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Backnumber Kitchen utensils

That is what the chopping bowl and knife have become because of the advent of Sargent's Gem Food Chopper, an up-to-date kitchen necessity. It does all the chopping bowl and knile have ever done, and more-does it better, too. It chops all kinds of food, both cooked and uncooked, in coarse, fine, or medium pieces, without tearing, squeezing, mashing or grinding; it is easy to operate, easy to keep in order, easy to clean, selfsharpening. Useful in the kitchen morning, noon and night, and always ready for use. No housekeeper can afford to be without it.

R. M. WADE GO. CO., Lalem.

KICKED BY A HORSE

YEARS BEFORE THE BUNE HEALED



"AM I ALL RIGHT? OF COURSE PM ALL RIGHT," SAID MR. A. COOPER, OF POLK COUNTY, WHEN ASKED ABOUT HIS LEG WHICH WAS HURT WHEN HE WAS A BOY. "I WAS KICKED BELOW THE KNEE BY A HORSE IN 1860 WHEN A MERE BOY, AND SUFFERED FOR YEARS. IT ACHED TERRIBLY AND SOON BROKE; THEN PIECES DEPENDENCE, OREGON, OR AT OF BONE COMMENCED COMING DR. COOK'S OFFICE, 103 LIBERTY OUT AND CONTINUED FOR ABOUT A YEAR. THIS WAS FOLLOWED STREET, SALEM, OREGON.

WHICH LEFT ME IN BAD SHAPE. WAS OBLIGED TO USE CRUTCHES FOR OVER TWO YEARS FROM THAT TIME UNTIL I WAS CURED ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO I ALWAYS USED TWO CANES. THE DOCTORS TOLD ME THERE WAS NO HOPE FOR A CURE UNLESS I HAD MY LEG SPLIT AND SCRAPED AND THE CORDS CUT. SOME ALSO ADVISED AMPUTATION, BUT I RE FUSED, AND FINALLY DR. COOK THE BOTANICAL SPECIALIST OF SALEM, TOOK MY CASE. I BEGAN TO IMPROVE AT ONCE, AND IN BIX MONTHS MY LEG WAS WELL IN FACT I FEEL THAT DR. COOK SAVED MY LIMB, AND I WANT EVERYBODY TO KNOW IT, FOR IT WAS A WONDERFUL CURE. SOON AFTER TREATMENT THE BLACK FLESH BEGAN TO GROW OUT OVER THE BONE WITH A HEAL THY COLOR."

A. COOPER. September 1st, 1902.

PERSONS WISHING TO KNOW MORE OF MR. COUPER'S CASE CAN LEARN ALL THE PARTICU-LARS BY CALLING ON HIM AT IN-

CANADA FIELD PEAS

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****** The Reformer

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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(Continued.)

it was with a neelening consciouspess of what this woman was and of her wonderful life and influence that

John Gordon came into her presence. He had met her during his university career when some special studies had taken him down to Mope House. And one of the first places he had visited on his return from abroad had been the dining room with its fellowship life presided over by that central figure that dominated the entire group. It was at that first meeting that he had frankly told her and the residents something of his religious experience and its bearing on his life work. It was that frank confidence that had led up to the question by Ford,

"Well?" Miss Andrews finally said as John Gordon seemed ready to speak after looking at her so intently. During his silence the conversation at the table had gone on in a quiet but nat ural fashion. Every one in Hope House always gave every one else perfect freedom for his personality, and no one feit at all disturbed when John Gorden did not reply at once to the student's query. They all paused in their talk when he spoke.

"I've been thinking of it. I would count it an honor to be part of your family." He spoke to Miss Andrews. but included all the table with a gesture. "I'm still in some doubt concern ing my future. I am sure you are enough interested in me to care to know that I have left my own home. I am just at present without a permanent place of abode. Perhaps you would be willing to take me In."

He spoke somewhat lightly, but not without a cectain seriousness that they all seemed to understand. Miss Andrews gianeed at him quickly and said with a real tone of sympathy:

"We would not only give you a hearty welcome, Mr. Gordon, but count ourselves fortunate to have you with us." "Thank you," he replied gratefully.

"I would not come into the house, of course, except as one who would take the position of a learner. I have every thing to learn and nothing to contrib ute. You would have to teach me the simplest duties of a resident, Miss Andrews. I at least would be a very willing and obedient pupil."

"I have no doubt of that," she soplied, with a smile, "But the people who act that way are dangerously apt to be in a position to teach their teachers in time.

"I shall never be able to teach the Gordon earnestly. Miss Andrews laugh ed, and the faintest tinge of color appeared on her checks. "We are all learners here. Let him who has not learned something today hold up his hand. Not a hand in sight. Oh, we are all in the primary class! The people are the alphabet of God. And we have not yet learned the alphabet."

