

AT THE INSTITUTE

TEACHERS PRESENT A RING TO SUPT. G. W. JONES

As a Mark of Their Appreciation of His Efforts in Behalf of the Marion County Schools.

The Marion County Institute, which has been in session at the East school in this city, this week, adjourned at 4 p. m., yesterday, after one of the most interesting and profitable meetings ever held by the teachers of Marion county.

During the afternoon, County Supt. G. W. Jones was happily surprised by the teachers, Miss Lizzie Cornelius, one of the teachers attending the institute, was introduced to the school, by Prof. Crawford, and much to the surprise of Superintendent Jones, the young lady, in a few well chosen words, expressing the teachers' appreciation of the Superintendent's efforts in their behalf, she presented him, as a gift from the assembled teachers, a beautiful gold ring, with a magnificent setting bearing a Masonic insignia.

Fine printing, Statesman Job Office.

Margaret's Baby.

The Carroll County Christian Endeavor convention was over, and the visiting delegates were already half way across the big meadow on their way to the afternoon train; little groups of people stood about the churchyard, chatting while they waited for their wagons, and the sexton indoors was closing windows and slamming blinds.

Margaret had turned away from them all, and started on her homeward way with a sad little heart. "If we only could," she murmured to herself, as she walked on between the heads of sweet clover that nodded over the path. "I mean if we only could, I wonder why Aunt Martha and Uncle Nathan are so different from other folks; there ain't another neighbor in this township that didn't take some interest in the convention, and they all crowded around that young man that told about the poor city children. I believe everybody but us will have a fresh-air child—and we've got plenty of room, and just everything to do with. Only look at all this green country going to waste!"

Margaret's voice broke in to a sob, but she dashed the tears away and went on. "That man said he'd seen them dozens of 'em, and I believe him, but Aunt Martha would not—she'd say it's all a 'trumped-up story,' so it's no good telling her. I'll just have to wait until I'm grown up, and then I'll have a big house, and fill every scrap of it with babies, and they shall stay forever, not just two weeks, and I'll love and pet them, and make 'em well and strong." This time the sob almost got the best of her, but she bravely choked it back and answered Aunt Martha's impatient call with a cheery, "Yes, ma'am," as she climbed the old-fashioned stile.

"So the convention's over at last?" asked Aunt Martha sharply. "Well, I'm glad of it. The idea of people wasting their time in such ways is all nonsense, and I've no patience with these new-fangled things."

"If you'd go sometimes you'd see how nice they are," suggested Margaret timidly, as she buttoned on her apron. "Mrs. Jones and her family were there all day, and she told me to tell you you'd missed a treat."

Miss Martha set down a dish with needless energy. "Elzory Jones may be able to keep house as she'd ought, and still go zaddling all day, but I'm not. So if she'll tend to her own business, I'll tend to mine."

Evidently Aunt Martha was in no mood to be impressed by a description of the day's revelations, so Margaret said no more, as she deftly arranged the big table, and helped get supper for the "hands," who were working for Uncle Nathan.

Margaret asked permission to go to the depot and see the train come in which was to bring the fresh air children to their country homes.

There was quite a crowd there before her; it was evident that all Miss Martha's neighbors were not of her mind, and a general hum of suppressed excitement stirred the air as the train whizzed up with a shriek and stopped putting at the platform. What pitiful little objects swarmed down the steps! Ragged and thin, some with pale, frightened faces and beseeching eyes, others shrewd with cunning beyond their years. Last of all the caretaker stepped down—a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced woman, wearing the garb of a deaconess—carrying on each arm a baby. Two motherly women relieved her while she gathered her little flock about her, then she turned toward them again, saying, "My friends, I have here two more than I was directed to bring. These two babies are orphans, their broken-hearted mother died yesterday, and there is no one to claim or care for them. I brought them at a venture, is there not some one who will for Christ's sake take care of them until we can make other plans?"

Mrs. Wilkins broke the silence that followed: "I'll take one, though I don't know how I'll manage it; but if it was my own and left like this—" she choked and stopped.

"I'll take the other, ma'am," said a strained little voice at the lady's elbow. Margaret had been standing by, her eyes getting bigger and her heart beating faster with every passing moment. A real live baby, with big blue

eyes and frail white hands, homeless and friendless—her very ideal here at hand, and no one else to claim it, she could not resist, have it she must, and have it she would, whatever the consequence might be.

An hour later Aunt Martha opened her eyes after a nap in her chair, and beheld a sight so surprising she thought she must still be dreaming. Margaret, with crimson cheeks, and very much out of breath, was depositing on the kitchen couch a baby—pale and solemn, but still a baby—and she wore a curious little air of determination no one had ever seen before.

"What in the name of common sense?" began Miss Martha. "It's my Fresh Air," announced Margaret, innocently.

"Your what?" asked Uncle Nathan, coming into the kitchen. "My Fresh Air. It's twins, and Mrs. Wilkins took the one this, so I took it, and I've carried it all the way home." Her voice shook a little, but she sat down and put her arms about her baby with a motherly-cuddle pleasant to see.

Uncle Nathan patted her head awkwardly. "Seems to me we might let her have it, Martha. She's a good girl, and don't ask many favors, and it's only for two weeks, you know. I'm willin', if you be."

Miss Martha's eyes snapped. "You too, Nathan! I didn't allow to have you to deal with. I've said my say, and see no reason to change my mind. It's a pretty pass things have come to, if I've got to open a nursery at my time of life, when I've just got Margaret raised to be some account."

"But you needn't even touch it, Aunt Martha!" interrupted the little girl. "I'll wash and iron its clothes, instead of playing, and I won't ask to go anywhere again this summer. I'll stay at home and work all the time, if you'll only say yes this one single time!"

It was hard to resist such pleadings; even Aunt Martha felt it and hesitated. Uncle Nathan saw it, and hastened to say in his gruff, old voice, "It's got blue eyes, Martha, same as Margaret's mother had. I always thought Millie had such pretty eyes."

Miss Martha watched it a moment, then cleared her throat before she spoke. "You say Mary Ann Wilkins has the other? Well, I suppose she'll never get done talking if I send this back. But, mind you, miss, your promise must be lived up to, and that child is to be kept out of my way while the two weeks last. Moreover, there's to be no crying and sniveling over it when 'he time comes to send it back."

"Yes'm," assented Margaret eagerly. Miss Martha paid no attention to the wee visitor beyond seeing that it had plenty to eat; she allowed Margaret to take several garments from the chest in the garret, but expressed no interest in the little Mildred who wore them. Margaret watched her wistfully hoping that the charms which were to her so absorbing would win their way to her aunt's heart; but in vain, and the days passed till the last one came. Baby had enjoyed her bath and breakfast, and sat playing on the floor when Mrs. Wilkins came in. "Good morning, all. I thought I'd run over and get your little orphan so I could send it to the cars with its brother and save Margaret carrying it so far."

Miss Martha bowed stiffly. "Thank you, Mary Ann, but we have a wagon of our own."

Margaret had been wiping dishes; she had borne distinctly in mind her aunt's charge about "sniveling," but now her endurance gave way. She dropped her tea towel and threw herself on the floor beside her baby, sobbing out her grief in its little lap while it crowded gleefully and patted the brown head with both hands. "My baby—my very own little baby," wailed Margaret. "I shall never see you any more. Your cheeks will get all white and thin again, and the blue veins will come, and you'll cry for me, but I won't be there, Mildred, my darling, dear baby."

Mrs. Wilkins was crying now in earnest, and Uncle Nathan was using all his might to curb the well-earned sobs. Only Miss Martha's eyes were dry as she said calmly, "Mary Ann Wilkins, I am as sad as folks say, and I'm hard and close; but I have a heart, whether you believe it or not. I am not going to send this child away. I couldn't do it while she wears the name that belonged to the sweetest woman that ever breathed, our little Millie. She was our niece, but we raised her, Nathan and I, as we are raising her daughter. If this little Mildred is worthy of her name, we'll be repaid for all our trouble. And Mary Ann, if I've got to open a nursery again, which I did say I shouldn't do—it ain't much more trouble to take care of two than one, so you can send the rest of this pair of twins over here, instead of to the station. We've got plenty—they won't starve, nor we, either. Margaret, child, it's time for Mildred's milk, and when she's had it, you may put her clothes in the parlor bedroom drawer. We'll need a downstairs room with two babies."—The Presbyterian Banner.

