### THREE YEARS OLD.

What is it like, I wonder, to roam
Down through the tall grass hidden quite?
To feel very far away from home
When the dear house is out of sight?

To want to play with the broken moon
In the star garden of the skies?
To sleep through twilight eves of June
Beneath the sound of lullabys?

To hold up hurts for all to see?
Sob at imaginary harms?
To clasp in welcome a father's knee
And fit so well to a mother's arms?

To have life bounded by one dull road,
A wood and a pond, and to feel no lack?
To gaze with pleasure upon a toad
And caress a mud turtle's horny back?

To follow the robin's cheerful hop,
With all the salt small hands can hold,
And coaxingly entreat it to stop—
What is it like to be three years old?

Ah! once I knew, but 'twas long ago—
I try to recall it in vain, in vain!—
And now I know I shall never know
What it is to be a child again.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald in Youth's Companion.

## MARKED IN BLOOD.

On Sept. 17 the inspector of police at the Kennington Road police station was preparing to go home, it being 8 a. m. and his night duty over, when he was stopped by an elderly woman, who rushed into the room and cried:

"Oh, do send some one, sir, to 118 Wernham road. My poor old master's been cruelly murdered. He's lying in his room in a pool of blood like a river. It must have been done in the night. Do come at once, sir."

On the way to Wernham road the inspector questioned the housekeeper.

"Who sleeps in the house besides yourself and the old gentleman?" he asked.

"Not a blessed soul, sir," cried Mrs. Masters. "Only me and my poor old master. Sich a nice, regular man as he was, comin 'ome every night to 'is tea and always in bed by 10 o'clock. Oh, it's a cruel thing!"

"Did any one visit him last night that you know of?" asked the inspector.

"Not that I know of, sir, but to tell you the truth I was in bed myself early last night, 'avin a bad attack of 'eadache. The old gentleman always let 'imself in with 'is latchkey, as he nat'rally would. He come to bed after I was asleep, for I never 'eard 'im come in.

"His supper was always laid out ready for 'im in the dinin room, and he wouldn't want no waitin on, so there was nothin wrong in my bein off to bed as I did, 'avin, as I said, a bad 'eadache and bein very subject to sick 'eadaches, which, as you may know, sir, are very unpleasant, to say the least of them, and"——

"Was the supper eaten?" said the inspector, interrupting the woman's eloquence.

"Well, sir, to say the truth, I've not thought of lookin. Directly I see 'im a-lyin there I off to the station as 'ard as I can go. I can't sleep in the place tonight. That I can't."

By this time they had reached the house and went upstairs. The inspector and his man went in and locked the door behind them. A knock was heard at the door.

"Can I come in?" said Mrs. Masters.

"Certainly," replied the inspector. "Open the door, Jenkins. We shall want her no doubt."

"Poor, dear man!" cried the lady again when she saw the body of the old man. "The monsters!" She burst into tears.

"You had better go for a surgeon," said Mr. Bevis to the constable. "He ought to see the body as soon as possible, as we shall want his report on it."

While the man was gone the inspector, accompanied by Mrs. Masters, visited every room in the house. Everything was orderly and untouched.

The assassin must have left the place by the ordinary means of egress, for all the windows were locked. The front door, Mrs. Masters told the inspector, would no doubt have been unbolted in any case, for Mr. Mayne (her master, the man who lay dead) never bolted it if he let himself in, leaving her to do so.

They reached the dining room and found that the supper had been eaten. The bottle of ale was finished, there remaining only a small portion in the tumbler. The old man had evidently made a hearty meal and gone to his room.

The constable returned in half an hour with a divisional surgeon, Mr. Brooks. That gentleman made a minute examination of the corpse and said that the cause of death was a knife wound in one of the veins of the thigh.

The old man must have bled to death, and the process of dying must have been prolonged. He should have had an opportunity of calling for help. Mrs. Masters was certain, however, that he had not done so.

"I'm a light sleeper, gentlemen," she said, addressing the three men, "and the slightest thing wakes me. If he'd called out at the door, I must have 'eard 'im. It's a certainty."

"Quite so," said the surgeon. "I have no doubt, my good woman, that you are not at all to blame, but we shall, of course, go further into the thing at the inquest. At present there seems nothing to show by whose hand the old man died."

"What's that book doing there?" said the inspector abruptly, pointing to a dictionary which lay close to the old man. It was not beside him, but on a chair just above his head.

