



FARM RESIDENCE OF SENATOR N. H. LOONEY.

The above picture is a very fair representation of the home of Senator N. H. Looney, although the grounds are not shown to their best advantage. This building stands on historic ground, and is the scene of history making episodes from year to year.

Senator Looney's people settled at Looney's Butte, where this beautiful home is located, in 1843 from the southern states, and in the selection of this wonderful beautiful spot showed a characteristic that marks the cultured man or woman of any corner of the world. It is an ideal spot for an ideal home life in the country, and it is not strange that Senator Looney chooses to continue his days on the spot where he was born.

On the large ranch which spreads out at the base of the Butte, Mr. Looney raises some of the finest Jersey cattle in the country, and conducts a high grade

modern dairy. Thus he and his splendid family enjoy a pastoral life that many dream of but few live to experience. From the milk of about fifty cows butter is made that finds ready market in wholesale lots, always commanding the best price. The surplus cream is sold to a Salem creamery. The modern cow stables, hay barns and machinery, such as cream separators, churns, etc., would be of interest to anyone, and the wonderful cleanliness with which everything is kept would surprise many a housekeeper.

The Looney family were among the first to introduce fine stock in the state, and their original herd formed a part of the afterwards famous Durhams owned by Gov. Gaines. The younger generation has kept up the family taste for good stock, until today it is a high recommendation for any animal to say it came from Looney's Butte.



MR. CHARLES MILLER.

Charles Miller was born in Montgomery County, Ind., in 1830 and came with his parents to Oregon in 1848, locating on his present home place, the Ramsdale donation claim.

In 1849 he went to the gold mines in California and remained about one year on the American river.

In 1850-1 he worked at the carpenter trade with Samuel Welch in Oregon City. The years 1852-3 he spent in mercantile business with his father, Isaac Miller, in Santiam City. In 1854 he returned to his farm and was married to Nancy Vaughan, a native of West Virginia and a pioneer of 1832, with whom he still lives. In 1860 he moved with his family to California, and while there was engaged in buying and selling horses and met with excellent success. In 1861 with his family he returned to his home in Oregon and has since been engaged in farming and dairying. In 1875 he with Jesse Parrish engaged in flax culture for the lint, and was awarded the premium and medal for flax in the straw and lint at the International Exhibition in 1876. In Dec



MRS. CHARLES MILLER.

1889 he purchased a herd of Jersey cattle and has since been engaged in dairying. His herd now numbers about 85 head of fine pure-bred Jerseys. His dairy is fitted up with all modern machinery, the work being done by water power. His butter "Four Oaks" brand, which is made under the supervision of his daughter Miss Emma, sells for the highest price in Portland and Seattle.

While Mr. Miller takes great pride in his Dairy, Mrs. Miller takes as deep interest in her fine flocks of poultry, and especially in raising turkeys.

Miss Lou Miller, another daughter, is an artist of considerable skill, and all combined the family constitutes one of the happiest, most cultured and enterprising homes in Oregon. Their beautiful residence, a picture of which is given below, is often the scene of merry times indulged in by all their old friends and neighbors for miles about. Here is dispensed a broad hospitality, such as is spoken of in the southern states, and which is never forgotten by those who have been its fortunate recipients.



"FOUR OAKS" RESIDENCE OF CHARLES MILLER.

Dr. W. C. Hawk, the substantial physician of Jefferson, is a native of Virginia, having been born in the Blue



DR. W. C. HAWK.

Ridge country near Cumberland Gap, in the Alleghany mountains. He grew up in Illinois, and studied his profession in the noted Rush Medical College, where he graduated with honors in surgery,

also taking a full hospital course. After some practice in the Sucker state, he moved to Jefferson, Oregon, fourteen years ago, where he has built up a wide practice among the residents and farmers of the surrounding country. He has recently built a beautiful home on the west side of the river, a picture of which is presented herewith. This fine home is located on his large farm, which is managed by the doctor by proxy, as he lives there with his family during the splendid summer months, making a veritable summer resort, as it is beautifully located near the rippling Santiam river.

