

BAD BLOOD CAUSES

ANKLES AND LEGS TO SWELL
UNTIL MAN CAN SCARCELY
WALK.Mr. Hoar Suffers for Six Months Be-
fore He Finds the Simple Treat-
ment Which Restores Use
of His Limbs.

"People can cure themselves of a good many common ailments at a very small cost if they go about it in the right way," said Mr. Hoar, recently. "For instance, I have just cured myself of a very annoying trouble. I might have begun to treat it sooner, but it's all the mistake I made in the matter. But I found the root of the difficulty and I picked out the right remedy without the aid of a doctor."

"What was the matter with you?" "It was really all in my blood. I first felt a twinge in my left foot and ankle in the middle of last January, following exposure to cold. I realized I had a little rheumatism and I knew that really comes from bad blood. Cold simply develops it. Then my hands and feet were cold and clammy, even in hot weather, and a great part of the time. I concluded that my blood was thin and poor and the circulation sluggish."

"Did you do something right away to improve your blood?" "No. As long as I could get about all right I was careless. But finally my feet and ankles swelled so badly that I could not tie my shoes half way up. After that my legs swelled terribly, until I could walk only a short distance before giving out completely, and it caused me a great deal of discomfort to walk at all. Then I felt something had to be done at once."

"What did you do?" "It was getting on towards July then, and I saw that my blood had been getting poorer and poorer for six months. I looked around for the best blood remedy that could be found. When I read of the cures of all kinds of blood diseases, that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I was convinced that they were just the remedy for my case, and so it proved. I could see that they were benefitting me before I had quite used up the first box. The improvement was decidedly marked after I had taken two boxes. Three more boxes restored my hands and feet and legs to natural color and feeling and then I stopped taking medicine and have since been perfectly well."

Mr. F. Le Roy Hoar lives at No. 132 Constitution street, Bristol, R. I. Any one can readily tell for himself when his blood is thin, by the pallor of his skin, the bloodlessness of the lips and gums particularly, and he can be certain that his blood is impure when the limbs swell and rheumatic aches are felt. Any one can get convincing evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured anemia, rheumatism, erysipelas and other serious diseases of the blood by simply writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Every druggist sells these famous pills and knows that they deserve their great reputation as makers of pure rich blood.

The Chaperon Speaks.
I always knew Carlton White would make up some day. And now that he has done so his wife considers herself the most ill-treated woman on the four continents.

You have seen cases precisely like these, for the world is full of them. Carlton was a great big, boyish man, with a fine head, and the gentlest, kindest disposition in the whole world, the sort of a man who is always attracted by things helpless and clinging. Therefore, it was quite natural that he should fall in love with Muriel, who was—and is, for that matter—about the dearest piece of Dresden china imaginable. She was the most fascinating girl, with her lovely face and fluffy paws and kittenish spirit. It was charming to see the laughing way in which she ruled the adoring young giant who cheerfully fetched and carried at her bidding. He liked to do it and nobody wondered that he did. He was not the only man a couple of years ago who was aware that Muriel existed. She was a splendid darling in every sense of the word.

Sometimes I fancied she might have used more tact and not made her capricious clank his chains so audibly before the public. It was a trifle hard on him, but he endured it. Like the rest of us, Carlton must have fancied that when they were married she would settle down peacefully and give over the pretty play of slave and queen. So

she would have done if she had had an ounce of brains inside her silly head. But she didn't.

If you have had encke for desert every day of your life you are not likely to give it up of your own accord. Muriel, having always been deferred to, saw no reason why such a vastly satisfactory state should not continue. If Carlton came home dead tired from the office, longing for his smoking jacket, an easy chair and latitude to take a deep breath, Muriel would decide that this was the night for them to travel down to Hyde park to pay a call. Carlton could not refuse her request, because she had such a beguiling smile. If she took it into her head to want a certain brand of coffee five minutes before the dinner hour Carlton patiently tramped miles to the suburban stores to find it—and was rewarded by a fluttering kiss and a light "So nice of you!" He discarded the sort of hat he liked because she ordered him to do so. He left off cigars for the same reason. He upset his digestion because she wanted to try new schemes of diet. He trailed around at gay summer resorts so she could display her frocks when he yearned for a fishing pool in the woods. He began to look like a patient, imposed upon, hopeless Newfoundland dog, while Muriel, for all her loveliness, reminded me of a glancing, flashing wasp.