"A dictionary apparently," said the surgeon, glancing at it. "By Jove!" he cried suddenly as he turned over the leaves. "What's this? Every now and then I come to a word against which there is a mark in blood. This is strange."

"Is it blood or red ink, sir?" asked Mrs. Masters. "I know my poor old master used to study a good deal, and it's just possible he's been markin words down in that book which he might want to look up again."

"There's no mistaking—it's blood," said the surgeon, holding the book toward the light, "and fresh blood too. If I'm not very much mistaken, this is some sort of clew to the mystery."

The inspector took the book from the surgeon and glanced at it keenly.

"Upon my word," he cried, "I believe you're right. There seems something methodical in these occasional marks of blood against certain words. This is going to be interesting."

* * * * * *

At the coroner's inquest the following report from Inspector Bevis was put in, but read privately, as the information contained therein would have been harmful to the negotiations of the detectives who were running the suspected man to death.

It ran as follows:

On the morning of Sept. 17 of this year I was called to 118 Wernham road, Kennington lane, at which house Richard Mayne, the deceased, resided.

After making all the necessary arrangements Mr. Brookes, the surgeon called my attention to a large dictionary which was on a chair within reach of the deceased. Throughout the book certain words were marked in blood.

Thinking this strange, I made an investigation of the book, which was an ordinary dictionary, evidently used by the deceased in connection with his literary work.

I determined on a plan of setting down on paper every word indicated by the crimson mark, on doing which I had the following list, which I give in the order in which I discovered them, going systematically through the dictionary:

"Masters goodby to my I invention oldest communicated for cannot dictionary is plans friend to the move has him dynamo from in murdered the I here me details intended to tonight foolishly plans of to getting my patent or indicate next paper the dull new month so mark this murderer street dying his borough property name he drawings Whitelaw stolen I house has stone Jasper blood to my I."

On going over this for some time I began piece by piece to put it together. I picked out first of all two words which seemed conspicuous—namely, "Jasper" and "Borough." Evidently the first was the name of the man connected with the deed, and the second was the district in London known by that name.

I next picked on the word "dull," which as an ordinary adjective seemed out of place in such a dying speech, and I at once remembered the street called "Dull street," which was situated in the borough. There seemed no doubt that the address given was in Dull street borough. So far so good.

Finding no other use for the words "stone" and "house," I ventured to use them as the name of residence in Dull street, which made my information read, "Stone house, Dull street, borough." On looking up the street surely enough I found the corner house called by that name.

After many hours' toil, twisting and turning, I at length got the words put into some sort of shape, and this is how they read:

"Jasper Whitelaw stone house Dull street borough has murdered me tonight foolishly my oldest friend all my drawings he has stolen plans property I communicated to him the details and plans of my new invention for the dynamo to patent next month I intended to get ink or paper cannot move from here and mark this so in dictionary my blood to indicate the murderer his name is I am dying all Masters goodby I I."

On going over this again I transposed certain words, putting the first two words, "Jasper Whitelaw," after the phrase, "murderer is," which made the lines read more clearly. In the end, after great labor, I arrived at the following, which I submit for the consideration of the authorities:

"My oldest friend has murdered me tonight. Foolishly I communicated to him the details and plans of my new invention for the dynamo I intended to patent next month. I cannot move from here to get ink or paper and so mark this dictionary in my blood to indicate the murderer. His name is Jasper Whitelaw, stone house, Dull street, Borough. All my plans and drawings he has stolen. I am dying. All property to Masters. Goodby."

The above is my report. To this I have nothing further to add. Attached hereto are the dictionary, my rough drafts of the solution and all the memoranda I made to assist me in the search. JOHN DAVIS BEVIS.

This report was read privately, and the detectives went to work at once. The man Whitelaw was captured at the patent office, where he was in the very act of filing his application for the patent of the new dynamo machine.

At his lodgings in Dull street the papers and plans belonging to Mayne were found. Finding himself surrounded by testimony which seemed to come from the grave he made a full confession.

It seemed that he had met his friend, Mr. Mayne, on the evening in question. After sundry drinks together Mayne became communicative and eventually asked the other to come to his house. Here he explained to him the details of his invention.

Carried away as he was by the excitement produced by the liquor, he told all to the man, whom he trusted implicitly. But Whitelaw, seeing the prospect of a mighty fortune in the use of the patent, had stabbed the old man with his large pocketknife and left him on the floor bleeding to death, making his escape easily and without detection by the front door.—Exchange.

### Pat's Conclusion.

A native of the Emerald Isle chanced to meet a fellow workman who was once his boon companion in a powder factory where a terrible explosion had occurred.

