

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MONTH OF JUNE

RED FRONT STORE

COURT HOUSE BLOCK OREGON CITY, OREGON

Regular 12 1/2c Percale, per yard.....	10c
Light Colored Calico, per yard.....	4c
Indigo Blue Oil Calico, per yard.....	5c
Curtain Scrim, per yard.....	5c up
Bunting, white or colors.....	5c
Cotton Batting, extra quality, per pound.....	12 1/2c
The Celebrated Dr. Warner's Corset.....	50c up
26-inch Steel Rod Umbrella.....	50c

Notions

Pins per paper.....	1c
Safety Pins, per paper.....	5c
Hair Pins, per box.....	5c
Finishing Braid, bunch.....	5c
Darning Cotton, 2 balls for.....	5c
Embroidery Silk, 6 spools.....	5c
White Tape, 2 rolls.....	5c
Silk Finish Crochet Cotton, spool.....	5c
Sheet Wadding, 3 sheets.....	5c
Sewing Machine Oil, 10c size bottle.....	5c
Vaseline, bottle.....	5c
White Metal Tea Spoons..... 6 for	15c
White Metal Table Spoons..... 6 for	25c
Aluminum Thimble.....	5c
Liquid Shoe Dressing.....	7c

We have a big quantity of Ladies' Shirt Waists and Skirts which we are offering at a Big Reduction

We carry the J. B. Lewis Wear Resister, and Bradley & Metcalf Shoes These shoes are well known and once you use them will call for them again We are making a special cut on shoes

We are agents for the celebrated Standard Patterns. Call and get fashion sheet free

We carry the celebrated Gilbert Linings.

Millinery

In our Millinery department we are offering special inducements.
Sailor Hats 25c up
Trimmed Hats \$1 00 up

Men's Suspenders, full length, from.....	10c up
Men's Balbriggan Underwear, per suit.....	50c
Men's White Handkerchiefs.....	5c
Men's Blue or Red Handkerchiefs.....	5c
Men's Heavy Working Gloves, from.....	25c up
Men's Working Shirts, from.....	25c to 50c
Men's Fancy Dress Shirts.....	35c to 75c
Men's Black Satine Shirts.....	45c
Men's Heavy Black Duck Shirts.....	60c
Straw Hats.....	5c up

Groceries

Tomatoes..... 3 cans	25c
Corn..... 3 cans	25c
Oysters..... 3 cans	25c
Washing Powder..... 3 pounds	15c
Corn Meal..... 10 pounds	20c
Bulk Extracts..... per oz.	5c
Corn Starch..... per pound	5c
Roast Coffee..... pound	10c up
Scouring Soap.....	5c
Good Syrup, in wooden pail, per pail.....	65c
"Our Mother's" Starch, same as Celluloid, with 1/4 pound more to package.....	10c

We always have on hand a large stock of Mason Fruit Jars, Caps and Rubbers.

Remember that we pay highest market prices for Farm Produce, Shingles, Etc.

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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When Saturday, the election day, came, the excitement rose to its height. An attempt was made to close all the saloons. It was partly successful, but there was a great deal of drinking going on all day. The Rectangle boiled and heaved and cursed and turned its worst side out to the gaze of the city. Gray had continued his meetings during the week, and the results had been even greater than he had dared to hope. When Saturday came, it seemed to him that the crisis in his work had been reached. The Holy Spirit and the satan of rum seemed to rouse up to a desperate conflict. The more interest in the meetings the more ferocity and violence outside. The saloon men no longer concealed their feelings. Open threats of violence were made. Once during the week Gray and his little company of helpers were assailed with missiles of various kinds as they left the tent late at night. The police sent down special protection, and Virginia and Rachel were always under the protection of Rollin or Dr. West. Rachel's power in song had not diminished. Rather with each night it seemed to add to the intensity and reality of the Spirit's presence.

Gray had at first hesitated about having a meeting that night, but he had a simple rule of action and was always guided by it. The Spirit seemed to lead them to continue the meeting, and so Saturday night he went on, as usual.

The excitement all over the city had reached its climax when the polls closed at 6 o'clock. Never had there been such a contest in Raymond. The issue of license or no license had never been an issue under such circumstances. Never before had such elements in the city been arrayed against each other. It was an unheard of thing that the president of Lincoln college, the pastor of the First church, the dean of the cathedral, the professional men living in the fine houses on the boulevard, should come personally into the wards and by their presence and their example represent the Christian conscience of the place. The ward politicians were astonished at the sight. However, their astonishment did not prevent their activity. The fight grew hotter every hour, and when 6 o'clock came neither side could have guessed at the result with any certainty. Every one agreed that never

had there been such an election in Raymond, and both sides awaited the announcement of the result with the greatest interest.