Dollars in Odd Shapes. Under the law a silver dollar may be a grain and a half over weight or a grain and a half under weight, and this "limit of tolerance" applies to all of our silver coins. In other words, they are not allowed to vary more than that much from standard. In the case of gold pieces, the limit is half a grain either way up to the eagle, a variation of as much as one grain being permissible in the \$10 and \$20 pieces.

Whenever a fresh batch of dollars is turned out at the mint, samples are forwarded to the treasury at Washington, where they are put through a very curious process. Each dollar is first weighed on exquisitely delicate scales

to make sure that it is heavy enough and yet not too heavy. Then it is passed between two steel rollers again and again until it is flattened out and transformed into a thin strip of silver—a sort of ribbon—a foot and a half in length. Then it is put beneath a little machine provided with several small punches, by which hundreds of tiny disks are punched out of the metal strip.

Now, the object of this performance is to obtain samples of metal from all parts of the dollar, inasmuch as it is conceivable that one portion might be richer in silver than another. The little disks are shuffled together, and a few of them, taken at random from the lot, are subjected to an assay. Thus the fineness of the material of the dollar is ascertained with absolute accuracy and, the weight having been already determined, the value and correctness of that coin are perfectly known.

The sample pieces having been found correct, it is inferred that the entire batch of dollars is all right.—Saturday Evening Post.

Natural Waters.

All natural waters contain a greater or less amount of mineral matter in solution. Rain water has the smallest percentage of solid impurities of any, and therefore it is taken as the standard variety of soft water.

The terms soft and hard, however, as applied to water are scientifically considered purely relative.

Water is usually reckoned to be "soft" when it contains less than one five-thousandth part of its weight of mineral ingredients and "hard" when it contains more than one four-thousandth.

Soft water has the property of easily forming a lather with soap and is therefore suitable for washing purposes, while hard water will only form a lather, and that imperfectly, with considerable difficulty.

A mineral water has more than one two-thousandth of its weight of natural dissolved solids, and a medicinal water is a variety of mineral water containing a varying percentage of dissolved natural solid or gaseous drugs.

Buttered Side Up.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clockmaker of Concord, N. H., delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.

"One day," said the old man, "while I was taking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter."

"I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side of course was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it to me, saying:

"What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up."

Where Americans Are Modest.

The American is shy of proclaiming to the world his deepest sentiments and superstitions, if he has any. He prefers to take himself either as a joke or as a matter of business. Hence when he has a town to name he calls it "Smithville" or "New Bristol" or, as actually happened in the case of one town, "O. K." He may believe in a local ghost, he may love his wife, he may admire the view from his windows and pine when torn from the woods and mountains among which he passed his boyhood, but he does not want to put those emotions into the postoffice directory.—Washington Times.

Acrophobia.

Builders, with their stone and mortar, brick and lime, water and sand, have left little puddles on a stretch of upper Broadway. An irregular string of pedestrians flung itself past the place, ignoring for the most part the slight inconvenience of stepping over the miniature lakes. But one man, when he was confronted with the situation, started back with an exclamation of "Acrophobia," and passed around the corner.

"That chap has acrophobia," said one of two men who had noted the movement.

"Has what?" asked the other. "Acrophobia. It means simply an abhorrence of open spaces, and it has a great many victims. Specialists in this sort of nervousness say it takes various forms, some of its subjects having an insurmountable dread of crossing from one side of the street to the other, while others have a disinclination to go more than a few blocks from their home.

"Some dread to step across a puddle of water, like the man we just saw. Others dread descending into a well beyond a certain depth, and still others have a fear of getting too high in a building or an elevator. As a rule, these persons are acutely intellectual, so it is no mental disgrace to be a victim of acrophobia, simply a misfortune that is commoner than most persons suppose."—New York Telegram.

A Celebrated Roman Eater.

Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief. Gibbon tells of Soliman, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of indigestion in his camp near Chalicis, in Syria, just as he was about to lead an army of Arabs against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca, the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, 6 fowls and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tayef.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well avouched. Louis XIV could hardly boast of an appetite as voracious as Soliman's, but he would eat at a sitting four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry and finish with fruit and sweetmeats.