"Are you glad you left the arsenal, Pat?"

"Rather, I am, Micky. If I had been working there now, I would have been dead a year ago!"—London Tit-Bits.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

**A Little Girl Who Never Forgets Anything She Sees or Hears.**

One little girl in San Francisco has no trouble to remember her lessons, and she has tremendously long lessons and hard lessons, too, for a little girl—huge numbers way up in the millions and queer names with lots of syllables and just awful to pronounce. Yet she does not have to study at all, and in the daytime she goes to the park or to Oakland or plays with dolls or with other children.

This little girl, who remembers what is told her only once, is helping to support her father and mother, who are very poor, and yet she is only 4 years and 2 months old. These poor parents are farming people, living in the little

town of Mount Vernon, Ills. Of course when little Gertie Cochran was born her mother and father were sure that she was the brightest and prettiest baby that had ever come to the home of fond parents, but when the little one began at 7 months old to lisp words and sentences they were enthusiastic, for who ever before heard of a baby beginning to speak when only 7 months old? When the child was a year old, her mother noticed that she repeated words and sentences that were said in her hearing and could remember for days and weeks and months the things that she had heard.

As little Gertie Cochran grew older her speech became plainer; her memory also gained. She could repeat long sentences and big numbers. Her mother found that the child could store away anything she heard and repeat it when asked, though the words she repeated could not possibly convey any impression to her intellect.

The mother saw in this unusual gift a way to add to the scanty income of the family, and last year she took her to the county fair in the neighborhood of her residence and also to the town in the vicinity and had her stand among a crowd of people and answer questions. Then the mother would take up a collection from the people who listened to the big answers piped so readily from the little lips.

One day a man who had been in the theatrical business for years happened to stand on a street corner in one of the little towns near Mount Vernon and to hear the child answering the questions.

"Here's a find," said the theatrical man, whose name is Cook in the language that theatrical men use, and he made a contract by which little Gertie was to travel with him all over the country and show to big audiences her remarkable memory. Ever since last Christmas the child has been on the stage, answering all kind of questions that mean nothing to her except that she has been told some words to say when certain words are said to her. The everyday events of life remain as steadfast in her memory as the statistics and the names she repeats when before an audience. She has been on the stage for seven months and can tell every theater in which she appeared and the name of every man and woman she met at each one of the theaters.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### A Boy General.

Among the numerous titles borne by the 8-year-old monarch of Spain, which comprises, by the bye, the shadowy dignity of king of Jerusalem, is that of major general, and his most Catholic majesty has a military uniform adorned with the gold lace and insignia of that rank, which he is very fond of wearing. His youth and diminutive stature are, however, calculated to debar him for some time to come from following the example of his brother sovereign, Emperor William, who spends the major part of his existence in drilling and reviewing the various regiments of his army. Nevertheless to foster and develop that taste for soldiering which is an instinct in every child, no matter whether of royal, noble or plebeian birth, the Spaniards have now provided their young ruler with a costly toy in the shape of a complete regiment of infantry—of infantry in more senses than one, for there is not a soldier in its ranks nor an officer whose age exceeds 9, while most of them are between 6 and 8 years old. They are 600 in number and are recruited from every class of society at San Sebastian, from the sons of General Polavieja, the governor of the province, down to the children of day laborers and of the stevedores of the port.

*Rev. C. W. Clapham*

A highly esteemed clergyman of the M. E. church, pastor of the Church Creek circuit in Dorchester Co., Maryland, writes: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I feel it a duty to the public to send this certificate. I saw in a Philadelphia paper a letter from a man who had suffered from

**Muscular Rheumatism**

and had been restored by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had the grip in the winter of '91 and '92 so severely that it deprived me of the use of my arms so that my wife had to dress and undress me, and when away from home I had to sleep in my clothes. I tried five doctors and not one accomplished anything. Then I saw the letter alluded to and determined to try

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's. Before I had taken one bottle I had the use of my arms, thank God. These are facts and can be verified by many persons here. J. M. Colston, Church Creek, supplied me with Hood's. I am pastor of the M. E. church here." C. W. CLAPHAM, Church Creek, Maryland.

**Hood's Pills** are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists.



Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders.
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.



A LADY'S TOILET

Is not complete without an ideal

COMPLEXION POWDER.

POZZONI'S

Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

Insist upon having the genuine.

IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



THE ONLY NO-MONOPOLY

Strictly Cash Market!

I am doing all my own slaughtering and sausage-making. Sell all fresh meats—no 'Frigerator products. Free delivery to any Ship upon the bay.

