

THE Bargain Counter

If you are looking for bargains it will be well to scan the propositions under this heading each week:

Cockereels—\$1.50 each, ten to sell. O. A. C. stock from eggs gotten this Spring from the Oregon Agricultural College, which sends out only eggs from hens with records of 200 eggs or more per hen, producing cockereels that will increase the laying quality of any flock far beyond the usual. It is said the O. A. C. cannot supply the demand at \$2.00 each. Call at this office for name and address of owner, who plans leaving St. Johns.

\$175 Cash—Overland, 5-passenger Automobile. In good condition; tires new or practically new. Just the thing for a workman who resides some distance from his work, or for family use. This bargain will go quick, so hurry. Call at this office for name and address of owner who has no further use for it and needs the room it occupies.

\$275—Blacksmith Shop. Thoroughly equipped for all kinds of blacksmithing. Worth more than \$400. Best location in St. Johns. A splendid opportunity. If you have a blacksmith friend looking for a location, tell him about it. \$75 cash, balance on easy terms. For name and address of owner, who is now engaged in other business, call at this office.

The Typewriter Paper, 500 sheets. Good quality and just the thing for students. A bargain at the price. On sale at this office.

\$75.00—Parcell Safe, 41 in. high, 31 in. wide, 25 in. deep; weight about 1600 pounds. In good condition and worth double the price. Call at this office.

\$15.00—Lady's Ranger Bicycle. Call at this office.

\$25.00—Chief Bicycle. This office.

\$15.00—Blaker Shot Gun, double barreled. Cost \$100 when new. Call at this office.

\$10.00—Winchester Rifle, 38-50 cal. Call at this office.

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Residents of St. Johns having taxes and city liens to pay in Portland can make their payments without inconvenience by availing themselves of our services. We will pay same and secure your receipt without inconvenience to you. Fee, 25 cents. References: Any St. Johns Bank—Peninsula Title, Abstract and Realty Co., by H. Henderson, Manager; 402 North Jersey street.

In order to insure a change of ad verification the copy for change should reach this office not later than Wednesday, at 3 o'clock p. m. Please remember this and save the printer

Picking the Better Man

A Thrilling Episode Enabled Polly to Decide.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

I shall never forget that summer, the most important season of my life. David was then twenty-five, tall and straight as an arrow, cool of disposition, never flustered, while I was not only full of whims, but impulsive and never certain of doing the right thing at the right time.

I had known him since I was a little girl and had always looked up to him as something too far above such a chit as I. Cyril Marston I did not meet till that eventful summer, but as soon as he saw me it was plain that I had made an impression.

My uncle—my dear uncle who loved me as his own child—was with me, or, rather, I was under his care, and I knew he was watching me, knowing that I had two strings to my bow. I tried to get out of him which was his choice, but he would not tell me. I have since known that he preferred to leave it to me to choose instinctively the better man.

My uncle bade me goodbye as I stood on the steps of the summer hotel. "Have a good time, Polly," he said at parting, "and may the best man win."

I laughed, but my face flushed hotly, and when uncle had gone I sat there upon the veranda thinking things over. You see, David had been asking me to marry him both in and out of season for a long time, but why hurry to decide so important a question, for David would always be waiting patient and faithful, immovable as the sphinx.

So through this one long summer vacation at least I determined to think no more of the vexing question of marrying or giving in marriage, and then Cyril Marsden appeared on the scene.

It was very gratifying, I must admit, to be the one chosen above all others by a man so greatly admired, and we were soon jolly good companions, he and I, always enjoying together the little excursions and fetes which the guests had planned.

Then one day David came. It startled me, and I said: "What! You here?"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "it is I. You do not seem pleased to see me, Polly?"

"If I had known that you were coming," I answered flippantly, "I would have met you with a brass band. As it is—"

David's face grew very stern. "Yes," he said questioningly, "as it is?"

"I have made another engagement for this afternoon," I finished. David studied me reprovingly.

"Then, Polly," he said slowly, "I will not stay to interrupt your plans."

His glance followed mine down the roadway, where Cyril Marsden came swinging along, looking very handsome in his yachting flannels. David barely acknowledged the introduction as I presented the two men, but Cyril was charming and gracious as ever and thoughtfully invited David to accompany us on our pleasure trip—an invitation which was curtly refused.

"Goodbye, Polly," David said in a low voice. "I think that I understand everything now."

That summer upon the lake shore was one round of gaiety, but I did not see or hear from David again.

