



The Cost

of a typewriter is not merely the price. You must consider the quality and amount of work it does—or doesn't; the time it saves or loses; and, how well it wears. The lowest-price machine may be mighty expensive in the end, while a higher-price one may pay dividends. A little investigation will show that the

SMITH PREMIER

The World's Best Typewriter, is the most economical writing machine ever made. It not only does the best and speediest work, but it continues doing it without repairs or breakdowns far longer than any other make of writing machine. Write today for our little book which explains why. High-grade Typewriter supplies. Machines rented. Stenographers furnished.

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A general banking and exchange business transacted. Loans made. Bills discounted. Commercial credits granted. Deposits received on current account subject to check.

The Agitator and The Reformer.

Special Correspondence.

With a deep drawn sigh of despair Mr. Brown arose from his desk. The dissatisfied expression on his face deepened into a scowl, while the flashing eye and firmly compressed lips bore evidence of a storm that was raging within. He laid his hand heavily on his desk, with the outburst of his emphatic assertion, "It's no use, the boys are doomed to ruin; utter ruin! Day after day finds them engaged in deadly combat with the unseen foe, day after day they are recklessly abounding themselves to the evil influence of the grog shop and gambling den, while the utter inadvertence with which they regard my advice drives me to frenzy. They are not worth my thoughts those low born creatures whose presence defiles the atmosphere I breathe, I'll leave them to their fate. The lecture that I have prepared shall be consigned to the fire. No more of my valuable time shall be wasted on such worthless specimens of inhumanity." So saying, he reaches for his hat and cane and gathering up the closely written pages of his lecture, he throws them into the grate and viciously kicks the smoldering embers with the toe of his fine boot.

He strides out into the street; one glance at the elegant brown stone mansion; one glance at the silver plate that bears his name,

Impressing It on Him With Emphasis

Is what our fine laundry work does to the man who is looking for something exquisite in color and finish on his linen. We aim to make our laundry work peerless in beauty and in the perfect condition in which we send it home. Send us a sample bundle and we will surprise you. New process and new prices.

Orders left at Kutch's barber shop or the Salem stage will receive prompt attention.

Salem Steam Laundry,
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and a smile of bitter scorn curls the haughty lips and lights the flashing eye.

"What need I care for the fate of the rag-amuffins, who infest the darkest alleys of our city, where wild debauchery and wicked revelry are daily, aye hourly manifesting their presence by the surpassing number of victims that have recently fallen a prey to the tempter? I have labored earnestly and diligently in behalf of those boys. I have plead with them; begged them and threatened them; but all to no avail. My prayers have not lacked in consistency, but my efforts have been fruitless. I would have saved those boys but they would not heed me; and for the future they must look elsewhere for sympathy and advice."

Thus soliloquizing he walks rapidly down the street, passes through an open doorway walks up to the bar and calls for a drink! Out again into the street he goes and turns the corner just in time to meet an old lame woman, who stops and tries to speak to him.

"Just a minute sir, I have no money to pay my rent for this month and I was on my way to see you about it. My boy is sick and can't get work and—Oh sir! If you turn us out where will we go?"

"I have no sympathy for beggars and my time is too precious to waste in discussing an old worn out subject so please be good enough to allow me to pass; if you can't raise the money that is due I will have to have the house. I am real sorry but business is business."

With no word of kindness for a broken heart, he passes on leaving her staring blindly at the fate that has befallen her.

"I thought he would help me they say he spends much of his time in looking after the erring ones and helping the friendless but he has not helped me and surely I am friendless."

But Mr. Brown does not hear. He has not seen the tear wet cheek nor heard the smothered prayer, "God help the friendless and erring ones." He who has not been so enthusiastic in his efforts to save the erring boys has not deemed it worth his while to lend a helping hand to a poor lame woman. And he walks leisurely and ponders on what he shall say when he meets the boys who are the subject of his deferred lecture. He finds them at the accustomed place, in a tumble down garret room, perhaps a dozen boys between the ages of twelve and twenty years, some seated on dry goods boxes, some on old barrels and some lounging on the floor, but all intent on a game of cards. The smell of tobacco and liquor pollute the atmosphere, while the scurrilous and opprobrious language indulged in by the players, casts a blush of shame on some of the faces of the younger boys, whose bloom is not yet irrevocably sealed.

Mr. Brown hesitated when he had almost reached the door; but his better nature again asserts itself as he thinks, perhaps after all I may do them some good, so he boldly enters. The scene presents a most discouraging appearance, and loud and abusive jeers greet him on all sides. "Hello, Mr. Good Man" "What are you doing among the heathens?" "Ain't you afraid of contamination?" Now if I was good like you I wouldn't come to places like this, and so on, till Mr. Brown was almost deaf. He was unable to quell their uproar by gestures, so he sinks down helplessly down on an upturned box.

After the boys had tired of their tumult they asked him to take the floor and make them a speech.

By this time Mr. Brown was in no mood for speaking, and only visionary glimpses of his intended sermon flitted exasperating through his mind; but he would not waste so he mounted the box and prepared to address the boys.

