

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

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

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, 2 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

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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CHAPTER VII

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.

The body of Loreen lay in state at the Page mansion on the avenue. It was Sunday morning, and the clear, sweet air, just beginning to breathe over the city the perfume of opening blossoms in the woods and fields, swept over the casket from one of the open windows at the end of the grand hall. The church bells were ringing, and the people on the avenue going by to service turned curious, inquiring looks up at the great house and went on, talking of the recent events which had so strangely entered into and made history in the city.

At the First church Henry Maxwell, beating on his face marks of the scene he had been through the night before, confronted an immense congregation and spoke of it with a passion and a power that came so naturally out of the profound experiences of the day before that his people felt for him something of the old feeling of pride they once had in his dramatic delivery. Only this was a different attitude, and all through his impassioned appeal this morning there was a note of sadness and rebuke and stern condemnation that made many of the members pale with self accusation or with inward anger.

For Raymond had awakened that morning to the fact that the city had gone for license, after all. The rumor at the Rectangle that the second and third wards had gone no license proved to be false. It was true that the victory was won by a very meager majority, but the result was the same as if it had been overwhelming. Raymond had voted to continue another year the saloon. The Christians of Raymond stood condemned by the result. More than a hundred Christians, professing disciples, had failed to go to the polls, and many more than that number had voted with the whisky men. If all the church members of Raymond had voted against the saloon, it would today be outlawed instead of crowned king of the municipality. That had been the fact in Raymond for years. The saloon ruled. No one denied that. What would Jesus do?

And the woman who had been brutal by struck down by the very hand that had assisted so eagerly to work her earthly ruin—

ing more than the logical sequence of the whole horrible system of license that for another year the saloon that received her so often and compassed her degradation, from whose very spot the weapon had been hurled that struck her dead, would by the law which the Christian people of Raymond voted to support open its doors, perhaps tomorrow, and damn with earthly and eternal destruction a hundred Loreens before the year had drawn to its bloody close?

All this, with a voice that rang and trembled and broke in sobs of anguish for the result, did Henry Maxwell pour out upon his people that Sunday morning, and men and women wept as he spoke. Donald Marsh sat there, his usual erect, handsome, firm, bright, self confident bearing all gone, his head bowed upon his breast, the great tears rolling down his cheeks, un mindful of the fact that never before had he shown outward emotion in a public service. Edward Norman near by sat, with his clear cut, keen face erect, but his lip trembled and he clutched the end of the pew with a feeling of emotion that struck deep into his knowledge of the truth as Maxwell spoke of it. No man had given or suffered more to influence public opinion that last week than Norman. The thought that the Christian conscience had been aroused too late or too feebly lay with a weight of accusation upon the heart of the editor. What if he had begun to do as Jesus would long ago? Who could tell what might have been accomplished by this time? And up in the choir Rachel Winslow, with her face bowed on the railing of the oak screen, gave way to a feeling she had not yet allowed to master her, but it so unfitted her for her part that when Henry Maxwell finished and she tried to sing the closing solo after the prayer her voice broke, and for the first time in her life she was obliged to sit down sobbing and unable to go on.

Over the church in the silence that followed this strange scene, sobs and the noise of weeping arose. When had the First church yielded to such a baptism of tears? What had become of its regular, precise, cold, conventional order of service, undisturbed by any vulgar emotion and unmoved by any foolish excitement? But the people had lately had their deepest convictions touched. They had been living so long on their surface feelings that they had almost forgotten the deeper wells of life. Now that they had broken to the surface the people were convinced of the meaning of their discipleship.

ings had been characterized by distinct impulses or impressions. Today the entire force of the gathering seemed to be directed to this one large purpose. It was a meeting full of broken prayers, of contrition, confession, of strong yearning for a new and better city life, and all through it ran the one general cry for deliverance from the saloon and its awful curse.

But if the First church was deeply stirred by the events of the week con-

the Rectangle also felt moved strongly in its own way. The death of Loreen was not in itself so remarkable a fact. It was her recent acquaintance with the people from the city that lifted her into special prominence and surrounded her death with more than ordinary importance. Every one in the Rectangle knew that Loreen was at this moment lying in the Page mansion up on the avenue. Exaggerated reports of the magnificence of the casket had already furnished material for eager gossip. The Rectangle was excited to know the details of the funeral. Would it be public? What did Miss Page intend to do? The Rectangle had never before mingled even in this distantly personal manner with the aristocracy on the boulevard. The opportunities for doing so were not frequent. Gray and his wife were besieged by inquiries as to what Loreen's friends and acquaintances were expected to do in paying their last respects to her, for her acquaintance was large, and many of the recent converts were among her friends.

So that is how it happened Monday afternoon at the tent that the funeral service of Loreen was held before an immense audience that choked the tent and overflowed beyond all previous bounds. Gray had gone to Virginia, and after talking it over with her and Henry Maxwell the arrangements had been made.

