

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

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OREGON IN AUSTRALIA.

Secretary Irvine is in receipt of a copy of the Adelaide, Australia, Advertiser, containing a late letter from Chicago with the following about Oregon: Not merely are splendid facilities afforded at the world's fair for studying fruits of many lands and many climates and a variety of processes connected with the important industry of fruit preservation, but the presence of experts from various states and countries in charge of the exhibits, all of whom are keenly eager to impart information in regard to the districts whither they hail, enables the interested visitor to pick up many important facts and many useful hints for future guidance.

Among the exhibiting states are Oregon, Colorado, Missouri, Washington, Montana, New Mexico, Florida, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, New York, and California. Of these Oregon makes an exceptionally grand display, justifying a "bit of blow" in the form of amusing inscriptions telling the world that "there are two bites to a cherry in Oregon" and similar wondrous. Apples are shown weighing 3 pounds, peaches considerably larger than cricket balls. The apples are unexcelled for size, fineness, flavor, and keeping properties. The evaporation of apples, peaches, and apricots is largely followed in the state, the use of this form of preserved fruits increasing by leaps and bounds throughout the United States.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

THE JOURNAL dispatches yesterday showed an enormous volume of circulating medium, seventeen hundred thousand millions, or an average of over \$25 per capita. This is all good money, worth 100 cents on the dollar receivable for all debts, taxes, customs and dues of the government. It should be noted that a little good money will go a great ways in business. We recently saw a check for \$21 dollars that had thirteen endorsements. It paid \$21 thirteen times before it was cashed at the bank it was drawn against. For the past two months an individual check would hardly pass from hand to hand. It could not be sent from Salem to Portland. As times are improving the capacity of money to pay debts is increasing. Of course, Populists will deny the correctness of the above government statistics, and refuse to believe in any statistics but their own. Uncle Sam has issued the above amount of money, and it is somewhere in the possession of his subjects. To what extent they will make good use of it rests with themselves.

He Stopped the Cable. William Damm and Joseph Mitten-dorf, strangers from St. Louis, were seeing the sights in the west bottoms last night. Not being used to the ways of a big city, Mitten-dorf fell from a cable car and was slightly bruised. He was taken to the Fifth street power house, Damm following. While the doctors were attending to Mitten-dorf his companion with the swear word name wandered around the power house and fell into the cable conduit. He weighed 250 pounds and consequently knocked the rope from the drum and for a few minutes stopped the whole Fifth street cable system. His escape from death was narrow, but as it was he was hardly hurt at all.—Kansas City Star.

Take my advice and never draw caricature. By the long practice of it I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face but it is distorted, and never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine.—Hogarth.

"There are only two creatures," says the eastern proverb, "that can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail. Hence perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its re-

AN AUTUMN CYCLONE.

The theory that cyclones can only occur in hot weather is nearly exploded. The Louisiana cyclone has surpassed all others in extent of its fatality and destruction, and has come at a time of year when the heated term cannot be said to have brought it about. The question arises, are cyclones growing more frequent in occurrence, and are they to be heard from at all times of the year? It is certain that they are heard of more often than formerly, and are attended with greater fatality. This may be due to the fact that population is growing in density and facilities for gathering news are much more perfect.

THE JOURNAL had the only complete telegraphic account of this great storm and had it before any other newspaper in the city. Further details of the great storm are given today.

Blayne With Reason. To guess the number, who would dare to flout the hills that flash in his eye, To hear the half you could not bear to hear, And loveliness has her share, she'd have some less if she'd repair to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, it is the best of all restorative tonics. A potent specific for all those chronic weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women: a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nerve. It imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of the stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. The only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded.

SUGGESTED COMMENT. The kicker objects to whatever does not yield him a salary or a profit. The postoffice at Eugene has been ordered removed into the Masonic building by the department officials. Times are not too hard to marry if you can find a widow with a bank account who will have you. With all its railroad tracks the only use the public will ever have of State street is since it is improved. THE JOURNAL reaches five thousand people every day in the week but Sunday and hence is a good advertising medium. But for our finely improved streets our city would present the appearance of Stringtown or a large edition of Mud-boleville. It would be a joke on Cleveland if after forcing his repeal bill through both houses he should get free coinage of silver as a result after all. The state board of railroad commissioners, does not believe in wasting time. They have just finished inspecting the S. P. road, and have inspected as many as thirty miles in thirty-one minutes.—Harrisburg Courier. That was a valuable inspection. It shows that the Southern Pacific has solid tracks and can make good time. It also shows that the commissioners are not afraid to risk their lives at a high rate of speed.

