THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

We laugh at him. When a man sits in the warm sunshine, do you ask him for proof of it? He feels; that is all. And we feel; that is all. We want no proof of our God. We feel, we feel!

We do not believe in our God because the Bible tells us of him. We believe in the Bible because he tells us of it. We feel him, we feel him, we feel; that is all. And the poor half swamped devil mutters:

"But if the day should come when you do not feel?"

And we laugh and cry him down.

"It will never come—never!" And the poor devil slinks to sleep again with his tail between his legs. Fierce assertion many times repeated is hard to stand against. Only time separates the truth from the lie. So we dream on.

One day we go with our father to town, to church. The townspeople rustle in their silks and the men in their sleek cloth and settle themselves in their pews, and the light shines in through the windows on the artificial flowers in the women's bonnets. We have the same miserable feeling that we have in a shop where all the clerks are very smart. We wish our father hadn't brought us to town and we were out on the "karroo." Then the man in the pulpit begins to preach. His text is, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

The day before the magistrate's clerk, who was an atheist, has died in the street, struck by lightning.

The man in the pulpit mentions no name, but he talks of "the hand of God made visible among us." He tells us how, when the white stroke fell, quivering and naked, the soul fled, robbed of his earthly filament, and lay at the footstool of God; how over its head has been poured out the wrath of the Mighty One, whose existence it has denied, and, quivering and terrified, it has fled to the everlasting shade.

We, as we listen, half start up. Every drop of blood in our body has rushed to our head. He lies, he lies, he lies! That man in the pulpit lies! Will no one stop him? Have none of them heard, do none of them know, that when the poor dark soul shut its eyes on earth it opened them in the still light of heaven; that there is no wrath where God's face is; that if one could once creep to the footstool of God there is everlasting peace there, like the fresh stillness of the early morning? While the atheist lay wondering and afraid God bent down and said: "My child, here I am—I, whom you have not known; I, whom you have not believed in. I am here. I sent my messenger, the white sheet lightning, to call you home. I am here."

Then the poor soul turned to the light. Its weakness and pain were gone forever.

Have they not known, have they not heard, who it is rules?

"For a little moment have I hidden my face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

We mutter on to ourselves till some one pulls us violently by the arm to remind us we are in church. We see nothing but our own ideas.

Presently every one turns to pray. There are 600 souls lifting themselves to the Everlasting Light.

Behind us sit two pretty ladies. One hands her scent bottle softly to the other, and a mother pulls down her little girl's frock. One lady drops her handkerchief. A gentleman picks it up. She blushes. The women in the choir turn softly the leaves of their tune-books to be ready when the praying is done. It is as though they thought more of the singing than the Everlasting Father. Oh, would it not be more worship of him to sit alone in the "karroo" and kiss one little purple flower that he had made? Is it not mockery? Then the thought comes, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" We who judge—what are we better than they? Rather worse. Is it any excuse to say, "I am but a child and must come?" Does God allow any soul to step in between the spirit he made and himself? What do we there in that place where all the words are lies against the All Father? Filled with horror, we turn and flee out of the place. On the pavement we smite our foot and swear in our child's soul never again to enter those places where men come to sing and pray. We are questioned afterward. Why was it we went out of the church?

How can we explain? We stand silent. Then we are pressed further, and we try to tell. Then a head is shaken solemnly at us. No one can think it wrong to go to the house of the Lord. It is the idle excuse of a wicked boy. When will we think seriously of our souls and love going to church? We are wicked, very wicked. And we—we slink away and go alone to cry. Will it be always so? Whether we hate and doubt or whether we believe and love, to our dearest are we to seem always wicked?

We do not yet know that in the soul's search for truth the bitterness lies here—the striving cannot always hide itself among the thoughts. Sooner or later it will clothe itself in outward action. Then it steps in and divides between the soul and what it loves. All things on earth have their price, and for truth we pay the dearest. We barter it for love and sympathy. The road to honor is paved with thorns, but on the path to truth, at every step you set your foot down on your own heart.

VI.

Then at last a new time—the time of waking, short, sharp and not pleasant, as wakings often are.

Sleep and dreams exist on this condition—that no one wake the dreamer.

And now life takes us up between her finger and thumb, shakes us furiously till our poor nodding head is well nigh rolled from our shoulders, and she sets us down a little hardily on the bare earth, bruised and sore, but preternaturally wide awake.

We have said in our days of dreaming: "Injustice and wrong are a seeming. Pain is a shadow. Our God, he is real, he who made all things, and he only is love."

