

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL. PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY THE Capital Journal Publishing Company, Postoffice Block, Commercial Street. HOFER BROTHERS, - - - Editors.

THE POLITICAL ROUND-UP.

The election of a Democratic goldbug on a Populist bi-metallic fusion platform was the crowning act of political dishonesty which has nearly ruined the people who did it and may kill the man who profited by it. No one can deny the terrible financial stringency that exists all over the land and there is no doubt but that Mr. Cleveland is very sick of his success at the polls last fall, if he is not sick unto death at Buzzard's Bay. Whatever sympathy the people may have with him in his political ailments, that does not extend to his political troubles. There is no doubt as to Mr. Cleveland's financial inclinations. They are undoubtedly of the strictest gold-bug order. He is a Wall Street man and has Wall Street views. He may have had some assurance that the Democratic congress would conform to Wall Street views before he assembled it. But he has been disillusioned. Every effort was made to get Speaker Crisp to appoint a coinage committee that should represent Wall Street. But he is himself a free silver man, and reappointed Bland, a free silver man, and a free silver committee. Before that was done Cleveland had left Washington. Not a word was said but it was known that Wall Street was beaten, and that the Sherman law would be repealed unless free silver coinage was enacted instead. The same plank of the Chicago platform that demanded the repeal of the Sherman law demanded the coinage of both gold and silver upon equal terms at the government mints. Cleveland had promised Wall Street that with the power of patronage he would warp the congress to his will and to do its bidding. But he could not warp the Democrats of the West and South to the Wall Street view. He had promised goods that he could not deliver and retired to Buzzard's Bay crestfallen and defeated. Last year the Blaine leaders pretended to be friendly to the Harrison administration but plotted for the success of the plumed knight for president. They were guilty of a stupendous deception. So it is with the Democratic platform and its facing-both-ways plank on finances. It will be the death of Mr. Cleveland if its promise to Wall Street made by him is not kept. It will be the death of the party if its pledges for free silver to the people are not kept. Shall the party or its leader die? The answer is not difficult. Parties die harder than men. The party rode into power to get the offices. It has no character nor soul to suffer or lose. Mr. Cleveland is fighting for life and death and his party is against him.

There is a jack-pot of \$100,000 of political spoils in state politics to play for in Oregon next June and naturally the old hands are beginning to arrange their cards. Five or six state officers from governor down, a legislature with a senator to elect, and a great flood of appointments running the pool well up into the half million for the biennial term, makes it the most important election that has ever been submitted to the people. Indications are that margins will be very close on some of the non-political offices with the Populist-Granger-Labor Alliance playing the part of the unknown big-four element and threatening to smash all the states. Really the people will be allowed very little choice in the selection of the tickets under the primary law at Portland, Salem and a few other large centers. The Portland Republicans and the Cleveland machine will do most of the wirepulling and probably prepare the dominant slates, leaving very little for the small fry to vote and shout. A few names are mentioned on the Democratic side for governor. It is not assumed that the Democracy has a fighting chance, as the Penneyer element and the Cleveland wing will flap separately, and there will be not less than three tickets in the field. Compson is mentioned for governor and to offset him Townsend of Klamath county is brought out. He is Cleveland's register of the land office and formerly lived in Yamhill county. He is a popular Democrat but McBride beat him by a big vote for secretary of state. For that office the Democrats talk of putting up Attorney General Chamberlain, and on the republican side there is much confusion, a great deal of speculation and much uncertainty. Portland is not presenting anyone and will probably be willing to say to the rest of them, Gentlemen put up your best men. Just the same Portland will have a great deal to say as to who they shall be and more to say about electing them afterwards.

Even if the people have very little to say as to who they shall vote for,

they may be interested to know who is talked about and likely to be put up on the winning tickets. Of the present state officials, by party custom the state treasurer will be accorded a second term. He has also made an obliging official and is a popular man and would be on any ticket. Beginning at the top of the ticket, Binger Hermann and T. T. Goer are known to be in the minds of their friends for the governorship. Judge R. P. Boise and Tilmon Ford of Salem have many admirers both in and out of the party. For secretary of state Republicans are very shy and it is a position that will trouble them not a little to fill well. It is the keystone of the political arch and has more patronage to dispose of than the office of governor, ten times over, and hence is the most important political office in the state. It will require a man of great breadth, political sagacity and knowledge of the men and the varied interests of the state. To fill it well, the occupant should be entirely familiar with the legislation of the state and have an inventory of the state institutions and their wants at his tongue's end. For this office the Eastern Oregon fellows will make a great scramble, and whoever is put up may expect to meet some such Populist Samson as Pierce to battle with. J. T. Gregg, the state fair secretary, is named among others. He has entered into a law partnership with Louis Barin, late U. S. marshal, and Judge Ward of Portland who came from Indiana two years ago. Ed. Hirsch and E. B. McElroy are also named for this office. The former has a pretty strong hold on the Salem machine and the Portland crowd contains many of his backers. The latter has served three terms on the state boards of public institutions and as school superintendent, and is also talked of for governor, along with another former superintendent of schools, L. L. Rowland, now of the asylum. All these are good men and strong men and when the other parts of the state are heard from there is going to be just dozens of possible candidates, with bushels of merit and Republican pedigrees and racing records that no one can question.

FROM NEWPORT.

A Salem Humorist Aims His Saaside Fun.

We are still at our bull pine cottage near Nye creek. This is to inform you that I am well pleased with the JOURNAL. I desire that you continue to send it to me until we return to Salem. I will say that we are all so well pleased with our ocean home that we will remain until the middle of September. Everything in abundance and to spare—here a man with three boys ranging from 7 to 12 years of age drove up and stopped in front of our beautiful air tight cottage and sung out, "Anything wanted?" I went out and looked into his wagon,—butter, eggs, milk, onions, peas, lettuce, beans, potatoes and the nicest honey you ever saw, everything so fresh and nice. That 12-year-old of his was the smartest boy I ever saw. He said to me: "Is your name Penneyer?" I said no. Then he said, "You remind me of him very much." I said, "Do you know the governor?" He said: "I heard him make the nicest talk once in Corvallis I ever heard. By the way," said he, "I know how he stands on this naughty Chinese question, but do you know how he stands on the great and momentous silver question." I said he had never made a full revelation to me in this matter but I thought that he was a bimetalist. Then he remarked, "That he was convinced from all he gleaned from the best informed persons and papers that the governor was not a monometalist." At that I fell over the wagon tongue, the horse broke loose and I broke for the house. I don't go out any more but will send my niece to buy when there are boys in the wagon. No goats here; no mosquitoes, no flies, no traps, no drawbacks, except the great tides and one or two others. I asked a man for twenty dollars and he drew back. I went to the rock oyster bed and they drew back with such a terrible swash that I thought it was Hen Owens spitting at me. Yes, this is the place for wife and I. "Go for the big thieves—let the little ones escape," is my motto. J. I. T.

Are You Nervous.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

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LIZZIE.

I wonder of all wimmin air Like Lizzie when we go out To theaters or concerts where Is things the papers talk about Do other wimmin fret an stew Like they was betwixt and betwixt Frettin a show or concert through With wonderin of the baby cried? Now, Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there To see that everything is right, Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care Ain't good enuff 'r baby quite. Yet what Lizzie thinks or what she said She kind er fidgets by my side An asks me every now an then, "I wonder if the baby cried?" Seems like she seen two little eyes A-plin 'r their mother's smil. Seems like she bears the pleadin cries 'r she never wad a little while. An so she's sorry that she's come, An though she allus tries to hide The truth she'd rather stay to hum Then wonder of the baby cried. Yes, wimmin folks is all alike, By Lizzie you kin judge the rest. Lizzie never wad a little while, But that her mother loved him best. An ne'er to bein what I be. The husband ev my gentle bride, I'd wad it was that croodin wee, With Lizzie wonderin of I cried. —Eugene Field.

A THOUGHTLESS REMARK.

Predicament of a Well Meaning Man Who Talked a Good Deal. A man sometimes makes a very serious mistake in not being explicit in his utterances. For example, our worthy townsman, Mr. P. E. Pettibone, got himself in to a predicament the other day by remarking in the most casual way possible at the Union League club, "We've got a fine boy at our house." It happened in this way: Mr. Pettibone was in the costume and was complaining of a headache. Thereupon a friend said that nobody had any business having a headache such fine weather. To this Mr. Pettibone answered, "You'd have a headache, too, if you'd been kept awake all night by a baby's crying." "Why, what do you know about babies?" asked the friend. "What do I know?" echoed Mr. Pettibone. "I know a heap. We've got a fine boy up at our house." The friend scrutinized Mr. Pettibone's face closely and saw that he was in earnest. So just like a man—he went off and bustled himself, spreading the news that Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone had a baby son. Mr. Pettibone should have explained that the "fine boy" was not his boy, but merely the property of a friend visiting the Pettibone mansion. You see that he said just enough to get himself into trouble.

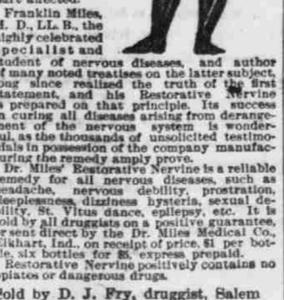
TODAY'S MARKETS.

Prices Current by Telegraph - Local and Portland Quotations. SALEM, August 26, 4 p. m.—Office DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL. Quotations for day and up to hour of quotations press were as follows: SALEM PRODUCE MARKET. PEAS. Peas and beans—5 to 10 cents a gallon. Blackberries—wild 50cts. a gallon; tame 5 cts. a box. Peaches—70 to 80 cts. a basket. BUTCHER STOCK. Veals—dressed 41 cts. Hogs—dressed 61 to 61. Live cattle—2 to 2 1/2. Sheep—alive 1.50 to 2.00. Spring lambs—1.50 to 2.00. MILL PRICES. Salem Milling Co. quotes: Flour in wholesale lots \$3.20. Retail \$3.60. Bran \$17 bulk, \$18 sacked. Shorts \$19 and \$20. Chop feed \$19 and \$20. WHEAT. Old wheat on storage 48 cents. New wheat 50 cents. HAY AND GRAIN. Oats—old, 35 to 40c., new 30c. Hay—Baled, new \$8 to \$12; old \$10 to \$14. Wild in bulk, \$6 to \$8. Barley—Brewing, at Salem, No. 1, 95 to \$1.00 per cwt. No. 2, 70 to 85 cts. FARM PRODUCTS. Apples—75c to \$1.00 a bushel. Wool—Best, 10c. Hops—Small sale, 15 1/2 to 17c. Eggs—Cash, 18 cents. Butter—Best dairy, 25; fancy creamery, 30. Eggs—15 to 15 1/2. Farm smoked meats—Bacon 12 1/2; hams, 13; shoulders, 10. Potatoes—new, 50c to 60c. Onions—1 1/2 to 2 cents. Beeswax—34c. Caraway seed, 18c. Anise seed, 26c. Ginseng, \$1.40. HIDES AND PELTS. Green, 2 cts; dry, 4 cts; sheep pelts, 75 cts to \$1.25. No quotations on furs. LIVE POULTRY. Chickens—7 to 10 cts; broilers 10 to 12 1/2; ducks, 12; turkeys, slow sale, choice, 10 cts; geese slow. PORTLAND QUOTATIONS. Grain, Feed, etc. Flour—Standard, \$3.40; Walla Walls, \$3.40; Graham, \$3.00; superfine, \$2.50 per barrel. Oats—Old white, 40c per bu.; grey, 35c; rolled, in bags, \$2.50 to \$2.50; barrels, \$2.50 to \$2.50. Hay—Best, \$15 to \$17 per ton; common, \$10 to \$13. Wool—valley, 10 to 12c. Millstuffs—Bran, \$17.00; shorts, \$21; ground barley, \$28 to \$24; chop feed, \$18 per ton; whole feed, barley, 80 to 85 per cent; middling, \$23 to \$25 per ton; brewing barley, 90 to 95 per cent; chicken wheat, \$1.20 to \$1.34 per cental. Hops—Old, 10 to 15c., new 15 to 17. DAIRY PRODUCTS. Butter—Oregon fancy creamery, 22 1/2 to 25c; fancy dairy, 20 to 22 1/2; fair to good, 16 to 17c; common, 14 to 15c per lb; California, 35 to 44c per roll. Cheese—Oregon, @ 12; Eastern twins, 15c; Young American, 14 1/2c per pound; California flats, 14c. Eggs—Oregon, 15 to 17c per dozen. Poultry—Chickens, old, \$5.00; broilers, large, \$2.00 to \$3.00; ducks, old, \$4.50 to \$6.00; young, \$2.50 to \$4.00; geese, \$5.00 to \$6.00; turkeys, live, 12c; dressed, 15c per lb. SAN FRANCISCO MARKET. Wool: Oregon Eastern choice, 12c to 15c; do inferior, 9c to 11c; do valley, 14c to 16c. Hops—18 to 21c. Potatoes—E-rly Rose, 30c to 50c. Bur-banks, \$ 40 to 75c per cental. Onions—75c to 85c per cental for red, and \$1.00 to 90c for silverskins. Barley—Feed, 45 to 70c per cental for good quality and \$3 1/2 for choice; brewing, \$ 90 per cental. Oats—Milling, \$1.00 to 1.20.

SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY!

A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system like a telegraph system, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, is a fine network of white lines or nerves which convey the nerve force from the nerve centers to every part of the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every part of the station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fail to reach this fact, instead of treating the nerve centers for the cause of the disorders arising therefrom they treat at the part affected. Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., the highly celebrated specialist and author of many noted treatises on the latter subject, has realized the truth of the first statement, and his Restorative Nerve Tonic is prepared on that principle. Its success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is wonderful, as the thousands of unsolicited testimonials in possession of the company manufacturing the remedy amply prove. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve Tonic is a reliable remedy for all nervous diseases, such as headache, nervous debility, prostration, sleeplessness, dizziness, hysterical, sexual debility, "fits," dance, epilepsy, etc. It is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee. Prepared and put up by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. Restorative Nerve Tonic positively contains no opiates or any poisonous drugs. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.



Treating a Shillelah.

Hugh had for many years been watching over the growth of a young blackthorn sapling. It had arrived at maturity about the time the diabolical article appeared. The supreme moment of his life came just when the weapon on which he depended was ready.

Returning from the manse, his whole heart and soul set on avenging his niece, his first act was to dig up the blackthorn so carefully that he might have enough of the thick root to form a lethal club. Having pruned it roughly, he placed the butt end in warm ashes, night after night, to season. Then when it had become sapless and hard, he cut it to shape, then "put it to pickle," as the saying goes. After a sufficient time in the salt water, he took it out and rubbed it with camellia and train oil for hours. Then he shot a magpie, drained his blood into a cup, and with it polished the blackthorn till it became a glossy black with a mahogany tint.

The shillelah was then a beautiful, tough, formidable weapon, and when tipped with an iron ferrule was quite ready for action. It became Hugh's trusty companion. No Sir Galahad ever cherished his shield or trusted his spear as Hugh Bruce cherished and loved his shillelah.

When the shillelah was ready, other preparations were quickly completed. Hugh made his will by the aid of a local schoolmaster, leaving all he possessed to his maligned niece, and then, decked out in a new suit of broadcloth, in which he felt stiff and awkward, he departed on his mission of vengeance.—McClure's Magazine.

A Clever German. Sparlich, the student, is an artful customer. On the last day of every month he writes, under an assumed name, an impassioned love letter, alternately in French and English, to his rather young and susceptible landlady. The young woman is naturally delighted to have at hand, in the person of her lodger, a confidential translator of these letters. Very naturally, too, the said lodger deducts his charge for translation from the amount of the rent.—Humoristische Blätter.

A Planters Experience. "My plantation is in a malarial district, where fever and ague prevailed. I employ 150 hands; frequently half of them were sick. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of

Tutt's Pills. The result was marvellous. My men became strong and hearty, and I have had no further trouble. With these pills I would not fear to live in any swamp." E. RIVAL, Bayou Sara, La. Sold Everywhere. Office, 140 to 144 Washington St., N. Y.

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A SONG OF BOYHOOD.

When I was but a boy, I lay Upon the cabin floor, What time the tender green of May Our southern mountains wore. The mocking bird was in the vine, The thrush was in the thorn, And an old negro friend of mine Was looting in the corn. Dear Uncle Ben, though black was he, His heart was kind and true, Sweeter than sound of bird or bee The music that he knew. His songs were rude and simple things, No staff could hold his tunes, But they were like the dream that brings The drowse of summer noons. So tender were they, and so warm, So rich with names of joy, And just the melody to charm The soft heart of a boy! That voice fell silent long ago! How long ago, yet still I sometimes feel his soft and low, My lonely spirit fill. It is a voice of youth and home, Of health and happiness, Before the stormy days had come And battle's rage and stress. Ah, would I were a boy once more, And I could bear again Come softly through the cabin door The voice of Uncle Ben! —Maurice Thompson in Youth's Companion.

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