It was after 10 o'clock when the meeting at the tent was closed. It had been a strange and, in some respects a remarkable meeting. Henry Maxwell had come down again at Gray's request. He was completely worn out by the day's work, but the appeal from Gray came to him in such a form that he did not feel able to resist it. Donald Marsh was also present. He had never been to the Rectangle, and his curiosity was aroused from what he had noticed of the influence of the evangelist in the worst part of the city. Dr. West and Rollin had come with Rachel and Virginia, and Loreen, who had staid with Virginia, was present near the organ, in her right mind, sober, with a humility and dread of herself that kept her as close to Virginia as a faithful dog. All through the service Loreen sat with bowed head, weeping a part of the time, sobbing when Rachel sang the song, "I was a wandering sheep," clinging with almost visible, tangible yearning to the one hope she had found, listening to prayer and appeal and confession all about her like one who was a part of a new creation, yet fearful of her right to share in it fully.

The tent had been crowded. As on some other occasions, there was more or less disturbance on the outside of the tent. This had increased as the night advanced, and Gray thought it wise not to prolong the service. Once in a while a shout as from a large crowd swept into the tent. The returns from the election were beginning to come in, and the Rectangle had emptied every lodging house, den and hovel into the streets.

In spite of the distractions, Rachel's singing kept the crowd in the tent from dissolving. There were a dozen or more conversions. Finally the crowd became restless, and Gray closed the service, remaining a little while with the converts.

Rachel, Virginia, Loreen, Rollin and the doctor, President Marsh and Henry Maxwell went out together, intending to go down to their usual waiting place for their car. As they came out of the tent they at once were aware that the Rectangle was trembling on the edge of a drunken riot, and as they pushed through the gathering mobs in the narrow streets they began to realize that they themselves were objects of great attention.

"There he is, the bloke in the tall hat. He's the leader!" shouted a rough voice. President Marsh, with his erect, commanding figure, was conspicuous in the little company.

"How has the election gone? It is too early to know the result yet, isn't it?" He asked the question aloud, and a man answered: "They say second and third wards have gone almost solid for no license. If that is so, the whisky man have been beaten."

"Thank God! I hope it is true," exclaimed Henry Maxwell. "Marsh, we are in danger here. Do you realize our situation? We ought to get the ladies to a place of safety."

"That is true," said Marsh gravely. At that moment a shower of stones and other missiles fell over them. The narrow street and sidewalk in front of them were completely choked with the worst elements of the Rectangle.

"This looks serious," said Maxwell. With Marsh and Rollin and Dr. West he started to go forward through the small opening. Virginia, Rachel and Loreen following close and sheltered by the men, who now realized something of their danger. The Rectangle was drunk and enraged. It saw in Daniel Marsh and Henry Maxwell two of the leaders in the election contest who had perhaps robbed them of their beloved saloon.

"Down with the aristocrats!" shouted a shrill voice, more like a woman's than a man's.

A shower of mud and stones followed. Rachel remembered afterward that Rollin jumped directly in front of her and received on his head and chest a number of blows that would probably have struck her if he had not shielded her from them.

And just then, before the police reached them, Loreen darted forward at the side of Virginia and pushed her aside, looking up and screaming. It was so sudden that no one had time to catch the face of the one who did it. But out of the upper window of a room over the very saloon where Loreen had come out a week before some one had thrown a heavy bottle. It struck Loreen on the head, and she fell to the ground. Virginia turned and instantly knelt down by her. The police officers by that time had reached the little company.

Donald Marsh raised his arm and shouted over the howl that was beginning to rise from the wild beast in the mob.

"Stop! You've killed a woman!" The announcement partly sobered the crowd.

"Is it true?" Henry Maxwell asked as Dr. West knelt on the other side of Loreen, supporting her.

"She's dying!" said Dr. West briefly. Loreen opened her eyes and smiled at Virginia. Virginia wiped the blood from her face and then bent over and kissed her. Loreen smiled again, and the next moment her soul was in paradise.

And yet this is only one woman out of thousands killed by this drink devil. Crowd back now, ye sinful men and women in this filthy street! Let this august dead form be borne through your stupefied sobered ranks. She was one of your own children. The Rectangle had stamped the image of the beast on her. Thank him who died for sinners that the other image of a new soul now shines out of her pale clay. Crowd back! Give them room! Let her pass reverently, followed and surrounded by

the weeping, awestruck company of Christians. Ye killed her, ye drunken murderers! And yet, and yet, O Christian America, who killed this woman? Stand back! Silence there! A woman has been killed! Who? Loreen, child of the streets—poor, drunken, vile sinner! O Lord God, how long? Yes; the saloon killed her—that is, the voters in Christian America who license the saloon. And the judgment day only shall declare who was the murderer of Loreen.