"I am and always have been opposed to large public funerals," said Gray, whose complete, wholesome simplicity of character was one of its great sources of strength, "but the cry of the poor creatures who knew Loreen is so earnest that I do not know how to refuse their desire to see her and pay her poor body some last little honor. What do you think, Mr. Maxwell? I will be guided by your judgment in the matter. I am sure that whatever you and Miss Page think is best will be right."

"I feel as you do," replied Mr. Maxwell. "Under most circumstances I have a great distaste for what seems like display at such times, but this seems different. The people at the Rectangle will not come here to a service. I think the most Christian thing will be to let them have the service at the tent. Do you think so, Virginia?"

"Yes," said Virginia sadly. "Poor soul! I do not know but that some time I shall know she gave her life for mine. We certainly cannot and will not use the occasion for vulgar display. Let her friends be allowed the gratification of their wishes. I see no harm in it."

So the arrangements were made with some difficulty for the service at the tent, and Virginia, with her uncle and Rollin, accompanied by Henry Maxwell, Rachel, President Marsh and the quartet from the First church, went down and witnessed one of the strange scenes of their lives. It happened that that afternoon a noted newspaper correspondent was passing through Raymond on his way to an editorial convention in a neighboring city. He heard of the contemplated service at the tent

and was present that afternoon. His description of it was written in a graphic style that caught the attention of very many readers the next day. A fragment of his account belongs to this part of the history of Raymond:

"There was a very unique and unusual funeral service held here this afternoon at the tent of an evangelist, Rev. John Gray, down in the slum district known as the Rectangle. The occasion was caused by the killing of a woman during an election riot last Saturday night. It seems she had been recently converted during the evangelist's meetings and was killed while returning from one of the meetings in company with other converts and some of her friends. She was a common street drunkard, and yet the services at the tent were as impressive as any I ever witnessed in a metropolitan church over the most distinguished citizen.

"In the first place, a most exquisite anthem was sung by a trained choir. It struck me, of course, being a stranger to the place, with considerable astonishment to hear voices like those one naturally expects to hear only in great churches or concerts at such a meeting as this, but the most remarkable part of the music was a solo sung by a strikingly beautiful young woman, a Miss Winslow, who, if I remember rightly, is the young singer who was sought for by Crandal, the manager of National Opera, and who for some reason refused to accept his offer to go on the stage. She had a most wonderful manner in singing, and every body was weeping before she had sung a dozen words. That, of course, is not so strange an effect to be produced at a funeral service, but the voice itself was one of ten thousand. I understand Miss Winslow sings in the First church and could probably command almost any salary as a public singer. She will probably be heard from soon. Such a voice could win its way anywhere.

"The service, aside from the singing, was peculiar. The evangelist, a man of apparently very simple, unassuming style, spoke a few words, and he was followed by a fine looking man, the Rev. Henry Maxwell, pastor of the First church of Raymond. Mr. Maxwell spoke of the fact that the dead woman had been fully prepared to go, but he spoke in a peculiarly sensitive manner of the effect of the liquor business on the lives of men and women like this one. Raymond, of course, being a railroad town and the center of the great packing interests for this region, is full of saloons. I caught from the minister's remarks that he had only recently changed his views in regard to license. He certainly made a very striking and yet it was in no sense an inappropriate address for a funeral.

"Then followed what was perhaps the queer part of this strange service. The women in the tent, at least a large part of them up near the coffin, began to sing in a soft, tearful way, 'I was a wandering sheep.'"

"Then, while the singing was going

on, one row of women stood up and walked slowly past the casket, and as they went by each one placed a flower of some kind on it. Then they sat down, and another row filed past, leaving their flowers. All the time the singing continued softly, like rain on a tent cover when the wind is gentle. It was one of the simplest and at the same time one of the most impressive sights I ever witnessed. The sides of the tent were up, and hundreds of people who could not get in stood outside, all as still as death, with wonderful sadness and solemnity for such rough looking people. There must have been a hundred of these women, and I was told many of them had been converted at the meetings just recently. I cannot describe the effect of that singing. Not a man sang a note, all women's voices, and so soft and yet so distinct that the effect was startling.

"The service closed with another solo by Miss Winslow, who sang 'There were ninety and nine,' and then the evangelist asked them all to bow their heads while he prayed. I was obliged, in order to catch my train, to leave during the prayer, and the last view I caught of the scene as the train went by the shops was a sight of the great crowd pouring out of the tent and forming in open ranks while the coffin was borne out by six of the women. It is a long time since I have seen such a picture in this unpoetical republic."

If Loreen's funeral impressed a passing stranger like this, it is not difficult to imagine the profound feelings of those who had been so intimately connected with her life and death. Nothing had ever entered the Rectangle that had moved it so deeply as Loreen's body in that coffin, and the Holy Spirit seemed to bless with special power the use of this senseless clay, for that night at the meeting he swept more than a score of lost souls, mostly women, into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

It should be said here that Henry Maxwell's statement concerning the opening of the saloon from whose window Loreen had been killed proved nearly exactly true. It was formally closed Monday and Tuesday while the authorities arrested the proprietor.

Continued on page 10

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. 60c 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 Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive 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! ERS! 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 694, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2390 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 meek'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."