CHAS. WOLZ & CO., Proprietors.

"The Porcelain Baths."

When in need of a good shave, hair cut, bath call at the Sanitary Barber Shop, Liberty st.

F. C. MILLER, Prop.



1894.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.

Oldest, Highest and Most Extended Institution of Learning in Pacific Northwest.

Sixteen Courses of Instruction, through Academic and College to Theology, Law and Medicine.

Splendid Courses for Training in Teaching, Business, Art, Elocution 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 September 13, 1894.

For Year Book, address President W. C. HAWLEY.

For financial information, address Rev. J. H. ROORK, Agent, Salem Oregon.

9-3-1m



DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL.

Only One Cent Daily Newspaper on the Pacific Coast.

CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN OREGON

Receiving all the Associated Press Dispatches.

DAILY BY MAIL, PER YEAR, - - $3.00

*IT WILL PAY YOU TO READ THIS:*

We publish the only ONE CENT DAILY on the Pacific Coast and the cheapest and best daily paper for the money in Oregon.

Please let us know if you can use any sample copies o the DAILY or WEEKLY. They will be sent free.

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.

HOFER BROS., Publishers,

SALEM, OREGON.

No Papes sent after time of THIS ORDER is out.

BLANK ORDER SHEET FOR THE ONE CENT DAILY JOURNAL.

HOFER BROTHERS, SALEM, OREGON. Please send to address below one copy of DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL by mail. (Erase line not wanted.)

For one month find enclosed ..... 25 cts.
For two months " " ..... 50 cts.
For four months " " ..... $1.00
For one year " " ..... 3.00

NAME. POSTOFFICE.

CUT THIS OUT, fill in name and return postal note or draft. Stamps not taken



O. R. & N. CO.

E. MCNEILL, RECEIVER.

TO THE EAST

GIVES THE CHOICE OF

TWO TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTES

—VIA—

DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY,

—VIA—

SPOKANE, MINNEAPOLIS, AND ST. PAUL.

-- Low Rates to all Eastern Cities. --

Ocean steamers leave Portland every five day FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

For full details call on or address:
W. H. HURLBURT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Portland, Or.



NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

RUNS

Pullman Sleeping Cars
Elegant Dining Cars
Tourist Sleeping Cars

TO ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH, FARGO, GRAND FORKS, CROOKSTON, WINNIPEG, HELENA and BUTTE

THROUGH TICKETS TO

CHICAGO
WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK
BOSTON and all Points East and South

For information, time cards, maps, tickets call on or write

H. A. THOMAS, Agent, Salem

Or A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Genl. Pass Agent, Portland, Oregon.



East and South

—VIA—

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—of the—

Southern Pacific Company.

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

| South. | | | | North. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:15 p. m. | Lv. | Portland | Ar. | 8:30 a. m |
| 9:04 p. m. | Lv. | Salem | Lv. | 5:39 a. m |
| 10:45 a. m. | Ar. | San Fran. | Lv. | 7:00 p. m |

Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also at Tangent Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY,

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30 a. m. | Lv. | Portland | Ar. | 4:30 p. m |
| 11:17 a. m | Lv. | Salem | Lv. | 1:40 p. m |
| 3:50 p. m. | Ar. | Roseburg | Lv. | 7:05 a. m |

Dining Cars on Ogden Route

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS

—AND—

Second Class Sleeping Cars.

Attached to all through trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:

DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7:00 a. m. | Lv. | Portland | Ar. | 4:05 p. m. |
| 12:15 p. m. | Ar. | Corvallis | Lv. | 1:00 p. m |

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4:40 p. m. | Lv. | Portland | Ar. | 8:25 a. m |
| 7:55 p. m. | Ar. | McMinnville | Lv. | 5:50 a. m |

THROUGH TICKETS

To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from W. W. SKINNER, Agent, Salem. E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Ag't. E. KOEHLER, Manager.



Oregon Pacific Railroad Co.

CHAS. CLARK, Receiver.

—Connecting with—

STEAMER "HOMER,"

—BETWEEN—

YAQUINA AND SAN FRANCISCO

Steamer leaves San Francisco Aug. 19th and about every ten days.
Leaves Yaquina Aug. 24th and about every ten days.
Right reserved to change sailing dates without notice.

For freight and passenger rates apply, to agents

CHAS. J. HENDRYX, SON & CO., Nos. 2 to 8 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
CHAS. CLARK, Receiver, Corvallis Oregon.