

LET ME BEGIN ANEW!
Lord God, Thou lovest the green things
start
A new life every year,
Out of their ranks moves they rise,
Erect and sweet and clear;
Behold the lily's pure white leaves
Unfolding by each mere.

THE GRINGO
By Frederic C. Thompson.

INSIDE Manuel's cantina the American music box was playing. That was nothing unusual, for from morning to night, the music box was going. At a table drawn close to the one on which the box stood sat old man Chamberlain. His eyes were closed and he was seemingly half-asleep. But with an almost automatic action he now and then lifted a glass to his lips and sipped the fiery mescal which it contained. And that was nothing unusual, for, from morning to night for many a year, old man Chamberlain sat beside the box and the bottle in the dark Mexican saloon.

Between the box and the man were two points of resemblance. Each had come from the United States and each was wearing its life out in Manuel's cantina. There the resemblance ended. Of the two the music box was a more respectable member of society. "The Drunken Gringo" the palisano called him. It was a double contempt because he was a foreigner and a sot. And yet, once each month, they were coned him as one of themselves. For, then, there came to the old man a check from a far-off city in gringo-land, and that strange check, converted into cash, speedily found its way over Manuel's bar. On the day that it came there was free mescal for all who cared for it, and they were few who would not leave the fireless scratching of the soil for a time of intoxicated hilarity. Then "The Drunken Gringo" became "El Senor," and his tottering steps were steadied by willing hands. It was not a big check—only for \$50 United States currency. But that makes a most successful Mexican peasant, and besides, so far as results went, it was worthy the respect it received. For, in one way or another, it was one of the supports of the village. On it old man Chamberlain lived entirely. To him it was board, lodging, clothing, and what was more—drunken forgetfulness. To Manuel—two-thirds of it found its way to his pocket—It was prosperity in business. What ailed him directly or indirectly supported half the village. So it was that for one day in the month the old town had a festa when Daechus was king and the Drunken Gringo his premier.

Old man Chamberlain had not always seen the "Drunken Gringo." Once—it was before his music box was invented—he had been young and the future had seemed fair. He had had visions of a prosperous and honored life. Then came his dark days, and Mexico was his refuge, as it is that of many another American. Once across the border he had been seized with a longing for his native land. The scenes which had been so prosaic and common in the days he lived among them were transformed into dreams of paradise. To see them again in reality was forbidden by the laws he had broken. To dream of them over a mescal bottle was a resource left him, and in this he found his solace. Little by little the reality of the past was forgotten; little by little he became the "Drunken Gringo," and all that was left was the music box, the mescal bottle and the monthly check.

FOR CHILDREN
Nothing that comes in a bottle, is more important for children than Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

It is to be used as a food, whenever their usual food does not quite answer the purpose of food.

"I don't care, I tell you; I don't care," mumbled the old man. "I'm going back. It was playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and I can't stand it any longer. You don't know what a home is down here. None of your people do. How can you, living as you do? But I know, I had a home once, and I'm going back to it."

The strength which had come with his excitement left the old man and he sank down on the bench. Manuel, thinking to quiet him, brought him the mescal bottle. The thought of what he might lose financially did not enter his head. With long years of association he had come to like the old man, and "Drunken Gringo" though he was—was wanted to save him from harm. This idea was strong in him, and he hurried for two or three men who, he thought, might have influence with Chamberlain. They came and they argued their best, but the old man was firm.

"I tell you I'm going back," he insisted. "I'm going back, even if they do get me."

"He'll have changed his mind by tomorrow," said the jefe politico. "They get the prisons in his hands are worse than those we have, and—"

A significant shake of the head showed what the jefe thought. But on the morning old man Chamberlain was as firm as ever. The music box was picked up and repaired, and the mescal bottle was refilled. Manuel and his friends argued. All in vain. Finally they held a consultation. It was in one end of the cantina. In the other old man Chamberlain was listening to the music box and fitting to its airs the words: "I'm going back, I'm going back, I'm going back again."

