

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL. PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY THE Capital Journal Publishing Company.

HOFFER BROTHERS, Editors. Daily, by carrier, per month, \$1.00; by mail, per year, \$10.00; Weekly, 50 cents, per year, \$5.00.

THE LIBERTY ALLIANCE RESOLUTIONS. Dreads upon modern journalism are so multifarious that it is impossible to give space to all that anyone sees fit to write, or even all the resolutions passed by various bodies, upon public matters.

WHEREAS, The people are dissatisfied with the management of affairs in this state by those trusted to shape and conduct them, namely: The large appropriations of the last legislature, the clerical fraud, the large salaries and perquisites of certain state officials, the charge for full time, by one of the members of the state board of equalization of '91, when he gave the state less than one day's actual service. The mandates at the asylum and frauds at the penitentiary, are examples, and

Resolved, That we, the taxpayers and members of Liberty alliance, believe it our duty to stand by the editors and others who, by their knowledge and courage have, or will expose raciality, or trickery in office, to the end that we may know how we are being served.

Resolved, That while we hesitate in positive accusations we believe there is too much truth in the reports to go unheeded by those having authority to recall and appoint other men to these positions.

The alliance is a non-partisan body and the state institutions and state officials referred to are not all of one political complexion. It is assumed that the particular occasion of these resolutions is the attacks that are being made upon Geo. S. Downing's management of the State Prison.

Resolved, That by all fair rules of New York, Downing has been acquitted. A Republican legislature, successive grand juries made up largely of Republicans, who had all the witnesses and all the official and unofficial, public and private, actual and hearsay testimony and gossip laid before them, after fully considering, and hearing the worst that can be said, or that has ever been said,—they refuse to find Mr. Downing guilty.

The resolutions are very sweeping. They indict our whole state government. No words are wasted upon the legislature. It was a badly organized and badly conducted body. No one seemed able to stem the strong tide of corrupting influences that started with the speakership contest. Marion county had a strong delegation but they were not strongly united or at least not strong enough to resist the combination of boodle and ignorance that always naturally coalesces in such bodies.

It was feared by some people that this county would get speakers of both houses. No one doubts now, after all that has been said about Salem as wanting to hog the government of the whole state, that it would have been better for the whole state if Geer and Hirsch had both been elected presiding officers. But it could not well be and the state has paid the heavy penalty of a far-reaching corrupting combination to the legislature.

THE JOURNAL believes in pursuing a fair and conservative course, but it is also a firm believer in the doctrine that animates a great many people in Oregon and all over the country, to-wit:—that with all the growth of schools and churches and circulation of books and newspapers there is not a good and sufficient reason why government should cost so much and be worth so little. In other words, the people are entitled to more actual business results from government. They should be taxed less for indefinite and unknown purposes of political spoils. They should get better results from what they do pay in the way of better roads, better schools, better markets, cheaper railroads fares, cheaper postage, better day to facilities, have their letters and newspapers free delivered along at least every mail post route. Now, of course, this is what all the political parties promise more or less. But as a matter of fact the promises are made mostly by men who do not understand their import beyond that it is a good way to get votes, and who never intend after they get into office to redeem them. But in this way our government is a fraud and were better termed mis-government. If all the propositions in the Oregon platform that were never heard in the last few years could be

laid before our readers it would astonish them. They would see how they had been made fools of. Politics has become a trade that is above the people. It is a science that is deflected from powers on the outside of the visible machinery, of which those who play on the affections of the voter are only the dumb tools. The real leaders stand back and the dumb waiters receive the suffrages of the people. The millionaires and corporation lawyers—that is the shrewdly organized brains and capital of the country seeks to dictate the selection of men for state and county offices who will prove pliable and dependent to serve those interests instead of the mass who are not organized, who have very little money and as a rule still less political sagacity. There are exceptions to this rule, to be sure, but if they are notable they are crushed. It will be said this is socialism, socialism, populism and what not. Let any candid thinking man answer if it is not a true statement of government ever since time began, as it is today in England, and still more so in our country because here there is more wealth and more intelligence, and our boastful dream of a government of the people, by the people and for the people is pretty nearly as great a myth as that of Jack the Giant-killer. With farm products bringing nothing to speak of, with labor poorly employed or not at all, with finance constantly manipulated for the increase of the wealth in the great money centers, with public officials getting more and more, almost small fortunes annually out of public office, with legislation in state and congress less and less representative, with taxes growing heavier and heavier. Have the people no cause to complain? It looks as tho' the Giant was killing Jack. Is legislation any longer representative? Did the people ever authorize the last Oregon legislature to appropriate \$120,000 for military purposes? Was there ever a word said about it in a state platform? We do not blame any of the militia organizations for getting this money if they can. The militia may be necessary and the men at the head of it are honorable gentlemen. But we do not believe the people of this county would elect a man to vote that sum for that purpose, or anywhere except in Portland? And why should the whole state be taxed to maintain a militia establishment to protect the corporations and foreign money-lenders of Portland against the possibility of a cooley or bread riot? It is not the militia the people protest against, so much as the fact that they are no longer their own masters but must pay taxes which they never consented to pay.