A QUIANT CEMETERY.

WHERE OVER 100 OF THE COUNTRY'S EARLY LEGISLATORS SLEEP.

Burial Sites in Suburbs of Washington That Were Set Apart For the Free Interment of Congressmen Dying Away From Home.

On the eastern outskirts of Washington, where the city, straggling over the commons and vacant squares, halts at the edge of the marshes of the Anacostia river, stands the old Congressional cemetery, with its eight-score cenotaphs, memorials of departed statesmen. Years ago the tide of population surged westward and northward, overrunning the salubrious highlands of those sections and establishing its burial grounds in the new regions. But this little city of the dead was left alone in the deserted quarter, with the jail, the almshouse and the workhouse for neighbors.

In it are 100 cenotaphs to dead congressmen, stretching in monotonous rows through the cemetery, all of them, with two exceptions, of a uniform shape and size, and erected at government expense to the memory of the government's dead representatives. Some of the stones mark the actual burying place of the defunct statesmen, but others, like those commemorative of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Thaddeus Stevens and others, merely stand in honor of those distinguished names. Since 1870 the practice of erecting cenotaphs, begun in 1796, has been abandoned.

When the cemetery was established in 1808, its projectors thought it would be a successful idea to secure the interment in the new cemetery of congressmen who passed away while serving their country in the then malarial climate of Washington and that it would give this mortuary site distinction above ordinary burying grounds.

So 400 burial sites were set apart for the free interment of congressmen dying away from home, and the place was named the Congressional cemetery. In those days it was impossible to transport a body long distances without great expense and trouble, and the purchasing of burial lots was expensive, so the privilege thus extended was readily accepted. The funerals were conducted with imposing ceremonies, and the departed solons were laid away with pomp and circumstance in the spaces specially allotted and set apart for them.

As methods of transportation improved, however, with the years, and the families of the deceased found opportunity to take the bodies home for interment, the practice fell into disuse, and ultimately a law was enacted providing that a cenotaph should be erected in the cemetery to every congressman who died in the harness, and for a number of years this custom was followed, so that many of the monuments merely stand in memory of the congressmen without actually marking the burial sites.

In 1876 a law was enacted providing that no cenotaph should be erected unless interment was made in the cemetery, and there has not been a burial of a congressman in the plot since that year.

The cenotaphs are plain blocks of masonry, covered with cement to withstand the ravages of the elements. Each is inscribed with the name of the dead man, the state he represented in the house or senate and the date of his death. Some of the inscriptions are now illegible, but the oldest one decipherable is on a cenotaph in memory of Andrew P. Butler, a senator from the state of South Carolina, who died in 1796. As stated, all the cenotaphs are of uniform size and shape, except in two instances. One is a marble monument to Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, at one time vice president of the United States and famous in Revolutionary history. It is a pyramid shaped pile of marble about twice the height of the other cenotaphs, surmounted by an urn containing a representation of an undying flame. The other is a monument to George Clinton of New York, also vice president of the United States and active in the war of 1812.

Among the cenotaphs is one to Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief, who, the inscription states, died of croup in the sixtieth year of his age while visiting Washington in 1824. Beneath this inscription is the statement that the red chieftain in his last breath desired the big guns to be fired over him. He had the salute he desired.

It might be economy if the government were content nowadays merely to honor the departed congressmen with a cenotaph, for the 160 memorials probably did not cost as much as half a dozen modern funerals of defunct statesmen. Congressional funerals now are elaborate affairs. There must be a junket with every ceremony. The body is transported to the home of the deceased in a special car, accompanied by one or two Pullmans, containing a more or less sorrowing congressional escort, with a well stocked commissary, of course. There are carriages and flowers and mourning and a display of white sashes quite imposing.

Then some day special services are held in the house and senate, and the family of the deceased is present to hear him eulogized and endowed with more virtues than ever they dreamed in his lifetime that he possessed. The eulogies are afterward printed in numerous covered volumes and distributed among the friends and constituents, after which congress, deeming that it has performed its duty, drops its eyes and proceeds again to business.—Washington Letter in Los Angeles Times.

