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INFLUENZA AGAIN

Another Epidemic of the Grip is Anticipated

Many Cases Reported Already in this Part of the Country—A Common-Sense Remedy for the Disease and Its Effects

Owing to the climatic condition this year many physicians fear another epidemic of the grip, that form of influenza which so many have cause to remember. In some cases this disease has run its course with but little more severity than a hard cold, in others it has caused acute sickness. In nearly every case it has left a train of after-effects more troublesome than the disease itself. It is characteristic of the grip that ordinary medicines will not cure it permanently. The patient seems to have recovered, and then suffers a relapse more severe than the first attack. The trouble in such cases is that the disease was not thoroughly eradicated from the system by the treatment employed.

Mrs. C. A. Peck, of No. 633 East Fourteenth street, Minneapolis, Minn., had a very severe attack of grip in 1899, and it left her prostrated. "I could not get over that feeling of utter exhaustion," she says. "I had no more ambition to do anything, and any little exertion made me out of breath and tired out. I grew thin, nervous and irritable. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the first box made me feel better. Four boxes restored me to my natural good health."

The after-effects of the grip are often worse than the disease, and many times they baffie all efforts of the best physicians to drive them out of the system. Health is shattered—the blood becomes poor, the flesh falls away, the sufferer grows nervous and irritable, and even slight exertion causes shortness of breath. These are dangerous symptoms, and indicate that the system is in a state that invites pneumonia, bronchitis or even consumption. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will quickly restore the health after an attack of grip and expel the lingering germs, and, working through the blood, will render the system proof against the disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents.

Astoria has another shanghaiing case, this time it being a man named Agnew.

Paddy Lynch who tried to shanghai young Gardner, has been held to the grand jury with bonds fixed to \$3000 for lack of which he is now in jail.

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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)

"I have been told I need another nurse, Luella, but I will promise not to be."

He noted her look and instantly felt troubled by it. She had come up to his chair and put out her hand. He had bent over and placed his lips on it and felt it to be trembling and cold.

"What is the matter? You are ill?"

"No, but, John—"

She sat down near him and covered her face. John Gordon sat very still. He did not break the silence.

"Oh, let us not—do not ask me to—you are not strong enough. It is cruel in me to come to you in this way, but I am not able to act a part."

"What is it?" he asked quietly. She looked up. He was gazing at her so gently, so lovingly, that she was deeply moved. She rose and knelt down by him and let him put his hands over hers.

"John," she exclaimed wildly, "is it right that I should make you unhappy all your life?"

"There is only one way you can do that."

"Yes; but it is not the way you mean. It is the way I mean. If I should be your wife and come here to live, I should be acting a part I am not made to act. It would be unfair to you. When you began to realize the impossibility of it for me, then your unhappiness would begin."

"Your promise!" John Gordon began, while his eyes sought to dwell on hers and then wandered away to the window.

"My promise! Oh, it was given when I thought you were dying. You cannot know the agony I have suffered! John, tell me you despise me. What a contradiction I am to myself, to you, to everybody!"

"There are no contradictions in true love," said John Gordon gently. He removed his hands from hers and turned his face away. She slowly rose and stood looking out of the window.

"It is that, that," she exclaimed passionately, pointing at the view from the window. "It would kill me, all that dreary, hideous, unattractive, horrible humanity, with its miserable, sordid, mean, selfish life. To dwell with it, to neighbor it—I cannot—I cannot! It would be a sin for me to pretend that I could be happy in that kind of a life."

"And yet," said John Gordon, looking at her with a new look, in which pity for her predominated more than any feeling for himself—"and yet it is the kind of humanity that the Son of God came to save. I am sorry for you, Luella. God help you."

She turned toward him swiftly. Something in his tone reminded her of something Mrs. Penrose had said.

"It is too late, I was born as I am," she said.

"Do you forgive me for bringing you this unhappiness? Will you forget me?"

"I will forgive," he said simply. "You will also forget in time," she replied after a pause. He did not answer.