When the consultation was ended, Manuel came to him. "I'm going back, I tell you," said the old man, his voice keeping time to the music. "Si, si. You shall go back," answered Manuel. "But I will go back with you. Then, perhaps, they won't get you."

"I'm going back, I'm going back, I'm going back again," persisted old man Chamberlain, as the music continued to shakingly grind out its tunes. That night there was a long talk, and the mescal bottle was emptied and refilled. Manuel talked and the jefe politico talked and old man Chamberlain crooned his one refrain. But he listened to the arguments. He had no money, and Manuel could not pay the expenses to New York. That did not matter to the old man. New York was a dream so far in the past that it had ceased to be real. But the United States still existed for him, and if he could step foot in them once more he would be content. So it was arranged.

The next night at the Mexican Central train drew into Ciudad Juarez two men got off. One was Manuel, the other was the "Drunken Gringo." It was still light, and slowly, by back streets, they made their way to a saloon. There a bottle of mescal was secured. When it was empty Manuel went to the door and looked out. "Come," he said, "it is time."

Old man Chamberlain, totteringly rose from his chair. He drew himself as erect as he could, and walked to the street. In his hand he held the empty mescal bottle, which he had been grasping as it stood on the table. Slowly Manuel led the way to the stretch of dry sand which, for geographical purposes, is called a river. "Are you sure? Is this the way?" asked the old man, as they stumbled along. "Si, si. I am sure. I know the way," replied Manuel.

FUREKA HARNESS OIL
Sole distributors
Standard Oil Company

GRIMES AND ACCIDENTS.
A cry of fire at the Temple theater...

Half a million dollars' worth of buildings and slaughtered cattle were destroyed by fire which broke out in the...

Twenty-one persons were killed and many injured in a fire that started in the eight-story building occupied by Hunt, Wilkinson & Co., upholsterers and furniture dealers, Market street, Philadelphia.

An Iowa Israelite, a homesteader near Beechwood, a small settlement, eight miles west of river, Mich., became insane, and seizing his gun, sent a bullet through his wife's head, killing her instantly.

Eugene Wall was shot to death by unknown persons seven miles from San Augustine, Tex. Wall is the sixth man to be killed in the Wall-Booker feud, and his faction has contributed five victims, two of them sheriff's of the county.

Assassin of President McKinley Goes to Electric Chair. AUBURN (N. Y.), Oct. 29.—Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was put to death in the electric chair at 7:12 o'clock this morning.

Yale Honors President Roosevelt. During the celebration of the bicentennial of Yale university the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon President Roosevelt by the presence of many distinguished guests who had come to New Haven to attend the celebration.

What do the Children Drink? Don't give them coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.
HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY HAS ORDERED the construction of a battleship larger than any now existing. Her displacement will be 16,500 tons and her length 425 feet.

THE DUTCHERS OF MANCHESTER (who was Miss Helo Zimmernann of Cincinnati) was sentenced to a daughter. Both the mother and child are doing well. The infant will receive the name Mary A. V. Mouton.

According to the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, the South African storage company has been making immense profits out of the supplying of meat to the British soldiers.

Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, to celebrate her 44th birthday, navigated, in a barrel, the Canadian rapids at Niagara and plunged over the Horseshoe falls a drop of 165 feet. The barrel, which was padded with cushions and equipped with a harness of straps, was started over the falls at 4 o'clock, and 40 minutes later was taken from the water half a mile below.

THE ILLINOIS SUPREME COURT AWARDED a writ of mandamus against the state to require the railroad to equip its freight cars with automatic machinery, which will greatly improve the safety of the use of automatic machinery, making like which is to be seen in England.

Dr. Schulz, health commissioner of Milwaukee, has recommended that consumptives, or those suspected of having that disease, do not indulge in kissing, for the reason that germs are likely to gather around the mouth and thus aid in the spread of consumption.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY RESIGNED the presidency of the Metropolitan club, one of the most exclusive organizations of the city of Washington, because of the savage criticism made by members of the club of the rulings of the court of inquiry in the Schley case.

