



THE LIGHTHOUSE.
The lighthouse stands by the wave washed
And since its light afar,
Wallo' o'er the foam the ships sail home,
Where quiet havens are.
The sea gulls cry, the storm runs high,
The winds blow loud and free,
And fog drops down on yonder town;
It lies upon the sea.
The lighthouse tower is stout and strong
Amid the surging spray;
It will stand the shock on its good rock,
While waves will glide away.
—J. B. M. Wright in Good Housekeeping.

JEALOUS.
Mr. D. Bashford cherished high ideas
of men, as opposed to women, and had
exalted notions of the husband's domina-
tion over his household.
Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife
attending the masquerade of the A. Z.
A. society. He had his reasons for so
doing, but his wife thought he might
have made known his wishes in a little
less imperious manner than he chose to
adopt.
The ball was set down for the evening
of the 29th. On the morning of that
day Mr. Bashford went down town at
the usual hour, but during the forenoon
had occasion to visit a section of the
city that led him past his own residence.
His attention was suddenly arrested
by a young woman with a large bundle,
ascending the front steps of his house
and ringing the doorbell.
His perplexity was increased when the
door was opened cautiously, the young
woman admitted promptly, as if by a
previous understanding, and the door
instantly closed again.
Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspi-
cion were aroused. Should he linger and
solve the mystery or dismiss it from
his mind and go on about his business?
He debated the question irresolutely for
a moment and finally decided that he
must know what was going on in his
own house.
He had not long to wait. The young
woman soon reappeared, but without the
bundle, and walked briskly down
the street.
She led him to one of the busiest and
gayest streets and finally turned quick-
ly into a celebrated costumier's establish-
ment.
Mr. Bashford was astonished. Could it
be that his wife was venturesome
enough to disobey him and had hired a
costume with a view of attending the
masquerade?
He did not linger long in meditation.
His wife's audacity must receive a se-
vere rebuke.
The proprietor was a woman. He ac-
cooled her thus:
"Madam, would you object to making
\$5 in as many minutes?"
The person addressed intimating that
she would have no objection to that sort
of thing, he continued:
"Then describe to me accurately the
costume delivered by the young woman
who entered this store a moment ago
or else show me one just like it."
"Well," said the woman, hesitating,
"that wouldn't be exactly regular, you
know."
"I understand that, but I can prove
to you if necessary that I have a right
to know, and that no harm can possibly
come to you by your telling me."
"Oh, well," said the woman, "I pre-
sume it will be all right! The costume
was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one
just like it, except that the hood is blue
instead of scarlet."
"Yes—just so," said Mr. Bashford.
"The one that the young woman left at
54—street has a scarlet hood, has it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Very well. Here are your \$5."
He made no allusion when he went
home to his 5 o'clock dinner to the cir-
cumstances just related. He simply said
to his wife before leaving, wondering
the while at her innocent and uncon-
strained demeanor:
"As I told you would probably be the
case, Louise, I shall be detained down-
town by business tonight until late."
"Oh, dear, I am sorry! It is so lone-
some these long evenings when you are
obliged to be away!"
The "business" which was to detain
him was of a somewhat startling charac-
ter. After spending a short time at his
office he proceeded to a costumier's
establishment and placed himself in the
hands of an artist, who, after a long
and tedious process, transformed him
into a hideous looking Indian.
This done, he ordered a carriage and
gave directions to be driven to the place
where the masquerade was to be held.
Mr. Bashford assumed to create quite
a sensation in his character of Indian
chief. Many stared at him, and some of
the women shrieked.
He did not dance at first, but walked
with stately tread around the hall, gaze
disdainfully on the giddy throng.
He was searching for a Turkish lady
with a scarlet hood.
It was some time before he found what
he sought for. But at last he stopped
suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a
particular quarter. There was the Turk-
ish lady with the scarlet hood, and her
size and general contour were exactly
those of his wife. There could be no
mistake about it.
"Pony again," he said in a guttur-
al tone.
"Pony again!" she replied.
"Pony again?"
"Yes!"
And they took their places on the
floor for one of the quadrilles.
After this second waltz appeared the
looker-on a scene of desperate flirta-
tion, but in Mr. Bashford's mind there
was, of course, no room for such pay-
ing attention to his own wife,
though a pang shot through his breast
at the thought of her accepting such
marked demonstrations from one who
to all intents and purposes was a stran-
ger.
However, the game must be played,
and he played it.
Time an hour passed very pleasantly,
but he had to confine to himself, for his

