

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

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HOFER BROTHERS, - - - Editors.

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HOPS AND CROPS.

The Country Swarming With Hop Speculators. - A LANB COUNTY CIRCULAR.

Facts Related by a Reputable Eugene Business Man.

The hop crop will be in the picker hands next week. At present price it will be worth many million dollars in Oregon and Washington.

There is not a particle of doubt that the crop will be large, fine and will bring a good price. Pickers will be plenty. The government report today says for Western Oregon: "Favorable reports have been received regarding the hop crop in all sections of the state; there are less insects than in former years and the burrs are thickly set."

We give below a communication from Mr. Smith, a wholesale and retail merchant at Eugene. No doubt Mr. Smith's warning about dealing with parties of unknown or doubtful credit should be avoided unless growers expect to pay dearly for their experience as he has done. Every day now Eastern buyers arrive at Salem and other places. Hop growers will do well to investigate their character before entrusting the product of their year's work into their hands.

HOP MEN, BEWARE!

EDITOR JOURNAL: I herewith hand you a circular which will no doubt be received by many of the hop growers in your vicinity, as well as other hop districts. I desire you would publish the same, also my statement as to what I have learned of this whole combination from past experience hoping that the injury suffered by me will be a warning to others. The following is the circular with a printed heading "Office of Dole Brothers Co., Boston, Mass.":

THE CIRCULAR.

Dear Sir: The subscriber, representing the Dole Bros. Co. of Boston, Mass., hop merchants, is visiting the Pacific coast with a view to more extended operations, and would solicit correspondence pertaining to all branches of the business. Being large operators in fine quality, as well as extensive packers of low grades of hops, we are in position to handle goods of every description. On account of our large connections, both here and in Europe, we are prepared to handle consignments to the best advantage, and can guarantee a high market price. Mr. George Hall, of Eugene, will act as our agent in this state. We would respectfully call your attention to the fact that those who have been most successful with their product are the ones who have disposed of their crop in the fall, when the market is active, therefore we would advise disposing of hops as soon as they are in salable condition. We shall endeavor to sustain our reputation acquired during a business career of 23 years, etc.

Yours very truly, E. V. COLLINS.

This man Hall is posed by them as an emblem of purity and close attention to business! He has been my partner in business for the past three years. During the month of March 1892, we consigned to the firm of Dole Bros. 87 bales of hops, which, according to their statement, netted us \$244,803. On May 1st, I received instructions from them to make sight draft for this amount, which I did, and the same went to protest, and a few days later the joyful news came that they had assigned for the benefit of their creditors, and we received notice to forward our claim, so it could be ground out in the mill of bankruptcy. To this, I replied,

that as we were non-residents, we could not be forced in, and preferred to take chances on Mr. Dole in the future.

Dole Bros. mill of bankruptcy ground out 11 cents on every honest dollar they were owing the hop-grower, and others. One week ago this man Collins puts in appearance. Accompanied by the "Hub's" puritanical smile, the olive branch offered, together with 11 cents in cash, to pay off an honest dollar, which was now worth \$1.06 interest added. He said Mr. Dole was very anxious to resume business with a CLEAN RECORD!! (Shades of Puritanism), and I was the last man to stand in the way of his gaining a clean record, but I still stand. He even offered to appoint me agent for this defunct company, if I would pocket 11 cents instead of \$1.00, thereby giving Mr. Dole a "clean record." This, I utterly refused to do. I was then notified that it was 11 cents or nothing. He then confronts Hall with the same proposition, which he accepted, that is, 11 cents on his half, and the honorable position of becoming agent for a party who in 1892, said he could not pay but 11 cents on the dollar. You will note this circular says: "We shall endeavor to sustain our reputation acquired during a business career of twenty-eight years, and trust our relations with the grower will be mutually agreeable and profitable. What is this boasted reputation, as a result of 28 years of experience? I answer, paying 11 cents on the dollar to the hop grower and other honest people. My advice is, whoever has any dealings with this firm or its agent, should be coin in advance, not checks. Thus avoiding the experience which has cost me \$2,514 83-100. Very truly yours,

E. C. SMITH,

SUCCESSOR TO SMITH & HALL.

With health and beauty laden, A rich and priceless thing, To woman, pale and wasted, My precious gift I bring.

Such the object and such the mission of woman's valued friend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Don't let unreasonable prejudice prevent you from sharing the health and beauty proffered in good faith, by this most excellent Remedy! None of the almost countless weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women, but that readily yield to its magical power! Manufactured recommended, sold through druggists, and guaranteed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association at Buffalo, N. Y., to give satisfaction, in every case, or money paid, cheerfully refunded.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution, and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

TONGUE TWISTERS.

Six thick little sticks. Flesh of freshly fried flying fish. A growing gleam glowing green. The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us. High roller, low roller, roller roller. A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box. The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms. Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared six sickly silky snakes. Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again, well swum swan. It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam. Susan shineth shoes and socks. Socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan. Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round, a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round. Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round? Oliver Ogglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Ogglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Ogglethorp ogled? Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs. Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs. Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and Nobbs nobbs. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs' jobs," and Snobbs nobbs.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

TUTT'S PILLS sold all over the world.

Are You Nervous.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to action and sure in effect. 25 cts. a box.

FOR A NIGHT.

Margaret Parker sat in the small dressing-room of the Mayhew skating rink with her violin on her lap, waiting to be called, her face unruined, but her pulse beating rapidly.

It was her first appearance on any stage larger than her master's classroom or her mother's parlor. The cat and the mother, or the master and his half dozen pupils, had been her largest audience, the plain serge or gingham gown her richest robe.

Tonight the greatest rink was crowded to its uttermost capacity, and she wore a gossamer wonder, with delicate lace trimmings and little frills. No one but herself knew that she had paid for her lessons by darning the old master's socks and sewing on the ever loosening buttons; no one but herself knew that she earned the lace by eating her bread without butter for six whole months, for daughters have the right to economize when their fathers sleep under soft beds of myrtle and the mothers are invalids and sit all day in an easy chair, and the dollars have to be counted every month with a stern repression of tastes and luxuries. The dear violin itself—she and her mother had both given up many things for that, till every string could have told a tale of woe, and every note the bow drew from its hid secrets that might not be told.

Perhaps that was why the old master shed tears sometimes at her simple improvisations and told her she should yet make great audiences weep or smile and thrill with delight, all as she chose. Ah, if she could only do in the large places the wonders she and her soul knew in solitude could be done!

But all this has little to do with Margaret Parker waiting for Mr. Cameron to conduct her to the stage, save that it gave her a seriousness, and a gladness, too, that lent her a strange charm and dignity, a dignity unwarranted by her brief 17 years.

At last she went on the stage. She had not dreamed there were so many people in all the town, and their eyes seemed to draw her, to invite and encourage her. Every face seemed to stand out with microscopic clearness. She noted a thousand details of attitude, attire and expression. She saw that Millie Rogers had her lap full of flowers, and she dimly wondered if any roses would be given to her.

Then she raised her bow and began. The ravishing, beautiful notes! They fell upon a room so hushed that she could hear her own breathing.

Then a great fright came upon her. Would the divine music come in all this crowd, and if it did not—then the faces drove every thought away, her hands grew stiff and chilly—the bow wavered and her throat was parched and dry—she panted for breath. She gave a quick sob, then dropped her head upon her beloved, false, speechless violin, and burst into tears.

Mr. Cameron whispered words of encouragement as he went with her to the ante-room. The sea of watching eyes followed her in a will, and that was terrible. No flowers, no applause, no congratulations. "You will surely appear again!" said Mr. Cameron. "A second time it will be easier!" but she steadily refused.

The bitter night at home! For she buried all the hopes that the torch of genius had been lighting for her. She saw that the dull, monotonous days of poverty and obscurity must go on and on. She pictured herself an aimless, commonplace woman without beauty, because without hopes and aims and success.

All her universe lay crumbled at her feet. Could she ever face the dear mother in the morning and say that she had failed? Could she ever face the dear mother and say that she had failed? Could she ever sit together in the twilight, the treacherous violin and she, with the memory between them of all their pledges and promises and loves, now that they had once proved false to each other? And with such thoughts the slow night wore away.

It was the mother's voice that called to her in the morning with that ill of unmistakable pride and delight, and the girl hastened to her.

"It is a big white box for you, dear. Open it quickly. I am crazy to see what is in it!" Mrs. Parker was saying. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. The box itself was of silk and lace, and in it lay—ah! roses, orchids and pinks, a fragrant, beautiful mass! She had never seen such loveliness, such luxuriance, such a delicate ravishing shimmer of colors! And Mr. Mayhew's card was among them.

The first thing she had seen when she lifted her face from her violin the evening before had been his eyes—large, dark, penetrating, full of light and surprise; eyes that always had been better than any other in the whole world; eyes that came between her and her violin whenever she played her very best and wooed her on as if they were heaven itself. All night they had kept their scorn and sorrow on her, and this morning she had sent her the worst!

"Oh," said Mrs. Parker in delight, "you must have played wonderfully to get all these as a tribute today!"

"I failed absolutely," cried the girl, and again her tears fell.

But "could it have been all scorn?" she thought, as the resemblance of the glow in his eyes came to her, and the flowers spoke softly to her.

Sooner or later all that we wish for comes to us, and it was not long before she knew—when the cat, the mother and Mr. Mayhew made an audience that never saw her unsuccessful and that often demanded more. After all the hardy earned white gown had better use than to be the admiration of a thousand eyes.

