

**MERCEDES.**  
(concluded.)

"A woman's answer, truly! To-morrow I am to leave these snug quarters and go into camp a dozen miles away; what then is to become of your ladyship?"

"My ladyship will go likewise," she replied, smiling.

"Remember," I argued, "that the burro is the only means of inland transportation, the trail is dangerous if one is not used to riding and you will find these cool nights very uncomfortable in camp." But the spirit of adventure was rife. Lily clamored to go, and I finally gave in.

During our conversation Mercedes had remained silent, but I noted the wistful look in her eyes.

"Come here, little one!" beckoning the child to a seat by her side. "Do you never get lonely here by yourself?"

"Ah, no, senora! I have always this," stretching out her hands with a tender gesture toward the sea. It had murmured her cradle lullaby, and she knew and loved its varying moods.

"Then there are many people here in summer, and often they speak with me; when they come no more I gather my shells and help mend the nets."

"Have you no playmates?"

"I had a sister once—she died," softly.

"I will be your sister, Mercedes," cried Lily, impulsively.

"So you shall, dear," said I. "Ah! there is Pacheco homeward-bound with a fine string of fish," and waylaying the child's father, I told him our plans respecting Mercedes, to which he gave ready consent.

There was quite a gathering of natives about the hotel in the morning to wish us "Buenos dias" as our cavalcade set out, led by Mexican Joe, a venerable islander, who was to act in the capacity of cook and general utility man.

We were to make the trip by easy stages, stopping over night at the Indian mounds, a place I had long contemplated visiting.

Joe assured me that he knew the mound locality well, and confident that a rich harvest would reward the diligent explorer—for stone implements, beads, bits of wampum, and even the skulls and bones of departed warriors had been unearthed by the islanders—I added pick and shovel to our camping outfit.

The trail, following the coast, was ascending and sometimes wound perilously near the edge of the cliff. Looking down a hundred feet or more, one could see the foaming breakers dashing on the rocks below. Everything delighted the children; they laughed and chatted and sang until we caught their merry mood, and a gay party we were, indeed.

The sun was high in the heavens when we arrived at the mounds, so, with appetites made keen by the long ride in the bracing morning air, we set about preparing the mid-day meal. Old Joe loped away to gather firewood; my wife summoned the children, who were culling the golden poppies that grew in profusion along the cliff's edge, to help unpack the lunch, while I, jug in hand, made for a canyon near by in search of water. I found a trickling stream dripping from the moss-clad boulders, and the jug was soon filled. It might have been fifteen minutes before I left the canyon; as soon as I came in sight of camp I knew that something was amiss. Old Joe ran toward me, shouting and motioning wildly; on the verge of the cliff I saw my wife kneeling. Mercedes beside her, but—where was Lily?

In an instant I realized the worst—Lily had fallen from the cliff. My brain reeled with the horror of the thought, and I called to my wife beseeching her to leave that awful place. Why did she still kneel and gaze down upon the mangled form lying on the cruel rocks?

"Senor," the old Mexican was saying, "the child not hurt—she cling to the ledge. We must have ropes!"

Alive! I grasped a sturdy root and swung myself over the abyss. Far below, upon a narrow, crumbling ledge, Lily lay, her fall arrested by a dense growth of brush.

"Quick! the ropes!" I shouted to Joe.

Those used in lashing the burro's pack in place were all we had. Joe was rapidly knotting them together. "Pray God they may not be too short!" gasped the child's mother.

"Ah!" the Mexican exclaimed, "the rope too old. If the senor go down it break."

"Listen!" cried Mercedes. "The rope will hold me. I will go to her."

Even as she spoke we slipped the noose under her arms, and, as we grasped the rope, swung off the rock.

I would not live those moments again for wealth untold.

Would the rope reach Lily? Would it bear the weight of both?

These were the thoughts that almost stopped my heart-beats, while inch by inch was lowered the brave child, perhaps to her death.

At length the strain on the rope ceased.

"She has reached the ledge," breathed the trembling mother. "She slips the noose from her body and fastens it under Lily's arms. Pull! Pull!"

And we pulled, slowly, steadily, until neither mother arms reached out and drew the unconscious child from the very brink of death, nor any hand still clanked about the brilliant-voiced popples that had so nearly proved her destruction.

And now for one more effort! Would the frayed strands part under the heavy weight? In breathless silence

the rope was lowered, and we waited the signal to pull up.

I remember how, even at that moment, the beauty of the scene appealed to me.

The golden sunshine flooded sea and land.

Above us bent the cloudless blue of a tropic sky; and I could but wonder if our Father, who made all things so fair, would suffer the sun to shine and the birds to sing if that brave young life was to be sacrificed.

That of which I write occurred many years ago. As I pen these closing lines my eyes fall upon a missive received this morning from an eastern convent school.

"Mercedes and I will soon be with you," it reads. "We have passed our examination and graduate in June."

The father and mother have long been dead, the brothers are scattered, and Mercedes fills a daughter's place in our hearts and home.—Home Magazine, body in State.

The remains of Sheriff Withers were taken from the undertaking parlors to the circuit court room in the court house Monday morning there to lie in state until Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. All day Monday a continual stream of people filed in and viewed the remains of the brave man who had become the most popular sheriff Lane County has ever had. And many tear stained eyes were noticed throughout the day among the vast throng of visitors who viewed the remains of the murdered sheriff who lost his life in the performance of duty.

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

**'Convict White Killed'**

Escaped convict White who recently got away from the pen was shot and killed in Lincoln County last Thursday while attempting to burglarize a dwelling. His body was brought to Albany Friday and there identified by Supt Lee who took the remains to Salem and there buried them. White was the trusty whom some of the prison officials accuse of being mixed up with the recent woman scandal there.

**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 depressions 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." 50c a bottle at The New Era Drug Store.

**Will probably be Pardoned.**

The woman in the penitentiary about whom the recent scandal at Salem became the topic discussion for a while will probably be pardoned owing to her delicate condition.

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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 free to any sufferer from the following diseases: Cold extremities, Cystocele, 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 - ualorgans and Catarrh Address for circular, etc Sanitarium City Electrical Co., Battle Creek Mich.

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**"THE POETRY OF THE ORANGE"**

"It appeals to you, when the fruit hangs ripe and sweet on the tree late in February, or early in March. Then the blossoms break out and the trees are yellow with golden with golden globes, and white with orange flowers. It may be that a flurry of snow has whitened the mountain tops, and then you have an artistic background for a tropical forest. The air is full of sunshine, and heavy with fragrance as night comes on and then, if the moon be shining, you may hear at midnight open windows, the songs of the mocking-bird in the scented grove, and it never seemed so melodious before.

An experience like this is possible any winter, and it is worth a journey of a thousand miles while you can have it, by taking the scenic Shasta Route through the grand and picturesque Siskiyou and Shasta Mountains, to Southern California. Complete information about the trip, and descriptive matter, telling about California, may be had from any Southern Pacific Agent or

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

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**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 terrific 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 Curran guarantees satisfaction. 50, \$1.00 Trial bottles free.

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Mr W W Pickett, Springfield, Ill., writes Sept 19th, 1901: "I had been suffering several years with a cancer on my face, which gave me much annoyance and unbearable itching. I was using Ballard's Snow Lintment for a sore leg, and through an accident, I rubbed some of the linctment on the cancer, and as it gave me almost instant relief, I decided to continue to use the linctment 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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