Now life takes us by the neck and shows us a few other things—newmade graves with the red sand flying about them, eyes that we love with the worms eating them, evil men walking sleek and fat, the whole terrible hurly burly of the thing called life—and she says, "What do you think of these?" We dare not say "Nothing." We feel them. They are very real. But we try to lay our hands about and feel that other thing we felt before. In the dark night in the fuel room we cry to our beautiful dream god: "Oh, let us come near you and lay our head against your feet. Now in our hour of need be near us." But he is not there. He is gone away. The old questioning devil is there.

We must have been awakened sooner or later. The imagination cannot always triumph over reality, the desire over truth. We must have been awakened. If it was done a little sharply, what matter? It was done thoroughly, and it had to be done.

VII.

And a new life begins for us, a new time, a life as cold as that of a man who sits on the pinnacle of an iceberg and sees the glittering crystals all about him. The old looks indeed like a long, hot delirium, peopled with phantasies. The new is cold enough.

Now we have no God. We have had two—the old God that our fathers handed down to us, that we hated and never liked; the new One that we made for ourselves, that we loved. But now he has flitted away from us, and we see what he was made of—the shadow of our highest ideal, crowned and throned. Now we have no God.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." It may be so. Most things said or written have been the work of fools.

This thing is certain—he is a fool who says, "No man hath said in his heart, There is no God."

It has been said many thousand times in hearts with profound bitterness of earnest faith.

We do not cry and weep. We sit down with cold eyes and look at the world. We are not miserable. Why should we be? We eat and drink and sleep all night, but the dead are not colder.

And we say it slowly, but without sighing: "Yes; we see it now. There is no God."

And, we add, growing a little colder yet: "There is no justice. The ox dies in the yoke beneath its master's whip. It turns its anguish filled eyes on the sunlight, but there is no sign of recompense to be made it. The black man is shot like a dog, and it goes well with the shooter. The innocent are accused, and the accuser triumphs. If you will take the trouble to scratch the surface anywhere, you will see under the skin a sentient being writhing in impotent anguish."

And, we say further, and our heart is as the heart of the dead for coldness: "There is no order. All things are driven about by a blind chance."

What a soul dricks in with its mother's milk will not leave it in a day. From our earliest hour we have been taught that the thought of the heart, the shaping of the raincloud, the amount of wool that grows on a sheep's back, the length of a draft and the growing of the corn depend on nothing that moves immutable, at the heart of all things; but on the changeable will of a changeable being whom our prayers can alter. To us, from the beginning, nature has been but a poor, plastic thing, to be toyed with this way or that, as man happens to please his deity or not, to go to church or not, to say his prayers right or not, to travel on a Sunday or not. Was it possible for us in an instant to see nature as she is—the flowing vestment of an unchanging reality? When a soul breaks free from the arms of a superstition, bits of the claws and talons break themselves off in him. It is not the work of a day to squeeze them out.

And so, for us, the humanlike driver and guide being gone, all existence, as we look out at it with our chilled, wondering eyes, is an aimless rise and swell of shifting waters. In all that weltering chaos we can see no spot so large as a man's hand on which we may plant our foot.

Whether a man believes in a humanlike God or no is a small thing. Whether he looks into the mental and physical world and sees no relation between cause and effect, no order but a blind chance sporting, this is the mightiest fact that can be recorded in any spiritual existence. It were almost a mercy to cut his throat, if indeed he does not do it for himself.

We, however, do not cut our throats. To do so would imply some desire and feeling, and we have no desire and no feeling. We are only cold. We do not wish to live, and we do not wish to die. One day a snake curls itself round the waist of a Kaffir woman. We take it in our hand, swing it round and round and fling it on the ground—dead. Every one looks at us with eyes of admiration. We almost laugh. Is it wonderful to risk that for which we care nothing?

In truth, nothing matters. This dirty little world full of confusion, and the blue rag stretched overhead for a sky is so low we could touch it with our hand.

Existence is a great pot, and the old fate who stirs it round cares nothing what rises to the top and what goes down and laughs when the bubbles burst. And we do not care. Let it boil about. Why should we trouble ourselves? Nevertheless the physical sensations are real. Hunger hurts, and thirst; therefore we eat and drink. Inaction pains us; therefore we work like galley slaves. No one demands it, but we set ourselves to build a great dam in red sand beyond the graves.

