

OREGON'S GREAT ASYLUM.

A Patient's Description of Its Operations and Management.

The following well written article appeared in the Astorian Independent on March 13:

This great institution speaks well for the people of Oregon in its thoroughgoing providing for the wants of the poor unfortunate whose lot it is to come here. The building occupies one of the prettiest sites around Salem, and for nice sites Salem is famous. It is now a very large building with wings extending in every possible direction, and the ward where I am located is built detached and is called the infirmary. Underneath the whole building, which is all built with good brick, is a wide tunnel with brick and brick arches, and along the center of the tunnel is an iron or steel railroad on which road trucks of various sizes are used according to the nature of the material carried. Along this tunnel are several steam boilers to heat up the buildings overhead, and also bins containing different kinds of vegetable from the farm; also stacks of cord wood to heat the water with. The food for the different wards brought over the railroad from the kitchen are hoisted up to the different ward parades by elevators. The boys always know when breakfast, dinner or supper is coming by hearing the car controlling along.

Now, I will speak something about the discipline. At 5:30 a. m., a bell rings, and we rise to get our ablutions, which is at a fine marble basin with hot and cold water faucets to each, and we have a soap with what the Indian called "Sunday medicine" in it. We go back and shake up our beds and make them up. Then we have breakfast at 6:30 a. m. After breakfast those that are well enough help to clean up the crockeryware, and reset the tables and clean up the ward by first sweeping, then mopping and again sweeping, and often the carpets are taken out and beaten. Nice snow white cotton spreads of fine designs are carefully spread over each bed and a finely embroidered pillow sham put over the pillows. At 8:30 a. m. a bell rings to announce the doctors. Our ward is the first visited, and about the time the last sound is out of the bell, click, goes the spring of the door and in March Dr. Howland, the superintendent, Dr. Williamson, first assistant and Dr. Griffith, second assistant—the returned and the visitor. It may not do any harm to pass an opinion on these gentlemen. Dr. Howland is a fine christian gentleman and seems to be pater to us all. He has a word for us all, sometimes in sympathy, sometimes a joke, and sometimes, if needs be, a rebuke. He seems to be a gentleman endowed with wisdom, a very essential virtue in such an immense establishment as this. Dr. Williamson is a gentleman with a very dignified appearance, but when approached, very gentlemanly and sympathetic, and is very much liked. Dr. Griffith is a gentleman endowed with the spirit of discernment, and a good reader of character. He can almost tell what you are going to say before you say it, and I can say from experience that he is a good physician, because he brought me out of a feverish cold in short order, a few days ago. The man has a very motherly and lady-like deportment. The supervisor, I think, is a very good man, and often comes around the wards alone, and then he puts on more dignity and sits than Dr. Howland himself. It puts one in mind of the negro who went to a ship captain and asked him whether he was going to carry a white man or a colored gentleman for a cook next voyage.

I have seen Mr. Bernard pass our ward twice, tripping along in his busy, straightforward manner and looking of a very cheerful countenance. In the wards there are wardmasters, and one day and one night assistant. Our wardmaster is a fine christian man. There is an old man here from Hubbard, who has a chronic blue spell and does not want to eat. He feeds like a child and when he goes to bed he sits beside his bed and tells him to sleep. The food is very wholesome, abundant and well cooked. A great deal of it is raised on the farm. I believe all the vegetables etc. I stepped into the cow stable, the other day, and there I saw the same clean and humane expression as the rest of the institution displays. An astonishing and cruelly hard station, where cows are locked up in the stocks, but each cow has a stall with a ring built three feet high in front of a manger in the stall, a log fastened to the manger and a little way down it a rope tied with a ring in it and at the end of the rope another ring. The man can see the cow in what manner she chews, and if a log, a wagon or any other vehicle bothers her she can get relief from her tough hauled tongue. The lock stations ought to be abolished by the money for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Just think of a poor cow being locked up all night and suffering intense pain

ing from a hot knowing through her back and all the rest of her with unrelenting in the morning.

