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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Marion County Land That Is Changing Ownership — Prices That Obtained.
 The following real estate transfers were filed yesterday with the county recorder:
 S. Mathieu and wife to S. Mathieu, 40.51 acres, t 4 r 1 w \$250
 E. Vass to Amos Vass, lot 16, block 1, Auburn add, Salem .. 1
 Anthony Bastion to H. E. Noble lots 7, 8, in block 14, Brookside add, Salem 1
 W. Corby, et al., to C. A. Jones, 15 acres, t 6 s, r 1 e .. 375
 A. Lewis to Solon Baker, 22.60 acres, t 8 s, r 2 w .. 250
 Baker, 202.60 acres, t 8 s, r 2 w .. 250
 Snow & Chambers to Oregon Electric Railway Company, franchises in Salem, Woodburn, etc 1

PRINCE WANTS HEIRESS.

Needs the Money to Pay Off His Gambling Debts.
 London, Aug. 7.—Is there an American girl with millions who would like to be a niece to King Edward and a real live royal highness in England? If so, she should apply for a prince who is looking for a wife.
 He is His Royal Highness Prince Francis of Teck. His bride must possess one thing and that is money. The Tecks are as poor as the proverbial church mouse and live only on the goodness of heart of the British taxpayer who allows them an income.
 Prince Francis is a young fellow, 24, good-looking, and a jolly sort of young chap. He is a good rider, a splendid polo player, can dance, play bridge, and deal baccarat. He has been to all the race meetings and is a member of several of the smartest clubs. It is whispered that his betwixt card playing debts are getting rather out of hand and that he needs to make a quick and rich marriage.
 Several daughters of earls in England have been spoken of and also daughters of rich commoners. It is understood that no objection would be made to an American

girl, as practically the best half of the peerage that counts in England now has an American girl as wife.
 It is reported that the king is going to stop racing and sell his racing stable—all except some of his famous sires, which will be kept in the stud, which is very profitable. The king has lost tremendously on the turf this season and is really tired of racing. It will be a great loss to the British turf if he does retire, unless, as it is suggested, the prince of Wales takes over his horses and begins racing on his own account. He is the first prince of Wales in a good many years who has not had a racing stable. The prince, however, being a sailor, never cared very much for horses. However, as the princess generally rules the roost, perhaps she will take the management of affairs.
 The prince of Wales has suffered a great deal from his Indian trip. It did him no good for brandy, if taken in too liberal doses in the hot climates, is not a health-giving fluid. The prince has had a very bad time of it lately and has found himself not only in need of a rest, but of a doctor. There is an old prophecy that his father will outlive him, and if all the reports are true, there is a chance of that prophecy being fulfilled.

One Woman Among the Thousands.

We received a letter from Waycross, Ga., from a woman who had been troubled with female complaint for a long time, until she was reduced to almost a shadow. It effected her mind. She could not remember anything; would get confused and so nervous and irritable she could hardly sleep. She described her case as one similar to thousands of other women, and then ends the letter by saying she had gained 18 pounds last month, and never felt better in her life, having no trace of her former troubles, slept well, and ate her meals with relish. She commenced the use of Dr. Gunn's Blood and Nerve Tonic just six weeks before she wrote the letter from which we copy the above. This tonic is in tablet form, and should be taken right after meals. It turns the food you eat into strong, rich blood, feeding the nerves and curing disease by making healthy flesh. Sold by all druggists for 75c per box, of 3 boxes for \$2. Pale, weak, thin people should use this tonic.

A DAUGHTER OF THE AZTECS

I have always contended that a 5 o'clock tea is no place for a man, and even yet I marvel that I should have been inveigled into responding to Mrs. Allerton's bit of pasteboard in person.
 You always know quite well what to expect—a room so dark you stumble over things, and a confused and irritating cackle of many women talking at once, and the necessity of swallowing a lot of stuff that is a reproach to your lunch and an insult to your forthcoming dinner.
 I must say that Mrs. Allerton does things better than most, and it is really a precious privilege to inspect her cups, but as I opened the door a confused murmur of voices met me and in a moment more I found myself in the thick of the hubbub, making my bow over Mrs. Gray's fat hand.
 "Oh! doctor," she said, moving aside her draperies and waving me into a seat beside her, "don't you know, you are just the person in the world I am dying to see?"
 "Professionally, madam?" I asked as she tapped me on the hand with ponderous playfulness.
 "No, no, you naughty thing; I was just telling these ladies about Philip Hartness marrying a cowboy, or something of that kind, out in Texas."
 "But that you said it," I murmured, faintly, "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Of course we all know that the Texas law in effect and weak-kneed except in the matter of horse stealing; still—"
 "Oh! you horrid creature," Mrs. Gray cried again, tapping me with her fan. "Now, do be a good boy and tell us just how it happened, for I know you were there and assisted at the orgy, or rite, or whatever they call such functions. Is she pretty, for I suppose that, after all, in this case the cowboy is a she?"
 I looked hopelessly around, saw no means of escape, and then I thought of my friend and his young wife, and remembered that these women held her social destiny in their hand. Mrs. Gray herself was not unkindly, and in the faces turned toward me was one in whose deep, dark eyes I read understanding and sympathy.
 "Dear madam," I said "your requests are commands. To begin with Dolores—it is a sad little name, isn't it?—is something more than pretty. Her mother was a Mexican. You needn't shrug your shoulders. She comes of one of the old Aztec families (and I assure you they scorn our best blood as something entirely too much of yesterday to be seriously considered, and her people raised a pretty row when Dolores' mother fell in love with an Englishman and persisted in marrying him. Poor thing, she didn't live long enough to fulfill their prophecies and regret it, but she bequeathed Dolores the finest eyes you ever saw—deep, dark lustrous, with a tawny flash in them that makes you remember them when you have forgotten how perfect is the oval of her face and how blood-red the scarlet line of her mouth. She was a sensation in Paris."
 "What! Paris?" in incredulous chorus from my audience.
 "Yes," I answered, quietly. "She was educated in Paris. You see, her father owns the cattle on a thousand hills, or whatever is the modern equivalent to that, and he worships Dolores. She never had what you would call good breeding. She lived alone with her father at their hacienda until one time she chanced to go with him to the city to sell the cattle. Some women looked curiously at her and made a slighting remark on her clothes, or appearance, that struck fire to the proud little heart.
 "I am an Aztec," she said, fiercely, to her father that night. 'I will not be shamed by los Americanos. Give me the education and clothes that befit my birth. Paris is the heart of the world. I will go there.' And her father, who had never thwarted her in her life, made the journey with her and left her in a famous pension, with a letter of credit that must have staggered the proprietress.
 "It was while Dolores was in Paris that I came to know her father. I got interested in a scheme for buying a large ranch on the Rio Grande, so went over to America and fell in love with the life, and spent two or three years, mostly at their hacienda. It was the merest coincidence that Philip Hartness came over to visit me the summer that Dolores returned. She was already there when

he arrived, and pleasant as life had always been it took on a new charm from her presence.
 "She would ride with us, all the strong, quick, joyous young life flaming in her cheeks, or at night she would sing, her grand, pure, rich voice ringing out on the clear air, and we would sit in the dark fancying how such dramatic fire and passion could sway and hold a multitude, and saying Marchese was right to predict for her a brilliant career—if only she would stretch forth her hands and pluck the laurel.
 "Am I enthusiastic? Well, the fault is rare enough in these days to be easily pardoned, and you will better understand how Philip fell in love. I saw it from the first, and warned him. But he stayed—the witchery of her beauty was upon him.
 "At first I don't think he was altogether happy in it. I suppose it is inevitable that we cannot escape from the standard of comparison to which we are reared. You see, if one has always thought of life as a mill pond, where one may paddle about at will, it must be startling to suddenly find one's-self launched on a boundless sea with the wind filling every stitch of canvas and the bow pointing to undiscovered countries. It was like that of Philip; Dolores enthralled every sense with her beauty and fierce love, but he could not reconcile her with his traditions.
 "God knows how two young and foolish creatures would have tangled the threads of life and love, but that Fate came in and ended the matter in a way that would have been melodramatic enough anywhere else but on the Rio Grande.
 "One day—it was a perfect day. I remember, and the prairies were like an azure carpet of bluebells—we, Dolores and her father, and Philip and I, had been riding far, going to a distant part of the ranch to pick up some cattle for shipping. Toward evening the weather, which had been so fine, grew suddenly hot and oppressive. The white heat quivered and there seemed a suppressed excitement in the very air.
 "We had come rather unexpectedly upon the bunch of cattle that we were seeking, and the cowboys looked grave, for the sultry weather presaged the storm, and they were trying to round up the cattle for fear of a stampede. Sometimes, you know, cattle become hysterical at the coming of a storm, and break away, flying anywhere away from their causeless and senseless terror, trampling down everything in their path.
 "It was only too obvious that we had exposed ourselves to this danger. There was nowhere to go, and the only chance was in keeping the herd quiet, as can often be done by the knowledge of human presence. Presently there was a deep and ominous roar, the trembling herd lifted their heads and listened, a bull bellowed wild and fierce, we felt rather than saw the tremor that ran through the cattle, a blinding flash of lightning tore the heavens in two, the thunder pealed and crashed, and the stampede had begun.
 "'Fly, fly for your lives!' was the hoarse cry, and I had only time to see that the herd had broken in the direction of Hartness and Dolores.
 "Together, side by side, they rode before the maddened cattle. Dolores with her face as pale as death. By and by Philip's horse stumbled, the first sign of falling strength in a mustang; another stumble, and Dolores drew from her breast a little revolver that her father had given her; another stumble—the herd was gaining on them—and she fired; the horse and rider came down together.
 "She flung herself off her own horse and pulled Philip, dazed and stunned behind the animal, and crouched over him while the herd swept by. We found them thus. Dolores was unhurt, but Hartness' head had been struck by a hoof as the cattle went over them; and when we carried him back to the hacienda it looked as if he had come to the end of the chapter, and that his love story was to be brief after all.
 "Dolores grief and despair were maddening. I remember thinking it would be almost worth dying to be so mourned. We could not drive her away from his bedside, and so it chanced that she saved his life after all, perhaps. We could not rouse him from a stupor that seemed settling down into the insensibility of death; and, at last, in utter despair, I turned to Dolores and bade her sing. Poor child, she was too wild with

grief to know what she did, and almost involuntarily she began the bugle call for 'taps'—you know it—'Ah, love, good night; must you go? When day and night I need you so?'
 "He seemed going very fast toward that land where there is no 'lights out,' but her passionate entreaty recalled him and he opened conscious eyes upon the world again.
 "'Dolores,' I heard him say, feebly, and she took his hands in hers and began covering them with kisses, and then I slipped out of the room. What followed was not for you or me to know, only, as you say, Mrs. Gray, I stayed on for the wedding."
 The deep eyes I had looked to for sympathy were humid with unshed tears, and even Mrs. Gray's fat hand was not quite steady as she pressed her cup back for more tea.
 "You make a romance of it," she said; "but does the Mexican also bear transplanting to our cold England? Will your Dolores be happy among us?"
 "Quien sabe," I answered, with a shrug; "the mystery of love is past finding out."—Illustrated Bits.

Regarding Camp Sanitation.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 7.—By direction of Acting Secretary Oliver the military secretary has written to the commanding general of each of the camps of instruction located in different parts of the country, as follows: "In view of the length of time that the troops will be in camp and the consequent possibility of the outbreak of camp disease, such as typhoid fever, diarrhoea, malaria fever, etc., the attention of camp commanders is called to the necessity for strict enforcement of measures to prevent such disease. The general principles of camp sanitation are set forth in the field service regulations and other manuals, but the particular rules to be applied will vary with the local conditions, which make plain the necessity of personal study by each camp commander of the problems in sanitation arising at his camp, with a view to their best solution. In malarious districts mosquito nets and head nets should be used.
 "The surgeon general states that it would be very desirable if a test could be made in manoeuvres of regimental sanitation squads which would be composed partly of hospital corps men and partly of civilian employes (scavengers) hired by the

THREE FACTS

For Sick Women To Consider

FIRST.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements of the female organs, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.
SECOND.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.
 For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, inflammation of the female organs, weakness and displacements, regulating the periods perfectly and overcoming their pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing women for childbirth and the change of life.
THIRD.—The great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

quartermasters department, these sanitary squads to be operated under the direction of the regimental surgeons and under the general supervision of a medical inspector. Camp commanders will have such tests made along this line as is practicable the medical department and the quartermaster's department working in harmony in devising the best practical system."

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