

**BUENA VISTA**

(Too late for last week)

Cleve Prather and family are spending a few days at Newport.

Mable Murphy, who has spent the summer with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilson at Knappa, has returned home to attend school.

R. Petterson spent Sunday with his brother, N. Anderson and wife at McMinnville.

Mrs. George Bonney of Woodburn visited her sister, Mrs. Margaret McClain Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Willson of Knappa is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lester Murphy, and other relatives this week.

Mrs. R. Herron and son, York, of Portland visited her mother, Mrs. Margaret McClain Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Prather of Corvallis attended the lecture Sunday and visited at the M. N. Prather home.

R. Petterson sold a truck load of hogs Tuesday to Mr. Black.

G. E. Harmon and N. C. Anderson are filling their silos.

There was quite a frost Sunday night injuring the corn and tomatoes.

Miss Gladys Reynolds was a Portland visitor Monday.

J. A. Reynolds and family were Albany callers Tuesday.

Mrs. Maude Porter of Latule is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. E. Prather, and picking hops.

Mr. Burch will finish his hops this week.

The lecture given by Miss Church Sunday was well attended and very interesting. Miss Kimm sang a solo in Korean. She has a fine voice. Miss Church was a teacher here about twelve years ago. Her many friends were glad to meet her.

**REDEMPTION**

By MARGARET A. NORTON.

It was a crucial moment. Rachel recognized it. Without a second's hesitation she grasped the steaming coffee pot and, with an alarming agility, sent it, contents and all, right through the big pane of glass in the dining room window.

Then, with a slightly heightened color, but apparently otherwise calm and placid, she began filling some glasses with water to substitute in place of the usual beverage.

Ralph, astonished, aghast, his mouth open, stood as if turned to stone and watched his wife's movements. To his astonished gaze she appeared as cool and chilly as a winter morning.

"They" had told her—why, even Ralph's own mother had warned her—that Ralph's ugly temper had spoiled his first wife's life; that he was given to fits of "meanness," which while they lasted made life near him, or with him, a misery and a terror.

"They" had said that she would rue the day she married him, for he was "overbearing and tyrannical" and "had no thought for anyone but himself." To all well-meaning critics, except Ralph's mother, Rachel had turned a smiling but unmoved face. With Mrs. Rodman she had talked earnestly.

For some months her tactfulness and the love Ralph undoubtedly bore his handsome and cheerful wife held his tyrannical temper within bounds. But this lovely April morning he had risen with all his disagreeable propensities on the surface.

Rachel had not uttered a word of remonstrance, not even when her husband kicked the unoffending cat, threw a chair in his path to the other side of the room and nearly broke the covers of her new range when he replenished the fire. She pretended not to notice that her merry remarks were unanswered or glared at. It was not until through his own carelessness, he had spilled a few drops of hot coffee on his wrist and had, with a muttered oath, thrown the offending cup across the room, landing it in scraps on a pretty and prized rug, that Rachel acted.

It was then that she followed his example, but to his horror and the sudden cooling of his pettish resentment, not only followed his example, but went his several better, for the window pane was a valuable one and the coffee pot one of their best wedding gifts.

Neither spoke during the hasty meal that followed.

At dinner she acted just as usual. Ralph was very silent. He noted that the debris of the morning explosion lay where it had fallen. His mother and uncle were coming to tea.

After dinner he gathered up the broken glass and cleared away the coffee grounds.

That night she prepared a letter. It was not long. In it Rachel told her husband that she had been warned about his inflammable temper; that she loved him despite that very bad blemish, and she believed he was manly enough to conquer his ruling passion. She told him that she meant for a while, "only for a while, and just as an object lesson, to show you how terrible such behavior is. When I see that my acts are not bearing fruit and that you are not bearing fruit and that you are not worth my descending to such tactics then I shall say 'good-by' and forever 'good-by'! I cannot live with a husband unworthy my respect. I should still love you, Ralph, but I should leave you just the same as if my love had departed, for I am an individual with a right to happiness, and it would be unobtainable with you. Think it over, husband!"

