

MERCEDES.

The Story of a Brave Little Mexican Girl.

It is midwinter, yet the sun blazes down upon Santa Catalina with June-time warmth, and lush grasses stand tall by every water course.

The soft air scarce stirs the leaves of the stately eucalyptus; no sound breaks the silence save the humming of bright-winged insects darting hither and thither and the murmur of breakers along the shore.

Across the restless expanse of waters the Californian coast line is dimly seen, like a gray cloud upon the horizon, and nearer gleams the white sail of a ship outward bound.

Down where the sand has formed in drifts, high heaped by the action of the tide, a child, stretched prone in the sunshine, is watching the course of a fishing smelt that is making for the harbor below. At her feet lies a basket filled with treasures that the incoming tide has brought.

This is one of Mercedes' daily tasks, to roam the beach, gathering up feathery sea mosses and the curious, many-tinted shells, to be carried with Pacheco's catch of fish or load of game secured in the canyons to the distant mainland.

When she is so fortunate as to find rare specimens the tourists at San Pedro are often pleased to give her a "bit" for the pretty souvenirs.

"Keep it, Carita, and buy a bright ribbon for yourself," the father says when she would tender him her take.

She is the only daughter among seven lusty lads, but that alone is not the reason they are so gentle with her.

Dowered richly with beauty of the dark, Spanish type, eyes soft, velvety, appealing, cheeks the vivid hue of the pomegranate blossom, a form slenderly graceful—the halting step alone betrays her pitiful condition, for she is a cripple.

During the summer months Santa Catalina is astir with merry campers, but at this season the island is seldom visited, except now and then by a stray tourist, who, intent on viewing the beauties of this picturesque retreat, braves the discomforts of a rough passage in the unwieldy fishing boats.

It was in this manner that we—a party of five, including myself—made the voyage from San Pedro, landing at Avalon, a hamlet on the eastern coast of the island, the latter part of December.

I had just recovered from a lingering illness, and having received "marching orders" from the good old doctor, joined a gang of surveyors bound for the islands. The crisp, salt air seemed to put new life into me at once, and when during our passage the wind died out of our sails, I took my turn at the oar with the rest of them.

"That was a toughish pull," said Boyce, the foreman, as our boat coasted on the shingle. "Twice I most give a fellow an appetite for a tonale, eh, boys?"

"There may be a hotel in the place," I hazarded. "Perhaps we can get a bite to stay our stomachs before we begin unloading"—a proposition enthusiastically received. At this moment a little Mexican girl who had been watching our awkward management of the boat with wondering eyes drew near, and shyly proffered the desired information in pretty, broken English.

"The hotel, señor? You have only to walk a very short way beyond," pointing where, rising above an intervening bluff, the steep roof of that building was visible. "Shall I show the señor the path?"

So, falling in her wake, we scrambled up the sloping, pebble-strewn beach, our arms weighted with fishing tackle and sundry portions of a camping outfit, for we were going to explore the length and breadth of this rocky islet, formerly the possession of a powerful Indian tribe and the rendezvous of smugglers in olden time.

The latter fact I learned in subsequent chats with our new-found friend, the Mexican girl Mercedes, who was vermed in island lore, as her father was born and bred in the place, and Mercedes herself had never left it save on rare visits to the mainland.

As the days passed and we became more familiar to her, the little maiden lost much of her shyness and constantly accompanied her brothers, who often went with us in our inland expeditions.

From the first, she had shown a decided preference for my society, following me about like a shadow.

I had found it a simple matter to win her childish regard—a handful of shells, gilded up during my rambles and added to her store; the gift of a gaily scarf, at which she had gazed longingly as it hung in the window of the single shop the place boasted—these secured ready passport to her favor. I afterward had cause to be thankful that I did these trifling acts of kindness—that I made her my friend.

One morning my wife and nine-year-old daughter, Lillian, arrived unexpectedly via the small steamer Falcon, that made occasional trips from San Pedro to the island.

"What foolish freak brought you to Catalina, my dear?" I asked, as we were welcomed from the hotel veranda by the parties of Lily and Mercedes, who were already fast friends.

"Why foolish?" she queried, demurely.

Will He Get The Plum?

Upon very good authority we learn this afternoon that Dave Houston, the popular railroad conductor who has been running through Eugene the past twenty years, is in favor with the Chamberlain regime, and will most likely get the plum of the superintendency of the penitentiary for the next four years from March 1st next, the end of Superintendent Lee's term of office.

No better selection could be made in the state. Mr. Houston has worked from the bottom among railroadmen, and his advancement to public office, if consummated, will only be a just recognition of ability.—Guard.

If you want to see something nice ask to see the Pedalis shoe, with patent shoe lace put on. A classic shoe, artistic and comfortable. McKay's turns and waits at \$2.75 and \$3.00 at Lewis & Veatch's.

One of our exchanges says: If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologise for it, but if the doctor makes one he buries it. If we make one there's a law suit, swearing and a smell of sulphur, but, if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish. The doctors can use a word a yard long without knowing what it means, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit. If the editor goes to see another man's wife, he gets a charge of buckshot. Any medicine college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor he has to be born. When a doctor gets drunk it's a case of over-coming by heat, and if he dies it is heart trouble. When an editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze, and if he dies it's a case of delirium tremens.