Suppose the road of the with 12,000 1 mile, was governed by a thoughtless, cold and merciless set of men (instead of, as it is now, by kind, humane and Christ-like men) how much anxiety could be placed to these 1000 inmates.

I fear in my hasty article yesterday to mention some important things concerning this institution. Every ward has a bath room with a nice bath tub supplied with hot and cold water faucet, and every patient has a bath once a week and a change of underclothing. Frequently, the patients that are able are taken for a walk to the edge of the town. In the middle of the main building is a large hall, with quite a large gallery over it and a large stage. Every Sunday afternoon this is used as a chapel, and a fine choir is present of vocal and instrumental music. The instruments are a fine piano, bass viol, violins and other instruments. Some of the vocalists are very fine singers. Ministers of different denominations preach there. The last, I think, was a Congregationalist. Twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, this hall is used for a dance, when a fine orchestra of music is present. It is for the health and recreation of the patients. Last time I was at the dance a German doctor sat near me. He was nicely dressed in a light cloth suit with a soft cap to match. He looked quite happy and contented, but is very insane. Across the way stood a man who seemed to have come determined to be disgusted with the whole affair. Watching the expression of his face amused me more than the dance did. But we had fine music, I can tell you. I looked around over that crowd and could only see a few faces out of which any hope shone. Indeed insanity was plainly written up and down and crosswise over the faces of the rest of those dear creatures. To conclude, I believe I may honestly and conscientiously say, five-sixths of the people here are treated better than they would be at the hands of their own friends.

Then again I have to reiterate, "God bless the people of Oregon for so abundantly providing for her unfortunate, and God bless her rulers for selecting such a fine staff of humane gentlemen to see after their wants."

T. WITHYCOMBE, Jr.

Such meetings as that held Monday night at the Salem opera house do a great deal of good. They clear up the public mind and help educate the citizen in his duties.

CITIZENS' thoroughly democratic, where all men meet as equals and if they conduct themselves as gentlemen and are fair-minded, clean, honest and consistent in their speech and actions they will accomplish good results.

There is a marked tendency in these days to consider all subjects only from the standpoint of public good, the greatest good to the greatest number. That tendency is a wholesome one under a Republican form of government. More such meetings should be held.

THE SHEEP ACCOUNT. This is how the sheep account stands: 1895, 42,294,965, at \$1.58 per head, \$66,826,767.

1892, 44,938,365, at \$2.28 per head, \$116,121,270.

The difference is only \$49,435,503. Just change it to the Democratic party.

THE GOLDEN RULE. Commended to the citizens' movement held at the opera house:

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also likewise unto them."

When farmers cannot pay the interest on their mortgages, and the little country schools cannot run for want of funds, is a poor time to work up grates on the public treasury.

No one objects to Simon as a loan because he is a Jew. The Republican party does not need any loan, and that is the reason for the putting the blame on the shoulders of this state.

Many influential citizens of this state are opposed to Mr. Simon and his methods, so no one has any right to bring up the matter of religion or race in the context that has and will be waged on tonight in the state of Oregon.—Long Creek Eagle.

An Eastern Oregon paper says: Hon. J. A. Wright arrived in our city, Sunday, from Salem, where he has been sent the third time from Union county to serve the people in capacity of legislator. He was showered with compliments from his many friends and admirers for his persistent and honorable efforts in behalf of the people.

Get There.—For legislature at 101 Commercial street. 2-14 a and 2 w

Nervous Pure Blood Hood's Sarsaparilla

People should realize that the only true and permanent cure for their condition is to be found in having Pure Blood. Because the health of every organ and those of the body depends upon the purity of the blood. The whole world knows the standard blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. And therefore it is the only true and reliable medicine for nervous people. It makes the blood pure and healthy, and thus cures nervousness, makes the nerves firm and strong, gives sweet natural sleep, mental vigor, a good appetite, perfect digestion. It does all this, and cures Scrofula, Eczema or Salt Rheum, and all other blood diseases.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect. 25c.

TREMENDOUS PRESSURE.