Too Free.

Schools and colleges exist for the purpose of aiding us to keep up with the knowledge of those who have never attended them.—Boston Transcript.

NOT WORTH TWO PASSES.

So the Railroad Man Bought the Pig to Square Himself.

Woman in an emergency is resourceful to a degree that would astound some men, as a freight agent of one of the railroads that enter St. Louis found. Men have long lain awake nights thinking of a scheme to beat a railroad. This little woman didn't quite succeed, but she would have done so had not the agent gone back on his word. The family had decided to move to a western city. The lady called on the agent to see how the goods were to be shipped. He told her she could ship them according to regular rates or else charter a car. He explained that the latter would be cheaper if she had enough goods, and the lady decided to take a car. Now, there are two well grown boys, and as money is not overplentiful in the family she wished to abridge expenses as much as possible.

She went to see the agent again and asked if she could send her two boys in the car. He told her that she could not, and, as might be expected, she asked why. He couldn't make her understand just why, and when she asked him if the company never let anybody go along with the goods he said that they did with stock. "If you were shipping live stock that needed tending, we would do it. Now, you haven't a cow or horse or pig, and there would be no use sending any one along." She appeared to see the point this time and went away. A day or two later she came around again and asked for passes for the two boys.

"Why, ma'am," said the agent, "I can't issue any passes. You haven't any live stock."

"Yes, I have," said the little woman. "I've bought a pig."

Then the agent was in trouble again. He said he couldn't give passes where the fare amounted to about \$8 apiece for two boys for a lonely little pig. She reminded him of what he had said and told him that she had paid \$2.25 for the pig for that purpose, and he ought to be as good as his word. Like all railroad agents, he tried to get out of the trouble smoothly, but only succeeded after he had purchased the pig for \$2.50, an advance of "two bits" on the cost.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If brooms are hung in the cellarway, they will keep soft and pliant.

Lamp wicks should never be longer than will reach to the bottom of the oil well of the lamp.

If a piece of calico is pasted over holes and cracks in plaster, they may be whitewashed or papered over and will hardly show.

Add a little turpentine to the water with which the floor is scrubbed. It will take away the close smell and make the room delightfully fresh.

Excellent lamp wicks may be made of men's soft felt hats by cutting them into strips the width required, letting them soak two hours in vinegar and drying them.

A bed should never be made under two hours from the time it has been slept in. It should be aired thoroughly and beaten until it is light. Open all the bedroom windows and let the fresh air and sunlight into the room.

If you have handsome vases on the mantelpiece or on top of the bookcase, etc., fill them with clean dry sand, which will weight them so they will not be overturned easily. In buying any ornament be careful to examine the bottom and see that it is perfectly flat and so will stand steady.

Passenger Elevators.

So common are passenger elevators now and so absolutely necessary in the tall office buildings that the history of the first one has been almost forgotten, and yet it created a sensation in its day. This elevator was placed in the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York when it was built, and as the first passenger elevator in the world it was a drawing card as one of the sights of New York.

A small plate suitably inscribed informs visitors to the Fifth Avenue hotel elevators today of that fact. It was a screw elevator, the carriage being raised or lowered by the revolutions of a big screw. Compared with the swift moving elevators of today, which shoot up and down rapidly and smoothly, this was a very crude affair. Many of New York's private houses are now equipped with elevators so adjusted that the passenger operates them by pushing a button. These are practically automatic.

Natural Disasters.

"Talking into consideration the things Sharp has had to contend against, I think his success as a lawyer has been remarkable."

"Why, what did he ever have to contend against?" "Everything. He came of a wealthy family. He didn't have to work his way through college. He never studied by the light of a pine torch, never had to drive a dray, never walked six miles to school and wasn't compelled to borrow his books. He had every possible facility, and yet he has done well from the very start."—Chicago Tribune.

To Use Externally.

Customer—I want 10 cents' worth of zinc for my sister.