In the gray dawn before the sheep are let out we work at it. All day, while the young ostriches we tend feed about us, we work on through the fiercest heat. The people wonder what new spirit has seized us now. They do not know we are working for life. We bear the greatest stones and feel a satisfaction when we stagger under them and are hurt by a pang that shoots through our chest. While we eat our dinner we carry on baskets full of earth, as though the devil drove us. The Kaffir servants have a story that at night a witch and two white oxen come to help us. No wall, they say, could grow so quickly under one man's hands.

At night, alone in our cabin, we sit no more brooding over the fire. What should we think of now? All is emptiness. So we take the old arithmetic, and the multiplication table, which with so much pains we learned long ago and forgot directly, we learn now in a few hours and never forget again. We take a strange satisfaction in working arithmetical problems. We pause in our building to cover the stones with figures and calculations. We save money for a Latin grammar and an algebra and carry them about in our pockets, poring over them as over our Bible of old. We have thought we were utterly stupid, incapable of remembering anything, of learning anything. Now we find that all is easy. Has a new soul crept into this old body, that even our intellectual faculties are changed? We marvel, not perceiving that what a man expends in prayer and ecstasy he cannot have over for acquiring knowledge. You never shed a tear or create a beautiful image or quiver with emotion but you pay for it at the practical, calculating end of your nature. You have just so much force. When the one channel runs over, the other runs dry.

And now we turn to Nature. All these years we have lived beside her, and we have never seen her. Now we open our eyes and look at her.

The rocks have been to us a blur of brown. We bend over them, and the disorganized masses dissolve into a many colored, many shaped, carefully arranged form of existence, here masses of rainbow tinted crystals half fused together, there bands of smooth gray and red methodically overlying each other. This rock here is covered with a delicate silver tracery, in some mineral resembling leaves and branches. There on the flat stone, on which we so often have sat to weep and pray, we look down and see it covered with the fossil footprints of great birds and the beautiful skeleton of a fish. We have often tried to picture in our mind what the fossilled remains of creatures must be like, and all the while we sat on them. We have been so blinded by thinking and feeling that we have never seen the world.

The flat plain has been to us a reach of monotonous red. We look at it, and every handful of sand starts into life. That wonderful people, the ants, we learn to know; see them make war and peace, play and work, and build their huge palaces. And that smaller people we make acquaintance with who live in the flowers. The bitto flower has been for us a mere blur of yellow. We find its heart composed of a hundred perfect flowers, the homes of the tiny black people with red stripes, who move in and out in that little yellow city. Every bluebell has its inhabitant. Every day the "karroo" shows us a new wonder sleeping in its teeming bosom. On our way to work we pause and stand to see the ground spider make its trap, bury itself in the sand and then wait for the falling in of its enemy. Farther on walks a horned beetle, and near him starts open the door of a spider, who peeps out carefully and quickly pulls it down again. On a "karroo" bush a green fly is laying her silver eggs. We carry them home and see the shells pierced, the spotted grub come out, turn to a green fly and flit away.

We are not satisfied with what Nature shows us and will see something for ourselves. Under the white hen we put a dozen eggs and break one daily to see the white spot wax into the chicken. We are not excited or enthusiastic about it. But a man is not to lay his throat open. He must think of something. So we plant seeds in rows on our dam wall and pull one up daily to see how it goes with them. Aladeen buried her wonderful stone, and a golden palace sprang up at her feet. We do far more. We put a brown seed in the earth, and a living thing starts out—starts upward—why, no more than Aladeen can we say—starts upward, and does not desist till it is higher than our heads, sparkling with dew in the early morning, glittering with yellow blossoms, shaking brown seeds with little embryo souls on to the ground. We look at it solemnly from the time it consists of two leaves peeping above the ground and a soft white root till we have to raise our faces to look at it, but we find no reason for that upward starting.

We look into the dead ducks and lambs. In the evening we carry them home, spread newspapers on the floor and lie working with them till midnight. With a startled feeling near akin to ecstasy we open the lump of flesh called a heart and find little doors and strings inside. We feel them and put the heart away, but every now and then return to look and to feel them again. Why we like them so we can hardly tell.

A gander drowns itself in our dam. We take it out and open it on the bank and kneel, looking at it. Above are the organs divided by delicate tissues; below are the intestines artistically curved in spiral form and each tier covered by a delicate network of blood vessels standing out red against the faint blue background. Each branch of the blood vessels is comprised of a trunk, bifurcating and rebifurcating into the most delicate hairlike threads, symmetrically arranged. We are struck with its singular beauty. And, moreover (and here we drop from our kneeling into a sitting posture), this also we remark—of that same exact shape and outline is our thorn tree seen against the sky in midwinter; of that shape also is delicate metallic tracery between our rocks; in that exact path does our water flow when without a furrow we lead it from the dam; so shaped are the antlers of the horned beetle. How are these things related that such deep union should exist between them all? Is it chance, or are they not all the fine branches of one trunk, whose sap flows through us all? That would explain it. We nod over the gander's inside.

