

THESE HOT DAYS
Our Orange Sherbert
Our Loganberry Sherbert,
Our Ice Cream,
the one that leads them all
Our Ice Cream Soda,
The Summer Girl,
are more popular than ever
All these and more like them
are just the things to satisfy
you.

FULLER & DOUGLAS
Salem's Leading Grocers.
Confectioners and Bakers.
460 State St. Phone 182-187
Cream direct from the dairy
Our freezer makes perfect
ice cream.

The Busy Drug Store

"In Business for Your Health"

We are Selling more of our
Chemically Pure Ice Cream
every day. Just as fast as
people find they can get 100
per cent pure ice cream served
in clean dishes they pass all
other dealers in ice cream to
be served at our fountain.

RED CROSS PHARMACY

Corner State and Com. St.
Phone 144.
Free delivery to all parts of city.

Oats Wanted

We pay the highest cash price,
and want any amount.

FREE SACKS

We furnish sacks free for all the
oats we buy. Also want wheat and
barley. Be sure and see us before
you sell, as we will pay you the
highest price.

D.A. WHITE & SON

FEEDMEN and SEEDMEN
Poultry and Bee Supplies.
255 Com'l Phone 160

EDISON THEATER REMODELED

The Edison theatre will be re-
modeled throughout, and the local
house will be enlarged to ac-
commodate larger audiences. The
seating capacity of the theatre has
been much too small and floor
space will be added for the putting
of at least 100 more seats. It is
planned to put in several
stages. The stage will undergo some
changes but will not be materially
increased in size. The old decora-
tions and the scenery will be entirely
replaced. It is also possible that
the name of the theatre will be
changed, and that vaudeville will
again be seen from that stage.
The abandonment of vaude-
ville and the audiences have been larger
and more select and the management
practically decided to eliminate
vaudeville and to even do away with
vaudeville between acts.

A strong company of players will
gathered and Salem will have the
opportunity to see some of the best
theatre ever produced here in stock.
Theatre goers will be happy to know
that several of the stage favorites
who appeared last winter will again
be members of the company.

In Self Defense.
Major Hamm, editor and manager
of the Constitutional, Eminence,
when he was fiercely attacked,
years ago by piles bought a box
of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which
he says: "It cured me in ten days,
and no trouble since." Quickest
of Burns, Sores, Cuts and
Wounds. 25c at J. C. Perry's drug
store.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Solely Preparing
J. C. Perry's

MANIAC TOYS WITH HUMAN LIFE

Mad Miner Plays Jumping the Jack With Poor Jack Wright in the Jumping Jack Mine in Nevada

Manhattan, Nev., Aug. 7.—To be
whipped up and down a 200-foot
shaft for two hours, with a maniac
at the throttle of the hoisting ma-
chine, is the experience vouchsafed
to "Jack" Wright, a miner employed
in the Jumping Jack mine here.

At noon one day recently "Jack,"
who has a good appetite came up
from the lower levels to eat his
luncheon in the sunshine. At one
o'clock he stepped upon the "bucket"
by which his companions had already
dropped back to work and signaled
to the engineer at the hoist, who was
in plain view, to lower him. The
latter, John Pugh by name, started
to comply. He had released the
brake and the big drum about which
the cable was coiled had already
made several revolutions when Rich-
ard Perry walked into the hoist
house.

"Stop that bucket!" he said.
Pugh, his eyes glued to the paying
out cable, paid no attention. Perry,
the former engineer at the hoist,
had been fired several weeks before
for drunkenness, and ever since he
had been lounging in harmless
drunken befuddlement about the
works.

"Stop that bucket," repeated Perry.
"Wait a minute till get Jack
down," said Pugh, with a concili-
atory manner.

"Stop that bucket," said Perry.
There was something so insistent
in the command that time Pugh look-
ed up. He glanced up into the muzz-
le of a 45-Colt, behind which two
eyes, out of the sockets with maniacal
frenzy, glared.

"Wait a minute," Pugh started to
say, trying to gain time.
Perry gnashed his teeth, placed
the cold muzzle upon Pugh's temple
and cocked the gun. Pugh put on
the heel, jumped out of the rear
window and went down the hill to
get help.

Perry calmly established himself
upon the vacated stool, his cocked
six-shooter conveniently at hand.
He released the brake. The drum
began to revolve, slowly at first, then
faster, till it hummed. Then, just as
the extremem of the cable was al-
most reached, Perry jammed on the
brakes, relocked them, jammed them
on again, and brought the thing to
a stop at the place on the cable
where a piece of twine showed the
reaching of the lowest level. Im-
mediately however, he threw the
electric controller forward a notch,
then another, then full on, and the
drum began to revolve in the other
direction. Up wound the cable, the
drum fairly buzzing. Perry kept his
eyes on the shaft. Suddenly the
bucket whizzed out of the opening
up into the sunlight. Perry threw
off the controller, snapped on the
brakes, and the bucket stopped, a
bare six inches from the top of the
gallows frame. Then off came the
brakes and down swooped the bucket
into the shaft again. When it got
down it came up again; when it
was up it went down again—all at
full speed. And this is the game that
for two hours, alone upon the top of
Gold Hill, the mad engineer played.

As for Wright—meanwhile he was
not having a nice time. When Pugh
had made his discreet exit he had
found himself in a motionless bucket,
swinging idly between two levels.
He was just reaching over to ring
two bells for further descent when
the bucket started down. His satis-
faction was of short duration, how-
ever. Down dropped the bucket at
a speed that jumped Wright's heart
into his mouth. There were big
drops of perspiration upon his honest
brow when the thing stopped with a
jerk. He was on the point of clam-
bering down when, "Z-z-z-z-z!" the
bucket began to slide upward. The
speed increased to a mad one.

This time he was sure there was
something wrong, and so, very wise-
ly, he dropped to the bottom of the
bucket making himself as small as
possible and anchoring himself with
his feet and back. Up he shot; a
stream of golden sunlight blinded
him. He had a faint vision of the
scaffolding above and then, just as he

had made up his mind he was dead,
the bucket stopped. It swung a
second there, then down it went
again with a dizzying swoop.

The impressions of Wright during
the next two hours might be very in-
teresting—only he didn't have any
impressions. About on his third
mad trip up and down the shaft he
discreetly shut his eyes and fainted
away. He doesn't call it "fainting."
He says he just got "dizzy." So
"dizzy" did he get, indeed, that it
took most of half a day to revive
him, and even now he zigzags crazily
as he walks, and swears he will never
again be caught in any kind of an
elevator.

Meanwhile Pugh was walking and
running down the hill toward town.
The first man he met there was L.
M. Sullivan the principal owner of
the Jumping Jack mine. The two
men started back up the hill. When
they reached the top they peered
down into the hoisting house
through the back window, which had
served for Pugh's precipitous exit.
From there they could see Perry in-
tent upon his work, alternately put-
ting on power and brake. The machine
buzzed and the cable whizzed, and
looking at the mouth of the shaft,
they could see at regular intervals
the bucket shoot up and down again.
It seemed empty and they thought
Wright dead.

The concentration with which
Perry played his deadly game was his
undoing. Noiselessly jumping through
the window, Sullivan sprang upon
him from behind, pinioning his
arms. Meanwhile Pugh stopped the
bucket at the surface, and then the
two men, after a sharp struggle, suc-
ceeded in throwing the madman to
the ground and tying him up with a
rope. Then they found Wright limp,
at the bottom of the bucket.

Perry was panting in a corner of
the hoisting room, trussed up like a
sausage. "What did you do that
for?" asked Sullivan heatedly.
"That fellow's name is Jack, ain't
it?" counterquestioned Perry, point-
ing to the limp form of Wright.

"What has that got to do with it?"
"Well, I was just jumping the
Jack, that's all," scowled Perry,
turning his face to the wall.

So far this is the only explanation
he has vouchsafed and he is plainly
insane.

OBJECT LESSON ROAD.

Experimental Highway Will Be Com-
pleted by State Fair.

Progress is being made by the gov-
ernment experts who are building the
"mile object lesson road" near the
fair grounds. This mile of road will
be one of the main attractions at the
state fair, and it is probable that a
portion of the road will not be en-
tirely completed, so as to show the
various steps in the construction of
a macadamized road. Yesterday 136
cubic feet of crushed rock were laid,
and 1150 feet of road have been
treated to the first layer of rock and
550 feet have received the three lay-
ers. When the three layers of rock
have been laid, then it is that the
work of binding the road begins.
The big ten-ton roller is then sent
over the road until not a crevice nor
the smallest hole can be detected in
the surface of the highway.

Says Wife Ran Away.

T. W. Hart, of Independence, has
notified the Portland police that his
wife has ran away from her home,
taking her daughter with her. The
woman is aged 36 years and weighs
about 130 pounds. She is a pro-
nounced blonde. The child is six
years old, and her right leg is partly
paralyzed, causing her to limp.

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks
of biliousness and habitual constipa-
tion was a mystery that Dr. King's
New Life Pills solved for me,"
writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia,
Ind. The only pills that are
guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-
tion to everybody or money refunded.
Only 25c at J. C. Perry's drug store.



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J. Kuppenheimer & Co.
Chicago

WEARING THE OLD HOT SUIT YET?

Or Your Best Last Summer's Suit?

You're Losing Money in
Either Case—See our
Cool

Summer Outing Suits
AT SPECIAL PRICE \$6 to \$12.50

Regular \$1.50 Straw Hats at **95c**

Salem Woolen Mill Store

Personals

Virgil Allen returned today from
Portland.

B. F. Looney, of Jefferson, is in
town today.

Frank Derby returned last even-
ing from Newport.

Mrs. J. F. Staiger is visiting
friends at Hubbard.

Adjutant-General Finzer arrived
in the city this morning.

C. Brownstein left for Jefferson
this morning on business.

Frank Myers returned this morn-
ing from a visit in Portland.

Attorney Peter D'Arcy returned
this morning from Jefferson.

Miss Crozer left today for Berlin,
where she will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boeschen
went to Portland yesterday.

Lambert Coppock left today for his
home in Berlin, Linn county.

E. L. Irvin, the shoe man, is in
Portland transacting business.

Russel Catlin was a Portland
bound passenger this morning.

P. N. Lathrop went to St. Johns
on a business trip this morning.

Mrs. A. Moore and children left for
Roseburg today to visit friends.

Miss Lou Davey has returned from
a visit with friends in Portland.

Mrs. A. B. Gillis returned this
morning from a visit in Portland.

Dr. C. H. Robertson returned yes-
terday from several days at New-
port.

Major F. Willman has returned
from several days' visit in the Waldo
hills.

George Hunt will go to Berkeley,
Cal., to resume his studies at the
university.

Henry Lange, the commercial trav-
eler, arrived in the city this morning
from Albany.

Miss Ernestine Halley, of the
Statesman staff, has gone to Newport
for an outing.

Mrs. Robert Aya, of Eugene, is
visiting at the home of her sister,
Mrs. J. A. Bernard.

Mrs. M. E. Holcomb is home from
a visit with her daughter, Mrs. W. H.
Carroll, at Roseburg.

Mrs. Isaac A. Manning and little
daughter left for Newport this morn-
ing to remain several days.

P. W. Carey, Miss Carey and son,
Hoyt, have returned from Astoria,
where they visited relatives.

Miss Edith Hughes and her sister,
Mary, of St. Johns, are visiting at
the home of T. H. Harryman.

Charles Livesley, the hopman,
went to the hop fields in the north-
ern part of the county this morning.

Milton Meyers, Dr. H. H. Olinger,
Frank Harritt and Claud Belle left
this morning for an outing at Cas-
cadia.

Dr. Will Skiff and son, Dr. Sey-
mour Skiff, left this morning for a
ten days' hunting and fishing trip
near Elk City.

Scott Bozorth, formerly of this
city, but now engaged in newspaper
work in Portland, arrived in the city
last evening.

Miss Opal Williamson, bookkeeper
for the Spaulding lumber mills, re-
turned this morning from a stay of
several days with friends in Eugene.

John T. Albert, who is now trav-
eling for an implement company, left
for Medford this morning, after a
brief visit with relatives and friends
here.

Professor E. T. Marlatte, principal
of the high school, left yesterday
for Uniontown, Wash., where he will
remain until the opening of the
school year.

Mrs. J. G. Brenizer and niece,

Miss Elizabeth, of Broken Bow, Neb.,
left for their home yesterday. While
here they were the guests of Mrs.
Isaac Conklin.

Ray Chapler, of this city, will
leave this evening for Berkeley, Cal.,
where he will continue his studies in
the mining engineering department
of the university.

Miss Mabel Robertson, who taught
in the city schools the past year, has
made arrangements to attend the
social science department of the Uni-
versity of California during the com-
ing year.

G. C. Hatt, president of the Oregon
Farm and Home Land Company, of
Portland, is in the city. Mr. Hatt is
well known here, and was the "ad-
man" on the Capital Journal for
several months.

Judge J. B. Doan, of Rainier, is in
the city today and was visiting at the
capitol. He is an old friend of Su-
preme Judge Moore, who practiced as
an attorney in his court some years
ago. Mr. Doan is now engaged in
the real estate business.

Ralph Matthews, who was the Tel-
eram University correspondent, and
who has been prominent in student
activities at Willamette, university,
leaves this evening for Berkeley,
Cal., to matriculate at the state uni-
versity and enter the mining engi-
neering department.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Waters
have returned from a trip to Denver,
Colorado, where Mr. Waters was in
attendance at the great national con-
clave of the Elks' lodge. They also
visited four days at Colorado Springs
and Manitou, and spent some time in
Salt Lake City and made the journey
homeward by way of Butte, Spokane
and other northern cities.

C. P. Ferrell, of Reno, Nev., sher-
iff of Washoe county, Nev., was in the
city today visiting his mother and
other relatives. Mr. Ferrell has just
come from Seattle, where he took a
prisoner from Reno, charged with
perjury in the United States court at
Nome, Alaska, two years ago. The
prisoner was delivered to the Seattle
authorities, and two guards were ap-
pointed to take him on the long jour-
ney. Owing to business, Mr. Ferrell
could not take the trip himself.

When You Want Harness.

Call on F. E. Shafe, at his new
store, 187 Commercial street, near
Perry. The finest stock of harness in
Salem.

Iowa Democrats.

Waterloo, Ia., Aug. 8.—The full
ticket nominated by the Democratic
state convention yesterday follows:
Governor, Claude R. Porter, (Ap-
panoose county.

Lieutenant-governor, John G. Den-
nison, Jr., Dubuque county.

Secretary of state, J. S. McLuen,
Guthrie county.

Auditor, C. E. Munroe, Mahaska
county.

Treasurer, L. F. Danforth, Cal-
houn county.

Attorney-general, Fred A. Town-
send, Monroe county.

Superintendent public instruction,
W. S. Wilson, Lyon county.

Judges supreme court, L. M. Fish-
er, Scott county; E. M. Carr, Dela-
ware county.

Clerk of supreme court, T. W.
Keenan, Page county.

Reporter of supreme court, H. M.
Parker, Muscatine county.

Railroad commissioners, W. L.
Carpenter, Polk county, and E. K.
Stoll, Henry county.

FIREMEN'S FUND WILL PAY.

One Hundred Cents on the Dollar
Promised Policy Holders.

San Francisco, Aug. 8.—Attorney
C. E. Kinard, at a meeting of the
policy holders last night announced
that the Firemen's Fund Insurance
Company would pay 100 cents on the
dollar. He said that he had talked
with the large policy holders of the
company and with the stockholders,
and they had assured him that the
company's losses would be paid in
full. He said that he knew of the
plan by which this would be accom-
plished, but was not ready to tell it,
because he had promised to keep the
details secret from the public.

Kinard's 100-cent promise seemed
impossible after President Dutton's
statement that the Firemen's Fund
was going into liquidation, and no
assessment would be levied. Yet the
policy holders are much encouraged
by Kinard's statement.

In the meantime the organized pol-
icy holders are not willing to remain
inactive. They are contemplating
forcing President Dutton to make
deposition giving the names of the
stock holders so that personal suits
may be brought against them.

The California Insurance Com-
pany, of San Francisco, is assessing
its stock holders five times the value
of their holdings in capital stock to
pay losses on a dollar-for-dollar ba-
sis. Its shares are owned by San
Francisco capitalists, every one of
whom was hard hit by the disaster.
Yet this California corporation set
to work heroically and they have
paid \$700,000 to the policy holders.
Its total loss was \$1,250,000, and its
combined capital and surplus on
April 18th amounted to \$390,000.

Under the laws of California direc-
tors of the company found that they
could not assess the stock at more
than its par value of \$40 at any one
time. They decided to levy an as-
sessment each month until five as-
sessments should be paid in. Two
assessments have been levied and
paid, and a third is to be levied to-
day.

Wanderlust.

Up and away, for the dawn is break-
ing!
The mists rise white from the val-
leys fair,
The birds are singing their hymn to
the morning
And the shafts of radiance cleave the
air.

Over the road on the hillside wind-
ing—
No matter where it leads unto—
The far-away hills are beckoning
"onward;"
The lakes are asleep in their nan-
ties blue.

And I would know what lies beyond
them
These stately peaks with their purple
—vells—
And see the land in the heart of the
sunset
Far and far as the white ship sails.

Up and away for the dawn is break-
ing.
O'er mountain forest and pouring
flood!
And I would know what lies beyond
them,
For the wanderer's longing is in my
blood.

—Helen Hughes in Donahoe's Mag-
azine.