Drug Clerk—What kind of zinc? There are about 40 kinds. What does your sister want to use it for?

Customer—I don't know the kind. She said I must not tell what she wanted it for?

Drug Clerk—Was it oxide of zinc she wanted?

Customer—Yes, that's it; outside of zinc to put on her face.—Brooklyn Life.

If you want to find out how great a man is, ask him; if you would ascertain how great he isn't, ask his neighbors.—Chicago News.

RESOURCES OF THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

In Connection With an Illustrated Write-up of Jefferson, Ore.

COUNTRY PICTURED TO MOSES AS THE LAND OF CANAAN

The Ideal Summer Climate and No Frozen Ears in Winter — A Royal Anne Cherry Story for a Sample of What the Editor Can Tell If He Tries.

The issue of THE JOURNAL containing a write-up of the industries of the enterprising little city of Jefferson will have a large circulation among people of other states, who may not be familiar with the real advantages that the Willamette valley possesses over the rest of the world. Jefferson is a typical valley town, where the rich surrounding farms and orchards come right into the city, a mingling of city and suburban interests, fine farm homes adjoining the market town with its churches, schools, stores, fraternal orders and railroad station. Of such the Willamette valley has many but none prettier or more prosperous than Jefferson in Marion county, twenty miles from the Capital of the State located at Salem.

The editors of THE JOURNAL were born and raised in Northeastern Iowa which is justly called the garden spot of that glorious state. We came to Oregon eleven years ago and after investigation of the coast from Victoria to Sacramento, we located at the center of the Willamette valley for the following reasons: It is such a rich farming region, with such a variety of money crops that no panic or failure of any one crop or even several crops can produce stagnation of business. This has been thoroughly tested in the last eleven years, when other sections have been paralyzed by the business depression that swept over the whole world, but here no perceptible dip in business was felt. The other fact which alone ought to settle the point in favor of this section is the climate, with almost entire absence of heat and cold that afflicts people in every other part of the country. The summer climate is an ideally perfect one, with cool nights and just heat enough to ripen grain and fruit crops and yet cause no sunstroke or suffering from heat and perspiration such as afflicts you east of the Cascade range of mountains. We are under the influence of the mighty Pacific ocean.

As to crops we do not care to blow the country is not one-fourth developed. There is a great deal of careless farming, Orchard, which it turns off millions of dollars worth of prunes, apples, pears, cherries, fresh, dried and canned, is only

in its infancy. Grain farming and dairying are as successful here as any where in the world, the latter industry carried on the year around without ice in summer or protection against frost in winter, and the eastern dairyman knows what that means. The best description of Western Oregon is found in the Bible where the Lord told Moses that in the land of Canaan no one should want, for the harvest extended into the vintage, and the vintage reached into the sowing time.

We were at first very skeptical about stories of \$125 an acre for strawberries, and \$200 an acre for cherries or English walnuts. But there are scores of instances to be given of people doing even better than this. A neighbor this year with his family labor alone picked \$1000 worth of Royal Anne cherries, as large as Ohio hickorynuts, off six acres. Cherries pears and apples grow as easily as corn in Illinois. There is more variety to products and there is employment saving the crops from the time strawberries come in June until the last apples are harvested in December.

The rainy season is the great bugaboo people hear most about, but in the center of the valley there is exactly the same fall as we had in Iowa when we left there—42 inches a year, only here it does not fall as it did there sometimes, four inches in a night. The rainy season takes the place of snow and ice and freezing and there is no breaking-up time in the spring and no sudden changes in temperature. There are probably many places where people can make money faster than in the Willamette valley, but there is no place on earth where people can have the abundance of the good things of earth in such variety and with less effort and less exposure, and greater certainty, and at all times enjoy as much all-around bodily comfort as here. We have often said we would not take the best township in any of the Mississippi valley states as a present and agree to stay there summer and winter the rest of our life, and the offer is still open and perfectly safe for anyone to make it so far as there being any danger of its being accepted, and we love property and know its value as well as most people

R. F. D.

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