"He is an idiot to stand it!" everybody said. "Why doesn't he give her a good shaking and assert himself?" "I don't know, really, why he didn't unless it was because the loyalty of his nature and the general broadness and goodness of the man prevented him from even considering himself abused. He didn't seem to think himself imposed upon, rectored, domineered, subdued."

Then there came a certain house party, and by chance every other married couple was of the sort that respected each other's rights. Not another woman there would have dared nag her husband one tenth as much as did Carlton's little wife. The object lesson got in its work and some particularly atrocious piece of impudence just then on the part of Muriel let in more light. When a man like Carlton White does wake up and decide to change things the rock of Gibraltar couldn't be firmer. He saw that other men did about as they pleased without the heavens falling and was amazed to find he also had the power.

To Muriel's bewilderment, of a sudden he paid no more attention to her pleas and whims and orders than she would if she had been a fly and he a church steeple. In a twinkling her power was shorn from her.

Carlton had been perfectly good and lovely toward her, but now he is doing what pleases him. She has been lamenting ever since.

Yesterday she caught me as I left a luncheon party. "I'm coming to see you," she half whispered, dolefully. "I've so much to tell you—I'm so unhappy—and I want your advice!"

But she won't get it. When I see her coming I shall run away and leave word I'm not at home, for I really haven't the nerve to tell her it's her own fault and it serves her right—but, on the other hand, I'd like awfully well to congratulate Carlton.—Chicago Record.

Address by President James.
Terre Haute, Ind., June 22.—One of the largest classes in the history of the Indiana State Normal School here received diplomas today at the annual commencement exercises. The address to the graduates was delivered by President Edward James, of the University of Illinois. Dr. James spoke upon the subject of the place and function of the normal school in our educational system.

Uncle Sam's Big Cache.
Eighty thousand dollars in gold coin was buried back in 1830 somewhere in the Mississippi bluffs, very close to where the town of Waukon, Iowa, now stands. The man who buried it was afterwards president of the United States. The man who will some day find and dig it up—and it is pretty certain some day to be found, for searchers are constantly seeking it—will have trouble with Uncle Sam, who will attempt to establish his claim to it.

The legend of the big cache of Uncle Sam's gold dates back to the Black Hawk war, Colonel Zachary Taylor was in command of old Fort McKay, then one of the important outposts in this section. It was on the extreme verge of the "buffer region" between the Indians and the whites, in constant danger of attacks by Black Hawk and his fierce warriors.

To this outpost one day, in 1830, came four bags of gold, each weighing about 80 pounds, the aggregate value of which was about \$80,000. They were consigned to the post paymaster to pay off the soldiers. It was the largest amount that had ever been sent to a post so far out on the frontier in a time of practical hostilities, and Colonel Taylor was instructed

most minutely as to the care and guarding of the treasure.

Just at that time Black Hawk was very active and aggressive and there was serious possibility that the little garrison might be forced to evacuate Fort McKay and fall back. Accordingly, Colonel Taylor decided the money must be hidden outside the stockade. He called for volunteers for special service and selected four men, headed by a sergeant named Mercier. These he gave a sack of gold each and sent them at night to bury it and bring back a careful report so that others might be able later to find it.

That very night there was a determined attack by Indians on the little post. The sentries were driven in and some of them were killed. For days the fighting went on before the soldiers were able at last to drive away the braves. Meantime nothing had been heard of the four men with the bags of gold.

As soon as the Indians were dispersed and it was safe to venture out and reconnoitre the bodies of the four dead soldiers were found at a considerable distance from the fort, all scalped and horribly mutilated. There was no trace of the gold, and none was ever found. Two days later a soldier found a bit of paper near one of the dead bodies giving an incomplete, hastily scribbled explanation that the gold had been buried on a certain bluff. But the description was incomplete and the most careful search failed to locate it. No evidence was ever found that the coin fell into the hands of the Indians, and it is believed to be resting yet in its original hiding place—so well hidden that even its owners have never been able to find it. Search is carried on in a desultory way every season and it will probably be found at some time.—Pendleton Tribune.

Torture of a Preacher.

The story of the torture of Rev. O. D. Moore, pastor of the Baptist church, of Harpersville, N. Y., will interest you. He says: "I suffered agonies, because of a persistent cough, resulting from grip. I had to sleep sitting up in bed. I tried many remedies, without relief, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds, which entirely cured my cough, and saved me from consumption." A grand cure for diseased conditions of Throat and Lungs. At J. C. Perry's Drug Store. Price 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

AMAZED AT BIG TREES.

Prominent Lumbermen Delighted With Oregon.