"I have available for use at least \$450,000. Rollin has as much more. It is one of his bitter regrets now that his extravagant habits of life before his conversion practically threw away half that father left him. We are both eager to make all the reparation in our power. 'What would Jesus do with this money?' We want to answer that question honestly and wisely. The money I shall put into The News is, I am confident, in line with Jesus' probable action. It is as necessary that we have a daily Christian paper in Raymond, especially now that we have the saloon influence to meet, as it is to have a church or a college. So I am satisfied that the \$500,000 that Mr. Norman will know how to use so well will be a powerful factor in Raymond to do as Jesus would do.

"About my other plan, Rachel, I want you to work with me. Rollin and I are going to buy up a large part of the property in the Rectangle. The field where the tent now is has been in litigation for years. We mean to secure the entire tract as soon as the courts have settled the title. For some time I have been making a special study of the various forms of college settlements and resident methods of Christian work and institutional church work in the heart of great city slums. I do not know that I have yet been able to tell just what is the wisest and most effective kind of work that can be done in Raymond, but I do know this much—my money (I mean God's, which he wants me to use) can build wholesome lodging houses, refuges for poor women, asylums for shopgirls, safety for many and many a lost girl like Loreen. And I do not want to be simply a dispenser of this money. God help me! I do want to put myself into the problem. But do you know, Rachel, I have a feeling all the time that all that limitless money and limitless personal sacrifice can possibly do will not really lessen very much the awful conditions at the Rectangle as long as the saloon is legally established there. I think that is true of any Christian work now being carried on in any great city. The saloon furnishes material to be saved faster than the settlement or residence or rescue mission work can save it."

Virginia suddenly rose and paced the hall. Rachel answered sadly and yet with a note of hope in her voice:

"It is true; but oh, Virginia, what a wonderful amount of happiness and power can come out of this money! And the saloon cannot always remain here. One time must come when the Christian force in the city will triumph. Virginia paused near Rachel, and her pale, earnest face lighted up.

"I believe that too. The number of those who have promised to do as Jesus would is increasing. If we once have, say, 500 such disciples in Raymond, the saloon is doomed. But now, dear, I want you to look at your part in this plan for capturing and saving the Rectangle. Your voice is a power. I have had many ideas lately. Here is one of them. You could organize among the girls a musical institute. Give them the benefit of your training. There are some splendid voices in the rough there. Did any one ever hear such singing as that yesterday by those women? Rachel, what a beautiful opportunity! You shall have the best of opportunity in the way of organs and orchestras that money can provide, and what cannot be done with music to win souls there into higher and better and purer living!"

Before Virginia had ceased speaking Rachel's face was perfectly transfigured with the thought of her life work. It flowed into her heart and mind like a flood, and the torrent of her feeling overflowed in tears that could not be restrained. It was what she had dreamed of doing herself. It represented to her something that she felt was in keeping with a right use of her own talent. "Yes," she said as she rose and put her arms about Virginia, while both girls in the excitement of their enthusiasm paced the hall—"yes, I will gladly put my life into that kind of service. I do believe that Jesus would have me use my life in this way. Virginia, what miracles can we not accomplish with humanity if we have such a lever as consecrated money to move things with!"

"Add to it consecrated personal enthusiasm like yours, and it certainly can accomplish great things," said Virginia, smiling, and then before Rachel could reply Rollin came in. He hesitated a moment and was passing out of the hall into the library when Virginia called him and asked some questions about his work.

To be continued.

Saved Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W.K. Haviland, of Armonk, N. Y. "but, when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had Consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and to day she is perfectly well. Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for Cough and Colds. 50c and 1.00 bottles guaranteed by George A. Harding. Trial bottles free.

Cycling has its up and downs. After the downs, use Banner Salve! If you're cut or bruised. It heals the hurt quickly. Take no substitutes. Charman & Co.

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Drugs. No Wanting of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Effective Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS! CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS! This remedy is no sense a nostrum but is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "Home GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing in reach of everybody a treatment more effective than others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. E 594, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

Ira D. Reckard, Duncombe, Ia., writes: "My little boy scalded his leg from the knee to the ankle. I used Banner Salve immediately and in three week's time it was almost entirely healed. I want to recommend it to every family and advise them to keep Banner Salve on hand, as it is a sure remedy for scalds or any sores." Charman & Co.

William Woodard, of Decatur, Ia., writes: "I was troubled with kidney disease, for several years and four one dollar size bottles of Eoley's Kidney Cure cured me. I would recommend it to anyone who has kidney trouble. Charman & Co.