

GREAT COPPER STRIKE

Alaska Advances State an Immense Ledge of High Grade Ore is Found

Advice received by the Seattle Star on Monday from Valdez announce the discovery of the famous Knudson copper ledge, which was regarded as an extension of the fevered imagination of the goldseeker, who, after three years of heartrending search, has again stumbled upon the main body of copper ore and set the inhabitants of Valdez and the surrounding country wild with excitement.

Already 200 frantic miners have taken up the trail for the new "digging," which are at Iliamna lake, about 300 miles from Sunrise City, Cook's inlet, and across the divide from that noted gold-producing section.

Several local moneyed men are interested in the property, among whom are Judge O. E. Sauter of the law firm of Sheldon & Sauter; Julian Becker, salesman in the employ of Caldwell Bros.; P. F. Evans and others, while J. M. Davison of the Davison Ditch company of Nome, and W. T. Perkins, president of the Northwest Commercial company, are outside owners.

Many tragic tales are connected with the famous copper lode, the latest being the murder by Indians of one of the recent locators, Nels Knudson, who, in company with Captain Edwin Hofstad, drove locating stakes for nearly a mile and a half on the copper lode, and Knudson made preparations to spend the winter on the claims.

It was while Captain Hofstad was hastening to the nearest government place of record that the Indians, true to their traditional hatred of the whites in preventing the securing of the property which they had surrounded with Indian lore, ambushed the lone prospector and murdered the only man able to conduct any one to the fabulous mine. Since that time Hofstad has spent months of time and large sums of money in determining not only the fate of his partner, but the location of the ore, which, when assayed by Prof. Strowbridge, netted \$130 per ton in copper and gold.

Strowbridge died of disappointment at Denver, Colo., after spending a large amount of money in a futile attempt to find the mythical mine, so his friends have said.

As early in history as 1852 the Russians worked these copper mines, and it was from this source that the czar fattened the monarchial strong box, but one day the fast increasing horde failed to materialize and a second band of colonists searched in vain for the lost city and the valuable copper mines. Years afterwards rumors of a massacre in the interior of the entire population of the village was reported by friendly Indians, who told a tale of torture and the utter annihilation of the whole village. The whites were afraid to enter the country, the rumors died out and the tragic event was almost forgotten.

According to these rumors the inhabitants were surprised and attacked by hordes of Indians, who had banded together at the call of their "medicine men" to exterminate the intruders. That the massacre must have been a desperate hand-to-hand conflict is believed by the report that skeletons were found years after hanging in the tottering chimneys, where the Russians had made a last stand against inevitable death in its cruellest form. They were stabbed to death from beneath and above by the painted demons, who

were armed with lances tipped with sharp knives.

A vagrant journey down the solitary reaches of the Kuskokwim river by Knudson and Hofstad ended when they heard the vague rumors of the deserted village, and Hofstad continued on to his sailing vessel, anchored in Bristol bay, while Knudson alone ventured into the wilds and succeeded in confirming the rumors, locating the property, which was in the heart of what had the appearance of having been a prosperous settlement. Hofstad sailed from Bristol bay through Unimak pass and into the waters of Cook's inlet.

They picked up Knudson, who was nearly starved and worn out from his dash into the interior, but he was wild with excitement. He described the village, the old workings of the Russians, the finding of rotten human bones, and last, but not least, the miles and miles of copper that glistened in the sunlight, and told of wealth and ease to the man who secured the right to control it.

MT. HOOD'S SATELLITE.

Reports Indicate That the Quality of Booze at the Inn is of Color.

A telephone message from Cloud Cap Inn Wednesday afternoon says:

"Mount Hood's celestial visitor still hovers around the snow-capped summit, and is just as much of a mystery as ever. The last seen of it from this point was last evening at 7 o'clock, but at this time of day the mountain peak obscures it from the vision. It will probably be in sight here again this evening.

"People here consider the phenomenon a celestial visitor, attracted in some way to the summit of Mount Hood. In shape last evening it resembled a small comet, with tail widening toward the east. Its distance from the top of the mountain is probably a mile, and as toward the wide-extending tail stars can be seen at night, that portion of the body is proven to be transparent. A party with powerful telescopes, is about to start this afternoon to try and get a closer view of it."

Reminded Her.

"Just because I come home a little late at night," complained Jones, "and in spite of the fact that I've got a good excuse, you treat me like a dog."

"Well," said his wife, sarcastically, "you remind me of a dog—a pug dog."

"What do you mean, madam?"

"Oh, don't get loud. Your tale's so badly twisted, that's all."—Cleveland Leader.

Chinese Cotton Mills.

Thirteen hours and a half constitute the working day of a Chinese mill hand in the cotton factories, night shifts working but ten hours. In spite of the long hours the pay is very small, the best workers receiving but 12 cents a day.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

It is useless to look for a soft snap with a hard headed man.

Grand Ball.

Friday night, July 21st, at M. B. A. hall, half mile west of Chemawa. Ristine's orchestra. 2t



Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, sister of Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who has become a member of the divorce colony of Sioux Falls. Mrs. Stewart is a prominent society woman of New York, and an announcement of her intention to sue for divorce came as a great surprise to her friends. She has engaged Senator Kittredge as counsel, and is living in close retirement in the Western city.

X-RAYS

Some girls don't care how much a hammock bucks, because they are built that way.

Norway is still hunting a king. A want ad three times for a quarter in the Journal is wanted to get him.

This country is still independent, and the Boston tea party on this coast might be an object lesson to our bias eyed heathen neighbors across the pond.

Another wife beater was whipped in Portland yesterday. Keep up your "good luck," neighbors, you will discourage that pastime in the near future.

That kissing bee at the depot at the late train last night was a continuous vaudeville performance, and a decidedly warm number.

Thousands of salmon are unable to get over the Golden Drift dam on Rogue river, and the river is filled with dead fish. And this is what is called protecting the salmon.

According to the decision of the jury, property owners with shade trees in front of it that has taken years for them to grow, had better buy a few double-barreled shotguns, and be prepared to serve a mandamus.

WHEN BUYING A BROOM INSIST ON HAVING A SALEM BROOM.

STATE NEWS

Eugene has \$228 left over from its celebration, and after considerable discussion it has been decided to revert the amount back to those who subscribed. Each one to receive his pro rata or 19 cents, or thereabouts, on the dollar.

John Stewart McArthur, a noted Glasgow mining expert, has been investigating the Treasury mine in the Blue River group. He considers it a very rich mine, and says the future will be a very promising one.

Frank Reed and Jas. Thompson, the two boys who have been held in the Roseburg jail awaiting a trial in the circuit court on a charge of larceny, were taken to the Reform School yesterday, where they will be given a chance to be good.

Hear Him Sing.

Did you hear Ray Chapter sing "Just Give Me de Leavins?" Well, Ray takes part in the recital at the M. E. church on Friday evening. It

Pardonable Curiosity.

The train was rushing over the plains of western Kansas.

"Is that a jack rabbit, uncle?" asked the fair passenger who was looking out through the car window.

"Yes," replied the elderly man at her side.

"That's what you've said about all of them we've seen. Are there no—er—ah—Jill rabbits, uncle?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Nice Distinction.

Medium—Do you wish to see your departed husband's spirits?

Mrs. Whiffletree—No; I want to see his ghost. Josh never had no spirit.—Puck.

Not Synonymous.

Kelly—It's meself is goin' to lade th' simple life durin' Lent.

O'Brien—Not a d'rop will ye touch, I suppose?

Kelly—Shure, phwat makes ye think that a man can't be simple without being foolish?—Puck.

The Southern Pacific Company will sell tickets, Salem to Boswell Springs and return up to and including September 30, 1905, limited to 30 days, rate of \$5.55. 6-5-1f

THAT HUNGRY FEELING is something you want-and don't want to keep. The place to lose it is at COFFEY'S RESTAURANT 206 Commercial Street

DENIES RANK STORY

Prof. Peebles not Leaving Weston for His Health

The Journal is in receipt of a cordial note from Prof. Geo. A. Peebles, of Weston, who has been elected as principal of the North Salem school, in which that gentleman asks this paper to correct a misstatement which has been published concerning him, but not in The Journal. His letter speaks for itself, and is printed below:

Weston, Or., July 18, 1905.

Ed. Journal: You may say for me in the columns of your excellent paper that I have accepted the position of principal of the North school in Salem. Will you further state that my health is good. During the past six years of my work here in the normal school I have never been absent for a single day on account of illness. Indeed for more than 20 years of my school work I have never missed a day at school on account of illness. I have not been advised by my physician to change climate. I have not lost 40 pounds in weight, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. I am traveling every day through this magnificent wheat raising section during my vacation, trying to supplement my income by honest toil—being engaged in writing insurance. I shall be on hand at Salem in due time for the opening of the school.

With kind regards, and hoping you will see to it that no wrong impression shall go out regarding my health.

Cordially yours,
GEO. A. PEEBLES.

Don't Forget

The recital at the M. E. church Friday evening.

Not a Candidate.

Hon. Thos. B. Kay, of Salem, whom rumor has several times placed in the limelight recently as a candidate for congressman from the first Oregon district to succeed Binger Hermann, positively, emphatically and strenuously denies that such is his ambition. The man who has represented Marion county in Oregon's legislative halls the past two sessions, and who lacked but two votes of being speaker of the house of representatives last winter, is now in the city. When asked regarding the congressional situation "up the valley," Mr. Kay said there would doubtless be plenty of candidates, and he had no present intention of entering the race for the nomination, nor was there any likelihood at all of his becoming a candidate at the coming election. "I have authorized a general denial of the reports that I will be a candidate, and will stay out of it entirely," he said, and the manner of the "gentleman from Marion" indicated that he fully expected to abide by his determination.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

For Sale.

Six horse power upright wood saw outfit. Good as new.

JOE VINCINOT,
Salem R. F. D. No. 4.



Miss Anna Fitzgerald, who has been elected president of the Woman's International Label League, is one of the most prominent union women in Chicago. For several years she was a leader in the Mattress Workers' Union, and assisted ably in the extension of organized labor.

MOVEMENT IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

Present Methods of Dealing With Drink Evil are Tainted With Falsehoods and Insincerity.

At the annual meeting of the United States Brewers' Association which was held in Atlantic City June 7 and 8, it was unanimously decided that the time had arrived to put a stop to or at least to contradict the many fallacious as well as outrageous arguments that have been put into circulation by fanatical prohibitionists throughout this country and to appeal to the fairness, honesty and common sense of the American people in order that those interested in the brewing business may not alone receive the support and protection to which they are entitled under the constitution of our country, but also that the cause of true temperance may be fostered and helped along lines dictated by common sense and reason. The following takes from the proceedings of the annual meeting will certainly be of interest to all who are honestly and sincerely opposed to intemperance and who desire to do away with the present drink evil:

There is no argument quite as senseless and illogical as that which is commonly used against the saloons in general, without regard to the nature of drinks sold in them and the class of people who frequent them.

The Anti-Saloon Movement.

derives its force from no other source than these fallacious arguments, the inconsistency of which has never been more strikingly illustrated than in the recent number of the Cosmopolitan. Under the title, "The Liquor Problem," the editor of this magazine advocates the closing of the saloons and the introduction of the South Carolina system. YET IN THE VERY SAME NUMBER HE PUBLISHES A SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON THE CONTINENTAL CAFES, IN WHICH THE AUTHOR DESCRIBES, AMONG OTHER THINGS, THE MULTITUDES OF WELL-BEHAVED, RESPECTABLE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO CONGREGATE IN THE GERMAN BEER GARDENS, AND MARVELS AT THE PERFECT ORDER AND DECORUM WHICH PREVAILS IN THESE PLACES AND AT THE CERTAINTY OF FINDING THERE ALWAYS "GOOD CHEER, GOOD HUMOR AND GOOD COMPANY." We still have just such places in our own country, and would have infinitely more were it not for unwise laws, which in some measure at least owe their origin to the very arguments of which the Cosmopolitan's editorial is a thoroughly representative type. There was a time when the beer saloons, properly encouraged by discriminative license laws, flourished in nearly every city and town of beer producing states, and caused such marvelous progress in the direction of sobriety that even the most fanatical prohibitionists, after vainly struggling against a recognition of the true state of affairs, admitted indirectly that the brewer is the most formidable enemy of their cause. THEIR CAMPAIGN AGAINST BEER BEGAN AT THAT PERIOD AND EVER SINCE THEN THEY HAVE FLOODED THE COUNTRY WITH TRACTS INTENDED TO SHOW THAT "BEER IS WORSE THAN WHISKY, KILLED MORE MEN AND WOMEN, AND IS A MORE EFFECTIVE DRUNKARD-MAKER THAN SPIRITS." In fact, their entire policy and tactics changed from that very moment. Their attitude on the canteen question proves the insincerity of their contentions. Some of their more impetuous leaders admit that they do not care how much any man or all men may drink, that all they want is to close the saloon. In recently published treatise on the "Liquor Problem"

BISHOP POTTER COMMENTS SCATHINGLY UPON THE UNRIGHTeous WORDS; "MOST OF OUR METHODS FOR DEALING WITH THE DRINK EVIL IN OUR DAY AND GENERATION ARE TAINTED WITH FALSEHOOD, DISHONORED BY ESSENTIAL UNREALITY, AND DE-CREDITED BY WIDESPREAD AND CONSISTENT FAILURE."