wife—if it were she—was unwontedly
"witty, vivacious and entertaining."
But all of a sudden the Turkish lady
deserted him and joined a Roman son-
ator on the other side of the room. She
conversed with him in a low tone, dan-
ced a set with him and afterward ex-
changed some private words in an ap-
parently very confidential manner.
This fairly maddened Mr. Bashford
with jealousy. Finally he got a chance
to speak to her again.
"Squaw must not leave her brave,"
he murmured.
But she only laughed tantalizingly.
"I think I hear the pattering of rain-
drops," he said. "Shall we not stand in
the open door, where it is cool?"
"Yes," she replied, "for a few mo-
ments. It will be a great relief."
They approached to the doorway and
stood looking down a short flight of
broad stone steps, which led to the side-
walk. Beyond could be seen a solitary
carriage, with a dim light glimmering
from the driver's seat. The driver him-
self had sought shelter from the rain
within the carriage.
Mr. Bashford looked cautiously
around. No one was in sight. He then
coined in a peculiar manner. The
driver instantly emerged, leaving the
carriage door open, and walked careles-
sly forward, seemingly to inspect the
harness of one of the horses.
Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He
suddenly seized his companion round
the waist, thrust his hand under her
mask and pressed it over her mouth, and
ran with her to the carriage.
"Scream and you will be murdered,"
he muttered in her ear. He then forced
her in the carriage, stepping in after
her.
Mr. Bashford held his fair prisoner
firmly down to the seat and admonish-
ed her in the harshest tones he could
command to remain silent.
She covered down submissively, evi-
dently too terrified to speak, trembling
and panting violently.
"What is to be done with me?" she
summoned the courage to falter.
"Hush!" he growled.
Still the carriage rattled on through
numerous streets and alleys, the driver
having been instructed to take a long,
roundabout course.
Finally the driver gave a loud cough.
This was a signal. He had calculated
that the devious course they had taken
would so bewilder his wife that her
ideas of locality would be completely
confused. He wanted to impress her
with the belief that she was being car-
ried to some den of unknown horrors.
"Here we are," he growled. "Not a
word from you, my beauty."
He rushed up the steps, carrying his
captive under one arm. Unlocking the
door with his night key, he rushed with
her into the house.
A loud scream greeted his arrival.
The gas was burning brightly, and in
the middle of the room stood—her arms
thrown up and her eyes protruding with
horror—his wife!
He halted in dire astonishment and
dismay, still retaining his hold on the
Turkish lady, who had by this time
fainted.
"Louise!" he gasped.
But his wife only gave vent to a
piercing shriek and retreated to the fur-
thest corner of the room.
"Don't you know me, Louise?"
"What does all this mean?" she said,
stepping forward cautiously. "Why are
you disguised so frightfully, and who
is this you have with you?"
Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was so
great that he had entirely forgotten
that he was still supporting the Turkish
lady, and he now nearly dropped her.
"Haven't you been to the masquer-
ade?" he demanded of his wife.
"To the masquerade! Certainly not."
"Then who is this?"
"That. How should I know? Why,
as I'm alive, it's—oh, Dio, what under
the sun have you been doing? This is
Emma Burch!"
And Mrs. Bashford bent over the
prostrate form and set herself about ap-
plying restoratives. They soon had their
effect. Miss Burch sat upright and look-
ed about her in a confused manner.
"Louise, is it you?" she exclaimed,
with a glad look and almost fainting
again. "And am I really safe? Oh, hor-
ror!"
She caught a glimpse of the Indian.
"There, there, never mind him," said
Mrs. Bashford soothingly. "It's only
Dio."
"Dio, your husband, the one who kid-
naped me! Oh, what does it all mean?"
Both ladies looked at Mr. Bashford
inquiringly, who was now forced to ex-
plain everything.
He did it with a very bad grace and
a good deal of stammering. When he
had concluded, his wife said:
"And so you thought the suit was
for me when I only had it brought here
to accommodate Emma. The same
clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted
to me because she wanted to be very
secret about her costume. Oh, Dio, to
think that you should have such little
trust in me!"
Mr. Bashford had not a word to say.
He had for some in his life been fair-
ly lenient, even ignominiously defeat-
ed.—Atlantic Constitution.

A GRAND COACHMAN.
HE IS AT THE HEAD OF THE LORD
MAYOR OF LONDON'S STABLE.
A Big Man Physically and In Other Re-
spects—The Carriage and Horses—Lord
Mayers May Come and Go, but the
Coachman Is a Fixture.
An antediluvian spectacle was pre-
pared for me in the stables of the lord
mayor of London. In a vast courtyard
an enormous carriage made of gold, to
which were harnessed six magnificent
brown horses; harness ornamented with
massive copper, chased by an artist,
if not with taste at least with a great
deal of care, and a multitude of ribbons
and cockades of a cherry color.
On the seat, six feet above the earth,
the coachman, but what a coachman,
my friends! A coachman the breed of
which has been lost since the time of
Louis XIV. He wore a wig with a sex-
tuple line of curls symmetrically ar-
ranged, had a bicorne hat on his
head, and he wore his livery as Wellin-
gton after Waterloo must have worn his
uniform. His livery has a grand air. It
is black and gold. The frock is too or-
namental. The black velvet of its dis-
appears under a thick embroidery of gold
wheat and field flowers of purple silk,
but the chest on which it is opened is
so ample, and the large epauletts, with
gold fringes, fall with a nobility so im-
posing on arms so fat and so firm, that
one cannot find this exhibition of
wealth excessive.
The carriage is a poem. It is of the
purest rococo style. Massive in the low-
er part, the panels of which are orna-
mented with allegoric paintings, the
box is exclusively formed of looking
glasses held together by a light frame-
work of gilded wood. Everything is
gilded, from the Cupids which hold the
box to the chimerical figures which or-
nament the platform where the grooms
stand; from the Tritons which hold
with their strong arms the seat where
the corpulent Phaethon is enthroned to
the shell where he places his feet; from
the hub to the tire of the wheels. Only
the interior of the carriage is not gilt.
It is ornamented with red cushions.
"Have you seen everything?" asks
the fat man. I say "Yes," and Master
Wright descends from his perch. He
puts aside with sacerdotal slowness one
of his bicorne hats, his wig and
his frock. As he becomes a simple mortal
he talks and smiles. I smile, too,
because he strangely resembles Coquelu-
in. His trumpet shaped nose is particu-
larly a success.
Master Wright is not too proud of
it. He is proud only of his size. He
talks of it with evident conceit.
"Do you know," he says confidenti-
ally, "that I measure from shoulder
to shoulder 47 inches? To become a
member of the Royal guard, where
there are splendid men, you need only
42 inches. Some of them measure 43,
There are some who measure 44, but
there is not one who measures 47."
In the harness room—in a special
room of which the first coachman alone
has the key—Wright hands to me one
of the sets of harness. Its weight is
fabulous. Each horse carries 110
pounds. Add to this the enormous mass
of the car, and you may understand
why it is that ordinary horses will not
do for the annual parade. The livery-
man who has charge of the stables of
the lord mayor is compelled to search
for two months in advance in order to
find the six horses destined to drag
during this memorable parade the formi-
dable machine. The rest of the year there
are only six horses in the stable. They
are all beautiful, but of a smaller size.
Four of them are harnessed to the sec-
ond carriage, the lord mayor's dress
carriage. Two are harnessed to the semi-
state carriage.
The carriages are not the property of
the lord mayor, but of the city of
London. They are rented by the year.
The price is very high, as the coat of arms
and the painting on the panels must be
changed every year. The second car-
riage costs \$200.
The arms of the city of London are
of chased copper. An elegant and fine
gallery at the top of the wagon is made
of the same metal. There are four beau-
tiful octagonal lanterns at the four cor-
ners. The panels are black and gold.
The coachman's seat is covered with
black and red velvet.
The service of the stables is composed
of a head coachman, of a second coach-
man, more especially devoted to the
lady mayors; of a private coachman,
a footman, a groom and two stable boys.
This total wages are \$10 a week.
"I would wager," said Wright, with
a mocking smile, "that you will ask
what the cost of my livery is. Well,
this uniform was paid for by the lord
mayor only recently. Its cost was
\$100."
"Fortunately," I said, "you do not
reuse it every year."
"You are mistaken. Every lord may-
or has a livery different from that
chosen by his predecessor. We change
livery every year."
"And does the lord mayor have to
pay for all this?"
"Certainly, sir. It is a dignity every-
body may not have. But you must re-
member that the most parsimonious of
lord mayors never spend less than \$50,
\$60 a year. In your knowledge how much
the city allows him? \$10,000 a year."
"How is it?" I said. "And you are
not changed as well as the lord mayor?"
"Master Wright stood up with inflat-
ed rigidity. He said:
"We are officers of the city of
London. Appointed by the city to our
honorable functions, we serve it in the
person of the best magistrate, and we
serve it faithfully, but we are not the
servants of the lord mayor. Lord may-
ors come and go. We remain."
After this solemn phrase Master
Wright capitally extended his hand to
me. I shook it, and when he put it
back in his pocket it was not empty—
I found a note of ten pounds.

Mrs. Eliza A. Freeman
Vandalia, Illinois.

Ivy Poisoning
Eight Years of Suffering
Perfectly Cured by Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"We have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and
find it to be all you claim for it. My wife
was poisoned by ivy when a young woman,
and for eight years was troubled every
season with the breaking out and terrible
itching and burning. I thought hers was
as bad a case as anyone ever had. She
was in this distressing condition every
year until she began to take Hood's Sarsa-
parilla, which has effected a perfect cure,
without leaving any scars, and she has had
no sign of the poison since.
She is well and hearty. I have taken
Hood's Sarsaparilla after the grip with
good results, and have also given it to our
four children. We are all pictures of per-
fect health and owe it to Hood's Sarsapa-
rilla." J. C. FREEMAN, Vandalia, Ill.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly
and efficiently, on the liver and bowels.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
Shortness of Breath, Swell-
ing of Legs and Feet.
"For about four years I was trou-
bled with palpitation of the heart,
shortness of breath and swelling of
the legs and feet. At times I would
faint. I was treated by the best phy-
sicians in Savannah, Ga., with no re-
lief. I then tried various Springs,
without benefit. Finally I tried
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure
also his Nerve and Liver Pills. After
beginning to take them I felt better. I
continued taking them and I am now
in better health than for many years.
Since my recovery I have gained fifty
pounds in weight. I hope this state-
ment may be of value to some poor
sufferer."
E. B. SUTTON, Ways Station, Ga.
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive
guarantee that the first bottle will benefit.
All druggists sell it at \$1.00 bottles for \$5.00,
or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price
to the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

**Educate
Business**
CAPITAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,
First National Bank Building,
SALEM, OREGON.
Reopened now in session. The "NEW SYS-
TEM OF INTER-COMMUNICATION BUSI-
NESS PRACTICE" recently introduced, the
crowning feature. Send for catalogue or col-
lege journal. Address W. I. STALEY,
Principal.
-31-w
CLUB STABLES.
W. H. DOWNING.
Full supply of horses, buggies and hacks,
Best of care given to transient stock and
boarding. Corner Ferry and Liberty streets.
Specialty of taking parties to coast or
mountains.

GEO. C. WILL
DEALER IN
Steinway, Knabe, Webber, Em-
erson and other pianos.
Storey & Clark and Earhart organs.
All first class makes of sewing ma-
chines.
Smaller makes of musical instru-
ments and supplies.
Genuine needles, oil and new parts
for all makes of machines.
Sewing machines and organs re-
paired and cleaned.
Two doors north of postoffice, Salem
Oregon.