Of course, this is only an illustration of the character of much of the work of the legislature in this state. There was no determined well organized fight even among the reform elements of that body to keep down extravagance and improper appropriations. Those who made a fight on the militia bills and the clerkship bill were not so effective but that in each case they were not only voted down but had the evil doubled up on them in spite of their utmost exertions. Their failure is regretted by all but will hardly amount to heroism in defence of the taxpayer. So far as the state officials getting immense salaries there is no help for it. They take no more than they are allowed by law and that any man would take. The constitution should be amended so that salaries be substituted and all fees go to the state. There should be a tax on the gross earnings of the insurance companies and common carriers, at least enough to defray expense of the state government in exercising proper supervision over them and not as is now done, give them the benefit of state control and regulation at the expense of the taxpayer.

Officers elected by the people should have no right to collect fees. The fraud committed by the state board of equalization in taking about \$2000 that was never earned, was committed by men appointed by Governor Penney. The secretary of state is only a clerical officer who is required to issue his warrant upon proper voucher. The treasurer cannot pay a cent except upon proper voucher of the secretary of state. The responsibility for such unjust bills must rest somewhere. The governor will probably say it rests upon the legislature. We are discussing this with perfect freedom and only giving our opinion about it. We doubt if Mr. Pierce were secretary of state he would have done any different. It is said by one who knows that he was no sooner elected than he wanted the job of being messenger of the electoral college to Washington and his son for clerk. As it was, an old Portland politician got it and got all there was in it probably for himself and his family. It is doubtful if we had a Populist government throughout whether there would be any higher state of morals in our state government and if the members of the legislature would steal any less mileage, jack-knives, codes, supreme court reports, or clerkship salaries for their relatives and Portland prostitutes.

The discussion of these resolutions has drawn out much more than we intended. A book could be written about the misdeeds of the legislature and we would perhaps see no better one there. At the root of the whole evil is office-seeking. When men seek public office and get it at any price no reform is possible. They tie their hands to the shame and evil influences and spoils element to such a degree they do not remain free to serve the people. They must serve their masters on the one hand and the mercenary spoil seekers on the other. A man who schemes to get office may serve himself and other schemers well but he can never serve the people otherwise than in a secondary capacity. Perhaps this will always be so. It should not be so among an intelligent people.

THE END OF THE SOOTHYSAYER. In ancient times every monarch and prince, great or little, kept his soothsayer, or at least had recourse to some person who pretended to read the future in the stars or somewhere else. We have still persons who assume to be able to foretell the future, but the great difference between past ages and the present in this regard is that then the great and often wise men of the earth believed in the soothsayers, while now only the foolish and feeble have any confidence in them.

The decline in the credit and honor of soothsaying dates in considerable measure perhaps from a certain performance of John Galeazzo, duke of Milan. He, too, had a soothsayer. One day the reader of the stars came to him and said: "My lord, make haste to arrange your earthly affairs."

"And why shall I do that?" asked the duke. "Because the stars tell me that you have not long to live."

"Indeed! And what do the stars tell you about your own lease of life?" asked Duke John. "They promise me many years more of life."

"So I have read them, my lord." "Well, then," said the duke, "it appears that the stars knew very little about these things, for you will be hanged within half an hour!"

He sent the soothsayer to the gallows with promptness and lived many years afterward himself. Star reading fell into disuse in Milan from that time.—Youth's Companion.

THE SMALL CONVICTED THE JUDGE. Sauerkraut has hitherto been considered the most colorless compound imported from Germany, because, as an old song says, it is a colorless compound which has led in a very damp cellar. Till it smells so high it can smell no more.

