

Suitable For A Gentleman's Finger

It is often the case in jewelry stores that while rings for ladies are shown in profusion, the proper sort of rings for gentlemen are conspicuously absent. The BARR STORE does not make this mistake. It carries at all times a thoroughly excellent line of men's rings. In those modern styles likely to prove most acceptable to well bred and gentlemanly wearers who desire distinctive worth rather than tawdry showiness. These include Seal Rings, Plain Gold Rings, and a fine variety of Opal, Bloodstone, Tiger Eye, Onyx and Diamond Rings... ranging from the very inexpensive up to the decidedly costly. We think probably no other house in Salem can show you so desirable an assortment of rings for men.

Corner State and Liberty Streets, Salem. *Barr's Jewelry Store* READ IN LOW PRICES

Local Events in the Social Realm

Some Coming Events.
Oregon National Guard encampment at Roseburg, September 3-11.
State fair, Salem, September 14-19.
Photographers Association of Pacific Northwest, September 23-26.
Second Southern Oregon District Fair, Eugene, September 29 October 3.
Klamath county fair, Klamath Falls, October 6-9.

PERSONALS.

J. D. Lee has a Portland visitor on Tuesday.
L. C. Cavanaugh was a Salem visitor this morning.
Rev. W. A. Daly returned this morning from a visit to Portland.
Miss Clarie Jones returned to her home in Brooks last evening.
Ted Crawford has returned from a trip to Newport and Corvallis.
Amos Beach, the Woodburn constable, is in the city attending the circus.
Dr. E. M. Hurd went to Portland this morning for a brief professional visit.
Mr. and Mrs. Knight and family are in the city to attend the Ringling shows.
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Johnson have returned from a three days' visit in Portland.
Mrs. Knox and two children, of Independence, are guests of Mrs. F. P. Talkington.
Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Turner, are in the city attending the circus and visiting friends.
A. B. Hudelson, of Cambridge, Idaho, formerly postmaster of Jefferson, Oregon, was a Salem visitor today.
Mrs. J. L. Schultz, of Portland, came up this morning to attend the funeral of her brother, the late M. L. Chamberlain.
Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Longworth, of Jefferson, are in the city for a short visit. Mrs. Longworth was formerly Miss Onie McKisney.
Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kozier have returned from an extended stay at their old home in Astoria, where they attended the regatta and visited relatives.
Mrs. R. J. Hendricks and children returned last evening from an enjoyable outing at Long Beach and other seaside resorts at the mouth of the Columbia.
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Claggett have returned from an extended visit to San Francisco, where they attended the G. A. R. encampment, and enjoyed a visit with friends.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Moores are expected to return this evening from Newport to attend the funeral of the late M. L. Chamberlain, who was a brother of Mrs. Moores.
Captain Finzer, of Woodburn, the newly appointed lieutenant general, is in the city on business connected with his new office, which he will assume on next Tuesday.
Mrs. Ella Bloomfield, of Philomath, was in the city this morning, returning to her home on the 11 o'clock train, accompanying the remains of her sister, Hattie Denny, who died in this city yesterday.
Harry Helmenken and family have returned from a stay on the Tillamook coast. The family was there for about six weeks and Mr. Helmenken spent about a month there. They visited Tillamook, Garibaldi, Ocean Beach and other points of interest and enjoyed the outing to the full.
Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Round, of Columbus, Ohio, left this morning for their eastern home, after a few days' stay in Mrs. Round's brother, J. C. Round, of this city. Mrs. Round is the only sister of Mr. Thompson, and this was her first visit to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Round is postmaster at Columbus, Ohio. He vis-

MARK TWAIN BUSY

Troubles He Encountered While Waiting for His Hat

Mistaken for Everybody, Confesses to Contemplating Burglary, and Goes to the Races

(New York Sun.)
Mark Twain began to get ready for the yacht races yesterday by having his Panama straw of '88 brushed up in a boot polishing, hat cleaning booth in the arcade of the Empire building at 711 Broadway. It took a long time to clean the hat, and while waiting for the job to be finished the author was the victim of a dozen or more cases of mistaken identity. He was everything from a banker to a florist in about twenty minutes.
The cloud of dust that flew from the Panama as it made about 1000 revolutions a minute on the cleaner's electric wheel made his cigar burn sideways like a three-for-five, which it wasn't. He said so.
To get out of the draft Mark Twain moved along the corridor to wait in front of the net stall, which happened to be occupied by a florist. Standing there bareheaded, gazing up at the ceiling fresco and with his hands on his hips, he looked as if he might be the proprietor of the booth.
One woman, at any rate, thought that he was and tried to do business with him.
"If you are very sure that these daffodils were cut fresh this morning," said the woman, "I would like a dozen."
"Madame, I am no sure," replied Mark. "Your question has taken all the tuck out of me. I am not allowed to sell the blossoms myself. I am merely the door attendant."
Whereupon Mark opened the door to the florist's place and bowed the woman in.
Then he moved along to the next place, where they sell elevated road tickets. He had a green check in his hand to identify his hat by. It looked something like the transfer tickets issued by the elevated for rides on the cars of the old Third Avenue system. A woman hurrying through the arcade with a child stopped in front of Mark Twain and asked breathlessly:
"Do you transfer to Huckleberry?"
The author, who was again studying the ceiling, didn't catch more than a word or so of the woman's question, but he replied politely:
"I thank you madame. I have sort of a sneaking liking for Huck Finn myself."
The woman screamed, grabbed her child and fled.
Waving his hands in front of his face to ward off the dust Mr. Clemens stood in front of the cleaner's place and asked how much longer it would take to fix that hat up.
Then he side-stepped over and stood in front of a cigar stand. He held his new ground till a shirt waist sort of a young man, wearing open work socks came along and exclaimed:
"Say, if you've got any cigars different from what you're smoking yourself I'll buy some."
The author said that he couldn't sell to minors and the shirt waist man disappeared in the crowd.
Mark Twain crossed the arcade and stood in front of the barber shop, but only for a minute. A bald-headed man stepped in front of him and remarked:
"I'll take a dozen bottles if you will give me a head of hair like yours. Hold on though, is yours real?"
Mark Twain didn't open his mouth or move as much as an eyelid.
"Well, I'm damned," said the bald-headed man. "It's the most perfect piece of wax figure I ever saw. It beats the crowned heads of Europe in Twenty-third street."
Before halting again Mark Twain looked carefully at the signs in the arcade. He quickened his pace to get by the manicure parlors, ran by the book stall, dodged away from the soda fountain and finally stopped in front of the arcade entrance to a bank.
"I won't be disturbed here," he muttered. But he was. It was just about closing time for financial business and bank doors were being locked. A belated and excited man, his hands full of checks and drafts rushed up and demanded that he be let in.
"Listen!" the author whispered hoarsely in the other man's ear. "I'm waiting to get in myself. I've just sent the boy up for the Jimmy and the dynamite and he'll be here most any minute."
The other man dodged out of the Broadway entrance to get to the front door of the bank and warn the president.
Mark Twain got his hat then, stopped long enough at the Western Union booth to telegraph his pastor, the Rev. Joe Twitchell, that that resolution against cursing was all off, and then boarded an uptown train.

BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE.
"Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my back ached frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches."

"My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tired as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me."—Miss KATE BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & Wales Ave., New York City. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures because it is the greatest known remedy for kidney and womb troubles.

Every woman who is puzzled about her condition should write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all.

various qualities which belong to the poor male sex, and you will find some women liking one of these all the time and many liking each of them at different times. But when all is said you will find that the one great quality which women demand of man is courage. This is the thing which is chiefly supposed to mark off men as a sex. This is the thing which is supposed to keep them always at the front. We do not deny courage to women—a great many of them have it—but we expect more of it from a man; and women, at least, seldom pardon its absence. It is probable that as a survival of a more truculent age the sort of courage a woman most demands is physical.—September Woman's Home Companion.

Will Not Act With the Negro.
New York—In the cause of stage realism, Nat Roth engaged a negro to play the part of a colored waiter in his forthcoming production, "My Wife's Husband," at the Madison Square theater, and now Mr. Roth has striking players on his hands, headed by Grace Henderson, who drew the color line. The trouble occurred on the stage of the Madison Square theater at a rehearsal under the direction of William H. Post.
"Now, Miss Henderson, you will go through your scene with Mr. Fairfax," said Mr. Post.
"Who is Mr. Fairfax?" asked the actress.
"This is Mr. Fairfax," said the stage manager, indicating a negro about 18 years old.
"And do you mean to say you expect me to act with a coon?" asked Miss Henderson, turning crimson with anger.
"Why not?"
"I was born in Tennessee," came the reply, "and if that nigger is to be a member of the company you can count me out."

Mr. Post attempted to argue the point, but Miss Madeline Hasielt denied her objections to those of Miss Henderson, and the two women found strong allies in Ralph Delmore and Robert Poyton Carter, who immediately offered their resignations in the event of the negro continuing with the company. Mr. Post stopped the rehearsal, and Mr. Roth will try further argument.

Double Feed.
The new Home and Climax sewing machines have a double feed that feeds better and does not draw the goods than any other machine, nor does it blind you like some top feed does. The feed being in front, back and both sides of the needle, it holds the goods from drawing when sewing. This is the reason nearly all dress-makers in Salem use the new Home or Climax sewing machine. Geo. C. Will sells them.

Immense Yield of Wheat.
A dispatch from Oakland of recent date, says: The largest yield of wheat yet reported in this vicinity was raised by Robert Winfield on the lower California. This piece of land has been used for a garden for the past two years, and was in fine condition in March it was tawn to wheat of the

Australian variety, and at the present harvest it turned out 43 bushels, machine measure, of first-class wheat.

Bloodhounds for the Pen

The penitentiary authorities are taking precautions against a repetition of the Tracy episode of last year, and nothing is left undone to prevent an outbreak of that kind. In order to be prepared to run down any escapee hereafter, it has been decided to employ a couple of bloodhounds, these animals to be owned by the prison authorities, and a pair of the best of these animals has been ordered from Kentucky. They are expected to arrive in a few days, and Superintendent James will feel easier after this addition to his force reaches him. Experience teaches that escapees are less at prison where bloodhounds are kept for the running down of escapees, than at those institutions where these intelligent animals are not in use, and they are useful not only in running down runaway convicts, but are a preventive as well.

MARRIED.

Denby-Thompson—At the residence of the officiating minister, Salem, Oregon, Wednesday, August 26, 1903, at 1 o'clock p. m., Mrs. Elma M. Thompson to Mr. Robert A. Denby, both of Jefferson, Rev. P. S. Knight officiating.
The parties are both well and favorably known in Jefferson, where the bride has lived all of her life. The groom recently came there from the East and located in that city, where he has now met his fate.

DIED.

Denny—At the Oregon hospital for the insane, Salem, Oregon, Tuesday, August 25, 1903, Mrs. Hattie Denny, of maniacal exhaustion, aged 34 years.
The remains were this morning shipped to Philomath, where the funeral will be held. The body was accompanied by the bereaved husband who came to Salem in response to a notice of the demise of his wife.

BORN.

Carter—At the family home, East Salem, Oregon, Monday, August 24, 1903, to Mr. and Mrs. Miles C. Carter, a daughter.

Summer Life at West Point.

(Leslie's Weekly.)
June brings with it the annual examinations. This is a period of severe preparatory work and of the most anxious wondering. The first class is graduated and its members go home to await the receipt of their commissions as second lieutenants in the regular army. The new second classmen go home for their summer furlough—the only one that is granted to a cadet, except in case of illness, during his four years of service at the Point. Then the new first and third classes go into summer encampment, where tents are pitched on the northern edge of the cavalry plain. The new fourth classmen, or "plebes," as they are called, arrive at the academy at about this time. They are first of all quartered in the academy barracks. As soon as they have qualified in the preliminary drills they are released, a few at a time, and sent to join cadet companies in camp. There is all the contrast in the world between the summer and winter work of the young men. Not a single academic textbook is taken under canvas. There are no recitations at which learned professors wearing shoulder-straps ask bewildering questions. It is all open air life in the little city of tents—with an amount of sheer hard work that would appal the young man who expects to put in the heated term merely enjoying himself at some watering place, mountain resort, or idle camp in the woods.

Trib for sale at Daniel Fry's.

CANTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher*

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GRAIN BUYERS AND SHIPPERS OF GRAIN
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A nice well browned loaf of bread comes from good material
HARD WHEAT FLOUR. The California Bakery uses the best of everything and makes everything the best.
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Of the finest workmanship is a branch of our business that we give special attention to. Our repairing department is conducted with the utmost skill, diamonds are reset, and jewelry of all kinds is repaired in the most perfect manner, besides optical work of all kinds.
C. T. Pomeroy
Jeweler and Optician, 288 Com. St.

What Women Like in Men.
"What quality do women like best in a man?" is a question often discussed. Occasionally one finds women who are all for braininess, and doubtless there a few who really like intellect in a man; but for the majority it would be thrown out quickly enough in a pinch. There are others, and these are mostly men, who say that a woman likes the artistic temperament; and the instances of women who make gods of musicians, of painters and of players give some color to the allegation. But we believe it is a surface-liking rather than anything deep-seated. You may run over the

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