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A BUSINESS SESSION.

The first session of the city council for 1894 showed a degree of unanimity and enthusiasm for retrenchment and for bringing the city upon a business basis that was very gratifying to all who believe in the application of good business methods to public affairs.

The Journal speaks for the people in saying that they appreciate what has been done. Those interested in keeping up high salaries, warrants at a discount, the city treasury bankrupt and repudiation of all moral obligation to the taxpayer—if there were any such—were defeated.

The young men who set their faces against retrenchment and reform, and the application of the strictest business methods to public affairs make the mistake of their life. The mere desire to hold public office backed by an appetite for spoils will not carry a man very far into the future of society as it is now organized. The fight was made vigorous in these columns and has been fairly won for economy. We have no time to engage in personal controversy.

SUGGESTED COMMENT.

Let us begin to build some roads.

Did you read that road supervisor's report?

Patchwork will never build public roads.

What are you doing to help the road convention?

Tell the truth; that's the principal business of a newspaper.

Mary E. Lease, the governor of Kansas, is a bigger man than Lewelling.

There is every indication of a good spring trade.

Oregon should develop dress reform if dragged skirts possess any potency.

Real culture makes one brave. The ignorant and superficial are most cowardly.

Farmers from all parts of the country who met at Salem Jan. 18th should attend the road convention held here.

Who says the Populist party in Kansas is dead? Are not Mrs. Lease and Governor Lewelling quarreling?

New York's sweet four hundred should support New York's starving half million of unemployed.

New York city has 100,000 unemployed, and 400,000 dependent upon them. Their outlook for a job is not hopeful.

Here's a Democratic ticket for 1894: Hill, of New York, and Penneyer of Oregon. Platform: Fusion and d—n Cleveland.

Ladies, do not wear dingy colors; a bit of bright ribbon, or a gay flower or feather is appreciated even by the children and strangers.

Wall Street is not satisfied with Carle's proposed issue of only \$2,000,000 gold bonds and is again beginning to squeeze industries.

The cash balance in the treasury is lower than it has been before since the war days, but the Wilson bill would sweep it away altogether.

If the Mitchell-Corbett fight takes place as advertised between the hours of 11 a. m. and 6 p. m., of course THE JOURNAL will have all the news about it the same day.

The St. Louis Republic says: "Don't trifle with the deficit." It seems to regret that from a Democratic standpoint a good healthy deficit was to be foisted with. It is landed.

Senator Hill, of New York, is suspiciously quiet of late, and there is reason to believe that his feeble brain is at work upon some new plan of making himself pestiferous to Cleveland.

Intensely interesting articles in the January Forum are Senator Hoar's "Summer" and Prof. Fisher's inquiry and answer, "Has Immigration Dried up our Literature?"

An exchange intimates that Governor Penneyer is not on speaking terms with the Journal. Neither is the State Board of Equalization, nor any other public officials, about whom unpleasant truths have to be told.

The Oregon Democrats passed Thanksgiving without any postoffice; they found no such remembrance in

their Christmas stocking; but how they surely expect at least two big slices of patronage pie before the New Year's week rolls around.

Death has been unusually lavish of his favors in 1893. Among the great names on the neurological roll of the year are those of James G. Blaine, Benjamin F. Butler, Rutherford B. Hayes, Justices Blatchford and Lamar, Edwin Booth, Hippolyte A. Taine, Gen. Beauregard, the Earl of Derby, Leland Stanford, Marshal MacMahon, Hamilton Fish, Jules Ferry and Francis Parkman.

There is a terrible business depression in Canada. A Montreal bank president says that one matter that very much affects trade in Canada is the proposed American tariff bill. Manufacturers here, he said, "will not branch out in any new lines till the tariff matter is settled, and wholesale men will not purchase ahead for the same reason. We are simply waiting here. We expect also changes in our own tariff, and it, of course, will have to be guided to some extent by the fate of the Wilson bill."

The "reduced" Forum is quite as good as when it was \$5 a year. It is now 25 cents a number. The Forum under Editor Page has maintained its reputation for variety and newness of contents. It is less sensational than the North American Review, which seems less guided by a cultural reform spirit than by a time-serving, pecuniary voracity. There are fourteen papers in the January Forum. All are not equally excellent, but there is an evenness and an average standard of excellence that endears this review to its readers.

LEAVES SORE SPOTS.

The action of the present city council while it is somewhat revolutionary and leaves some sore places, will conduce to the best interests of the city and meets with the hearty approval of our business men. It was a severe dose but was administered through necessity, not from choice.

The men who are left out are some of the best men of the city. Chief Engineer Low has made a good record on the fire department and was making an efficient day policeman. He has a fine record and his friends may be able to retain him in the public service when times get better. Two of the best men this city ever had on its police force were left out—Captain Dilly and Jos. T. Jones. They may be returned when warrants are at par and times get better. They were always on duty, and cannot well be spared. Mr. Bingham was an efficient city attorney. His work was always on time and his legal talents were freely given and valuable to the city. Decreasing the force on the fire department and discharging men from the street force is deeply to be regretted.

NEWS NOTES.