The talk gradually circled the table. while John Gordon continued to tell Miss Andrews something in detail of the interview with his father and sixter. After the ment was over the rest-BY AN ATTACK OF TYPHOID, deats scuttered to their work, but half a dozen with Miss Andrews and John Gordon lingered a few minutes in the library and living room, which opened out of the wide hall, next the old fash ioned stairense which went up near the center of the room, for Hope House had fermerly been an old familly man sion, hard it stood new in its solftery refinement of interior in complete contrast in every building in the beater but belev wen toruth Insuelb by the human rains that pleaded day and eight for rebuilding notif the souls of the residents grew wency with the farther away or closer by, in proportion as the workers in the settlement grew more and more to love the people or more and more to lose faith in their redemption.

When John Gordon finally went away, he had practically promised to become a permanent resident of Hope House. Something of John Gordon's family history was known to most of the commutic and unusual in such a deesion as his to stir the imagination of the enguest young men and women ! who had thrown in their lot with Hope

House and what it stood for in the city. When John Gordon came out from he archway and broad into the street, t was after 9 o'clock. He walked dong for half a dozen blocks, trying to realize what his life work would be in such a place. Whatever else if would be, he knew it would be a life that would demand ineverably all the manhood possible. As he stopped and looked back down the street and realized its wretchedness, its discomfort. its squator, its moral fifth, his heart cried out for strength, his soul feltcompassion and anger and longing. and his love of the people, to his futense satisfaction, grew in spite of what they were and because of what they were.

He was still standing there, absorbed in his thought of future possibilities. when a man put his hand on his shoul-

der and said familiarly: "John, do you want good company? I'm with you if you do."

"David" cried John Gordon in as-

be here?"

"Studying me, eh?" said David Barton as he put his arm within his friend's and walked on. "But how does it happen that you"-

"Having a week's vacation. Harris old me I'd better go to Colorado. Been lown here every night." John Gordon walked on in deepening

stonishment. "Come up to the rooms and let us heve a talk," said Barton, and John Gordon quietly agreed. They took a er and after riding two miles left the er, walked two blocks and came out on Park Boulevard, where David Barten, managing editor of the Daily News, had apartments.

When they were sented, David Baron turned a sharp, nervous, but kind-

ly face toward John Gordon. "Surprised to see me down in the region of Hope House? Great place, isn't it? Worth more than a trip to the Rockies to go through the show," "Do you mean to say you have never

been down around Hope Heuse be-"I've been there several times, my

To you know Miss Andrews?" "Knew her before you were out of kigh school.

You never told me." "Why should I tell you everything at

"Several years is not at once," re plied John Gordon, with a smile. For answer the older man gravely sold after a jumse:

"How old are you, John?"

"Thirty." "And I'm forty. The pace is killing me. Harris says I may last five years more. I doubt it. He is evidently anxilous to keep me going the five years. Do I look bad?"

He thrust his pale, nervous face forward, and John Gordon was almost shocked at his friend's manner. He was so much moved that he rose and went over and laid his hand on the other man's arm.

"David, you're not well. Why don't you take Harris' advice and go out to Colorado, not for a week, but for a year?"

"As bad as that?" David Barton said dryly. "I think I'm good for the five years. But tell me about your self.

"I've left home, and I'm going to take up residence in Hope House." "No! What! Live there?"

David Barton seemed to pay no attention to the fact of his friend's leavtag home.

"I've been there tonight and made definite arrangements with Miss An-I must go there in order to fit myself for my work." Your work?"

"Yes; for the people," replied John

Gordon simply.

Who knows who the people are?" He stopped suddenly, and his whole manner changed. His sharp, abrupt, indifferent alertness was smothered out of his face like magic. He rose and walked through the room while John Gordon, who understood his moods by the disease of the stomach and other quite well, listened in astenishment.

"John, listen to me. I believe I know something of your plans and ambitions. You're the only man I know who would do what you propose to du-I don't have much faith in it. At the same time I believe in you, John, I spoke contemptuously of the people, but in my heart, John, I love the people. I um one of them. Toright as I saw children rotting in those holes I could have died for them. But the martyr's stuff is not in me to die for them except by proxy. Let me tell you. John, you are going at the thing backhanded. What do you want to go and live in Hope House for? Miss Andrews is doing splendld work, but even her efforts don't accomplish anything. Conditions are as bad there now as they were twelve years ago. It's good flesh and blood thrown to the lions while the politicians and the gang look on and laugh at the human belplessness. Why, it is simply an outrage on civilization that a city like this lets a woman like Miss Andrews die by martyrdom in that infernal hell on earth and never gives her the financial and social support she ought to have. And the burden, and that either grew dally hounds that own the tenements and salooss and vandeville property live in luxury and pose as leaders in society and allow conditions to be created that roll a stream of desperate human problems over Miss Andrews that will kill her in a few years. Yes, kill her!"