Hood's Cures

Advertisement for Hood's Cures featuring a portrait of Mrs. C. H. Titus and text describing the benefits of the medicine for various ailments.

Advertisement for SALEM GAS LIGHT CO. featuring the text "Reduction in Price of Gas." and "Gained 15 Pounds."

Advertisement for Turt's Pills featuring the text "Gained 15 Pounds." and "I have been a great sufferer from Torpid Liver and Dyspepsia."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Good news! Great news!" he said and held the priceless letter in his outstretched hand. "Good news and gold! I am your brother's friend. Tom has grown rich in yonder western land. But come! I am poor unless you share. His gathered wealth and faithful love and care." She took the letter, and her pale, thin cheeks flushed to the moment's wondering surprise. Then slowly gathered the large, bitter tears in the dry fever of her hopeless eyes. "Too late! Too late!" she cried, "such words to say! His mother died heartbroken yesterday."

"Died of pure sweetness in that hard fight. Which she waged with poverty and woe. Too late! This blessed hope, too late, too late! It might have bid her 'live' a week ago. Nay, had her love come but yesterday, in its sweet peace she might have passed away."

And then her grief broke passionately forth. She wept with youth's abandon by her dead. While, filled with love's remorse, the stranger stood. And, bitterly repentant, bowed his head. "My fault, my fault! I knew your strain. And yet for idle pleasures dared to wait. Two weeks ago, alas! I had been here. But lingered in the city day by day. By many a folly tured. Oh, wretched man! What to my friend and conscience can I say? What tears can cleanse my soul from this dark stain? What prayers restore the dead to life again?"

And ever since, the shadow of remorse Darkens the joy of his manhood's prime. Duty deferred to evil wrong had turned. And made duty's sweet heaven as a crime. Changed Love's sweet messenger to upbraiding fate. Whose haunting cry was ever "Late! Too late!" —Lillie E. Barr in New York Ledger.

An Eclipse and a Poem. Apparently the usually accepted epoch at which Archilochus, the great satirist of Paros, flourished must be brought down about half a century. In one of the fragments which alone remain of the works admired by Horace, he speaks of Zeus turning midday into night, a phenomenon so remarkable that he thinks no one ought afterward to be surprised at anything—not even if dolphins and land animals should change places. An Italian astronomer, Professor Millosevich of Rome, has recently re-examined the question of explaining this by the occurrence of a total eclipse of the sun in the locality where Archilochus resided, with the result that only one in the seventh century before Christ will perfectly correspond with the circumstances. This was the eclipse of April 6, B. C. 648, which was total over Thasos about 10 o'clock in the morning, and thus fixes the date of the poem.—Notes and Queries.

Heroism on the Stage. "If you knew what agony ballet girls suffer on account of their feet, you would wonder how they are ever able to smile at an audience in the way they do," continued the doctor. "The premieres, if they appear twice the same evening, invariably have a chiropodist back of the scenes to attend them between acts. It is peculiar, but ballet girls get corns under their great toe nails. This of course would prevent them from dancing, but we have a way of treating such things. We split the toenail down the center and place cotton between this and the corn. This has to be dressed after each dance. I have seen a premiere danseuse come off the stage smiling and fall down in a faint as soon as she was out of sight of the audience, all caused by the pain in her feet."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Queen's Secret Guard. The queen of England is closely guarded by detectives every moment of her life. When she proposes to ride abroad, the information and the probable route that she will take are at once announced to her special police by the equestrian duty, and at certain points all along the road that she will travel police are stationed and the roads carefully watched. All kinds of queer people, lunatics, cranks and adventurers seek to gain her majesty's attention, so that the utmost precaution is necessary in order to preserve her from constant annoyance if not from actual danger.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Mexican Idol. Archbishop Alarcon has presented the National museum at the City of Mexico with a stone head of an idol which until its discovery by some Catholic missionaries a short time ago was still being worshipped by the Indians in the state of Morelos. The head was on a statue of immense size covered with a crocodile's hide.—Exchange.

The Russians still retain their old barbaric love of splendor, and when the empress shows herself she is a vision of unmatched gorgeousness. She is one of the few monarchs of Europe who still have a practice of wearing a crown on great occasions.



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 went out. The least excitement would cause me to faint. I was also much troubled 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 about 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 housework 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 brought \$8 to \$12; now \$3.40. New Heart Cure saved my life. I am now 62 years old and am able to do a good day's work. May 22nd, 1892. Mrs. ELMIRA HATCH. 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

Economize in Paper. Clean newspapers, tied in bundles of 100, not cut out for sale at this office at fifteen cents a bundle. A heavy straw wrapping paper, large sheets, two cents a pound. Next door to the postoffice.

TODAY'S MARKETS. Prices Current by Telegraph - Local and Portland Quotations. SALEM, October 5, 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. Apples—25c to 35c a bushel. Peaches—65c to 75c a box. BUTCHER STOCK. Veals—dressed 44c. Hogs—dressed 9 to 7. Live cattle—11 to 12. Sheep—alive \$1.50 to \$2.00. Spring lambs—\$1.50 to \$2.00.

MILL PRICES. Salem Milling Co. quotes: Flour in wholesale lots \$3.00. Retail \$3.40 Bran \$15 bulk, \$16 sacked. Shorts \$17 \$18. Chop feed \$18 and \$19.

WHEAT. Old wheat on storage 44 cents. New wheat 46 cents. HAY AND GRAIN. Oats—old, 35 to 40c, new 25 to 30c. Hay—Best, 18c to 20c; old \$10 to \$14. Wild in bulk, \$6 to \$8. Barley—Brewing, at Salem, No. 1, 95 to \$1.00 per cwt. No. 2, 70 to 85 cts.

FARM PRODUCTS. Peas and beans—5 to 10 cents a gallon. Wool—Best, 18c to 20c. Hops—Small sale, 17 to 18c. Eggs—Cash, 15 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—25c to 40c. Onions—1 to 1 1/2 cents. Beeswax—34c. Caraway seed, 18c. Aulse seed, 26c. Ginseng, \$1.40.

HIDES AND BELTS. Green, 2 cts; dry, 4 cts; sheep pelts, 25 cts to 40c. No quotations on furs. LIVE POULTRY. Chickens—8 cts; broilers 8; ducks, 8c; turkeys, slow sale, choice, 10c; geese 7c.

PORTLAND QUOTATIONS. Grain, Feed, etc. Flour—Standard, \$3.25; Walla Walla, \$3.25; Graham, \$2.75; superfine, \$2.50 per barrel. Oats—Old white, 33c per bu.; grey, 35c; rolled, in bags, 36.25 to 6.50; barrels, \$6.75 to 7.00; casks, \$4.75. Hay—Best, \$10 to 12 per ton. Wool—valley, price nominal. Millstuffs—Bran, \$17.00; shorts, \$20; ground barley, \$22 to 23; chop feed, \$18 per ton; whole feed, barley, 80 to 85 per cental; middling, \$23 to 25 per ton; brewing barley, 90c to 95c per cental; chicken wheat, \$1.10 to 1.25 per cental. Hops—Old, 10 to 16c, new 15 to 17.

DAIRY PRODUCTS. Butter—Oregon fancy creamery, 27 1/2 to 30; fancy dairy, 22 to 25c; fair to good, 17 to 20c; common, 15 to 16c per lb; California, 30 to 32c per roll. Cheese—Oregon, @ 12; Eastern (wheat), 15c; Young American, 15c per pound; California flats, 14c. Eggs—Oregon, 22c per dozen. Poultry—Chickens, old, \$4.00; broilers, large, \$1.50 to \$3.00; ducks, old, \$4.00 to 5.00; young, \$2.50 to 4.00; geese, \$5.00; turkeys, live, 14c.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET. Wool: Oregon Eastern choice, 10c to 13c; do inferior, 8c to 10c; do valley, 12c to 15c. Hops—17c. Potatoes—Early Rose, 30 to 40c. Bur-banks, 30 to 35c. Oats—Milling, \$1.30 to 1.35.