A FARMERS' CONGRESS.—Gov. T. G. Geer yesterday received a request from the president of the Farmers' National Congress, to appoint delegates to represent the state of Oregon at the meeting of the Congress, which will be held at Colorado Springs, Colorado, in August. This will be the twentieth annual convention of the Farmers' National Congress, and the organization has come to be looked upon as one of the most important of the great combinations in the country, although it is not a combination in the sense that trusts are, but an organization of practical and successful farmers, from every state in the Union, who make an intelligent study of the needs of the tillers of the soil, and how best to aid them in securing what they most require for their success. The state of Oregon is entitled to four delegates, to be appointed by the Governor.

FIFTY-FIVE CENTS REFUSED.—S. H. Friendly offered G. R. Chrisman 55 cents per bushel last evening for 200 bushels of wheat. Mr. Chrisman refused the fee.—Eugene Guard.

HAS A SCHOOL.—Astoria, 28th: T. C. Lory, a noted Populist and former professor in Willamette University at Salem, has been elected principal of the Seaside school.

OASTORIA.—The kind you have always bought. Bears the Signature of C. H. Petcher.

Fine printing, Statesman Job Office.

OFFICIAL ELECTION RETURNS

Below is the abstract of the votes cast at the general election held in the state of Oregon on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1900, for Justice of the Supreme Court, for Oregon Dairy and Food Commissioner, and for Representatives in Congress of the First and Second Congressional Districts, as canvassed by Gov. T. G. Geer and Secretary of State F. I. Dunbar, at the capitol yesterday forenoon. The official returns from Curry county were received by the Secretary of State yesterday morning and the returns were at once tabulated and canvassed, and were yesterday afternoon, given to the press as the official returns.

These totals were published in the Statesman, practically as given here, several weeks ago, and on Thursday of this week the Statesman gave the pluralities in the state, as in this table, for Supreme Judge, Food and Dairy Commissioner and members of a Congress. The figures given today are official and prove the correctness of those published in this paper heretofore.

The figures tabulated show the following pluralities for the Republican ticket: Wolverson, Justice of the Supreme Court; 10,677; Bailey, Food and Dairy Commissioner; 11,131. Congressmen—Tongue, 3019; Moody, 3376.

Table with columns for COUNTY, Justice of the Supreme Court, Oregon Dairy and Food Commissioner, Representative to Congress—First Congressional District, and Representative to Congress—Second Congressional District. Rows list counties like Baker, Benton, Clatsop, etc., and candidates like C. J. Bright, Thomas G. Greese, etc.

IN THE TABERNACLE

CROWDS HEAR REV. J. V. UPKIKE AT TURNER.

Yesterday the Christian Endeavor Convention was in session—An interesting Program.

TURNER, Or., June 29.—Last evening fully one thousand people greeted Evangelist J. V. Updike, who spoke on the subject, "Save Yourself." He said, every man that was saved was saved by the power of God, but that salvation is conditional, and that God saves men and women through His son, Jesus Christ. He emphasized the office of the holy spirit in conversion, and that all who are converted are converted by the power of the holy spirit. If men are not saved it will be their own fault. God, by his holy spirit, has revealed the plan of salvation, and it has been recorded in God's word, and all who want to know how to save themselves can find the way by following the holy spirit's instruction.

ENDEAVOR DAY.

The Christian Endeavor Association began the annual session, this morning as usual, by a splendid and inspiring sunrise prayer meeting. Never before has there been such a large audience gathered in the convention as did this morning for the devotional service. After the devotions and hour of song, the state superintendent, Miss Alice Christian, of Forest Grove, called the convention to order and, after a few well chosen words of thanks for the attendance, she called for the reports of district managers.

Miss Pessie Ghormley, of Portland, reported for No. 1. They have five societies with a membership of 157 active and thirty-seven associate members. Sixteen were converted during the year. They raised \$126.75 for their work. Miss Ghormley recommended greater sociability and a deeper spiritual life among the societies.

District No. 2 was reported by Miss Sue B. Johnson, of North Yamhill. They have eleven societies, 250 active and seventy-five associate members, and raised \$190. Nine conversions during the year.

Miss Dell Osborne, of Salem, reported for No. 4. They have six societies, with a membership of 140 active and forty-seven associate members; eighteen conversions during the year, and \$189.81 raised for the work. A good convention was had at Stayton last November.

District No. 5 was reported in a general way. District No. 7 was reported by Mrs. A. E. Gardner, of Drain. They have two societies, forty-two active and eight associate members; one conversion and \$93.65 raised.

Rev. J. J. Evans, of Salem, delivered an address on the subject, "The Influence of Endeavorism on the World." He said in part:

"First, upon the non-Christian world. By the great Christian Endeavor conventions we are showing the world that Christianity is alive. Again, we show them that we can meet together without trying to fight each other. We are also preaching the gospel to them and thus are bringing them to Christ. Second, upon young people. Christian Endeavor is preparing the young people for the work of tomorrow. It makes them study the Bible more. There are also bad effects such as using unscriptural terms and words, as the result of contact with sectarianism.

PUT IN THE WITNESS CHAIR.

An Irishman was being examined in a case of assault and, having sworn that he was an eye witness of the offense charged, the lawyer for the defense assumed a threatening air and in a loud voice asked: "Now, on your oath, I want you to tell this court whether or not you were intoxicated at that time?" "What's the sin of a quision look that?" answered the son of Erin: "we I was intoxicated at the time he whed I could of tlll futher of was or not?"

IN THE VERNAICULAR.

An old Backport, Me., sea captain thus describes the way in which he dismissed an undesirable sailor for the hand of his daughter:

"I just showed him the companion-way out on the gangplank leading from any house, and gently remarked that the wind was off shore, and the sooner he got under way the better offing he would get before morning. He at once took the hint, got under way, paid off, bore away, and went down the road under all sail with the off-shore breeze."

GOOD THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN ABUSED.

"Common sense is really having an lining in medicine, at last," said a New Orleans physician recently, "and I am glad to say that a great deal of the empirical rubbish that was regarded with idiotic veneration in the past has been relegated unceremoniously to the shelf. For example, fresh air, cold water, and exercise are three tremendously valuable things that have been outrageously abused. Physicians formerly recommended patients in a weak and anemic condition to take all the exercise they could, and they killed a large percentage of them by overexertion. What a man in that condition generally needs is plenty of absolute rest and all the nutriment he can assimilate. Then, if there are no complications, he will gradually get into a condition wherein a little exercise may be taken with safety. The scientific 'rest cure' is a comparatively modern idea, and it has worked wonders with broken-down humanity. Fresh air is most excellent, provided the enfeebled patient doesn't get too much of it, but the old-time 'fresh air' remedy was very dangerous, even in the medical profession. Pneumonia is indebted to them for many a victim. Cold water is another agent that has a good long death list to its credit. It was formerly believed that a cold morning bath had peculiarly invigorating properties, and so it has—to an athlete—but there are very few people who are able to stand the shock. A person of weak constitution should always use tepid water. That reminds me, by the way, that the violent transitions of a Turkish bath have undermined many a weakened system. Unless a man is in perfect health he should always consult a competent physician before hazarding such a ordeal."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

STRUCK FOR MORE PAY.

The Oregon City Enterprise, 20th inst: The cutter department of the Willamette Pulp & Paper Co. experienced another strike Tuesday morning. The strikers numbered about a dozen, but two were induced to remain, while the others held out and their places were supplied by new men. They were receiving on an average about 75 cents a day and they struck for a dollar.

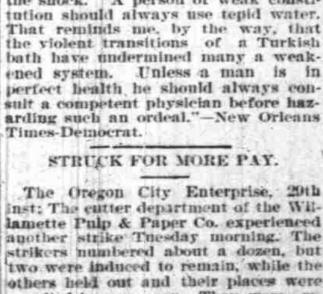
"What good are you?" said the farmer as he found a dusty pilgrim yawning in his hay.

"What good are we?" echoed the knight of the road. "Why, if we didn't smoke butts in farmers' barns dey'd never git insurance money to pay de mortgage off de res' ob de farm."—Chicago News.

Johnny—Paw, what it blacksmall? Paw—Mourning envelopes.—Baltimore American.

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