She turned and looked back.

swear and she walked slowly toward the door. There she turned and looked back at him. He was looking out of the window gravely. His face, thin and pale, emboded in every line by suffering and sorrow, seemed to her for a moment to be more than earthly in its beauty and power. She hesitated. What she was renouncing began to be dimly made real to her. And yet to lose the things—

Slowly she turned her head and opened the door, stepped out into the hall, shut the door and went down into the library. With a sense of relief she found the room empty and quietly went out of the archway and back to her father's house.

But the man that she had left had cried her name just as she closed the door. It was just one cry. Then he struggled down upon his knees, and for a time his soul beat about in the dark for help, crying and sobbing in its

poor human weakness over what was gone. Finally God drew near and comforted him. When he got up again, he felt something like a sudden illumination of his spirit. This woman—was she not right? How could two walk together except they were agreed? Could love hesitate or doubt or be uncertain over the future and be love? Did he cure for a heart that must be driven to his by force or lured to it by pity? Was the hunger of life ever satisfied with the husks of reality? Up from the lovely place of his spirit's depression he rose step by step until he rested his affections in his growing faith that the future would satisfy him with a human love that knew no such thing as doubt or fear.

During the day that followed the growing strength that looked into the future with confidence he had several interviews with friends who came to hope-house to congratulate him on his recovery and talk over the work of the settlement.

Among these callers one day was Mr. Marsh.

"Gordon," he said frankly after he had expressed his interest in the proposed use of the property he had turned over to the settlement, "I am deeply sorry that you and Luella have decided to go your ways apart. She needs just your strength. She is going to lead a life of aimless effort."

"I is best as it is, sir," Gordon had answered.

"There is no possibility of any reconciliation, then?"

"No; we have not quarreled; we have simply understood. There can be no other way for her or me."

"I am sorry," Mr. Marsh sighed. "She needed you, and so do I."

He spoke wistfully. Gordon read in it a whole history of human weakness, struggling up toward light and strength.

"If I put his hand into the older man's," "If my friendship is of any value to you, Mr. Marsh, you have it."

Marsh went away, and Gordon mused over his future. How far would the use of his wealth, his education, his responsibility, to help the weak and overcome his horror of humanity's sin and trouble because he learned to love the old of tremble?

But Falmouth was a welcome visitor. He was much encouraged over the results of the city campaign.

"I learned my share from it," he said after giving Gordon his experience with the young people's civic league in his church. "The church is not all bad. There is great hope in its young life. There is where I am going to put my own strength and enthusiasm. I have stopped preaching great sermons to old people. I have begun to teach my children. I have begun to learn that the office of the ministry is not to draw the crowd, but to instruct a handful and make disciples. Gordon, I see some hopeful signs in the church of the future."

"Glad to hear it," Gordon answered gladly. "I always believed the church contained heaven. There is always hope for any institution that has heaven in it."

"The heaven of the church of this century is its children," the minister said and went his way, leaving Gordon to muse over the power of that force that represented through all the ages the love of Jesus, an organization obscured and at times almost extinct, but glowing yet with an inward illumination that has not forgotten the commands of a Master who loved the church and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify it and make of it an institution at last without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

Mrs. Penrose was one of Gordon's most interesting visitors. She came in and chatted familiarly and at times flippantly of all things on earth and under heaven. At last she said suddenly:

"So Luella has got her fleshpots. They contain bitter brew for her. Are you satisfied?"

"There was nothing else for her to do," Gordon answered after a moment's silence.

"You're going to grow better for it. She's going to grow worse. I did my best for you."

"Thank you," Gordon answered simply.

"Arehie tried again the other day. He will never make another attempt. I have advised him to go abroad. He sails next month."

Gordon made no reply. Mrs. Penrose sighed.

"Why don't you and Miss Andrews"—Gordon gave her a look that stopped her.

"Pardon me. Go on with your good work for the children. Let me come down once in awhile and help. I'm not altogether bad, Gordon. Simply born so. But life's a dreary sort of jumble to me. I made my choice. Goodbye. Best wishes to you."

