



OUR STORY.

The big, white steamboat backs away from the wharf, swings about, and goes slowly down the river, sounding her whistle at intervals, for the fog is coming in rapidly.

The few loafers on the pier eye curiously the tall, elegant woman who has come ashore.

She, casting a half scornful glance about, approaches old Jed Rawson and puts this query:

"Can I hire any one to take me across the river?"

"I reckon not," declares old Jed, taking out his pipe to stare at her with astonishment.

"The steamer goes into port just below here wait for the fog to lift. That's no gittin' across the river for you."

"Can you manage a boat my good man?"

All the loafers smile at this. Old Jed breaks into a mellow laugh which sends a perfect network of wrinkles over his brown face.

"Why, leddy," he says "there ain't nary a boy of ten or up'ard alongshore as don't know how to handle a boat."

The lady laughs too. She is very charming; even old Jed realizes that.

She takes a gold piece from her dainty purse and says:

"If you will take me and my trunk across the river this shall be yours."

The trunk is a huge affair and Jed looks at it with one eye closed and shakes his head.

"If it weren't for the fog, any one 'ud take yer across for nuthin'."

But we could not see the boat's length to-night."

The lady utters a sharp exclamation, anger and disappointment clouding her features.

A brown-faced lad steps from the corner of the little red baggage-house where he had been standing.

"If you dare to go, ma'am, I will take you," he says.

She gives him a radiant smile, at which he flushes to the roots of his hair, waving hair.

Jed and one or two of the other men remonstrate with him to no purpose.

A small brown wherry is brought up to the light of weather-beaten steps leading down from one side of the wharf.

The big trunk is lowered into it, and the lady handed down by Andrew Russell, who is thrilled by the touch of her cool, satiny fingers.

He pulls out into the fog-bank, while the loungers on the wharf make their comments.

"Mighty fine-lookin' craft, that."

"Carries too much sail."

"What can she want over the river?"

"Praps she's bound for Barrington's."

"Praps. She looks like his kind."

It is late in the evening when Andrew Russell returns.

Old Jed meets him hurrying up the village street.

"Well, you got across all right?"

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

creature finding any attraction in an ignorant boy like himself.

One night he goes home intoxicated by the memory of a round, white arm about his neck and the pressure of soft, warm lips to his own.

A week later, one hour before midnight, he crosses the river in his own little brown wherry.

On the big rock which serves for a pier a man and woman await him. Barrington carries a valise in each hand.

They enter the wherry and Andrew pulls swiftly and silently down the river.

In about an hour they come to a small cove, where a commodious sailboat is tied to a ring in the rocky shelving bank.

They go aboard this, the little wherry is fastened astern, the sails are unfurled, and on they go, dancing lightly into the waters of the bay.

At midnight of the next day they come to a great city.

Barrington and the lady go ashore. Some purchases are to be made here, and Barrington is to see a man who will buy the boat—this is what they have told Andrew.

In the meantime he is to wait here with the boat until their return, when they will go aboard the great ocean steamer whose black funnels rise from a neighboring wharf.

Andrew is not particularly pleased that Barrington is to accompany them, but nothing can dampen the joy of his belief that she loves him, and he can never forget that her lips have touched his own.

The poor boy is quite daff for the time and does not dream he is being duped.

The city clocks are striking 10 when a ragged street gamin crosses the wharf and halts Andrew.

"Hi there! Be your name Russell?"

Andrew nods, and the boy hands him a note.

"A big swell up-town sent this to yer."

Andrew takes the note and tears it open.

He knows of course that the "big swell" is Barrington.

The note reads as follows:

"When you read this we shall be aboard an outward-bound express. Good bye, my dear boy; many thanks for your gallantry. Mr. Barrington makes you a present of the boat as a reward for your services."

For a moment Andrew stares at the note in dumb amazement.

His brain reels.

The letters dance blood-red before his eyes.

He staggers down into the little cabin and throws himself prostrate upon the floor.

He breaks into great sobs, which shake him from head to foot.

To be fooled, played with, cast aside, when he had served their turn!

Oh, the bitterness, the grief, and rage in the boy's hot heart as he reads and re-reads the cabin floor!

All night long he battles with his first great trouble.

SALEM LAND COMPANY

—Incorporated 1889—Capital Stock \$30,000.—

POSTOFFICE BLOCK, — SALEM, OREGON.

HELLENBRAND'S Eating Parlors & Candy Manufactory, 295 Commercial Street.

PAINT SHOP. 156 Commercial Street.

P. H. RANKIN, PROP.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

School Desks.

County Normal Institute.

Bids Received.

Two Through Trains Each Way.

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

A City Lady Who Required Proof Before Believing.

There recently appeared in the San Francisco Call, Chronicle, and Examiner, a proposition...

Insurance in Your Home Company!

"The State,"

PAID MORE TAXES.

It was the First Company to Pay all Losses in Full and in Cash.

Citation.

PAINT SHOP.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

School Desks.

County Normal Institute.

Bids Received.

Two Through Trains Each Way.

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

A City Lady Who Required Proof Before Believing.

There recently appeared in the San Francisco Call, Chronicle, and Examiner, a proposition...

Insurance in Your Home Company!

"The State,"

PAID MORE TAXES.

It was the First Company to Pay all Losses in Full and in Cash.

Ten Thousand Dollars

Fancy and Staple Groceries.

WELLER BROS.,

201 Commercial St.

Spring Wagons and Hacks.

LAUNDRY WORK

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

ELLIS & WHITLEY,

LIVERYMEN,

STAGE LIVERY BARN.

DR. HILLER'S Special Prescriptions

First National Bank

J. H. HAAS,

THE WATCHMAKER,

PUBLIC SALE

Kalsomining

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. R. KNIGHT, Electric Physician, office 122 Court street, Salem, Oregon.

D. J. M. KEENE, Dentist, Office over the White Corner, Court and Commercial streets.

JOHN A. CARSON, Counselor and Attorney-at-Law, Member of the Bar of Ontario, Canada, Office 102 State street, Salem, Oregon.

PRATT & HUNT, attorneys at law, Salem, Oregon. Office over Barr's jewelry store, State street.

J. S. SHAW, Attorney-at-Law, Salem, Oregon. Office first door to the left of the stairs in the rear of Ladd & Bush's bank.

T. M. FORD, Attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up stairs in Patton's block.

J. A. APPELATE, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Commercial and State streets, Salem, Or.

W. P. WILLIAMS, STENOGRAPHER, Typewriter, Office with Capital City Ry. Co., 118 State St.

ROBERT & McNALLY, Architects, No. 112 State Street, Plans and specifications of all classes of buildings on short notice. Superintendence of work promptly located after.

COBURN & WILLIAMS, Civil Engineers and Draftsmen, Railroad surveys and estimating a specialty. Office 132 State street, up stairs, Salem, Oregon.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. M. CLOUGH, Undertaker, Embalmer and Cabinet Maker, 107 State St., Salem.

E. H. MORSE, contractor and Builder, All orders promptly attended to at High street, Salem.

JOHN GRAY, Contractor and builder, Fine inside finishing a specialty, 180 Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN KNIGHT, Blacksmith, Horse shoeing and repairing a specialty. Shop at the foot of Liberty street, Salem, Oregon.

R. S. SOUTHWICK, Contractor and Builder, Well prepared to do all kinds of building and guarantee satisfaction.

P. J. LARSEN, Manufacturer of all kinds of vehicles, Repairing a specialty. Only the best work turned out. Shop at State street, next door to Scriber & Pollock.

E. O. BAKER, Collector, Commission and Bond, One advertising Agency, Commission made at reasonable rates. Goods sold on commission. Advertisements inserted at lowest rates. 30 Commercial St., Salem, Or.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

WILLIAM PETERSEN,—Gauging most on the following night at 7:30 p.m.

W. H. B. WATKINS, D. D. and S. G.

W. H. B. WATKINS, D. D. and S. G.

W. H. B. WATKINS, D. D. and S. G.

\$1 WILL BUY A LOT

T. BURROWS,

Morgan & Mead, City Draymen

T. H. HUBBARD,

Capitol Home Addition

T. H. WILSON, Owner,

PRINTING.

PRINTING.

PRINTING.