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FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1894.

A SENSIBLE VIEW.

A national banker in Salem remarked in this office yesterday: "We are all bimetallists. We do not want silver mono-metallism any more than we want gold mono-metallism. We want gold, silver, and paper money and lots of it." That is a sensible view. It will not suit the ultra goldbug. The issue before the American people is squarely this: continue to borrow gold by issuing gold bonds and run the country in debt and keep it under the thumb of the goldbugs, or issue treasury notes and coin silver. The issue is mortgage the country and its products and industries by putting out gold-interest bearing bonds to enhance the purchasing power of gold, or throw off the gold yoke and boldly use the national credit, the national resources and the products of our miners, including silver, as the basis of our national finance system. That was what Lincoln, Stanton, Chase and Seward did in the 'sixties. It is what our country will have to do to shake the grip of the gold monoplists and put an end the period of depression of industries and the oppression of labor. These views will not suit ultra-goldite editors like those on the Oregonian and Seattle Post-Intelligencer, but they are the sentiments of the masses of loyal industrious, intelligent American citizens, bankers included.

Those papers are Republican and continually deride silver and insist upon an exclusive gold monometallism as the policy of our country. But both congressmen elected from Oregon are free silver men and voted for free coinage 16 to 1. Washington, when the election is held, will repudiate the English gold bondholder sentiments represented by the Seattle paper and will elect silver men to state and national offices.

A DESERVING EFFORT.

Miss Ella McMunn, of Scio, a young woman who is trying to help herself to a livelihood, is working to get up a club for the ONE CENT DAILY and thereby secure a free scholarship in the Salem business college. All who wish to help a deserving young lady in an honorable effort to support herself can give her an order for THE ONE CENT DAILY.

SUGGESTED COMMENT.

We welcome Jim Hill's entrance in to Oregon.

Jim Hill in Oregon means millions to farmers.

All are pleased who try our two-bit want column.

The reputation of THE JOURNAL is for late news.

Late telegraphic news is a special feature of THE JOURNAL.

The Populists are still holding meetings and passing resolutions.

An increasing volume of ONE CENT DAILIES is going out with each mail.

It is distressing to see the efforts made to gather any real news after THE ONE CENT cyclone has gone over the ground.

Labor unions cannot adopt dynamite methods without they have the great big American hind foot come down on them hard.

THE JOURNAL Thursday had exclusive news of the entrance of the Great Northern railroad (Jim Hill's road) into Portland.

The Gould family have a hand in the disasters pursuing the American yachts. Beyond coupon clipping no Gould has ever amounted to much.

Two orders for one year each from Portland and one order for a year from Oregon City shows that THE ONE CENT DAILY of Salem is in demand in the larger cities of the state.

Never was a strike begun at a more unfavorable time or conducted in a more noisy and ineffective manner, nor against a more unsavory industrial despot than the Chicago hog Pullman.

A FEW MORE CRUISERS.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 9.—The naval appropriation was passed in the senate today with very little friction or delay. There was one amendment offered which might have led to considerable debate, and that was for the construction of two steel armored cruisers at a cost not exceeding $2,225,000 each. Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, who was in charge of the bill, requested that the amendment should be withdrawn on the grounds, first, that by 1896 the 13 cruisers now in course of construction would be completed and would furnish a very respectable navy, and, second, that in the present depressed condition of business and in the existing state of the treasury finances, it was desirable to keep down expense.

Building warships in time of peace, costing two to three millions each, to maintain a costly, useless, extravagant, aristocratic navy, when the people can hardly pay their taxes, and leaving rivers like the Willamette closed half the year to the commerce of a quarter of a million of people, when an appropriation of $100,000 would open it to the sea, shows what a stupendous farce our government at Washington has become.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Representative Bowers expects to get a vote in the house at an early date on his resolution empowering the attorney general to appear for the settlers in Southern California who have bought lands from the government which are claimed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. This resolution has had a hard time. Bowers has made severe strong speeches on the floor advocating the rights of the settlers and urging that the government should defend the title which it has sold.

There appears much opposition to the resolution from the Democratic side of the house, and Olney himself showed no great anxiety to proceed against the railroad. Bowers has finally secured from the committee a promise of a vote, with the understanding that there is to be no debate. He thinks that the resolution will pass but it is improbable that if it gets through the house it will survive the senate, as there are too many friends of the corporation there.

The present administration seems to be characterized by a hide-bound devotion to corporation interests. Upon promise that there be no discussion of the subject, Mr. Bowers, a representative of the people, is permitted to get a vote upon a matter of great importance in principle to every man, woman and child under a free government. The attorney general of the United States is no longer the prosecutor of public rights but the salaried protector of corporation interests.