This thing we call existence, is it not a something which has its roots far down below in the dark and its branches stretching out into the immensity above which we among the branches cannot see? Not a chance jumble, a living thing, a One. The thought gives us intense satisfaction. We cannot tell why.

We nod over the gander, then start up suddenly, look into the blue sky, throw the dead gander and the refuse into the dam and go to work again.

And so it comes to pass in time that the earth ceases for us to be a weltering chaos. We walk in the great hall of life, looking up and round reverentially. Nothing is despicable; all is meaning full. Nothing is small; all is part of a whole whose beginning and end we know not. The life that throbs in us is a pulsation from it, too mighty for our comprehension, not too small.

And so it comes to pass at last that, whereas the sky was at first a small blue rag stretched out over us and so low that our hands might touch it, pressing down on us, it raises itself into an immeasurable blue arch over our heads, and we begin to live again.

CHAPTER XV.

WALDO'S STRANGER.

Waldo lay on his stomach on the red sand. The small ostriches he herded wandered about him, pecking at the food he had cut or at pebbles and dry sticks. On his right lay the graves, on his left the dam. In his hand was a large wooden post covered with carvings, at which he worked. Doss lay before him basking in the winter sunshine and now and again casting an expectant glance at the corner of the nearest ostrich camp. The scrubby thorn trees under which they lay yielded no shade, but none was needed in that glorious June weather, when in the hottest part of the afternoon the sun was but pleasantly warm. And the boy carved on, not looking up, yet conscious of the brown serene earth about him and the intensely blue sky above.

Presently, at the corner of the camp, Em appeared, bearing a covered saucer in one hand and in the other a jug with a cup on the top. She was grown into a premature little old woman of 16, ridiculously fat. The jug and saucer she put down on the ground before the dog and his master and dropped down beside them herself, panting and out of breath.

"Waldo, as I came up the camps I met some one on horseback, and I do believe it must be the new man that is coming."

The new man was an Englishman to whom the Boer woman had hired half the farm.

"Hum!" said Waldo.

"He is quite young," said Em, holding her side, "and he has brown hair and beard curling close to his face and such dark blue eyes. And, Waldo, I was so ashamed! I was just looking back to see, you know, and he happened just to be looking back, too, and we looked right into each other's face, and he got red, and I got so red. I believe he is the new man."

"Yes," said Waldo.

"I must go now. Perhaps he has brought us letters from the post from Lyndall. You know, she can't stay at school much longer. She must come back soon. And the new man will have to stay with us till his house is built. I must get his room ready. Goodby!"

She tripped off again, and Waldo carved on at his post. Doss lay with his nose close to the covered saucer and smelled that some one had made nice little fat cakes that afternoon. Both were so intent on their occupation that not till a horse's hoofs beat beside them in the sand did they look up to see a rider drawing in his steed.

He was certainly not the stranger whom Em had described, a dark, somewhat French looking little man of eight and twenty, rather stout, with heavy, cloudy eyes and pointed mustaches. His horse was a fiery creature, well caparisoned. A highly finished saddlebag hung from the saddle. The man's hands were gloved, and he presented the appearance—an appearance rare on that farm—of a well dressed gentleman.

In an uncommonly melodious voice he inquired whether he might be allowed to remain there for an hour. Waldo directed him to the farmhouse, but the stranger declined. He would merely rest under the trees and give his horse water. He removed the saddle, and Waldo led the animal away to the dam. When he returned, the stranger had settled himself under the trees, with his back against the saddle. The boy offered him of the cakes. He declined, but took a draft from the jug, and Waldo lay down not far off and fell to work again. It mattered nothing if cold eyes saw it. It was not his sheep shearing machine. With material loves, as with human, we go mad once, love out and have done. We never get up the true enthusiasm a second time. This was but a thing he had made, labored over, loved and liked, nothing more—not his machine.