Ralph never mentioned the letter, but it was many months before he allowed his besetting vice to get the better of him again, and when he did it proved to be the last time. This time he stoned and killed a hen that had done some damage in the garden. When Rachel, who loved all helpless creatures, saw the mutilated body she acted. That night when Ralph went out to feed his poultry, which he fancied, despite his occasional cruelties, his poultry house was empty. Rachel had given every bird away.

"When you can use creatures humanely," she said, "I'll agree to have more here. But that hen's broken ribs and body made me understand that you had to learn humane principles before we could trust animals of any kind in your hands."

It was the last lesson necessary. Ralph saw the point. He began to respect, as he had never done before with any woman who had come into his life, the will which refused to submit tamely to injustice and tyranny. "I must not lose her," he thought, "for if she goes it will be forever."

A year later as the pair were looking at some fowl that Rachel herself had installed in the poultry houses, Ralph remarked, reminiscently: "I'm mighty glad, Rachel, that you had the gumption to hit hard from the shoulder when I merited it."

And Rachel, her prophecies fulfilled, answered: "I never hit you, honey, but I did hit the black moods that were killing you."

**New Dressing for Burns.**

A newly devised instantaneous dressing for burns consists of three rolls of gauze immersed in a solution of bicarbonate of soda and mineral, put up in a container with an instantly removable lid.

**WANTED—A MOTHER**

By EDITH M. COUCH.

"Wanted—A Mother. Young, wounded soldier, lonely, would like to be adopted by motherly lady. All replies confidential."

Harriett Oggers let the Evening Gazette fall to the floor unheeded, while she gazed out through the open window, lost in memories which this strange advertisement had brought to mind.

None of the neighbors in the small country town would have suspected such an appeal could stir the lonely heart of one who was "them" just a "cut and dried old maid." And yet, who of you who have known the joy and blessing of motherhood, can realize that the longing for the touch of baby fingers and the sound of baby prattle, which, though never known, still is felt perhaps by these same "cut and dried old maids." One of these was Harriett Oggers.

Away back in the past, buried so deeply in her heart that none knew or even suspected, Harriett still carried the memory of her one romance, a romance as sweet and as beautiful as the wisteria whose fragrance floated through the open window to her, but ending in a petty quarrel and the departure of her John to the city. A few rumors had drifted back to the home town of his success in the business world and then of a brilliant marriage, and after that—silence.

The world forgot, but to Harriett there was and always would be but the one in her heart.

"Wanted—A mother." Of course, it was ridiculous, and how the neighbors would talk, and yet, why not? Here she was with a comfortable income, a home, good health; but an ever-increasing loneliness which caused her at times to shrink from the years to come. She pictured herself with a stalwart, manly arm to lean on, and jumping up she hastened to pen her answer before she should change her mind.

In the interval between the day Harriett had made her momentous decision and the arrival of the letter, stating the day and train her boy would arrive on, Harriett lived in a state of nervous excitement. But, at last, the great day came. That morning she felt perhaps her first real bit of regret as she stood before the mirror and each gray hair, and she wondered if, after all, she would or

could look the part of a loving mother to the lonely boy, even though her heart craved the part.

Harriett was at the station several minutes before the train drew into the little station and allowed the handful of passengers to alight. There was Brown, the grocer, and Emma Bee-man's little nephew, who had come to spend the summer, and two dapper young salesmen from the neighboring city and a distinguished looking gentleman whom she did not know, but no one who answered the description of a "young, wounded soldier."

The thought of such a calamity had never entered her trusting heart, and as she came to realize that she may, after all, have been made the butt of someone's joke the tears of mortification filled her eyes, and she made her groping way to the buggy, failing to notice that the stranger was making directly toward her.