When she was gone, Gordon, hesitatingly to himself, lifted the curtain of his future as it might be. It was a future of contradictions. Poor, wasted life of an immortal spirit! How you have missed and shall miss forever the joys of triumphant womanhood! Poor, pitiable creature! Homeless! Childless! No two words in all human speech can more deeply describe your poverty, your loneliness!

Julius Chambers was one of the most welcome callers as Gordon daily grew stronger and more buoyant.

"The city is looking up," he said in his cultured voice. "The housing problem is something tremendous. It will simply have to come to cheap transportation, city own the means, condemn all this property, tear down, build up, make suburban residence possible for the poor; in short, we've got a dozen questions in one involved in the tenement problem. But I'm hopeful. The business men are getting waked up. Best of all, the saloon is

getting a lot of tree advertising. The cranks are right, as they have been all the time, and we've got to come to it—wipe out the saloon, put a home in its place, that's the only substitute worth anything. Public entertainment halls, resorts, gymnasiums, libraries, parks, bathhouses, all that good as 'tis, cannot equal a good home. The salvation of the city lies in its ability to build up Christian homes. That's civic reform in a sentence."

He stayed longer than Ford said was good for Gordon. But Gordon said he was a tonic, and when he was gone he stretched himself, got up, walked across the room exulting in his returning strength, and when Ford came in and began to expostulate Gordon laughed.

"You don't dare let me hit you," he said, facing Ford steadily.

Ford looked at him critically, then backed off to a safe distance.

"Don't believe I will risk it with a man who helped knock out Tommy Randall."

"Not yet," Gordon answered gently. "We've got our lifework cut out for us, Ford. This is only the beginning."

Miss Andrews came in. They were in the library now, for Gordon had been downstairs for one of his meals.

"A letter from Mrs. Captain George Edgingham," she said with a smile, handing the letter to Gordon.

It was a hearty message of good cheer from the old lady to all the settlement workers, especially to Gordon, whom it congratulated on his recovery. She commended the use of her money in the campaign, and promised \$100,000 more toward the proposed park or toward the education of public sentiment for removing the saloon.

"Let us get at some of the causes of human sin and misery," she wrote. "I am willing to give money to relieve misery, but I would much rather remove causes. I don't want to think the money goes all the time for remedies. I would like to think some of it goes to preventives."

Gordon sat by the window reading. When he finished, he looked up, and Miss Andrews was standing near Ford and the others were at the table.

"You are feeling quite well again, Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes; I am getting eager to go out again. I long to be at work."

She glanced at him and buried something quietly in a very deep grave beyond all resurrection.

"You are going to grow strong with work," she said.

"Yes," he turned his face from her to the window. "It will be my life to work for the people."

THE END.

The city stretched out before him as when he left his father's house, full of human weakness, power, struggle, defeat, sin, selfishness. In a very positive, but not by any means fully defined, manner he began to feel his way with this age old problem of humanity. He realized that he had by no means served his apprenticeship. Please God, if he were granted twenty years of vigor he would learn something of the ways of men and be used if God willed it to play his part manfully in the never ceasing drama. He thanked heaven that his love for the people was more sane and more passionate, too, than ever. There was also an abiding peace in his soul as he marshaled up for review all the possible forces of righteousness in the city, sometimes sleeping, apathetic, indifferent, but always to be reckoned with. And it even stirred his soul that the world had not yet grown deaf to the cry of children nor its heart become cold to the sorrows of the poor. Hope was strong within him as he felt his life forces pulsing anew, summoning him to conflict for human rights, for a city of God on the earth. And he stretched out his arms toward the people he could see through the window, saying, "Let us love one another and all things will be possible."

Thus John Gordon as he resolutely faced his future enshrined the people in his holy of holies as the current of their lives bore him on, their destinies irrevocably woven into his own.

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George Willis, aged 80, and Melvina Nash, aged 76, were recently married at McMinnville.

The Coffee Club will open its rooms at Marshfield tonight.

Clatsop county reports a collection of \$104,601 of its 1902 taxes.