Weak and Low-Spirited.

A Correspondent Thus Describes His Experience.

"I can strongly recommend Herbine as a medicine of remarkable efficacy for indigestion, loss of appetite, sour taste in the mouth, palpitation headache, drowsiness after meals with distressing mental depression and low spirits. Herbine must be a unique preparation for cases such as mine, for a few doses entirely removed my complaint. I wonder at people going on suffering or spending their money on worthless things when Herbine is procurable, and so cheap." See a bottle at The New Era Drug Store.

This week should witness the end of the senatorial contest at Salem. Enough time has already been devoted to the contest. Other legislation demands the attention of the legislature and Mr. Fulton is in the way and the members should proceed to brush him aside and elect some one who will be a representative of all the people of Oregon.

So sure are we that the locating of a few of our Electric Belts will develop into numerous sales of our belts and appliances, that we are willing to send one to any sufferer from the following diseases: Cold extremities, Cystitis, Female weakness, Kidney complaint, Leucorrhoea, Liver complaint, Paralysis, Lost vitality Nervous debility, Self abuse, Worn-out woman, Irregular menstruation, Impotency, Rheumatism, Diminutive Shrunken and undeveloped—useful organs and Catarrh. Address for... ated circular, etc. Sanitarium City Etc. trial Co. Battle Creek Mich.

For Sale.

Half interest in Photograph Gallery Why slave by the day, or labor on the farm for a mere pittance, when you can learn photography and be independent. Will teach intending over the business. For terms etc. call on or address.

W F SHANAFELT. Cottage Grove.

How's this for High.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—Senator Hanna today introduced a bill granting pensions and bounties to all ex-slaves who were freed by the proclamation of President Lincoln during the rebellion. It provides that persons over five years of age, and less than sixty, male or female, shall receive a cash bounty of \$100 and monthly pensions of \$8 per month; persons between sixty and seventy years of age a bounty of \$300 a pension of \$12 per month, and persons over 70 years of age a bounty of \$500 and pension of \$15 per month.

Consumption.

the most dreaded and deadly of all diseases as well as pneumonia, and all Lung Troubles are relieved at once and cured by Acker's English Remedy "the king of all Cough Cures." Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25c. Your money back if dissatisfied. Write for free sample. W H Hooker & Co Buffalo N Y. Benson Drug Co.

The Delaware Legislature has cast thirteen ballots for US Senator but no election has been made.

ACKER'S Dyspepsia Tablets.

cures Dyspepsia and all disorders arising from indigestion. Endorsed by physicians everywhere. Sold by all druggists. No cure, no pay. 25 cents. Trial package free by writing to W H Hooker & Co., Buffalo N Y.

G W Barney, special agent for the Marshall Chemical Company is now prepared to receive your orders for, Groceries, Soaps, Washing Powders, Soda, Teaspoons, Face Powders, etc etc. Don't fail to give him a trial.

Acker's Blood Elixir positively Cures Chronic Blood Poisoning and Scrofulous affections. At all times a matchless system tonic and purifier. Money refunded if you are not satisfied, 50c and \$1.00. Benson Drug Co.

Lane county comes to the front again by recording another man mistaken for a cougar or something and shot in the arm. There ought to be a law forever barring a man from hunting with fire arms who makes such reckless mistakes as this.

Saved Her Child's Life.

"In three weeks our chubby little boy was changed by pneumonia almost to a skeleton" writes Mrs W Watkins, of Pleasant City, O "A terrible cough set in, that, in spite of a good doctor's treatment for several weeks, grew worse every day. We then used Dr Kings New discovery for Consumption, and our darling was soon sound and well. We are sure this grand medicine saved his life." Millions know its the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Lung diseases J P Currier guarantee satisfaction. 50c, \$1.00 Trial bottles free.

It has been the settled policy of our government from its beginning to increase the number of its executive department whenever the magnitude and importance of a subject showed such action to be proper; yet notwithstanding this fact, the mining industry, an industry that during the past 20 years has made the most marvelous strides in the history of all nations, is considered worthy of no better place in the nation's conduct of affairs than a bureau in some department burdened with other interests to promote and foster.

Cancer Cured!!

Mr W W Pickett, Springfield, Ill., writes Sept 10th, 1901: "I have been suffering several years with a cancer on my face, which gave me much annoyance and unbearable feeling. I was using Ballard's Snow Liniment for a sore leg, and through an accident, I rubbed some of the liniment on the cancer, and as it gave me almost instant relief, I decided to continue to use the liniment on the cancer. In a short time the cancer came out, my face healed up and there is not the slightest scar left. I have implicit faith in the merits of this preparation, and it cannot be too highly recommended." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. For sale by New Era Drug Co.



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should be of the finest tempered steel, capable of taking the keenest edge, and the handle should be in keeping with the blade. Here are some noble Christmas gifts for the table—full carving sets and table cutlery in fancy lined boxes. Pocket knives and boys' tool chests, too are prominent candidates for your favor.

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