A Machine on the Hydraulic Principle, but Using Oil instead of Water. The reporter went the other day to see a wonderful machine, a machine which is not only a prodigious and terrible piece of machinery, but an allegory. It is called a testing machine, and it is used to ascertain the resisting power of various materials. It is not content with finding out that a beam of oak, for instance, will bear without breaking a pressure on one spot of 100,000 pounds. The beam must be utterly crushed each time the test is made, and not must be taken of the exact weight that lay upon it at the moment of its final dissolution.

After day this great machine heaves and strains itself and bears down with slow and awful force upon some tough beam or block of wood, and whether the timber is placed flatwise and needs, say, but a paltry 75 tons to crush it, or whether it be placed edgewise, like a pillar, and will hold up twice as much weight before it cries out and gives up the ghost, it must yield just the same and surrender its pitiful, crushed frame to be photographed and studied and picked to pieces for the benefit of science. That is all very interesting, you may say, but it is a mere piece of brute machinery. Where is the allegory that you told us of? That lies in the thing by the force of which this monstrous pressure is exerted. It is oil. Nothing but suave, gentle, yielding oil, the emblem of softness and agreeableness.

There is a certain piston in this mechanism which, pressing against a quantity of oil in a confined space, forces this oil against another iron surface, which in turn presses forward upon the timber so that all this crushing power is exerted by the medium of nothing but oil. As you watch the machine, even in the most exciting moment of the culmination of its crushing force, you cannot but be conscious that it is the oil that is doing it. The master stands over his great machine, his pupils grouped about it. He goes down flat on its great back, like a giant bracing his shoulder against a rock to push with his feet.

The thing which he is pushing against is a beam of seasoned oak, about 10 inches square, and the thing with which he is pushing is another and lengthwise square beam of oak, the end of which is directly against the side of the beam to be crushed. Off at one side, apparently unconnected with the machine, but in reality connected with it, is an apparatus where there are levers, comparable with the throttle valve of a locomotive, and a gauge which registers accurately the pressure that is being exerted. A young learner stands at these levers and this gauge, and when the master says, "Turn on more oil," he moves a lever, and the pressure rises. Seventy thousand pounds, 80,000 pounds, it rises rapidly. The lengthwise beam is sinking itself deep into the side of the victim timber, but this still holds out bravely. The pressure rises to 90,000—100,000 pounds. The watchers all gather around the center of the pressure in anticipation of the catastrophe; the lengthwise timber is squaring into the solid oak of the other one as one's thumb might be driven into a piece of cheese.

But still it holds. Little by little the power is turned on. The young man at the gauge calls "120,000," "130,000," "140,000," "150,000." You hear the snapping of a myriad of tendons within the beam, and all these sounds join in a sort of low buzzing roar or cry, which suggests an elemental agony. One hundred and sixty thousand pounds—the beam sinks deeper into the flesh of its victim; 170,000. "More oil!" calls the master, and now the crackle rises—the lengthwise beam itself begins to crack, and the other beam, yielding at last, seems to go to pieces all at once, and when the pressure is removed it is taken out, twisted, contorted, dried, pitted, crushed.

It is useful, after all, though it seems but an exhibition of the brutality of mere mechanism, that the testing machine and its kind of oil have done for since the master began the work with it he has proved that timber will stand only about half the weight which the accepted authorities said they would stand, and by introducing a more conservative weighting of wood he has doubtless saved many human lives from destruction by the collapse of timbered structures.—Boston Transcript.

A Boston article. In the days of his alliance some one came to Thomas for help to help him a friend.

"What was his?" inquired Thomas. "A build, sir," answered the other.

Thomas agreed with the man. He ran to his book and returned with a note which he thrust into the man's hand. "You say it costs 50 cents? Here are 100. Buy two of 'em!"

TODAY'S MARKETS. Prices Current by Telegraph—Local and Portland Quotations. SALEM, March 13, 4 p. m.—Office DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL. Quotations for day and up to hour of going to press were as follows: SALEM PRODUCE MARKET. BUTTER MARKET. Veals—dressed 5 1/2 cts. Hogs—dressed 4. Live cattle—2 1/2 cts. Sheep—alive 22.00.