The stranger forced himself lower down in the saddle and yawned. It was a drowsy afternoon, and he objected to travel in these out of the world parts. He liked better civilized life, where at every hour of the day a man may look for his glass of wine and his easy chair and paper; where at night he may lock himself into his room with his books and a bottle of brandy and taste joys mental and physical. The world said to him—the all knowing, omnipotent world, whom no locks can bar, who has the catlike propensity of seeing best in the dark—the world said that better than the books he loved the brandy and better than books or brandy that which it had been better had he loved less. But for the world he cared nothing. He smiled blandly in its teeth. All life is a dream. If wine and philosophy and women keep the dream from becoming a nightmare, so much the better. It is all they are fit for, all they can be used for. There was another side to his life and thought, but of that the world knew nothing and said nothing, as the way of the wise world is.

The stranger looked from beneath his sleepy eyelids at the brown earth that stretched away, beautiful in spite of itself, in that June sunshine; looked at the graves, the gables of the farmhouse showing over the stone walls of the camps, at the clownish fellow at his feet, and yawned. But he had drunk of the hind's tea and must say something.

"Your father's place, I presume?" he inquired sleepily.

"No; I am only a servant."

"Dutch people?"

"Yes."

"And you like the life?"

The boy hesitated.

"On days like these."

"And why on these?"

The boy waited.

"They are very beautiful."

The stranger looked at him. It seemed that as the fellow's dark eyes looked across the brown earth they kindled with an intense satisfaction. Then they looked back at the carving.

What had that creature, so coarse clad and clownish, to do with the subtle joys of the weather? Himself, white handed and delicate, he might hear the music which shimmering sunshine and solitude play on the finely strung chords of nature, but that fellow! Was not the ear in that great body too gross for such delicate mutterings?

Presently he said:

"May I see what you work at?"

The fellow handed his wooden post. It was by no means lovely. The men and birds were almost grotesque in their labored resemblance to nature and bore signs of patient thought. The stranger turned the thing over on his knee.

"Where did you learn this work?"

"I taught myself."

"And these zigzag lines represent"—

"A mountain."

The stranger looked.

"It has some meaning, has it not?"

The boy muttered confusedly:

"Only things."

The questioner looked down at him—the huge, unwieldy figure, in size a man's, in right of its childlike features and curling hair a child's—and it hurt him. It attracted him, and it hurt him. It was something between pity and sympathy.

"How long have you worked at this?"

"Nine months."

From his pocket the stranger drew his pocketbook and took something from it. He could fasten the post to his horse in some way and throw it away in the sand when at a safe distance.

"Will you take this for your carving?"

The boy glanced at the £5 note and shook his head.

"No; I cannot."

"You think it is worth more?" asked the stranger, with a little sneer.

He pointed with his thumb to a grave.

"No; it is for him."

"And who is there?" asked the stranger.

"My father."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Denver and Rio Grande RAILROAD.

Scenic Line of the World

Weekly Excursions TO THE EAST

Upholstered Tourist Sleepers

In charge of experienced conductors and porters.

Mondays To Kansas City Chicago Buffalo, Boston without transfer, via Salt Lake Mo. Pacific and Chicago and Alton Ry.

Tuesdays To Omaha, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston without change via Salt Lake, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

Wednesdays To St Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, without change via Burlington Route.

Thursdays To Kansas City and St. Louis, without change via Salt Lake & Missouri Pacific Railway.

A day stop-over arranged at Salt Lake and Denver.

A ride through the famous Colorado Scenery.

Ask your ticket agent for a ticket on the Denver & Rio Grande excursion.

For rates and all information, call on or address

R. C. NICHOL, Gen'l Agent. F. R. Duffy, Traveling Agent. 251 Washington Street, Portland Oreg.

S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent. Denver, Colorado.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

EAST SOUTH — SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—OF THE—

SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

South			North
6:00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar 9:30 A M
8:25 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv 8:00 P M

Above trains stop at all stations between Portland and Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene Cottage Grove, Drain, Oakland, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar 4:30 P M
5:20 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv 7:30 A M

DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS

AND

Second-Class Sleeping Cars

ATTACHED TO ALL THROUGH TRAINS.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar 5:50 P M
8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv 4:20 P M
11:55 A M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv 1:25 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4:50 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar 8:25 A M
6:10 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv 7:15 A M
7:30 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv 5:50 A M
8:30 P M		Independence	4:50 A M

Through Tickets

To all points in the Eastern states, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. F. Frissell agent or John H. Gault at the Independent office Hillsboro.

S. KOEHLER, Manager, Portland. C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Ag't

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK

On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the addresses of their Eastern friends and acquaintenances and a copy of the work will be sent free. This is a matter all should be interested in and we would ask that everyone take an interest and forward such addresses to W. H. HURLBURT, General Pasenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co. Portland.