The Logic of a Lender.

The young Detroit man had borrowed $10 from the rich old man, promising to bring it back one week from date. The millionaire let him have it, and on time the borrower brought it back.

"Now, Mr. Bullion," said the young man, "I've been square with you in this matter, and I want to borrow $50 for two weeks."

The old man shook his head.

"Sorry," said he, "but can't let you have it."

"Why not?" and the young man was greatly astonished.

"Because you have disappointed me, and I don't want to be disappointed again."

The borrower was more surprised than ever.

"What do you mean by being disappointed?" he asked.

"This," explained the money man. "I let you have that $10, not expecting ever to get it back again, and I did. Now, if I let you have $50, I would expect to get it again, and I never would. No, sir," he added conclusively, "one disappointment is enough. Good day," and that ended it.—Chicago Tribune.

Peculiar European Law.

The extraordinary announcement that has recently appeared in the German papers to the effect that, by virtue of a decree obtained from the courts, Baron Albert von Ohlendorff had disinherited and disowned his eldest son, the Baron Oscar von Ohlendorff, on account of his extravagance, habitual drunkenness and general misconduct, is necessary, according to Teutonic law, in order to render inoperative the claims, which the young man would otherwise possess, upon his parents' property. On the continent of Europe parents are held to have certain obligations, so far as property and maintenance are concerned, toward the children whom they have brought into the world, and disinheritance is only permitted when the sanction of the courts has been obtained—a sanction given in such cases as the above alone or where the son has become a criminal.—Berlin Letter.

A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merits in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

Hood's pills cure all liver ills, billiousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, 25c.

Our Grandmother's Way.

Was to steep root and herbs and use it every night. We can do the same by using Park's Tea. Nothing acts so promptly and without discomfort. Not a pill nor a cathartic but moves the bowels every day.

Sold by Capital Drugstore.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S JOKES.

A Visitor Who Was Terribly Scared During a Call at the White House.

Colonel Clark E. Carr of Galesburg, who was minister to Denmark under the Harrison administration, was in Washington one day when Lincoln was president.

"I'm going to the White House to see Abe," said Owen Lovejoy to Carr as they met in front of the treasury building. Carr went with him. They were shown into the president's working room, and soon after Lincoln came in. He wore a long garment which might have been cut from a bathroom pattern or the cover of a prairie schooner. His hair was more frouzeled than usual, and the carpet slippers were worn down and without heels. The condition and appearance of the presidential hosiery were such as would have made Jerry Simpson envious, provided the stories they told on Jerry were true, which they never were. The president gave his callers an Illinois greeting and then shoved up one of the sleeves of his curious garment and pointed out to his visitors the inflamed condition of his arm.

"You knew I had the smallpox," said Lincoln in a cold blooded manner. Lovejoy said yes and proceeded to talk about other matters, while Carr's few hairs had inclinations to stand up, and he moved about in his chair as if it contained dynamite. The visit over, the caller passed out. Once in the air, Clark asked Lovejoy:

"Did you know the president had the smallpox when we went there?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"You d——d scoundrel!" shrieked Carr. "Why didn't you say so?"

"I've had it," replied Lovejoy, "and I supposed you had."

"Well, I never had it!" roared Carr. "But if I do have it now I want you to give me a certificate that I caught the disease from Abe Lincoln. That will be something."

But Lovejoy had no occasion to do so, as Lincoln had the varioloid only.—Chicago Tribune.

A Warning Wave of the Hand.

Four boys sat in a row on the tail of a big four horse truck, with their legs dangling off in the usual way. The truck was going down Broadway. To avoid something ahead the driver had turned from the west side of the roadway along which he had been moving up into the down track of the cable road. There it was still slow going for him, and a cable car that was coming along behind closed up pretty close. As the car neared the truck the gripman motioned to the four boys. They all looked at the gripman intently, but at first they didn't understand at all. The gripman motioned again, and this time the boy on the left as you looked forward from the car understood. He shifted back on the truck and drew his feet up so that they no longer projected. Then, one after another, in quick succession, the three other pairs of legs went up.

They all understood it now. In the days of the horse cars the horses were a sort of buffer between the car and the truck. Sometimes they put their noses over the boys' shoulders, sometimes they swung off to one side or the other, but they gave a margin of time in which to scramble up, and often a margin in space in which to stop the car. But the cable car, with its natural habit of keeping well closed up and with nothing to serve as a buffer, is more likely to come in contact with a truck ahead, especially if the truck should be halted unexpectedly or forced backward, and any pair of legs that should be caught between the end of a truck and the rigid projecting frame of a cable car would be pretty sure to be broken.