WHEAT. 37 cents per bushel. HAY AND GRAIN. Oats—20@22c. Hay—Baled, chest \$6@6.50; timothy, \$5.00.

FARM PRODUCTS. Wool—Best, 10c. Hops—Best, 3 to 7c. Eggs—In trade, 8c. Butter—Best dairy, 18@20 fancy creamery, 25c. Cheese—10 to 12 1/2 cts. Lard—smoked meats—Bacon 9c; hams, 11; shoulders, 7. Potatoes—25c. Onions—2 cents.

FRUITS. Apples 50@75c bu. LIVE POULTRY. Poultry—Hens, 5c; roosters 4c; turkeys, 6@8c.

PORTLAND QUOTATIONS. Grain, Feed, etc. Flour—Portland, \$2.30; Walls Walls, \$2.65; graham, \$2.15; superfine, \$1.90 per barrel. Oats—White, 28@30c; milling 31@32c; grey, 29@27c; rolled, in bags, \$5.75@6.00; barrels, \$6.00@6.25; cases, \$3.75. Potatoes—35@40c per sack; sweet, 2c per lb. Hay—Good, \$6@9 per ton. Wool—valley, 8@10c. Millstuffs—Bran, \$12.00; shorts, \$13.50; chop feed, \$16 per ton; chicken wheat, 75c per cential.

Hops—Dull, 2@7c. Hides—green, salted, 60 lbs. 3 1/2 c. under 60 lbs., 2@3c; dressed pelts, 10@60c. DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter—Oregon fancy creamery, 22 1/2@25c; fancy dairy, 17 1/2@20c; fair to good, 12 1/2@15c; common, 12c. Cheese—Oregon 10@11c per pound; Young American, 11@12 1/2c; Swiss imp., 28@30c; Dom., 14@15c. Eggs—Oregon, 5c per dozen. Poultry—Chickens, \$2.50@3.00 per dozen; ducks, \$4@5.00; geese, \$6@6.50; turkeys, dressed, 8@9c. Beef—Topsteers, 24@25c; cows, 2c@2 1/2c; dressed beef, 4@6c. Mutton—Best sheep, 8@2.10; choice ewes, \$1.50@1.75. Hogs—Choice, heavy, \$3.00@3.60, light and feeders, \$3.50; dressed, 4 1/2 c per lb. Veal—Small, choice, 5c@6c; large, 3c@4c per pound.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET. Wool: Oregon Eastern choice, 8c; 10c; do inferior, 5c@6c; do valley, 10c@12c. Hops—Quotable at 4@5c. Potatoes—Early Rose, 40@60c in sacks; Burbanks, 30@40c per sack. Oats—Milling, \$1.07@1.17 1/2.

A Champion Walker. In these days when the severest tests are applied in every department of athletic exercise, walking, running, bicycle riding, tennis, etc., those who share in the contest must provide against emergencies. Harry Brooks, the champion walker, gives the result of twenty years' experience as follows: "Numerous statements relative to the merits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this opportunity to state that I have used ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for over 20 years and prefer them to any other kind. I would further state that I was very sick with catarrh of the kidneys, and attribute my recovery entirely to ALLOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the safest purgative known. Rheumatism. Is a symptom of disease of the kidneys, it will certainly be relieved by Park's Sure Cure. That headache, backache and tired feeling come from the same cause. Ask for Park's Sure Cure for the liver and kidneys, price \$1.00, sold by Linn & Brooks. 19-1w

HEART DISEASE 30 YEARS! Short Breath, Palpitation. Mr. W. McKinley, postmaster of Kenosha, Ind., and a brave soldier in the war, had been severely wounded with heart disease ever since leaving the army at the close of the late war. I was troubled with palpitation and shortness of breath. I could not sleep on my left side and had been unable to do so for many years. I had been advised by my doctor to use Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and I was much alarmed, and fortunately my situation was called to my attention by the following advertisement.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I decided to try it. The first bottle made a decided improvement in my condition, and my doctor has now positively cured me.

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We Deal IN Elephants.

HAVE YOU AN ELEPHANT FOR SALE?