A courteous voice asking "Are you Miss Harriett Oggers?" recalled her to earth, and she turned to find a hand extended toward her and a pair of twinkling eyes gazing into her astonished ones.

Something dearly familiar caused Harriett's heart almost to stop beating as she gave a trembling hand to her own John.

Later, when things had resumed somewhat their natural course, John explained that his only boy, tiring of the reign of a tyrannical housekeeper, had inserted the advertisement for a mother. His own mother he had lost when he was too young to remember, but perhaps back in his memory lingered an emptiness that only a mother could fill. When a reply came signed Harriett Oggers John could hardly believe his eyes, and had made a bargain with his son to answer in his place.

"And, Harriett," said John, drawing his chair closer in the gathering twilight of the veranda that evening, "don't you think you could be a mother to two boys, instead of one? I will see Parson Somers in the morning, and then we will wire the boy to come and meet his new mother."

It is well that none of the inquisitive neighbors was looking as the "cut and dried old maid" hurried her flushed face on John's shoulder.

A good swimmer ought easily to realize that keeping one's head above the waters of failure depends a good deal on how one handles defeat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**HIGH COST OF POPULARITY.**

"I understand your friend, Gadsper, is proficient in making home brew," said Mr. Bibbles.

"Well, you needn't expect me to introduce you to him," said Mr. Twobble, with some heat. "He has too many friends now to suit me. When I drop in to see him, just to be neighborly, you know, he seldom has more than two or three bottles to show me for a week's work."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**NONMETALLIC GEAR MATERIAL.**

Up to a few years ago practically all noiseless gears were made from rawhide or hard fiber. Both of these materials are unsuitable for timing gears, because they swell and distort when immersed in oil. Recently a number of nonmetallic materials have been developed which have sufficiently high mechanical properties to permit of their use in toothed gearing and are nonsonorous and impervious to oil and alkalis. One of the latest of these materials contains two basic elements, a phenol-formaldehyde condensation product and a fabric.

The material is as strong as cast iron, is not affected by moisture or oil, is of a high dielectric strength and is inert, insoluble and resistant to most acids.—Scientific American.



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| Dairy Maid Milk, 10 cans<br><b>1.00</b>   | No. 5 Lard..... <b>69c</b><br>No. 10 Lard..... <b>1.39</b>               | Kelloggs Corn Flakes..... <b>12c</b><br>Post Toasties..... <b>12c</b>             | 4 lbs. Curve Cut Macaroni<br><b>25c</b>  |
| 5 lbs. Bulk Coffee<br><b>1.00</b>         | 33 Bars Yellow Soap<br><b>1.00</b>                                       | Ne-Hall Tomatoes 2 for..... <b>25c</b><br>Royal Club Tomatoes can..... <b>15c</b> | 4 lbs. Cream Rolled Oats<br><b>25c</b>   |
| 20 Bars Crystal White Soap<br><b>1.00</b> | 1 pound can 10 cans Alaska Salmon<br><b>1.00</b>                         | Pork and Beans 2 cans<br><b>23c</b>   | 1 Gallon Tea Garden Syrup<br><b>1.20</b><br>1-2 gal. 62c; quart 33c  |
| 16 lbs. California Rice<br><b>1.00</b>    | 1 gal. White Karo..... <b>70c</b><br>1 gal. Amber Karo..... <b>66c</b>   | Large can Mission Sliced Pineapple<br><b>26c</b>                                  | Citrus Wash Powder..... <b>23c</b><br>Seafoam..... <b>23c</b>  |
| 2 Pounds Cheese<br><b>47c</b>             | 1 gal. Marshmallow..... <b>93c</b><br>½ gal. Marshmallow..... <b>49c</b> | Royal Club Pineapple<br><b>28c</b>  | M. J. B. Coffee, 1 lb..... <b>36c</b><br>3 lbs., per lb..... <b>35c</b><br>5 pounds, per pound<br><b>34c</b> |

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