But a very formidable rival has now been found to the national dish in a peculiar kind of herring, duly labeled, in accordance with the act, "made in Germany," which formed the subject of a law case before the assistant judge of the Westminster county court. The mysterious herring are sold in tins, their technical name being "Dentische delicatessen," in other words, "German tasty bits." A firm in the fatherland sent over some of these delicacies to Mr. Lingen, a restaurant keeper in the city, and when that gentleman failed to sell them, owing to their 90-horse power odor, it sued him for the price—25 lbs. 6d.

The restaurant keeper's defense was simple: "Dey smell the schoppe out, and I would get three months if I sell them. I never smell anything dat vas so high." His shopman's opinion was: "Mein herr, if you no get rid of dem smellereest fish as ever I smelled, we will all die of de cholera." Stronger testimony was still produced in the shape of a tin of the "delicatessen," which was opened for the judge's edification. The court held its nose until the box was carried out of the building and then gave a verdict for the defendant. Mr. Lingen said he sold only one tin, and the customer who purchased it brought it back and declared that it was more powerful than all the 34 odors of Cologne combined.—London Letter.

ENGLISH MILITARY PUNISHMENTS. Our old English military punishments were not destitute of ingeniously devised discomfort. For instance, there was the wooden horse on a movable stand, made in the similitude of that animal, with head and tail attached to increase the likeness, of planks nailed together and meeting in a sharp ridge. Upon this ridge, as upon the back of a horse, the culprit rode astride with his hands tied behind him and his legs dragged down by attached manacles to prevent, according to a ghastly joke of that time, his horse kicking him.

Another princely gift has been made to the Teachers' college, to which Mr. O. W. Vanderbilt presented the building lots near the site of the Columbia college. The gift is from a woman living outside the city, and her only condition is that her name shall be kept a secret. Two hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed by the unknown donor for a building to be known as the Department of Mechanic Arts.

The main building for the college will cost \$250,000, and of this amount \$150,000 has been collected, \$55,000 having been subscribed on condition that the remaining amount shall be collected. This the trustees are confident of doing within the year. An important phase of the work in the Teachers' college will be the alliance already provided with Columbia college.—New York Sun.

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HUMOR

THAT BOY.

Bob was on hand, and he caused an embarrassment. I was once very sweet on a pretty girl who was unfortunate enough to be big sister to a fiend of the small boy kind. The pretty girl's name was Mabel, and our little love affair was progressing beautifully when I went "hall in my Sunday best" one evening to escort her to a theater. Before I could ring the bell the small boy pulled the front door open and popped out.

"You Mabel's young man?" he asked, with an abruptness that took my breath away. "Is Miss Mabel in?" I asked, with freezing dignity. He leered at me out of his left eye, stuck his tongue in his cheek and whirled three times around on his left heel before saying:

"That's what she is! She's up stairs rignin herself out too fine for anything. She's got on ma's rings and Aunt Sarah's gold chain and!"

"Bob!" came in sharp, agonized tones from the head of the stairs. "And she had her fringe baking on hairpins for over an hour, and!"

"You Robert!" cried the voice of Bob's mother, but Bob went on pitilessly: "And she's got the strangest new dress, and it isn't paid for neither, and won't go off it when the bill comes in for the new hat! Ma says he will, but Ma says she don't care if he does. Ma's plucky, she is. You'll find it out if she pulls off her little scheme of marrying you, and!"

"Robert James, come up here this instant!" is shouted from the stair landing, but Robert James goes on placidly: "You've come to take Ma to the theater, ain't you? I know it, 'cause Ma's been jawin' 'cause you didn't get dress circle tickets instead of the front row in the upper boxes. I said I'd tell on her 'cause she gave me crack on the head for losing the pencil she does her eyebrows with. I hid her plate that's got her three front teeth, but pa thrashed me in to giving them up before he went to town. Ma says—"

Bob's mother came hastily down the stairs, very red in the face and very wild of eye. Bob bounds down the steps and disappears round the house, but thrusts his head out to say: "How sweet you are! Oh, my, you dear little thing! Better get that mustache under cover 'fore the frost nips it. Whose darling is co?"

"Walk in, Mr. H.," says dear Mabel's mamma, making a frantic effort to appear calm. "Our Robert is in one of his playful moods. He is so full of spirits. Mabel is so sorry, but a sudden indisposition has—" "Kiddles an cheese an cucumbers for supper," cries Bob, appearing at an open window.

"The dear child has a most wretched headache. So sorry, but you will excuse her for this evening." "Take me instead, won't you, sweet?" asks Bob.

I drag my wounded vanity away. I am as broken and bruised in spirits as I wish Bob was in the head. Mabel and I meet no more. We have not the moral courage to do so while Bob is above ground. —Yankee Blade.

Only a Mistake. An amateur archeologist one day espied the date 1081 carved on a stone inserted above the door of a stable and persuaded the peasant who owned the property to let him have it for a good round sum of money. A few days afterward the peasant delivered the stone to the purchaser.

"Why," said the latter, "this is not the stone I bought from you the other day. This one bears the date 1801. I won't have it."

"Beg your pardon," answered the peasant, "this is the very stone, only the builder in a mistake put it upside down. You can do the same, you know."—Petit Francois Illustré.

A Thorough Sport. Pelham Parker—Charlie Meadowbrook's horse ran away with him at the last hunt, and he rode down the bounds and finally overtook and passed the fox. "Reggy Westend—Couldn't he stop?" Pelham Parker—That's what the whipper-in asked him, but Charlie said he couldn't think of stopping when he was ahead of the game.—Life's Calendar.

His Reason. Attorney—Now, sir, can't you remember all that was said on that evening? Witness—No, indeed! But you heard it! Yes, but there were six women talking.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Specified. Aunt—When are you going to have dinner today? Dolly? Dolly—When you've gone, auntie, mamma said.—Floh.

No Relief. "Waal, how is ye terday, Mistah Johnson?" "Mistable, James." "Did ye evah try a counth irritant?" "No, but I been undah a counth-pain for a week, an dat don't do no good."—Harper's Bazar.

GOING TO HOUSEKEEPING?

IF so you will thank us for calling your attention to the necessity of keeping the GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk always on hand. In the sick room or the nursery, in the kitchen or on the breakfast table it is always ready for use. Your Grocer and Druggist sell it. Four to five parts water to one of Eagle Condensed Milk makes rich milk.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE NOT RIP. Do you wear them? Who next is used by a job? Best in the world. \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.50, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00. If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay \$5 to \$8, try my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by KRAUSSE BROS.

DR. SANDER'S ELECTRIC BELT. With extra magnetic suspensory. Latest Patent. Best Improvements. Will cure without medicine all diseases resulting from over-exhaustion of brain, nervous system, general debility, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, indigestion, constipation, all forms of neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. It is a most valuable remedy for all these ailments, and is guaranteed to cure them in all cases. Price \$10.00. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Address: SANDER ELECTRIC CO., No. 172 First Street, PORTLAND, ORE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES. (Northern Pacific & E. R. Co., Lessees). LATEST TIME CARD. Two Through Trains Daily. 12:45pm 6:25pm, 10:15pm 7:15pm, 10:45pm 7:45pm, 11:15pm 8:15pm, 11:45pm 8:45pm, 12:15am 9:15pm, 12:45am 9:45pm.

HOWARD, The House Mover. 451 Marion Street. Has the best facilities for moving and raising houses. Leave orders at Gray Bros., or address Salem, Oregon.

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THE PACIFIC DETECTIVE AND COLLECTING BUREAU. SALEM, Oregon. Private work a specialty. C. B. CLEMENT, Manager.

BLOOD DISORDERS A New Remedy. A True Specific—a positive and permanent elimination of all poisons from the blood, and a restoration of healthy vigor to the system is offered to sufferers for the first time in a remedy which has been undergoing the most severe private experiments for the past three years. It has not yet failed and it will not fail, as it is a True Specific for Syphilis, Gonorrhea, and all blood diseases. Do you believe it? Send for full particulars and proof—free. Stop filling your system with mercury and other poisons. This remedy will cure you in 10 to 30 days without fail. We guarantee a cure or refund the money. Address: MOFFAT CHEMICAL CO., 170 First Street, PORTLAND, ORE.

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CHAS. WOLZ, Proprietor of the GERMAN MARKET. South Commercial St., Salem. All kinds Fresh, salt and Smoked Meats and Sausages. FREE DELIVERY. J. H. HAAS, THE WATCHMAKER, 225N Commercial St., Salem, Oregon. (Next door to Hotel's.) Specialty of Spectacles, and repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

MAKE NO MORE MISTAKES CHARLES A. SMITH RUNS The Rustler Wood Saw. And be doesn't burn up half your wood, in fact, when he uses it. Make your estimate with him personally or leave your order at Vassett's cigar store. Your best's best prices, all customers street, or address see by mail. 6-24