David Barton spoke with a savage energy that made John Gordon shudder. But when Barton had been silent a moment be continued in a calmer the residents, and there was enough of tone to make a proposition to John Gordon that John was totally unprepared

> "Instead of going into Hope Honse why don't you come into the News? I can speak for Harris that he will give you full swing on the reform page of your ewa. You can have it all your own way. I'll help you with special stories and pictures that will make the property owners around Riverside street squirm. Harris is savage with the mayor because of last year's campaign. Re'll be glad to get even with the administration by showing up the rotten cencera. I tell you, John, there's an earthquake going to rattle the city hall this winter, and Harris and the News will be one name for the earthquake. The old man is just in the mood for pushing the reform business in the name of the people. He will agree to saything I say. The press is the only real power left in the city any how. Think of what you can do for the people with the News back of you. We can make a special business of the alum Loles and wake it mighty inter esting for some of the old money bags

tonishment. "How do you happen to answer at once. At any rate, give me

time to cough." David Barton sat down close by John Gordon and had a coughing spell that lasted a few minutes. John Gordon silently watched him, steadily excited by the offer just made to him. Could he accept it? Was it not one of those opportunities that men have come to them but once? What might be not do for the people if a whole page of a great, powerful, practically boundless, wealthy paper were at his disposal? The material he could put before the public! The conditions he could expose! The wrongs he could right! The lives he might save! The possibilities grew larger every moment he thought

David Barton finally ceased coughing and spoke again.

"Weil, will you come into the News? What do you say?"

But John Gordon did not answer at once. Suddealy be had thought of Luelia Marsh. If she would not marry

him as a resident of Hope House, would she not he proud to be the wife of a writer on one of the most powerful dailies of the world? And the same object would be gained for the people, But how about his declaration that he must know the people by direct knowledge sained by living among them? let chaid he not do that in some way and still put this modern lever of the press under the problem?

He faced his friend with strong feeling. The day had been full of events for him, but this closing event affected him in some ways deeper than all the

(To be Continued.)



Many a man is looking out for his health, but looking for disease in the wrong direction. He takes medicine for his nerves, which seem "gone to pieces."
He "doctors" for his heart, which is
acting irregularly. He constantly stirs
up his liver with pills and powder. But e does not get any better. He is lookng for the cause of his complaints in he wrong direction, It is a common thing for some one

who has used Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-"Posh! The people!" ical Discovery for "stomach trouble" to David Barton suffed contemptuously. find that when the diseased stomach is cured the "weak" heart is made sound. the sluggish liver stimulated, and the throbbing nerves tranquilized. This fact alone suggests the truth which every leading medical scientist knows and recognizes-that diseases which seem remote from the stomach are often caused wans of divestion and nutrition. When the diseased stomach and the digestive and nutritive system are cured of disease, the other organs are cured with them.

Food is the basis of life and of strength. But it is not the quantity of food eaten which supports the life and health of the body. The body is sustained by that portlon of the food which after being esten is converted into nourishment and properly assimilated. When the stomach and its allied organof digestion and nutrition are discased w"weak," only part of the food enten is converted into nutrition, and the body and its organs are therefore only partly nonrished. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medcal Inscovery cures the diseases of the stomach and digestive and mutritive systent which prevent the proper nourally ment of the body. In that way the ody is once more strengthened in the only way possible, by food properly ligested and perfectly assimilated.

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felts L. Complement, of Glensavere, J. Co. Denna writes; "I had been for J. Co. Define wither 11 has been by control work most of the time. The doctor I had been disease and indigestron. It is still a chaking and opporessed beding in their still a chaking and opporessed beding in their still still was transled with a hungry by and I seemed to be raw from my throat it most into my stomach. My appetite was said past their two somach My appetite was said past their two diseases and nervous and heart keet throbbing continually and I was a did breath. Finally I wrote is year for a life and think your diseases and but I or dered as bottles of Golden Med. Discovery and began its use. Advis mind we bettles I began to improve about youl is sent to work and I have been working since.

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"I feet that I would be doing an injection of I did not semi-you a statement of ow writes Mrs. David W. Onice, of Hambs cose writes Mrs. Dured W Gence at Hamburg years and Ca. Miss. "I had liver complaint and tool greation. Everything that I at disagreed with me. I suffered all the time with swimming in my heart heart beat too hast my freet and hambs were cold all the time. Did not sleep well at all. Was able to get about but very little. I commenced to use Dr. Pietce's Colden Medical Toscovery and Pleasant Pellets. In May itser and by December I could begin to get about very well. Have been doing my work ever since except washing. Feel better than I have het secret washing a little than I have het secret washing to be too the perfect than I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be the tool better than I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too made I have het secret washing to be too wash

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