

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

Table with columns: DEPART, TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND, ORE., ARRIVE. Lists various routes and destinations like Chicago, Salt Lake, Denver, etc.

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Table with columns: Destination, Time, etc. Lists routes to Portland, Astoria, Ashland, Sacramento, San Francisco, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Los Angeles, El Paso, Fort Worth, City of Mexico, Houston, New Orleans, Washington, New York.

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C. H. MARKHAM, G. P. A., Portland, Or.

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?" By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again toward the steps and began to go down them. He looked toward the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswayed. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the sidewalk now, sweeping the last step, with his face toward the settlement and his back turned partly on the saloon across the alley. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled over his face and dropped down at his feet. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over toward that end of the step nearest the saloon. He could smell the beer and rum now as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell, and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the sidewalk now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the settlement and even went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pale, and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of whisky and beer bottles arranged in a great pyramid inside. He moistened his lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him stealthily. The door suddenly opened again, and some one came out. Again the hot, penetrating smell of the liquor swept out into the cold air, and he took another step toward the saloon door, which had shut behind the customer. As he laid his fingers on the door handle a tall figure came around the corner. It was the

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frenzied man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was smatching him away from his ruin. The blow fell upon the bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word, but over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up as if he had been a child and actually carried him up the steps into the settlement. He placed him down in the hall and then shut the door and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The bishop stood there, panting with his exertion, although Burns was a slight built man and had not been a great weight for one of the bishop's strength to carry. The bishop was moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns—pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save you!" "O God! Pray with me! Save me! Oh, save me from my hell!" cried Burns, and the bishop knelt by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

Sleep

is Nature's time for rest; and the man who does not take sufficient time to sleep or who cannot sleep when he makes the effort, is wearing out his nervous strength and consuming his vital power. Dr. Miles' Nervine brings sweet, soothing, refreshing sleep. Don't let another night pass. Get it to-day.

"I had had nervous spells, lost all appetite for food and for eight weeks was unable to sleep at night. The only thing that helped me was Dr. Miles' Nervine. It cured me." Mrs. H. JACKSON, Bowling Green, Mo.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

soothes the nerves, nourishes the brain, and refreshes the entire organism. Sold by druggists on guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

The depth of winter found Chicago presenting, as every great city of the world presents, to the eyes of Christendom that marked contrast between riches and poverty, between culture, refinement, luxury, ease and ignorance, depravity, destitution and the bitter struggle for bread. It was a hard winter, but a gay winter. Never had there been such a succession of parties, receptions, balls, dinners, banquets, fetes, gayeries; never had the opera and the theater been so crowded with fashionable audiences; never had there been such a lavish display of jewels and fine dresses and equipages, and, on the other hand, never had the deep want and suffering been so cruel, so sharp, so murderous; never had the winds blown so chilling over the lake and through the thin shells of tenements in the neighborhood of the settlement; never had the pressure for food and fuel and clothes been so urgently thrust up against the people of the city in their most important and ghastly form.

Night after night the bishop and Dr. Bruce, with their helpers, went out and helped to save men and women and children from the torture of physical privation. Vast quantities of food and clothing and large sums of money were donated by the churches, the charitable societies, the civic authorities and the benevolent associations, but the personal touch of the Christian disciple was very hard to secure for personal work.

Where was the discipleship that was obeying the Master's command to go itself to the suffering and give itself with its gift, in order to make the gift of value in time to come? The bishop found his heart sink within him as he faced this fact more than any other. Men would give money who would not think of giving themselves, and the money they gave did not represent any real sacrifice because they did not miss it. They gave what was the easiest to give, what hurt them the least. Where did the sacrifice come in? Was this following Jesus? Was this going with him all the way? He had been to many members of his own wealthy and aristocratic congregation and was appalled to find how few men and women of that luxurious class in the churches would really suffer any genuine inconvenience for the sake of suffering humanity.

Is charity the giving of worn-out garments? Is it a ten dollar bill given to a paid visitor or secretary of some benevolent organization in the church? Shall the man never go and give his gift himself? Shall the woman never deny herself her reception or her party or her musical and go and actually touch the foul, sinful sore of diseased humanity as it festers in the great metropolis? Shall charity be conveniently and easily done through some organization? Is it possible to organize the affections so that love shall work disagreeable things by proxy?

All this the bishop asked as he plunged deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross with joy, but he burned and fought within over the shifting of personal love by the many upon the hearts of the few. And still, silently, powerfully, resistlessly, the Holy Spirit was moving through the church upon even the aristocratic, wealthy, ease loving members, who shunned the terrors of the social problem as they would shun a contagious disease.

This fact was impressed upon the bishop and the settlement workers in a startling way one morning. Perhaps no one incident that winter shows more plainly how much of a momentum had already grown out of the movement of Nazareth Avenue church and the action of Dr. Bruce and the bishop that followed the pledge to do as Jesus would do.

The breakfast hour at the settlement was the one hour in the day when the whole resident family found a little breathing space to fellowship together. It was an hour of relaxation. There was a great deal of good natured repartee and much real wit and enjoyable fun at this hour. The bishop told his best stories. Dr. Bruce was at his best in anecdote. This company of disciples was healthily humorous in spite of the atmosphere of sorrow that constantly surrounded them. In fact, the bishop

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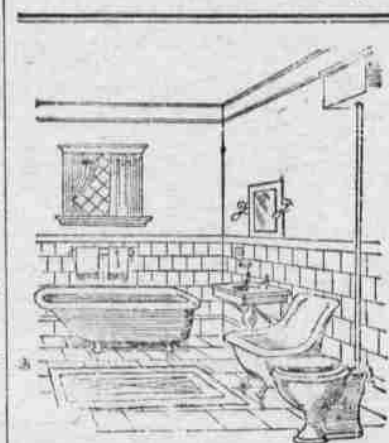
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