

Dr. Stone's Drug Store

does a strictly cash business, owes no one, and no one owes it; carries large stock; its shelves, counters and show-cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notions, toilet articles, wines and liquors of all kinds for medical purposes. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate in medicine and has had many years of experience in the practice. Consultations are free. Prescriptions are free, and only regular prices for medicine. Dr. Stone can be found at his drug store, Salem, Oregon, from 6 in the morning until 9 at night.

**WILD ROSE
FLOUR
\$1.00 PER SACK
AT
ALL GROCERS**

An Animal Story For Little Folks**A False Friend**

There was once a crane who had for his very good friend a monkey. The monkey, who was extremely mischievous, got the crane into a great deal of trouble, but the worst thing he ever did I am going to tell you about.

The crane had seen a man playing on a fute and longed very much to do the

**"WHY NOT?"**

same. "Why not?" said the monkey. "Your beak will be the very thing. I'll drill the holes in it, through which you can blow sweet music."

The crane pranced for joy. "I can play at all the dances," he cried. For you must know that cranes are very fond of giving dances and going to dances. "All who listen will admire me. Miss Isabella Crane will gladly become my bride when I am a famous musician."

"No doubt," said the monkey, "and in your day of grandeur I hope you will remember that you owe it all to me."

But alas and alas! When the mischievous monkey got those holes drilled through the crane's beak not a sound could he make. Even his old cry, which was not very pretty, came strange and whistling. "I'm ruined!" cried the crane.

And it was so. The young crane lady whom he had hoped to marry said she did not desire a damaged article. All the other cranes cast him out and would have nothing to do with him. "This comes," said the monkey, "from being too ambitious. Who ever heard of a crane attempting to be a musician?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks**The Bull That Remembered**

One fine spring morning when the buttercups were full of butter there was standing in the meadow a long legged, and eyed little bull. It was a great day for him, for he had just come into this world, all green below and all white above, and everything was strange and queer, and his legs were wobbly and wouldn't go where he told them. He made the most of his first days in the world, for they were to be his happiest, though he didn't know it at the time.

At the end of a week there came a cross eyed boy, with a switch, whose

**"NOW IN MY CHANCE."**

feet were bare and whose face was all covered with freckles. Our little friend did not like that boy's looks, and he liked less what he did, for he drove him from his mother, he beat him with the stick, he pulled his tail, he put him in a box stall in the stable all by himself, and when he cried for mother he fed him on a bottle with a nasty rubber top.

"You horrid boy!" said the little bull. "I'll get even with you for this if it takes me years to do it. You think I can't remember because I'm a dumb beast. But you wait."

All this he said out loud, but the boy only laughed. He couldn't understand. The years went by, and little Mr. Bull grew into big Mr. Bull, but he did not forget. Each day that freckled boy came near Mr. Bull would give a low grunt and say: "I can wait. I shan't forget." By and by the boy had grown to be a young man. He put on long pants and a tall coat. Mr. Bull had grown also and put on a fine pair of horns.

One day the boy was standing in the yard looking at his pigeons. Some one had left the gate to the pasture open. Mr. Bull remembered.

"Now is my chance," said he. He put down his head, he put up his tail, he made a bee line for that freckled boy.

The boy had forgotten, but when he scurried down off the barn roof he remembered. Boys, some animals have good memories. Look out!—Pittsburg Dispatch.

For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures hard coughs, hard colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. Your own doctor will say so. Just ask him about it, then do as he says. We have no secret! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

What the Farmer Said.

A Kansas lawyer tells of a visit he had from an old farmer.

The farmer wanted a big suit for damages brought against a railroad company because his old brindle cow had been run over during the night. On questioning him the lawyer could not find a single peg upon which he could legitimately hang a case.

"Well," he said, "I kinder thought ye could fetch it on the sign bein' down. They wna't no sign 'Look out for the cars,' so I thought mebbe ye could get 'em on that."

Agonizing Burns.

Are instantly relieved and perfectly healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. C. Rivenbark, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I burnt my knee dreadfully; that it blistered all over, Bucklen's Arnica Salve stopped the pain and healed it without a scar." Also heals all wounds and sores. 25c at J. C. Perry's drug store, Salem, Oregon.

The Boys' Guess.

"Willie, I'll have to have my own

glasses; I can't see through papa's; they make me dizzy."

"I bet," said Willie, running to get his mother's glasses, "that the season dad came home so dizzy last night was because he had been looking through different glasses."—Kansas City Times.

Are You Restless at Night.

And harassed by a bad cough? Use Ballard's Horehound Syrup; it will secure you sound sleep and effect a prompt and radical cure. For sale by D. J. Fry.

Kings have curious habits. Don Carlos has a mania of never wanting to drink twice from the same glass. Just as soon as his lips have touched a glass filled with any liquid, even if he has only taken a few drops of it, he no longer touches that glass; another must be given to him. While in the palace of the French minister of the interior on the Quay d'Orsay, those who were waiters specially chosen to serve the king were constantly

on the qui vive to take away a glass out of which the king had drunk, and to replace it with another.

Viewed With Suspicion.

Mrs. Whyte—Did you enjoy seeing Bernhard?

Mrs. Wykins—Oh yes. But one thing seemed queer. Are you sure she is a real French woman? Her pronunciation isn't a bit like Mary's.—Somerville Journal.

Suffered for Seventeen Years, Cured by Sloan's Liniment.

Mr. Thomas McGowan, Carlisle, Ky., writes:

"While your agent was in our town of Carlisle, Ky., advertising your Sloan's Liniment, he was kind enough to give me a bottle to use on my limb which had been broken, and ulcerated, causing me untold agony, breaking down, sloughing out and particles of bone passing. This continued for seventeen years; but wonderful to relate, after using your liniment for several days I was greatly benefited. From the first application pain left me and I can work all day comfortably.

I am under thousands of obligations to you and will continue to sing praise of Sloan's Liniment for the rest of my life."

William Waldorf Astor, who bought Haver castle in England about two years ago, is building a Tudor village around the old place, and will try to give it surroundings similar to those existing in the days when King Henry VIII. went there to woo Anne Boleyn.

**ON YOUR HUNTING TRIP**

To save to be properly equipped—steep the STEVENS and the CARPENTER. We sell:
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Ask your dealer and insist that for your money you get the best. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct in America. No doubt, because there is no doubt in the mind of the people who have used our guns in the field. Our attention three-color illustration of the STEVENS and the CARPENTER. We sell:
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I carry a large stock of talking machines—Edison, Victor and Columbia. Records in abundance for all these machines.

I also repair all makes of talking machines and musical instruments.

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Best quality violin strings imported direct. I have a complete stock of strings for all stringed instruments. Come and select what you need from my fresh stock.

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OFFER NO. 1. A PRIZE OF \$5 FOR THE BEST ARTICLE OF 500 TO 1500 WORDS ON "WHY IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." THE ARTICLE SHOULD COVER NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, AND AT LEAST 100 WORDS SHOULD BE GIVEN TO CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

OFFER NO. 2. A PRIZE OF \$5 FOR THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISING THE CAPITAL JOURNAL AS THE MOST DESIRABLE PAPER TO BE USED BY ADVERTISERS.

ALL COPY MUST BE IN THE OFFICE OF THE JOURNAL BY 5 P. M. ON FEBRUARY 28. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CONTESTANTS SHOULD BE ON A SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER AND ENCLOSED IN AN ENVELOPE. PIN THE ENVELOPE TO YOUR ARTICLE OR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE TEN BEST ARTICLES AND THE TEN BEST ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE JOURNAL. ADVERTISEMENTS MAY BE ANY SIZE FROM A QUARTER PAGE TO A FULL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL.

ALL QUESTIONS ABOUT THE CONTEST ADDRESSED TO "THE CONTEST MANAGER," CARE CAPITAL JOURNAL, WILL BE ANSWERED THROUGH THE NEWS COLUMNS OF THE JOURNAL. MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE ADDRESSED IN THE SAME WAY.

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