O.R.&N.

TIME SCHEDULE. From Portland

Depart for		From
Fast mail 8 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, & East.	Fast mail 8:45 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 3:45 p m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & east	Spokane Flyer 8:00 a. m
8 p. m.	Ocean Steamships. For San Francisco sails every five days	4 p. m.
8 p. m. Ex Sunday Saturday 10 p. m.	Columbia River To Astoria and way Landings	4 p. m. ex. Sunday
6 a. m. Ex Sunday	Willamette Five Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & way-landings.	1:30 p. m ex. Sund
7 a. m. Tuesday Thursday and Satur	Willamette & Yamhill Rivers Oregon City, Dayton and way landings	1:30 p. m Mon We. and Fri
6 a. m. Tues Thur and Sat.	Willamette River Corvallis and way landings	4:30 p.m Tues Th and Sa
Lv Riparia 1:30 Daily	Snake River Riparia to Lewiston	8:30 a.m.

Address, W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Bodwell Carlill & Co. Gen'l Agts. Nor. Pac. S. S. Co.

Portland, Oregon.

MEN! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast.

DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St. Est'd 1852.

Young men and middle aged men who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion or excesses in maturer years. Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood in all its complications, Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc. By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—Diseases of Men.

Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the system without using Mercury.

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint.

We will guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit One Thousand Dollars.

Consultation FREE and strictly private. CHARGES VERY REASONABLE. Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book "The Philosophy of Marriage," free. (A valuable book for men.)

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S Great Museum of Anatomy the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are continually adding new specimens. CATALOGUE FREE. Call or write.

1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

An Astonishing But True Story

"My home is in Sidney, Ohio. I have been nearer death with consumption than any other living person in the world, and I want you to read this, so you can tell others. I took a severe cold and neglected it. I grew worse all the time, and at the end of two years I had run into consumption. I coughed terribly, lost flesh, could not sleep, and became so dreadfully weak that I had to take to bed. In the following eighteen months I gradually reached the last stages of consumption. No less than seven physicians treated me and all gave me up saying I was incurable. I was absolutely helpless. The whole family wore themselves out caring for me. One day mother and sister came to my bedside, and said I had but a day or two more to live. Tears rolled down their cheeks as they sobbed the news. The doctors had declared I was in the last stage, and no human being could save me. I was willing to die, but before going to the cruel grave, I wanted to go out and see my dearly beloved town of Sidney once more. They told me such a thing was impossible—that I would surely die before I got back. But I insisted, and to gratify my dying wish, a carriage was fitted up with a bed of pillows, and to this I was carried and slowly driven around Court House Square. I got home more dead than alive. Through the mercy of Providence, someone brought a trial bottle of medicine said to be a consumption cure. No one imagined for an instant it was worth trying. But as a drowning person grasps at a straw, so I tried this medicine. I was better after taking two doses. Mother got more of the medicine and I took it, improving all the time. Today I am as well as any reader of this paper, and the medicine that cured me was Acker's English Remedy for Consumption. I declare before God and man that every word here printed is true."

This remarkable testimonial, on file in the office of Messrs. W. H. Hooker & Co., New York, proprietors of Dr. Acker's Celebrated English Remedy, is vouched for by them, as well as by prominent druggists of Sidney, Ohio.

Acker's English Remedy is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee that your money will be refunded in case of failure. 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle in U. S. and Canada. In England 1s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.

For Sale by The Delta Drug Store

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS

When people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connection with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served a la Carte.

In order to obtain this first class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

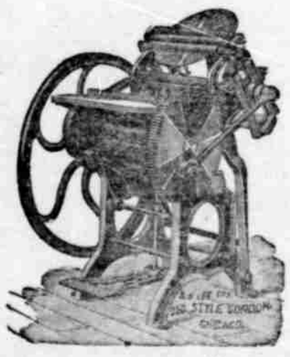
Direct connections at Chicago and Milwaukee for all Eastern points.

For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write

JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pas. Agt., or JAS. A. CLOSE, General Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. 246 Stark

For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

WE DO THE BEST JOB PRINTING IN THE COUNTY.



Prices Reasonable

Quick Work

Mail orders promptly attended to.

Prices on application

We are still offering you the

INDEPENDENT and WEEKLY OREGONIAN,

one year for only $2.00.

Address all orders to

INDEPENDENT

Hillsboro, Oregon