Portland, June 20.—The Nebraska Lumbermen's association excursion to Portland has proved one of the most successful of all the exposition excursions. There are more than 200 of the Nebraskans, and they have been immensely interested in what they have seen in Oregon's lumber mills and at the exposition grounds. They will return to Nebraska and sell more Oregon lumber than ever before.

They departed in their special train at 1:30 yesterday afternoon for Southern Oregon and California, after having spent the morning visiting local sawmills and seeing the exposition. The women of the Nebraska society in Oregon entertained the women of the visiting party at the fair grounds during the morning. There was a fascination for all the Nebraskans in the forestry building. In their own state they are not accustomed to seeing trees excepting a few willows and cottonwoods that grow along the streams, and some shade trees that have been planted about their dooryards, and so the immense logs in the forestry building were a revelation to them. They have been constantly entertained during their Portland visit by committees of local lumbermen.

On their way south they will visit the mills of the Booth-Kelley company at Eugene, and will stop at Medford to see the plant of the Iowa Box company. They will inspect the redwood country in California, and return east via Salt Lake City and Denver. The rail rate on lumber from Portland to Minneapolis and St. Paul is 40 cents per 100 pounds, while to Omaha it is 50 cents. Nebraska lumbermen say this is unjust discrimination against their territory, and will make a determined fight to secure the St. Paul rate.—Astoria Budget.

Many Visitors

Come to Salem to fit up a home. We have for our tomorrow's special sale statuary at 25c each. It is the white finish, and is of noted men, in bust figure, they stand eight and nine inches high, made by the Italians. These busts are sold right in New York City from 65c to \$1.00 each. Now for our Saturday special at 25c each.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Signature of J. C. Watson

CASE JACK OUT OF THE BOX.

Story of the Days When Men Played Faro for Big Money.

"This town isn't what it used to be," said an old-time gambler the other night, discussing the closing up of all sorts of viciousness by the sheriff. "I remember the time when men used to make big bets at faro in a Bond street resort—in the days when money was as plentiful as water. But it's all off now, except for little rounce games."

"There used to be a man here who did some big betting. He was prominent in old Astoria, and we shall call him Bob for the purpose of this story. Bob had barrels of money and he bet it like it didn't cost anything. Everybody liked him and everybody gave him an even break, because he was square. He did most of his playing at the Bond street resort to which I refer, and where the limit was always taken off the game, for when Bob sat down in front of the silver box the blue sky alone intervened."

"One night he dropped in and took a seat. He made a few preliminary bets and then began to stack up bets of \$100 to \$500. The other players got up one by one to watch Bob. In about an hour he was \$2500 ahead. Then things began breaking the dealer's way and soon the \$2500 had disappeared across the table. Bob went down into his inside pocket and pulled forth a large roll of bills—in all \$2500. At this stage of the game there was a case jack in the box, and Bob very calmly split his \$2500 in two parts and placed half of it on the jack, with a copper. He had scarcely made the bet when some of the spectators let out a gasp. It wasn't a gasp of astonishment at the size of Bob's bet, because Bob had made lots of \$1250 bets there was something else the matter, and the dealer and the proprietor knew it. I guess Bob did, too, for he looked around and seemed surprised."

"What's the matter?" asked the proprietor, eyeing the crowd.

"No one said a word; the rubberers turned red, but did not reply."

"The dealer looked at the pile of checks on the jack, shoved his hat back on his head, wet the tips of his fingers, and then looked at the bet again. He seemed afraid to make the turn, and a faint smile stole over Bob's countenance."

"Well, make the turn," said the proprietor to the hired man. But as the dealer started to comply with the order a young fellow standing in the crowd let out another gasp. The proprietor asked him point blank what the trouble was, and the frightened lad pointed to the floor.

"There lay the jack of hearts—the case jack!"

"Bob glanced at the card and then at the proprietor, while the crowd breathlessly watched the proceedings."

"Bob, you know I'm square, and—"

"Well, there's the case jack," said Bob, interrupting the proprietor.

"Yes; but—"

"But there's the case jack," insisted Bob pointing to the card.

"Bob's hand stole around to his hip pocket, but he evidently thought better of it, for he stooped and picked up the card. Then he threw it face downward on the layout."

"It belonged to another deck,"—Astoria News.

Oregon Suburban Auto Co.

Automobile car leaves Willamette Hotel for Independence daily at 7 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Returning leaves Independence at 8:30 and 5 p. m. Connects at Independence with motor for Monmouth, Dallas and all points on West side. Special for evening parties. 6-17-14 M. P. BALDWIN, Mgr.

CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN
OR YOUNG WOMEN TO
Earn Easy Money and a Fine
VacationFREE TRIP
TO THE
BIG FAIR

Journal Will Give a Free Trip
and Visit to the Lewis
and Clark Fair to Ac-
tive Young Person

The Journal has a contest on in which it wishes to enlist the services of a score of active young men and women. In this work these young people can have paying employment all the time, and the winner in the contest, the one who gets the best results, will receive a free trip and admission to the Lewis and Clark fair. High school pupils, business college graduates and other

young people who want pleasant and profitable occupation for the summer should call at The Journal office at an early date and learn of the exceptional opportunity offered.

The question of profitable employment for the summer, with light, easy and agreeable work, at which you are learning something, and making money easily, is one that is worth considering.

A prize worth working for is a free trip to the Lewis and Clark fair at the end of the summer's work, as the guest of The Journal, as a representative of the press. You need only to be able to write plain English, and have a little knowledge of business, and you are ready to take up the work. Young or middle-aged men or women are eligible to undertake the work. Call at The Journal office and enter this contest, not later than 9 o'clock any day of the week. Contest begins at once, and you can begin work at any time. Only a limited number can be taken, so do not delay applying for terms.

AMONG THE "HEAD HUNTERS."

Roseburg Boy in the Wildest Region in the Philippines.

Stanley L. Kidder, the well known Roseburg boy who is in the United States mail service in the Philippines, is now engaged in establishing overland post routes on the island of Negros, says the Roseburg Review. His salary has been raised to \$3500 a year, with expenses, but that amount is nothing compared to the risk entailed in performing his duties. He has been obliged to traverse the districts inhabited by the dreaded "head hunters," a venture so hazardous that out of the whole force of white men in the mail service on the islands, Stanley was the only one who offered to undertake the journey.

In a letter written to one of his friends in this city, Stanley states that he has a "tough job." He is obliged to be in the saddle day after day for weeks at a time, riding over isolated mountain trails and fording treacherous rivers. His diet at times consists of rice and fish, none too cleanly served, he says, and bananas. During one of his journeys he witnessed the hanging of a native, who, with two others, murdered a white traveler on one of the mountain highways.

The natives in the far interior do not understand the objects of the postal system, writes Stanley, and they do not want to.

Stanley expects to return home to Roseburg next spring to spend vacation.

In Mad Chase.

Millions rush in mad chase after health, from one extreme of faddism to another, when, if they would only eat good food, and keep their bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills, their troubles would all pass away. Prompt relief and quick cure for liver and stomach trouble. 25c at J. C. Perry's Drug Store.

D. P. Gouffer has been elected city recorder of Dallas by the city council, to fill the term of H. G. Campbell, resigned.

Drowned at the Veal Mill.

Forest Buerer was drowned last Saturday evening in the pond of the sawmill of Veal & Sons, on the Santiam this side of Marion. It was an unfortunate accident. Forest Buerer and his brothers had the contract for running logs down the Santiam to the mill for Veal & Sons. In a spirit of fun he started to roll a log across the pond. His mother was on the bank watching him. Out in the deep water the log began rolling, he was thrown in, strangled, and though a good swimmer, was drowned, with his mother watching him. A brother was coming but was too far away to render assistance. He was 20 years of age.—Albany Democrat.

CHILDREN CRY FOR
FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

Dr. Joaquim Aurelio Nabuco de Araujo, who has just arrived in Washington, accredited as Brazil's first ambassador to the United States. The appointment of the new ambassador and the fact that the embassy at Washington is the only one that Brazil has established are regarded by diplomats as an expression of the high esteem of the Brazilian government for the United States.

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OUR EXCUSE

Every Good Business Must Have Its Excuse

EVERY GOOD BUSINESS MUST HAVE ITS REASON FOR EXISTING. WHEN WE STARTED IN BUSINESS WE HAD HARDLY ANYTHING BUT AN EXCUSE. BUT WE HAD THAT EXCUSE, AND WE HUNG ONTO THAT EXCUSE THROUGH THICK AND THIN. WE HAVE IT YET, AND HERE IT IS: WE BELIEVE THAT WE CAN SERVE THE PEOPLE OF SALEM AND VICINITY WITH GOOD, PURE LIQUORS BETTER THAN THEY CAN BE SERVED BY ANYBODY ELSE. NOT JUST AS GOOD, MIND YOU —BUT BETTER. IF WE DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT WE WOULDN'T BE IN BUSINESS.

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A Bary Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pleurisy, Eczema, Insomnia, Headache, Stomach, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by Hollister's Dairies Company, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE.