OVER THE CAPITAL CITY.

Complete Recital of the Day's Deeds and Doings.

Street Car Contracts—Smallpox—At The Prison—Burned at Sea.

Another Case of Smallpox.

Judge Shaw was this morning notified that a case of smallpox had developed near Gervais. He inquired into the matter and found that a member of the Lachapell family had Saturday been stricken with the dreaded malady. We were unable to learn which one of the men it was. He had been to Portland, where he was no doubt exposed, and upon his return home in a few days broke out with smallpox. They live four miles northwest of Gervais and are under strick quarantine. Elliot Poujade was appointed quarantine officer and ordered to do all in his power to prevent the spread of the disease. Lachapell as yet has but a light case and it is thought he may escape with the varioloid.

Died While in Prison.

George E. Wyton, alias George Payne died at the penitentiary yesterday morning, after a week's illness, of fever. He was sentenced under the name of Payne last January, from Portland, for larceny, to a term of one year. His sister lives in Altoona, Pa., and addressed him here as George E. Wyton. She was ignorant of the fact that he was filling a term of penal servitude. Superintendent Downing sent a telegram to her bearing the sad intelligence of his untimely death, and asking what disposition should be made of the remains. They may be sent east.

On the Oregon Pacific.

The track is now laid seven miles beyond Mehama, and regular trains run as far east as Bates. Construction trains run to the end of the track, which is forty-two miles east of Albany. Since this road has commenced to push through so lively a new vigor is instilled into the country and settlers. New towns are sprining up and great activity is everywhere exhibited. The syndicate which purchased so many acres of timber land about twenty miles from Mehama, is clearing up their land and building a number of neat houses.

Guilty of a Great Crime.

The Portland daily newspapers have committed a grevious crime in suppressing the fact that smallpox existed in Portland. For the sake of having a good attendance at the Mechanics' fair they thus endanger the lives of hundreds—yes, thousands—of innocent and unsuspecting people. That a great fair might score a still greater success these newspapers scatter the seeds of pestilence throughout the whole coast. For this they deserve the severest censure that an outraged people can place upon them.

A Chinese Boycott.

Since the Chemekete hotel has wisely dispensed with the Chinese cooks heretofore employed there, the swathy sons of the flowery kingdom who exist in Salem have instituted a "boycott" against that hostelry. They even refuse to saw wood for the managers. These Chinamen are great imitators, but are following a wretched example when they attempt strikes and boycotts. The Chinese must go!

The Hop Buyers.

G. W. Hubbard, the big California hop buyer, returned yesterday from Silverton, where he succeeded in purchasing the last of the Silverton 1888 hop crop. He bought about three hundred bales, and will ship them at once. He paid fifteen cents. This is about the concluding purchase in that region, as the hops are nearly all sold.

Considerable excitement was created this morning by the announcement that the wife of a well known Salem business man had eloped with her husband's clerk, but investigations revealed the fact she had only gone hurridly to Squire Farrar & Co's to catch some of those splendid bargains in groceries, etc.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT. Sold by D. W. Matthews & Co., 106 State street, Salem, at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

Some Facts of the Oregon Pacific.

In August 1886, a writer of the Astoria Transcript was spending vacation at Yaquina bay when it was announced, with most positive assurance from men who proposed to furnish the money and who were amply able to do it, that the Oregon Pacific railroad would be pushed on to an eastern connection as soon as the line could be built. It was proposed to cross the mountains through the pass east of Albany, and to penetrate the best sections of middle Oregon. In the main the route was to be direct, though there might have been some divergence to take in the districts best calculated to yield business. It was intended that at or near Boise City the Oregon Pacific should meet the Chicago and Northwestern, which was to extend its line to Idaho during the next two years. It was the purpose of the projectors of this enterprise to make the terminus at Yaquina bay. Their plans included the erection of extensive terminal works at Yaquina, which they had faith would become a great commercial city. In their judgement, Yaquina bay afforded sufficient space for all the requirements of a great port, and they believed that the improvement of the entrance to any degree desired was an easy matter of engineering. Two years have elapsed since these assurances were given, and why has not the road been built? The most plausible reply our Astoria friend finds is "that the expectations with respect to Yaquina may have turned to a very serious doubt, which a direct connection at Astoria would remove quickly. When the proposed road is completed it will have to come to Astoria, because there is not now at Yaquina bay, or likely ever to be, a harbor suitable for general commerce. Yaquina is a no more fit place for the terminus of a transcontinental railroad than Portland, Tacoma or Seattle—Astoria is what they want. Come and see if we've exaggerated the least particle. Look at this harbor, seven miles wide, only fifteen miles from the sea, then look upon either of the four above named."

This would indicate that there is after all a great likelihood of the Astoria & South Coast road desiring to hasten to a connection via Salem with the Oregon Pacific.

"My Wife is a Terror!"

Said a mild tempered man in our hearing. "She snaps and snarls, and spanks her children, and finds fault continually. I can't bear it any longer." Don't be too severe on her, my friend; you little realize her sufferings. She has lost her former sweet disposition, and ill health is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will make her well. For female disease, functional derangements, bearing-down pains, and the long list of ills that make women miserable, no medicine can compare with this. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

For all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, take Dr. Pierces Pellet's, or Anti-bilious Granules.

Quite Encouraging, Indeed.

It is gratifying to the managers of the JOURNAL to see with what a kind reception the paper is meeting of late. During the past few days it has been necessary to add several quires to the weekly edition, and every evening finds quite a number of additions to the carrier's list. It is the intention to publish such a paper as the people want. How well we succeed time will tell. We feel encouraged greatly.

Reuben Bee Young.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay County, Iowa, tells the following remarkable story. The truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and biliousness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness and am able to do all of my own housework. I owe all of my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50 and $1. at D. D. W. Cox's drug store.

The Oregon Land Company's ten acre lots are selling rapidly, 40 having been sold since the 8th of Sept. There is no probability that 10 acres of good land within four miles of Salem will ever again be offered for $30 per acre on easy terms. There are now five houses in process of construction on lots already sold and roads are being opened and bridges built so that the value of all of the lots is being rapidly enhanced. Any one wishing to buy ten acres of good land for much less than the price of a city lot will do well to look at this property at once as there is no doubt but that it will all be sold inside of thirty days. Call at the office of the Oregon Land company on Commercial street and you will be shown the property free of charge.

10-11-eodtf.

OCCIDENTAL JOTTINGS.

News And Notes of a General Interest to the Westerner.

John Cyr, who owned a ranch in the lower end of Columbia county, near Westport, lost every cent he had in the world on the election.

The new town of Lyonsville, on the Oregon Pacific railroad, is booming, and will be one of the principal towns on the road between Albany and the summit.

John Davidson, the young man who was pardoned from the penitentiary a few weeks ago by Governor Pennoyer on account of ill health, died near Monroe, Benton county, one day last week.

San Francisco is drawing quite heavily upon the Oregon market for potatoes. Not less than 40,000 bushels have already been sent to that city by steamer, and the prospects are that much heavier shipments will follow.

Ex-convict Peak, who was arrested in Salem on the charge of impersonating another person and obtaining money under false pretences, when released from jail returned to Lane county. The Currins refused to appear against him, else he could have been prosecuted.

"The Oriental Limited," the new vestibule train between San Francisco and Council Bluffs, will make its first trip west the 1st of next month, starting from Council Bluffs at 5 p. m. Wednesday, December 5th, and will leave San Francisco for the return trip at the same time Saturday. Only one train will be constructed and a trip each way will be made but once a week, on the days above stated.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

Rev. C. C. Poling of this city preached in Albany yesterday.

Mr. Bowman, a prominent citizen of Colfax, W. T., is visiting friends in this city.

A nice little webfoot shower has to-day filled the modern Oregonian's longing for rain.

Prof. White of Chicago will lecture at the high school building to-morrow on "Languages."

P. P. Brim, H. K. Hanna and C. W. Kahler, prominent attorneys of Jacksonville, are in the city.

John Richards was before Recorder Strickler this morning and got four days for being drunk.

B. S. Cook, of the Oergon Land Co., went to Portland yesterday, and is expected to return this evening.

Jesse V. Moxham, who has for the past three years made Salem his home, left yesterday, for Humboldt county, Cal.

Joseph Cook hied himself away and Sundayed at Albany—not that he loved the girls of Salem less, but Albany more.

J. R. N. Bell has leased the residence near the up-town mill, and will bring his family to this city the latter part of this week.

D. D. Prattyman Saturday expressed seven immense pears to the Northern Pacific immigration office at St. Paul. Their combined weight was twelve pounds.

Prof. M. V. Rork has rented a cottage near the University, and expects his family from Michigan in a few days. He will make Salem his permanent residence.

This evening the JOURNAL goes to many new places. Our daily list is increasing quite rapidly. We hope to add a couple of hundred names to it before December 1st. If you are not a subscriber, let us send it to you a month on trial.

Two More Prisoners.

Sheriff M. D. Childers of Klamath county arrived in the city to-day with Lamine Jackson, who is to serve a one year term in the penitentiary for assault with dangerous weapon. Sheriff J. M. Slocum of Lane county also came up with Frank Sherman, who gets three years for burglary.

Articles of Incorporation.

To-day the following articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state:

Hot Lake Medical association of Holt Lake, Union county. The capital stock is $100,000, with M. Baker, W. J. Snodgrass and N. Blum incorporators.

DIED.

BARNDRICK—At his home in Salem, at 2a. m., Nov. 19, 1888, of Paralysis, Mr. Barndrick, aged 86 years.

The old gentleman had been ill for some days and his death was not unexpected. The remains will be taken to Wheatland to-morrow for burial.

SOME LITTLE SUNDAY YARNS.

One of Salem's honorable justices of the peace Saturday shouldered his carbine, and hastened to the chase away. The game he sought was duck, and reaching their haunts he assumed a prominent position on a young knoll behind a clump of bushes, and immediately in front of a delightful little pool formed by a rippling mountain rivulet as it hastened on to the mighty sea. The J. P. had scarcely settled to his reveries before he was aroused by the quack of the descending ducklet. He heard the rustling of their wings, and quickly adjusted his artillery—aimed—fired. An awful commotion, as of splashing, followed and a gurgling sound from the waste of waters was recognized to be that of his higness. He was rescued from his impending fate and explained, as he hove great balls of mud from his eyes and mouth, that the frisky cannon had no doubt kicked a trifle. The bystanders doubted not his word.

* * *

"Still achieving, still pursuing, with a heart for any fate" Francis D. Johnson, the wild man from Whiteweight, Texas, writes another letter to learn if "thar is eny moar of them Oregon wimmens with 600 dollars an some stocks which is marragabul an wil hav an take a purty good lookin Texas pensuner." We published Francis' first letter in full, and it seems the adored one has not yet swooped down upon him as would a Kansas cyclone and borne off his silly little fluttering palpitater. He is still undaunted and is now willing to be accepted by a "ladys, widow or made of to or 3 smal childs." This would indicate that he is gradually growing more fond of children. Our suggestion is that he drop over into old Arkansas and enter negotiations with that young mother who last week thoughtlessly made her husband the distracted father of six live and healthy children all at once. The strain upon his nerves was about five too many. The shock crippled his brain, and in the event of his anticipated consignement to the innocuous, there might be a chance for Francis to be taken under the protecting wing of the six-fold mother.

* * *

Mrs. Kicker, my wife, is a woman of great mental capacity, she is. She is an observing woman, and has a mind and temper of her own. The latter she has under perfect control I assure you. My! but she is a faultfinder. Even the way men kiss now-a-days does't suit her. She has givea the matter much attention—too much, I think—and declares that in kissing, all men kiss too forcibly. Now what worries me is to know how the deuce she found it out—I m no forcible detainer, let me tell you! Well, she kicks about it just the same and urges me to help her institute reform measures. I submit, because Mrs. Kicker is an agreeable woman when things go her way. Oh, yes, then she's an amiable old girl. She used to be a girl—long, long ago—before I knew her. To be honest, she always was a girl. She ought to know, and says a kiss to be appreciated by a girl must be gentle and soothing, and under no conditions should be flavored with tobacco or spirituous perfumes. She says, moreover, that she has lately been comparing notes with the other ladies—married and single, widows fresh and maidens fair—and the unanimous decision is that a smoky kiss is n. g. Mrs. Kicker even went so far as to tell our neighbor, Miss Faultfinder, next day that she wished one of our girls had been a boy that she might teach him how to properly kiss. I smiled a greasy, ghastly smile and laughed a laugh that was deadly when Mrs. Finder told me about it. We had no girls.

* * *

A few evenings since Mrs. Kicker and I went to church. We saw lots of people and in turn were seen by many. There was nice music, too. Among other things there was a sermon preached. But the music—it was inspiring. It filled me, thrilled me. My very soul crept out with it and soared far with the dying cadence of the final strain. Music! How it holds us, sways us, charms us, moves us with its heavenly melody. The song which most impressed me was that of "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night?" How many a fond and loving mother's heart is sighing this sweet and solemn inquiry with every setting sun—where is my boy to-night? Echo answers, "where?" and the unruffled pillow, the vacant chair, the walls themselves and a thousand lifeless objects now have being and re-echo the sad refrain.

How sad must have been the message sent yesterday by Superintendent Downing of the penitentiary to a far off eastern lady. It was a message to a loving sister, of the death, in prison, of her absent brother. As George Payne he had been sentenced to hard labor. He had committed larceny.

The precious sister, ignorant of the fact that he was a felon, wearing the prison garb, wrote him, as George Wyton. He told her he had "a good position here and would stay some time." On Saturday last he was stricken with fever and died yesterday. What a pall must the news cast over a happy household, where all are watching and waiting for the arrival home of the long absent brother and son. "Died—in prison!" Those are cruel words to be sent home to loving ones. Life has its sorrows and its joys, and such realities as this cause us to shed a tear and breathe a prayer of sympathy and love for the many mothers who are to-night rending their hearts in the loving inquiry of "where is my boy to-night."

KICKER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. H. W. Cox.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The most thorough investigation of the subject that has yet been put in type—New York News.

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10-1-tf

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8-8-dw-tf

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