There can be no doubt in the mind of any sane and honest man that the anti-saloon movement is fundamentally wrong; for wherever it prevails it produces the same condition of things which exists in prohibitory states. Whisky takes the place of beer, and the occasional glass at the tavern yields to the ever-present demijohn in the homes of the consumers. But we may go much further and yet not depart by a hair's breadth from the path of truth. We may safely assert that all the evils of the modern American saloon are directly traceable to those mischievous measures which, like the New York Raines law, fail to discriminate between fermented and distilled beverages, and take no account of the difference between the drinking habits and social needs of beer drinkers and those of whisky drinkers.

SINCERE REFORMERS LIKE BISHOP POTTER RECOGNIZE THE GRAVE DANGER OF SUCH INDISCRIMINATE LEGISLATION, AND THERE ARE MANY INDICATIONS OF A STRONG TENDENCY IN FAVOR OF THE OLD METHOD OF REGULATING THE TRAFFIC, BASED ON BROAD DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE TWO KINDS OF DRINKS.

WE HAVE CONSISTENTLY ADVOCATED TEMPERANCE! WE ABHOR DRUNKENNESS AND WILL GLADLY AID ANY MOVEMENT DESIGNED TO CHECK THE EXCESSIVE CONSUMPTION OF BEER, WINE OR WHISKY; WE RECOGNIZE AND APPRECIATE FULLY THE NECESSITY OF REGULATING THE TRAFFIC AND SURROUNDING IT WITH ALL THE SAFEGUARDS THAT PUBLIC HEALTH AND MORALITY MAY EXACT; BUT WE MUST INSIST, AND EVERY HONEST MAN SHOULD INSIST, THAT IN REGULATING THE TRAFFIC THE LAWMAKERS SHOULD DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN A DRINK CONTAINING 4 PER CENT OF ALCOHOL AND A LIQUOR CONTAINING 50 PER CENT OF ALCOHOL. THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE REACHED ITS HIGHEST POINT IN OUR COUNTRY AT THE TIME WHEN FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENTS ACTED UPON THIS PRINCIPLE, GOING EVEN SO FAR, IN SOME INSTANCES, AS TO EXEMPT FROM TAXATION BEERS CONTAINING LESS THAN 2 1/2 PER CENT OF ALCOHOL.

Women Waste Vital Force. Women, according to a lady doctor, lose much nervous force through errors which might be easily avoided.

One notable instance is seen in their manner of walking. Many women have an uneven gait, a nervous, jerky step that jars the whole body and keeps most of the muscles tense and drawn. A good way of correcting a bad walk is to carry a waltz tune in the mind and keep step to it as far as possible without actually dancing. After a time the walk will become regular and buoyant, and the habit once formed, there is no occasion of continuing the device of keeping step to a tune.

Women lose much of their vitality in needless excitement and in misplaced sympathies. Their emotions are easily drawn upon, and instead of reserving their powers for important occasions they dissipate them on the smallest provocation. The remedy here is to practice self-control. It is one of the finest of nerve tonics.

A Roseburg man's four-horse team took fright at a motorcycle, ran away and smashed up things generally. Now the owner of the team has brought suit for \$25 damages against the owner of the motorcycle, and the Plaindealer says the suit will be watched with interest, as it will be determined "whether or not the payment of an annual state license of \$3 gives an auto or motor cyclist any rights on the public highway or city streets."

OUR BUSINESS

In the past has been very satisfactory, but we realize that there are men, women and children at our very doors, who could and should have a bank account, who have never deposited one cent in a bank. We are now after this class especially, and will not be satisfied until we have interested them. We want you to call and investigate our methods and be convinced that it is to your advantage to open an account with us.

Salem State Bank

L. K. PAGE, President
E. W. HAZARD, Cashier