It was after we had returned to the city that Cyril disappointed my summer time friends by proving that upon his part at least ours had not been an idle flirtation, for he asked that world old question, and, listening, I thrilled at the beauty of his language.

He had driven me about in his electric as I shopped one glorious morning, and we stopped to dine at a restaurant on the ninth floor of a great department store building.

It was when we had settled ourselves in a secluded corner that my roving eyes fell upon David. He had evidently finished his meal and was leaning back wearily.

How white and thin he looked! Working steadily all summer without rest or recreation had been too hard on him.

The pianist began to play something weird and sad, and the violin joined in sobbingly. I looked down upon my corsage bouquet of white violets tied with silken cord, and resentment rose within me at the thought that with all his unceasing labor David could not hope to buy the violets which Cyril bestowed so lavishly.

Then above the hum of conversation, even above the crash of the

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music, I became conscious of an air of subdued excitement. The little waitresses hurried about with white and frightened faces, men talked quietly together, then hastened from the room.

"What is it?" I asked of Cyril, and he went to see.

Presently he beckoned me from the doorway. "Something is wrong," he said nervously. "We had better get out."

But as we made our way to the elevators we found them already surrounded by a crowd pushing and struggling recklessly to get nearer the iron doors, clerks hurried down the narrow stairway, disorder and confusion prevailed.

Then I saw David's tall figure. He had been speaking to one of the managers. Now his voice rang out clearly, convincingly:

"There is no cause to be alarmed," he said. "A slight fire in the front part of the building will soon be under control. The one great danger to be averted at this time is a panic. The elevators can easily carry every one here to safety in a short time. Coolness and obedience are all that is required."

He went about quickly, and with the aid of men who followed his directions long lines were formed reaching to the doors of the elevators, which worked swiftly as the orderly rows of people moved slowly forward or patiently awaited their turn.

There was no sound within now save David's voice encouraging, reassuring. Cyril clutched my arm frantically. "We will be next," he exclaimed. "Make a rush for it."

Then David approached. "Polly," he said very gently, "I am glad that you are near the door."

"Just two more," called the elevator man as Cyril hurried me forward. We had entered the car when I saw a woman look up at Cyril beseechingly and then step back in sudden disappointment.

She had a little child in her arms. Then it all happened very quickly—the woman had my place in the elevator, the iron door clanged shut, and I stood coughing a little with the smoke and smiling up at David.

"Oh, Polly," he said sternly, "why did you do that?"

And I slipped my hand through his arm and answered honestly, "I did it, David, because I could not bear to be outside while you were here, and I am going to stay with you to the last."

I have read in stories of faces being illuminated, and I understood the full meaning of the word as I looked at David now.

He did not speak, but held me close to his side as our life saver came flying up again. The people were growing unruly now and pressed forward roughly.

Suddenly David lifted me in his arms, the iron doors closed again, and this time I was going down, down with the fortunate ones to safety.

As we came out into the fresh air and were led to a place beyond the protecting rope a cheer went up from the crowd, and I raised my smoke smarting eyes to the windows of the ninth story, where little tongues of flame leaped and curled.

Sick with fear, I waited, knowing that David would be the last person to leave the burning floor. From time to time faint cheers sounded as the elevators unloaded their precious burdens; then with a wild and glaring light the flames burst forth unrestrained. Tremblingly I covered my face, but soon a mighty resounding cheer seemed to shake the earth. "All out safely!" called a triumphant voice, and the people all about were telling excitedly of the presence of mind and the bravery of the man who prevented a panic.

"Who is he?" asked a young man who stood near with notebook and pencil in hand. And I heard myself answering him proudly, almost unconsciously. "He is David Gray," I said. "The man I am going to marry." Then I turned to find David's eyes looking into mine.

"Come, Polly," he said softly and hastily drew me away. As we walked down a quiet side street I looked up into his dear grimy face with its tired lines.

"David," I asked reproachfully, "why did you not let me stay with you up there until the last?"

"Because, Polly," he answered, with a happy, boyish laugh, "I wanted you to stay with me down here until the last."

And that is how we became engaged.

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OWING To the fact that many of our friends have been unable to avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the extremely low prices of our "GET ACQUAINTED" Sale, we have decided to extend the sale period for another ten days to and including October 20th.

We appreciate the very liberal patronage extended to us, and are here to make every possible effort to please and satisfy your needs.

We are overstocked on some lines and will continue the low prices as advertised in our opening sale until Oct. 20th. Our grocery department is complete and you will find it a great help in overcoming the high cost of living.

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