We will find you a buyer if you have one in good condition and you are willing to sell cheap.

WHAT WE ACTUALLY MEAN is that we have buyers for a number of farms and city dwelling homes. We are in correspondence with a large number of Eastern people who are coming out here soon and who have instructed us to look them up bargains.

NOW WE ARE READY to list your elephants that you have been trying to sell for a long time. We will find you a buyer and will not be all summer at it either.

Our rates are moderate and we are in touch with those wanting property. If you are actually wanting to sell your property and are ready to list it at a reasonable figure we will find you a buyer.

We also rent and look after property for non-residents. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call on or address

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A NEW DEAL

NEWSPAPER.

Prospectus of the Salem Capital Journal

The One Cent Daily and the \$1 Weekly.

Strongly and Aggressively on the Side of the People.

This is Not the Goldbug Organ From Goldbugville.

A Program of Earnest Reforms on Great Public Questions.

THE JOURNAL is a Republican paper, but it independently advocates the interests of the people at all times. It places the public welfare above party interests, and believes thereby it serves its party and the people best.

A LEADER IN THE FIGHT. For two years THE JOURNAL has led in the fight for a new deal. THE JOURNAL has been a leader in the fight against ring politics and the corrupt methods of the old machine. It is a recognized champion of the people's interests on the Pacific Northwest. It fights its battles consistently within practical limits, and wastes no time or space on impracticable theories. It is not pessimistic, but firmly believes in the capacity of the people for self-government when acting intelligently and fully aroused to the necessity of so doing.

NOT A GOLDBUG FROM GOLDBUGVILLE. A young lawyer in the legislature, who is still voting for Dolph, boasts that he is a "Goldbug from Goldbugville." He must be strangely ignorant of the temper of the people of Oregon, who have very little use for a Goldbug of any kind. But his remark is evidence of considerable courage of an insane kind, because the man does not live who can go before the American people anywhere, declaring that he is opposed to any kind of money other than gold for purposes of ultimate redemption of debts, and receive an endorsement.

FOR FINANCIAL REFORM. THE JOURNAL advocates a national monetary system, uncontrolled by corporations:

"One Country, One Flag, One Money" should be the watchword of this, the land of the free. One money that's good for the rich and the poor, One standard of worth, no matter its name, Be it gold, silver or paper, 'twill ever endure If stamped by the nation and backed by its fame! One money for all men! Let that be the best, Be it paper, or silver, or copper or gold! For the northland, the southland, the east and the west It should by the people be held and controlled.

The JOURNAL is not a "bourbon organ" of the Wall street strips, nor a partisan paper for bankers only. It does not believe in gold alone as the only means of ultimate redemption. We need gold and silver coined on equal terms and abundant national paper currency. Our country must pay all its obligations according to the terms of its contracts, but no more public obligations must be created payable in gold only. In addition to all the gold possible in circulation, silver must be restored to its rightful place as primary metal currency where it had stood for over eighty years before it was fraudulently demonetized in 1873. It was the regret of the Patriot President Grant's life that he allowed that bill to become a law, and it is the duty of all patriots to labor to repeal that law at the earliest moment. Our country should not wait for an international bimetallic conference with England, Germany or any other country controlled by the Rothschilds, but we should remonetize silver at once as legal tender money.

THE CRIME OF 1873. In surreptitiously repouling free coinage 16 to 1 is only surpassed, in its depressing and devastating effects upon the producer, by the plutocratic policy of the present administration which insists on contracting the currency by retiring with gold bonds over 800,000,000 of paper money, redeemable in gold or silver, at the option of the government. The policy of President Cleveland in borrowing gold of England to redeem silver certificates, which by law are specifically redeemable in silver only, caps the climax of the financial conspiracy that is oppressing the masses so that veritably they are making the

PUT IN SOME STRAW by inserting a newspaper that is distinctly and always on the side of the People.

Order direct or through your Postmaster THE DAILY JOURNAL at \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a month, or THE WEEKLY JOURNAL at \$1.00 a year. No Postage Sent Beyond Time Paid.

HOFER LITHOGRAPHS, Publishers, Salem, Or.