You told me you belonged to the Boys' Literary society. Small Son—Yes'm. "And you said you spent the time reading about the heathen." "Yes'm." "Huh! I have been informed it is simply a club, and the only books you have are dime novels." "Yes'm. But they is all about Indians wot has never been converted."—Good News.

Just the Other Way.

There was a fight between two Irishmen in Washington a week or two ago, and The Post reports a conversation overheard not long afterward: "You had a fight with Murphy, I hear. Dan." "I had that." "And he gave you a black eye." "That's a lie. The black eye was on the other foot."—Washington Post.

Before Going to the World's Fair.

Enquire About The Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between St. Paul and Chicago and Omaha and Chicago. These trains are restituted, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits, as the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address C. J. Eddy, General Agent, J. W. CASEY, Trav. Pass. Agt., 225 Stark St., Portland, Or. tf

Hair Death. Instantly removes and forever destroys objectionable hair, whether upon the hands, arms or neck, without discoloration or injury to the most delicate skin. It is a hair restorer, and restores the hair to its natural color and texture. It is the most eminent dermatologist and hair specialist that ever lived. During his private and professional life, he has cured thousands of cases of itching, dandruff, and other scalp diseases. He has also cured many cases of hair loss, and has restored the hair to its natural color and texture. He is a member of the Medical Association of the United States, and has received many honors and awards for his services to humanity. He is now residing in Portland, Oregon, and is ready to receive patients from all parts of the world. He can be reached by mail, or by telephone, or by personal visit. He is a true and noble physician, and his services are invaluable to all who suffer from hair loss or other scalp diseases. He is a true and noble physician, and his services are invaluable to all who suffer from hair loss or other scalp diseases.

NO DISEASE GERMS! Can possibly exist in a food that has been heated to more than 212° Fahrenheit. Every particle of the GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk is sterilized by this enormous heat and is therefore a perfectly healthy food. Thousands of children are annually reared on it and in times of contagious diseases it is safe, healthy and nourishing. For 30 years it has stood First. Buy it and take no substitute. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it. You can use it with success for all cooking purposes.

THE NEW WILLAMETTE STABLES Completed and ready to wait on customers. Horses boarded by day or week at reasonable prices. We keep a full line of Trucks, Drays and Express to meet all demands. Also keep the finest Stallions in this county, for service. Barn and residence 2 block south of postoffice. RYAN & CO.

CLEAN. If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED, Liberty Street.

THE LEADING INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN PAPER OF THE VALLEY.

CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN OREGON Receiving all the Associated Press Dispatches. DAILY BY MAIL, PER YEAR, \$3.00 WEEKLY " " a Double Newspaper 150

These low hard times rates enable every farmer to have his daily paper and know the state of the market and all the news of the world. Editorial comment is fearless and independent. Edited by its publishers to secure good government for the people, able to deal justly and fairly with all.

Complete Telegraphic, State, Capital, Foreign, Market and Crop News. TRY THE "ONE CENT DAILY!" 25 Cents a Month. \$1.00 for 4 Months \$3 a Year, Postpaid. The Only One Cent Newspaper on the Coast. More news than any six weeklies that cost \$9 to \$12 a year. No papers sent after time is out. An Independent Paper for All Sorts of Readers. HOFER BROTHERS, Editors and Publishers, Salem, Oregon.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES Sold by Baskett & Van Slype.