Hence the wave of the gripman's hand.—New York Sun.

Cheerfulness.

Whoever said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone," was indeed wise, for no truer sentiment was ever written. There is nothing so certain to make you disliked as to tell your troubles to friends. Prosperity means friendship. You are welcome everywhere. The world laughs at your witty sayings and makes merry with you. There comes a time when you are downhearted and fortune ceases to smile on you, and you look for sympathy from the dear friends who have shared your prosperity; but, alas! you look in vain, and there are some who kindly vote you a bore. People prefer amusement, and the sight of a forlorn countenance is not pleasant. The best thing, when you can force yourself to it, is cheerfulness. It is a great tonic. It is light and air to our moral nature. To be without it is to be without something that answers to the mind as clothes and shelter to the body.—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

The Czar's Daily News.

It is useless for a Russian editor to put any jokes in his paper to please the czar, because his majesty never reads them. There is an official known as the censor, who gets up very early in the morning, so that he may read advance sheets of the various journals and select such matter as may be best calculated to please the czar and give him an appetite for breakfast. These siftings are then copied on sheets of fine paper and are deposited on his majesty's table for his perusal. Nothing about bombs or dynamite meets his eye, no comments on his tyranny, no remarks about Siberia—in fact, the czar is kept in total ignorance of his real position and how he is regarded by the world at large.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ammonia and Arsenic.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly opposite to those of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance.—Medical Journal.

Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was

The Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was **simply awful!** Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually the sores began to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, **ten dollars!** Just think of what a return I got for that investment! **A thousand per cent!** Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores.

Work All the Time

Before, **I could do no work.** I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them.

Women's Politeness.

Volumes have been written and said about the impoliteness of men toward women in the street cars.

Columns might be printed about the rude ingratitude of women toward men in these equipages.

The other morning I was wedged into an interstice on a crowded Madison cable train. Near me was a woman hanging to a strap, and my neighbor was a man occupying a seat. It was apparent that he argued with himself—and then the spirit of kindness evidently came out ahead.

He struggled to his feet and offered the vacated seat to the woman. She promptly accepted. Her only recognition of the courtesy was a bold stare after she had settled in "charity quarters." A look of disgust was his retort, but that was almost instantly succeeded by a most charming smile.

The man leaned forward and smiled some more. Such genialness was pleasant to see.

"Madam," he said, and his tone was of the gentlest, "madam, what do we ask children to say when teaching them how to accept a favor?"

I really think it was surprised instinct that made her immediately respond, "Thank you!"

The next moment, oh, wasn't she mad!

But not a word was spoken. There was a peculiar quietness in one district of the cosmopolitan conveyance.—Chicago Mail.

Blotting Stone.

Mineral blotting stone is a novelty. It was exhibited at the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences recently in session at Washington. On the desk of one of the scientists was a thin slice of light colored stone. He used it for a blotter, and it absorbed ink better than any bibulous paper. The stuff is a formation composed of sediment deposited by certain hot springs. It has been accumulating for ages in the locality mentioned and is available in inexhaustible quantities. Highly porous, it will take up a surprising quantity of ink. The merchant will employ it incidentally as a paperweight, and occasionally the office boy will scrape it off with a knife—an easy task, the substance being very soft—making it as good as new.—Philadelphia Press.

Bullet Proof Coats.

Germany will not have a monopoly of bullet proof coats. An Englishman has made a similar article of vegetable fibers from India and Africa, which is used daily at a London music hall, where a young woman wearing it is fired at by rifle experts with regulation army ammunition. There is no humbug about the performance, and the government is investigating the invention.

Traveling Risks.

With the increased facilities for travel and the great number of travelers, there has been naturally a great increase in the risk of accidents.

Everyone, who for any reason is compelled to incur these risks, should keep by him a supply of Allcock's Porous Plasters, for they are a wonderful specific in strains of the back or limbs, such as are almost inevitable in case of accident.

Any one starting on a long journey should have one as a part of his equipment. Commuters on suburban trains should keep them both at home and in the office.

Allcock's Porous Plasters have repeatedly proved their great value in time of need.

Brandreth's Pills remove all impurities.

Gable From Queen Lil.

Dear Gresham:—One more boon I crave,
I trust in your affection
'Tis not to murder Dole, the Knave,
Or put down insurrection;
'Tis not my crown, but me to save,
I write in deep dejection,
And so a package I must have
Of Park's Tea for my complexion.

GRESHAM'S ANSWER TO QUEEN LIL.

When I received your Cable, I am
I thought I sure would faint
For though I often use Park's Tea
'Tis not for your complaint.
I feared that Mrs. G. would think
Wrong about our connection
'Till on her dresser there I saw
Park's Tea for her complexion.

Sold by Capital Drug Store.

TODAY'S MARKETS.

Prices Current by Telegraph — Local and Portland Quotations.

SALEM, July 12, 4 p. m.—Office DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL. Quotations for day and up to hour of going to press were as follows:

SALEM PRODUCE MARKET.

BUTCHER STOCK.

Veals—dressed 3½ cts.
Hogs—dressed 4½.
Live cattle—1½.
Sheep—alive $1.25.

MILL PRICES.

Salem Milling Co. quotes: Flour in wholesale lots $2.40. Retail $2.75. Bran $14 bulk, $15 sacked. Shorts $16 @17. Chop feed $15 and $16.

WHEAT.

38 cents per bushel.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Oats—new 30c.
Hay—Baled, old $10.

FARM PRODUCTS.

Wool—Best, 10c.
Hops—Small sale, 10 to 12c.
Eggs—In trade, 15c.
Butter—Best dairy, 12@15; fancy creamery, 20c.
Cheese—10 to 15 cts.
Farm smoked meats—Bacon 10; hams, 10; shoulders, 8.
Potatoes—New, 50c.
Onions—3 cents

FRUITS.

Cherries, Royal Annes, 3c pound; strawberries, 5c box; currants 15c. gal.

LIVE POULTRY.

Poultry—Hens, 6c; roosters not wanted; old ducks not wanted; young ducks, 8; young chickens, 10@12½c.

PORTLAND QUOTATIONS.

Grain, Feed, etc.

Flour—Portland, $2.55; Walla Walla $2 90; graham, $2.00; superfine, $2.25 per barrel.
Oats—White, 36c; grey, 35c, rolled, in bags, $5.75@6.00; barrels, $6.00@6.25; cases, $3.75.
Hay—Best, $10@12 per ton.
Wool—valley, 10@10½c.
Millstuffs—Bran, $15@17; shorts, $16@18; ground barley, $20; chop feed, $15 per ton; whole feed, barley, $17 per ton; middlings, $23@28 per ton; chicken wheat, 65@1.00 per cental.
Hops—1893, 10 to 11.
Hides—green, salted, 60 lbs. 3½c, under 60 lbs., 2@3c; sheep pelts, 10@60c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Oregon fancy creamery, 18@20c; fancy dairy, 15@17½c; fair to good, 11@12 c; common, 7½@10c.
Cheese—Oregon 11½@12½c per pound; Young American, 13½@14½c; California 11@12; Swiss imp., 30@32c; Dom., 16@18c.
Eggs—Oregon, 15c per dozen.
Poultry—chickens, old, $3.50 per dozen; young, $2@3; ducks, $3@4½; geese, $6@$8; turkeys, slow at 8@10c.
Beef—Topsteers, 2½@2¾c per lb; fair to good steers, 2@2½c; cows, 1½c@2c; dressed beef, 4@5c
Mutton—Best sheep, $1.75@2; choice ewes, $1.60@1.75.
Hogs—Choice, heavy, $4; light and feeders, $3 75; dressed, 5c per lb.
Veal—Small, choice, 5c; large, 3@4c per pound.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

Wool: Oregon Eastern choice, 8@10c; do inferior, 5@6c; do valley, 10@12c.
Hops—9@12c.
Potatoes—New Early Rose, 30@60c in sacks; 35@60c per cental.
Oats—Milling, $1.22½@1.32½.

IT IS RELIABLE.—Announcements of entertainments in THE JOURNAL.

$100 Reward $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded 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 cases that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY, & CO. Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

HEART DISEASE.

Fluttering, No Appetite, Could not Sleep, Wind on Stomach.

"For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could not sweep a room without resting. My husband induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly marvelous."

MRS. HARRY E. STARR, Pottsville, Pa.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1. 4 bottles for $3, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

For sale by Baskett & Van Slype.

Take the One Cent Daily

Forest Grove Poultry Yards

Established in 1877.

EGGS FOR HATCHING

FROM THE VERY BEST VARIETIES.

Stock Finer than Ever, but Prices Same as Usual

Get the Best and then you will be satisfied. Send for Catalogue. Address

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Remember these are Associated Press newspapers, giving all the current news of the world from day to day in large type and attractive style.

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.

Only $3 00 a year. $1.50 for six months. $1.00 for four months.

No papers sent after time is out for which it is ordered.

YOU.—You are the man. If we cannot get you to act, hand this to someone who wants one of these grand premiums for simply getting up a club. Almost anyone will take this paper upon merely seeing it. It sells itself. It is so cheap no one can afford not to have it. It suits readers in city and country of all classes and parties.

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