To those who know the story it seems that it must be the memory of that one sad night which has made Mrs. Mayhew so tender of other's pains and so quick to find them. She wears no cross and has no mission, but in all Mayhew should there be any one who discourages or in disgrace, any one weary or heavy laden with burdens, for such there are always boxes of choicest flowers from the successful mill owner's conservatory. In the heart of many an aspiring young girl, who wonders how the elegant woman can understand poverty and self denial, live gracious and inspiring words. But there is a dainty, old time gown hanging in Mrs. Mayhew's wardrobe that she can never see without a thrill and an impulse to kiss its limp lace. It is familiar with tears; it has been encircled with caresses; it understands much, but it never tells, and who should its happy owner—Laura Brown in Boston Courser.

The Other Aton.

Mother—So you have been fighting, my son? Johnnie—I had to. Tommie Brown hit me in the face.

Mother—But, my boy, you should have turned the other cheek. Johnnie—I did, and then he hit that, and, by Jove, I couldn't stand it no longer, and I liked the stuff out of him in about two minutes.—Detroit Free Press.



MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. Dear Sir: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The most excruciating would come on so suddenly that I was unable to get up.

THOUSANDS

with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until I began taking your New Heart Cure. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own household work without any trouble and consider myself cured.

Elkhart, Ind., 1893. Mrs. ELMIRA HATCH. It is now four years since I have taken any medicine. Am in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honestly believe that your New Heart Cure saved my life and made me a well woman. I am now 64 years of age, and am able to do a good day's work. May 23rd, 1893. Mrs. ELMIRA HATCH.

SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

TRY DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

ST. PAUL'S ACADEMY,

St. Paul, Marion County, Oregon. (Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. The location affords all that can be desired for beautiful outdoor exercise. St. Paul can be easily reached by boats on the Willamette. The building is new and supplied with all the modern improvements. The course of study is complete.

Stenography and Typewriting Taught. Terms moderate. For further particulars apply to Sister Superior. 3-1-1md&w

Conservatory of Music,

Willamette University, Salem, Or., School of music for piano, organ, violin, singing, orchestral instruments, harmony, counterpoint, fugue, orchestration and higher musical composition. No better grade of work done west of the Rocky mountains. Prices low. Seven teachers. Next term begins Sept. 4th. Send for annual year book or address, Z. M. Parvin, Mus. Doctor, musical director. 8 2 2md&w

FIFTIETH YEAR.

Oldest, Highest and Most Extended Institution of Learning in the Pacific Northwest. Sixteen courses of instruction, from Grammar, through Academic and College, to Theology, Law and Medicine. Splendid Courses for Training in Teaching, Business, Art, Eloquence and Music. Several Post-Graduate Courses. Stronger and better than ever. It's Woman's College affords an ideal home for young ladies with unsurpassed facilities for their care and training. The school year opens Sept. 4, 1893. For Year Book and all information relating to school management and course of study, address, President GEO. WHITAKER, D.D. For financial information, address, Rev. J. H. ROORE, Agent, 8-22-d&w Salem, Oregon.

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RECEIVING ALL THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.

DAILY BY MAIL, PER YEAR, \$3.00

WEEKLY " " a Double Newspaper 1.50

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An Independent Paper for All Sorts of Readers.

HOFER BROTHERS,

Editors and Publishers,

Salem, Oregon.

FROM BROOKS.

Mrs. E. M. Savage and Miss Maggie Daniels drove to Salem Saturday.

Miss Jennie Norwood has been visiting in Brooks the past week.

E. K. Shaw was on the sick list last week.

Mrs. Shaffer visited with Mrs. S. N. Jones last week.

Mrs. Hill of Salem, was in Brooks trying her steam washer last Friday.

Mrs. Fruit has been on the sick list the past few days.

Mrs. N. Belling and three little children of California, are visiting Mr. M. L. Jones' family.

If you want to buy a nice location call on Shaw.

Mrs. Harris came in on the 2 o'clock Tuesday.

Rev. Myers drove to Salem Tuesday.

Mr. Brown is with us again.

The wheat is coming in rapidly. It keeps Wesley busy rustling.

Mr. McAtee's returned from the coast Tuesday where they have spent a couple of weeks.

Nobody will suffer with liver or kidney disease if they take Simmons Liver Regulator. My friend, look here! You know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, why not be fair about it and buy her a box? A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest. A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pills she cannot be, for they make her feel like a different person. They all say, and their husbands say so too!

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DR. GUNN'S

EXPOSED

LIVER PILLS

A MILD PHYSIC

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A sufferer from the terrible grip, influenza, cholera, typhoid, dysentery, biliousness, indigestion, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and all the ailments of the bowels, should take Dr. Gunn's Liver Pills. They are a mild, pleasant, and effective remedy, and will cure all the above ailments. They are sold by all druggists, and by mail, for 25 cents per box, or 10 boxes for \$2.50. Send for circular.

DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS. A MILD PHYSIC. ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

Sold by Baskett & Van Slype.