Cooper Shop.
Cyrus Stewart
has opened up a shop north of Mile's mill, in
South Salem, where he is prepared to make
and repair all kinds of cooperage, such as
pails, tubs, kegs, barrels and churns. Only
the best seasoned stock used. Prices reason-
able.
\$1,500 REWARD OFFERED.
The undersigned offers \$1500 reward for the
conviction of the party or parties who burned
his barn and horses on the night of December
12, 1892. He will also pay \$200 for each sec-
ondary to the crime. I own two good horses
and am able to pay this reward.
J. B. DANIEL,
10-12-Edwin Melrose, Or.

Feed Wood
Wholesale and Retail,
Everything in my line
at lowest prices.
181 Commercial street.
J. H. DANIEL.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Willamette University
The most complete and best equipped music
school on the northwest coast.
University standards. Latest methods and
through work.
Diplomas given on completion of course.
First term begins September 15, 1893.
J. M. PARVIN,
M. B. Danville

Hsie Wing Sang Co.,
DRESSMAKING
LATEST FASHIONABLE STYLES.
"MILK AND HONEY" SYSTEM.
Solely in W. V. U. House, Corner St.
MRS. F. M. FREEMAN

SCHOOL TEXT-BOOK PETITION.
To the State Board of Education—Protest Against Changes in Text-Books or
any Contract fixing prices for the next six years:
Governor Penoyer, Secretary of State McBride and State Superintendent of
Public Instruction McElroy, acting as the State Board of Education of
Oregon.
Sirs:—Your petitioners, patrons of the public schools, taxpayers and citi-
zens of Oregon, respectfully petition you to take no action to bring about adop-
tion of new series of public school text-books under the law passed by the last
legislature, nor to enter into any contract at present publishers prices adopting
the text-books now in use, or those that might be authorized by your board at
present prices, such prices to be fixed and maintained by the publishers for the
next six years, as specified in that law.
In view of the fact that by state publication the people of California are
obtaining public school text-books at an average price of about 30 cents apiece
for the entire series needed in the common schools, or about one-half what we
pay in Oregon, we demand state publication at the earliest day possible.

NAMES. NAMES.
[Cut out the above form of petition, sign and address it to one of the State Board of Ed-
ucation, or mail it to THE JOURNAL, and it will be published and forwarded to the board.
The present system of high-priced text-books for six years to come.]

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 of
the DAILY OF 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.

HOFER BROS., Publishers,
SALEM, OREGON.

ONE CENT DAILY JOURNAL.
HOFER BROTHERS, Publishers,
Salem, Oregon.
Please send to address below one copy of DAILY
CAPITAL JOURNAL by mail. (Cross line out
wanted.)
For one month and enclosed \$0.25
For two months " " " " " 50 cts.
For four months " " " " " \$1.00
For six months " " " " " 1.50
NAME: _____
POSTOFFICE: _____

**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 of Beast well
again.

**Nerve
Tonic
Blood
Builder**
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE
Dr. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE
Schenectady, N.Y., and Brockville, Ont.

A LADY'S TOILET
Is not complete
without an ideal
**COMPLEXION
POZZONI'S**
POZZONI'S
Combines every element of
beauty and purity. It is beauti-
fully soothing, healing, health-
ful, and harmless, and when
rightly used is inviolable. A most
desirable and desirable protection
to the face in this climate.
Insist upon having the genuine.
IT IS THE ONLY AUTHORITY.

**BLANK ORDER SHEET
FOR THE
ONE CENT DAILY JOURNAL.**
HOFER BROTHERS, Publishers,
Salem, Oregon.
Please send to address below one copy of DAILY
CAPITAL JOURNAL by mail. (Cross line out
wanted.)
For one month and enclosed \$0.25
For two months " " " " " 50 cts.
For four months " " " " " \$1.00
For six months " " " " " 1.50
NAME: _____
POSTOFFICE: _____