The chain-gang and bread and water diet is dished up to tramps in Ashland. At Wallula Indians have had a rousing big feast and dance the past two weeks.

A Walla Walla shipper 10,000 sacks of barley which netted him 60 cts. per cental.

Major Jim, chief of the Bannocks, and his nephew, White Bear, are visiting Chief Peo of the Unasillas.

A \$30,000 damage suit is pending against the Northern Pacific mines, at Roslin, Wash., by Mrs. Jane Foster. Her husband was killed in the mines by an explosion.

Progress and Cookery.

"The World Moves."

There is no better illustration of this old saying than the numerous schools now-a-days devoted to practical kitchen processes. These schools have been alert to find a reasonable substitute for food, the use of which is no generally condemned. This want has been fully met by

COTTOLINE

the new vegetable Lard. When science strikes the kitchen, it strikes home and everybody gets the benefit. Cottoline is a clean, delicate and economical substitute for Lard—cleaner than the hog, delicate as the finest vegetable oil, economical from its low price and small quantity required to be used. Prove it for yourself by a trial.

At grocers everywhere.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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RAILROADS IN RUSSIA.

A Third Class Passenger Is Alternately Baked and Frozen.

Mr. Stevens, in his journey through Russia, made up his mind to travel one stage in a third class railway carriage. This plan would give him information that might be useful and would also save him a little money, which he could turn over to Count Tolstoi for the starving peasants. He found the experiment extremely unsatisfactory. He says:

"The third class carriages were so densely packed that there was hardly room for me, but after much scrambling I secured a seat near the door. I shall never forget that journey. It was a awful experience. I felt as if I were being frozen to death and roasted alive alternately. Outside the cars the temperature was 35 degrees below zero. Inside the mercury stood at 77, a difference of 112 degrees F.

"Inside it was so hot that even the muzhiks, who are fond of roasting themselves, gave signs of discomfort. The heat came from a large iron stove, which the attendant kept feeding with birch firewood. As for myself, I was melted. The perspiration poured out of every pore of my skin. My unfortunate fellow travelers gave vent to their feelings in groans or ejaculations.

"Now and then the door was opened by a new arrival, and instantly the carriage would be filled with an intensely cold air.

"Hi, you there! the muzhiks would call out. 'Shut the door! You are freezing us to death.'

"A curious phenomenon sometimes occurred on such occasions. The cold gusts which forced themselves in when the door was opened immediately condensed and crystallized the vapor, so that we had a miniature shower of snow in the carriage.

"A few of the passengers appeared really to enjoy this alternate freezing and roasting. They crowded about the stove. One, a tall, sturdy soldier, carrying a sword of tremendous size, crept so close to the stove that the escaping gases made him fall down in an unconscious state, from which he was aroused with difficulty. He was wearing his military overcoat.

"At the first stoppage I bought a new ticket and went into a second class carriage."—London Chronicle.

An Animated Cane Rocker.

During one of his trips to the Coast Range mountains, Joe Cohen, a peddler, came to a lonely cabin and found the door wide open.

In the center of the floor stood a cradle, in which was an infant fast asleep. The cradle was rocking with surprising regularity, but no sign of what propelled it could be seen.

Joe's curiosity was aroused. He went to the cradle and found a stout cord attached to a nail driven in the side of it. The cord passed through an angle hole in the side of the house. He took up the trail, which soon led him into a ravine where a donkey or burro, was standing and switching its tail.

The mystery was explained. The other end of the cord was tied to the jack's tail, and the constant switching of its caudal appendage furnished motive power sufficient to rock the cradle. —Newman Banner.

Outwitted by a Mooncalf.

When Jack Roper was called in the United States court, he arose and pleaded guilty to working in an illicit distillery.

With a number of others, he was sent to one side to await sentence.

Working in an illicit distillery is nothing but a misdemeanor, while operating a distillery is equal to a felony.

Roper knew this and entered his plea to working in the distillery, which was accepted.

"How long did you work?" asked the judge when the man stood up for sentence.

"Oh, 'bout a week, I reckon."

"Whose distillery was it?"

"My own."

The judge looked puzzled, but all he could do was to give him a two months' sentence for working in an illicit distillery. —Atlanta Journal.

Grandiloquent Titles.

Oriental titles during the middle ages were sometimes very grandiloquent. The king of Arrachan was known as "Emperor of Arrachan, Possessor of the White Elephant, Owner of the Two Earrings, Legitimate Heir of Pegu and Braham, Lord of the Twelve Provinces of Bengal, Master of the Twelve Kings Who Place Their Heads Under His Feet." —Exchange.

True Economy.

"So you have bought your wife another expensive ring. Isn't that a waste of money?"

"On the contrary, it is true economy, for she won't require half so many pairs of gloves as formerly." —Pilegande Blatter.

Very Moving.

Harry—Well, I never heard but one speech that moved me.

Cecil—Who made it?

Harry—My landlady. She said I'd have to pay in advance or move—and I moved. —London Tit-Bits.

"Everybody's queer except thee and me," said a Quaker to his wife, "and sometimes I think thee's the queer."

THE WORK OF A MIGHTY BLAST.

Nearly 300,000 Tons of Rock Loosened by a Single Explosion.

For many years a huge mass of rock technically known as a "dike," a legacy from previous workers, has frowned over one of the Great Dinerwie quarries, the property of Mr. Assheton Smith, and has been a growing menace to the safety of men employed in the galleries below, which, in a series of terraces, rise almost from the edge of the lake far up the steep breast of the mountain. The Hon. W. W. Vivian, who manages the quarries for Mr. Assheton Smith, decided to remove the dike, and during the last three months preparations for its destruction have been in active progress.

From three longitudinal tunnels in the solid rock 10 chambers, each 11 feet by 4 feet, were made and charged with gelatin dynamite. Each bag of this explosive was placed in position by Mr. Vivian himself. Everything having been satisfactorily arranged, Mrs. Assheton Smith was requested to fire the 20 minutes' time fuse leading to the mass of some 24 tons of gelatin dynamite safely packed in the entrails of the rock, a request to which she readily acceded. The hour was fixed for 1 o'clock on Saturday, and shortly before the time thousands of people from Llanberis and adjacent villages—Bangor, Carnarvon and other towns—took up advantageous positions in the neighborhood.

Punctually at the appointed time Mrs. Assheton Smith fired the time fuse, and at 1:02 o'clock the earth for a mile round was shaken as if by an earthquake. At the next instant the face of the tremendous dike, which towered gloomily upward and on either side of which the rain covered rock glistened in a passing burst of sunshine, began to quiver ominously, and the loose earth in its crevices clattered down its smooth face like an avalanche. Next from different parts of the rock came sputtering bursts of smoke, and then enormous blocks detached themselves from the mountainous mass of rock, toppled slowly forward and finally crashed into the abyss below with deafening uproar, which, mingling with the thunders of the exploding dynamite, now freed from its rocky prison, reverberated grandly among the mountains that towered ruggedly into the cloud darkened sky. Again and again was the downfall of the huge masses of rock repeated till 180,000 tons lay like "tumbled fragments of the hills" far below. A dense white smoke, the deadly aftermath, clung for awhile around the scene of the explosion, and, when cleared away, in the place of the dike there was a great gap, in which glistened here and there pinnacles of splintered rocks. —London Telegraph.

An Interesting List.

There is a wholly unintentional flavor of romance in a new publication of the federal government. It is a little yellow backed volume purporting to indicate the principal exports to the United States from cities and countries where consuls of this government reside. The odd, the unexpected and the incongruous constantly come out in these lists. From Turin, according to this record, we obtain gunstocks; from Naples, cuttlefish bones; from Portugal, argols and antimony; from Moscow, horses' manes; from Riga, objects of divine service; from Barcelona, cream of tartar, licorice, glycerin, jackasses and oil paintings; from Tuxpam, Mexico, vanilla, cherries, honey, cedar, sarsaparilla and deerskins; from Colombia, skins, hides, divi divi, bones and bananas; from Bathurst, British Africa, ostrich eggs and everlasting flowers; from Sierra Leone, ginger, palm oil and monkeys; from New Zealand, kauri gum, gold and sausage casings, and from Samoa, wreckage, copra and curios. —New York Sun.

Tons of Public Documents.

There are between 700,000 and 1,000,000 public documents piled up in the vaults of the capitol. They have been accumulating there ever since the government began to be so prodigal with good white paper, printers' ink and fast preswork. Some of them are worth \$25 a volume. A man who makes a specialty in dealing in government publications has offered that. Most of them are not worth 25 cents. Mr. Richardson of Tennessee has undertaken to get the whole accumulation cleared out. He proposes to have these books distributed to libraries and institutions of various kinds. He also proposes to regulate future printing so that only those public documents for which there is a demand shall be printed and so that such shall be distributed promptly. Meanwhile, as he carries the load of 700,000 accumulated volumes, he grows more and more round shouldered. —Washington Correspondent.

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TODAY'S MARKETS.

Prices Current by Telegraph—Local and Portland Quotations.

SALEM, January 2, 4 p. m.—Office Daily Capital Journal. Quotations for day and up to hour of going to press were as follows:

SALEM—PRODUCE MARKET.

Apples—\$3.00 to 75c. a bushel.

BUTCHER STOCK.

Veals—dressed, 5 cts.

Hops—dressed, 10 cts.

Live cattle—1 1/2 to 2.

Sheep—alive, 15 cts.

MILL PRICES.

Salem Milling Co. quotes: Flour in wholesale lots \$2.00. Retail \$3.00.

Brans \$14 bulk, \$15 sacked. Shorts \$15 1/2.

Chop feed \$16 and \$17.

WHEAT.

43 1/2 cents per bushel.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Oats—new, 30c.

Hay—Baled, new \$8 to \$10; old \$10 to \$12.

Wild in bulk, \$6 to \$8.

FARM PRODUCTS.

Wool—Best, 10c.

Hops—Small sale, 17 to 18c.

Eggs—Cash, 25c.

Butter—Best dairy, 25c; fancy creamery, 30c.