WARD McALLISTER CRUSHED.

Maggie Cline's Breezy Self Introduction Left the Social Arbitrator Speechless. The second Pullman car in the Boston special which pulled out of the Grand Central station a few days ago had an unusual share of distinguished people aboard. Society was represented by Ward McAllister, Miss Clift and Mr. Bertschman, son of the Swiss consul general; yachting was represented by young Mr. Slater, who owns nearly half of the suburbs of New London; medicine was represented by Dr. Ferd C. Valentine; the law was represented by Assistant Corporation Counsel Sweetzer; newspaperdom was represented by a reporter, and the stage was represented by several members of the "Prodigal Father" company and by the Irish song bird, Maggie Cline.

Miss Cline had just returned from a three weeks' vacation in the Catskills and was as breezy and sparkling as the summit of Kaaterskill mountain. Her wealth of auburn hair was artistically arranged, and she wore all her diamonds, including the companion to the earring she lost at the races this summer, which now shimmered on a lace pin. She was going to Bridgeport to begin an engagement with the "legitimate" and was so vivacious that her chaperon, Mrs. Knight, had to utter a warning. "Sh, Maggie," many, many times. At the particular request of her friends she sang a verse of her new song. "Yo, Heave, Ho," with which she is soon to delight the public ear. Everybody was charmed, with the exception of Mr. Ward McAllister. That is to say, he was not apparently charmed. He may have been thrilled to his heart's core, and he probably was, but he called up every bit of his breeding and maintained the conventional blue air of good society.

Just before the train rolled into Bridgeport some one called Miss Cline's attention to the fact that the elderly gentleman with the soft, brown hat was the social arbiter. "Lord bless and save us," said Maggie. "Isn't he nice? How I should like to meet him!" "Can it be possible that you have never met?" was the astonished chorus. "Never," said Maggie, with a stage sob. "I threw away my only chance when I refused to sing for the Vandeville club last winter."

"It's too bad that there is no one here to introduce you," said Mrs. Knight as the train slowed up. "It's such a lovely opportunity, and I'm sure he would be delighted." "Oh, I don't know that it's too bad," said the song bird airily. "I'll just introduce myself, and he'll be more than delighted."

"Maggie, don't you dare," began Mrs. Knight, but Maggie gave her luggage to the porter and bore straight down the aisle for Mr. McAllister. She caught up his right hand from his newspaper and shook it until her diamond bracelet made an aureole about his soft brown hat. "Mr. McAllister, I'm delighted to meet you," said she. "You know me, of course. I'm Miss Cline."

Mr. McAllister could not have been more courteously before her gracious majesty the queen. "Miss Cline," said he, dexterously removing his hand to grasp his hat, "the delight is entirely mine. I have always admired you on the stage, and now my admiration will be yours in private life." "That's right," said Maggie warmly. "I think you prominent people ought always to be friendly. Good day."

"Good day," said Mr. McAllister as he sank into his seat. "Good day." He never changed his position from there to New London, unmindful of Mr. Bertschman's broad smiles, Miss Clift's suppressed mirth and the excited hum of the voices of the others in the car. But ever and anon his lips seemed to frame those parting words, "Good day," "Good day."—New York World.

A Desirable Chaperon. Trotter—Is your mother a good sailor? Rosalie—Not a bit. The sight of a boat unnerves her. Trotter (earnestly)—Eh! Couldn't you persuade her to chaperon our yachting party—Truth.

London's area is larger than New York, Paris and Berlin put together, an area which may be represented by a circle 80 miles in diameter.

ARE YOU GOING A FISHING? Hunting, Pic-nicing, Camping, Mining, Lumbering, or on a general outing? If you are do not fail to lay in a supply of the GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk. It gives the most delicious flavor to tea, coffee, chocolate and many summer drinks. It will keep in any climate. You can use it in the place of milk for general cooking purposes. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it. On the label of every can is the signature of Gail Borden.

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