"Boys I have advised you to quit this work, you are going to ruin day by day and the end is not far off. Why don't you heed me"—when suddenly one of the wickedest of the wretches pulled on a string that he had cautiously tied around the end of the box, and Mr. Brown found himself making an ungraceful salute to his audience. He lost no time in regaining his feet and making a hasty exit. While his parting injunction of "The Devil will get you, and I am glad that he will," could scarcely be heard above the uproar that preceded him to the door.

"I don't think the old duck will bother us any more now. I think he would better keep his own lamps trimmed and burning. That's scripture ain't it? I know lots of mean things he does, and my pa sells him lots of drinks for he's so goody goody."

As Mr. Brown passed out of sight, the poor old lame widow wends her way slowly homeward. The cold wind blew the sleet and rain into the care worn face, and shivering, she draws the old worn shawl closer about her shrunken form. Her eyes are dimmed with tears and her voice is low and faltering as she slowly repeats these words of the Lord's prayer, "Our father who art in Heaven, give us this day our daily bread," and intent on her misfortunes, she hears

Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., 1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are writing J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

not the approaching footsteps, nor sees the kindly face of a man who walks rapidly toward her. He steps aside to allow her to pass, when her words fall appealingly on his ear. Turning he glances hastily at the tear stained face and laying a detainable hand on her arm, asks in a gentle voice, "My good woman, why grievest?" The pitiful story is easily told and her voice is low and sad as she replies, "I have no money, no friends and no bread. I am soon to be turned out into the street. The house that has sheltered us from the storm, is our home no more, for in the owner's heart there is no mercy, and he does not heed my prayers."

"But God will not forsake the widow and the fatherless, and I give this in his name." So saying he placed in her hand a crisp bank note and she went on her way rejoicing.

The good man passed on, and strange to relate he followed directly in the footsteps of Mr. Brown. While Mr. Brown stepped into the hall leading to the boys' den, the other passed into the chamber of a sick child, whither he had been called to attend her. On leaving these apartments his attention was attracted by the uproar that preceded Mr. Brown's departure, and he lent his footsteps in that direction to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

Coming directly upon the boys in the midst of their confusion, he glances around the disordered room with the upturned boxes and scattered cards, and gazes pityingly on the disconcerted faces of the boys.

They who were so clamorous in the jeers that heralded the agitator's approach fell back abashed in the presence of this venerable, white-haired man, whose kind words and generous deeds had marked the chapters of his noble life. He was no stranger in their midst; for there was not one among them who had not caught glimpses of the noble, generous heart that prompted his kind acts of ministering to the poor, the sick and the erring ones. And when he spoke to them kindly and earnestly, they listened with bowed heads and remorseful air. He talked to them with tender compassion, pointed out to them the errors into which they had fallen, and while tears of sorrow rained down his cheeks, he knelt there in the attic room and prayed aloud to God, and the Father who heeds the orphan's cry heard and registered that prayer. As the old man arose from his

knees and turned to "God save you, my the way to the erring lectures, scoldings a only hardened in s And thus are the mation sown, that bear fruit in the And while the agitate ence defiles by his ness, realizes that there is no saving gr reformer who lives t teaches gathers t sheep to the fold.

WANTED—Faithful clerks for well established counting, calling on and agents. Local \$20.00 per week with national, all payable in cash. Money for expenses. Position permanent. Business rushing. Stand Dearborn St., Chicago.

In the County Court Oregon, for the county In the matter of the estate of J. M. Watson.

To C. L. Wagon, M. A. Grimsley, T. A. E. Wester, Mrs. M. Mrs. S. E. Dodson and greeting.

In the name of the you are hereby cited appear in the County State of Oregon, for Polk at the Court in Dallas, in the County Wednesday, the 20th 1904, at one o'clock in that day, then and cause, if any there be should not be granted of the estate of the ab to sell real estate to ward as follows: Ben E. corner of the W. D. L. C. claim No. Tow ship 6 S., Rang Willamette Meridian Oregon, and running chains; thence south east 40 chains; thence to the place of begin 80 acres more or less. Witnesses: The B Judge of the County of Oregon, for the Co the Seal of said Court day of December, A. Attest: U. S. Lou



AND UNION

STRAINS FROM PO Through Pullman 1st sleeping cars daily cago, Spokane; tourist to Kansas City; through 1st sleeping cars (per weekly to Chicago) reclining chair cars East daily.

DEPART FOR	TIME SCHEDULE	FROM
Chicago	Salt Lake, Portland, Ft. Worth, Special Kansas City	9:20 a m via Louis, Ch Hunting-East, ton.

Atlantic Express	Salt Lake, Ft. Worth, 8:15 p m via Kansas City and East.
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St Paul	Walla Walla, Ft. Worth, 6 a m via Kansas City, Minneapolis, Paul, Dulles, waukee, and East.
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70 hours. Portland change of cars. Ticket rail or via boat and OCEAN AND RIVER

8 p m	All sailing subject to For San Francisco
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Daily except Sunday	8 p m To Astoria
Saturday	10 p m

AL HERREN, Ag