Brain-Food Nonsense. Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones.

HOBSON IS OUTDONE.
Schwab, the Steel Magnate, Makes New Record for Kissing.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, entered the Lieut. Hobson class the other night at Braddock, Pa., and kissed 200 women in 20 minutes.

There was great applause and cheer, and when the next woman came up she took a kiss from the steel magnate. The women filed by and Mr. Schwab kissed 200 of them. After he had kissed all the women, not disappointed one, he turned and kissed Mrs. Schwab, who was standing by, laughing heartily.

AUSTRALIA'S CAPITAL.
Still a Matter of Doubt as to Where It Will be Located Permanently.

Nobody yet knows where the future capital of federated Australia is to be located. It is agreed that Melbourne must be the temporary metropolis for five years at the very least.

BLACKENED BURIED WITH A MAN AT WHEELING, W. VA., REFUSES TO REMAIN HYPNOTIZED.

Starving in a Family Pad. One of the most remarkable cases of fasting that have come under the observation of the Mercer county physicians is that of Oliver Reimer, a 35-year-old man, residing at Sharps Run, Pa.

WOMEN CANNOT PRACTICE LAW. The state supreme court of Tennessee, sitting at Jackson, has decided that a woman cannot practice law in Tennessee.

SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE. When things are "the best" they are the "best" selling. "Abraham Here," a leading druggist, of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in 20 years."

OPPOSES EARLY MARRIAGES.
Ohio Judge Says That They Are the Cause of a Majority of Divorces.

"The number of divorce cases coming before this court is appalling," said Judge Frank E. DeLennbach in the divorce division of the common pleas court at Cleveland, O., the other evening as he granted the seventh divorce of the day. He continued:

"Two-thirds of the divorce cases that come before me are due to early marriages. I believe that the same would hold true in all divorce courts. Young people marry before they are mature enough to form sensible views of those they marry. There have been young wives here weeping for divorces who must have been so young at the time they were married that spanking would have been more appropriate. Young men are as great fools as young women."

SUMMONS.
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Josephine, Charles L. Tutt, Plaintiff, vs. Jane A. Chadwick, Defendant.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO WITHDRAW INSURANCE DEPOSIT.
In accordance with the requirements of the laws of the State of Oregon, relative to insurance companies, notice is hereby given that

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTE.
To Arche L. Lee Lewis: Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, your co-owners in the place of claim situated on Rogers river, in Josephine County and known as the "Horsehoe" mining claim, located by Charles H. Ewing, May 21, 1896, the notice of which is recorded at page 436, of the Miscellaneous Mining Records of Josephine County, Oregon, that unless you contribute and pay to said undersigned co-owners within the period specified in the notice, the sum of Seventy Five Dollars, (\$75.00) the same being your proportion of the cost of annual labor done on said claim in order to perfect the title thereto during the years 1888, 1889, 1890, your one-fourth interest therein will be forfeited to your co-owners.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
The undersigned having been appointed executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased, by the County Court of Josephine County, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me at Grant's Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, within the proper period and vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 24th day of July, 1901.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?
This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. "Jell-O," a delicious and healthful dessert, prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to day.

DR. JORDAN'S GREAT MUSEUM OF ANATOMY
1001 BARRY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

ANY HEAD NOISES?
DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE
YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME

THE WHITE IS KING...
Ball Bearing Like a Bicycle...
Makes the "Whitt" the Easiest Running Sewing Machine Made.

It is 8,000 Miles Long.
The Burlington Route ranks among the greatest of the world's railroads.

GO EAST VIA GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
Shortest and Quickest LINE TO ST. PAUL, DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO, AND ALL POINTS EAST

LPPINGCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE
A FAMILY LIBRARY
The Best in Current Literature

KODOL Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs.