

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR, one and all! May roses strew your way. And paths be glad and beautiful on which you start to-day. May hours of golden sunlight bring but just a dash of rain. And gracious gifts of pleasure hold the faintest touch of pain. For skies are fairer which betimes the clouds have overcast. And pleasure is the sweeter when the grief and pain are past. And if among your roses red the ivy is entwined. Your heart will beat the nearer to the heart of all mankind.

A Happy New Year, one and all! Ah! who could wish you less! May all the gracious charities that heal and soothe and bless. Drop down into your waiting hands, and may you ever impart. To all the weary souls of men the joy within your heart. For hearts that hold no warmth ne'er know the joy it is to live. Our lives are measured by the joy which we to others give. Let all the year be golden with our deeds of gracious love. And earth will swing the nearer to the sky that bends above.

NIXON WATERMAN.

A QUESTION OF PRINCIPLE

By Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

It was New Year's eve in that cold and glorious climate where the snow lies on the bosom of the earth like a protecting mantle from December to March and the nights are crisp and cold, with a resinous tang in the air, due to the forests of odoriferous pine. New Year's eve and the merry jangle of sleighbells in the little town of Brandon made a harmonious discord that reached the ears of two people who were having the first quarrel of their lives, and who presented—if they had only known it—an absurd appearance, one in a lachrymose, the other in a belligerent, state. It came about in the strangest way, this quarrel between two married lovers who had established their lives upon a firm foundation of principle and respect, as well as mutual love, before they took upon themselves the responsibilities of wedded life.

These were the first holidays since their wedding and they had anticipated a season of quiet enjoyment with each other, and now they were hardly on speaking terms. And there was no one to blame but themselves.

It happened in this way: Alice, Mrs. Eversham, had been very anxious to make her husband, Horace, a New Year's present, but had refrained from prudential reasons. They were saving money to pay on a home and were exercising a rigid economy in which both were equally interested. If Horace went without cigars and other luxuries, his wife gave up having afternoon teas, and hired only one domestic, who worked by the day. A certain amount was reserved for charity, and as the end of the year approached and cold weather brought extra demands, this fund gave out and there were several cases of destitution which they could not relieve, but were compelled to hand over to the charitable society of the church.

Therefore it was at Alice's own suggestion that the society got up a bazaar for the sale of contributed goods, and took the proceeds to ameliorate the conditions of their poor.

This was the beginning of the trouble. When the sales were over, they took the things that remained unsold and put them up at so much a chance. Alice had put her foot down—it was a very pretty foot—against the proceedings, but had been over-persuaded that it was perfectly right, as the church would sanction it. Still, she only gave a negative consent, for she would neither buy nor sell any of the chances. But when one of her young friends took a couple of chances for her—a dressing-gown and chocolate set—she had said, laughingly, that if she won they might send them to her address.

She did not say anything about it to Horace, who was too much occupied with the closing business of the year to attend the bazaar, and knew nothing of this lottery venture.

She would not have had him know it on any account, inasmuch as he had been fond of games of chance when she married him, and through her good influence had entirely reformed. That dangerous passion for gambling, which does so much harm in the world, had found an abiding-place with Horace Eversham, and was becoming one of the pernicious influences of his life, when Alice effected a cure which she believed to be permanent.

They had been happy and larkly as two children, until Horace came home bringing a fine goose.

"It's for dinner New Year's day," he said, holding up the white-feathered bird to its full length. "Isn't it a beauty—plump?"

"All we do with a whole bird?" asked Alice.

"My father used to say that was an awkward bird, too plump, and not enough for two. At least if Ellen Jane does her part, she won't be a bit of a cushion."

"Frugal!"

mind. "I'm beginning to get reconciled to the goose."

"It's a noble bird, and its eackling once saved Rome," remarked Horace, sentimentally, and then they went together to the kitchen, where the goose was laid on Ellen Jane's spotless white table.

When that functionary saw it, she lifted up both hands:

"Oh, but it is a beauty, missis. An' what a pity that they hed to shoot so foine a bird!"

"Shoot it," echoed Alice, "well, don't they always kill geese that way?"

"No'm, only wan it's at a raffle. I heered me Tom sayin' as Mr. Eversham won it—it's a foine shot he is, I'm told."

A raffle! Alice's heart went down to zero. Her husband shooting birds at a raffle! All her year of faithful precept undone!

"Where was the raffle?" she asked in a voice that she tried to make firm and indifferent.

"At Little Jake's, m'm, in the back yard. There was a big crowd of men, an' they do say Mr. Eversham was the first one out of the lot to hit the bird, and look how nate he did it—that goose, m'm, never knew what killed it."

"You needn't cook it," said Alice, "I don't like geese."

"But your husband, m'm? He would enjoy it since he fetched it down with his own gun. It were banded in the snow, my Tom said, with its head sticking out an' a movin' in as fast as a flash this way an' that, an' everybody that fired at it missed it—"

"That will do," said Mrs. Eversham, and she walked off leaving Jane Ellen staring at the goose.

It was New Year's eve. Alice and Horace were only a few feet apart, in reality, but miles of distance could not have separated them so completely. Horace had tried to explain, but had been instantly silenced.

"No, no. There can be no explanation. You have broken a law of moral obligation. You have broken your promise to me," said Alice.



"IT'S FOR DINNER NEW YEAR'S DAY," HE SAID.

Tap, tap, went her little foot: there were tears in her voice. Horace felt that he was a criminal, yet if she only would let him explain. He was very angry.

There was a ring at the door bell. The two composed themselves to meet callers. The conventionalities of life must be observed, and no one must know that they had quarreled. But it was only a boy with a note, and a package for Mrs. Eversham.

It was the dressing-gown from the bazaar. The chance taken for Alice had drawn it. Alice did not look upon it with horror. On the contrary, she could not conceal her delight at having won it. But she said coldly as she handed the handsome garment to Horace:

"Your New Year's present. I hope it will fit."

"Thank you very much," said Horace, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "but I thought we were not to give each other presents this year."

"Why, there's the goose?"

"Oh, that only cost half a dollar—and we must eat."

"This cost only twenty-five cents. I won it in a chance at our church bazaar."

Horace threw back his head and laughed immoderately.

"My dear little wife," he asked when he could get his breath, "do you know the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee?"

"I hope I know the difference between an entertainment designed for charity under the auspices of the church and a low raffle with no other object."

"A charity, my dear; you wouldn't let me explain, but the raffle was to obtain money for the benefit of a poor family."

"Name the family," commanded Alice, who did not believe her husband.



"YOUR NEW YEAR'S PRESENT," SAID ALICE.

was telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"The Limpseys's, a poor family who have recently come here."

"Why, they are the same people whom we got up the bazaar for?"

"And for whom I had bought the goose."

"It's the principle of demoralizing."

"But, my dear,

principle is the same whether it's in the church or the saloon. It is to get something for nothing. I got the goose—you got a dressing-gown, which, as it does not cost anything, you kindly donate to me."

It was true, and a merry peal of bells rang out the anthem of the New Year. The two fell into each other's arms.

"Send the goose to the Limpseys," said Horace.

"And the dressing-gown, too," said Alice, with half a sigh.

"And when we want to do a charitable act, let us give from our own means."

"Spoken like a dean! The best principle in giving is that of sacrifice. We won't make any resolutions, but we'll try to live up to our knowledge of what is right and true. You don't care for the goose?"

"Yes, I do very much. It would make such good eating stuffed with sage and onions, and served with apple sauce."

"So much the greater sacrifice if you give it up. And you know that dressing gown would fit you elegantly, but old Mr. Limpsey is ragged and needs it more."

"He shall have it. And we will begin the New Year poor but honest."

Then those two young people kissed and made up, while the bell rang out the want, the care, the sin, rang in the love of truth and right, and the Limpseys were the happier for the application of that often misinterpreted text to do evil that good may come.

A WELL-LAID PLAN.

Young Mr. Tawker was going over his New Year's accounts. His countenance betrayed a fact he would never confess to Angelica—that love in a cottage is much more expensive on paper bearing the head work of grocer or butcher than on that on which the young couples make their calculations.

Angelica, perfectly aware of this fact, had considerably left the room; when the bills were put away she returned.

"Algeron," she said, "we really must make some New Year's gifts."

"But, dear, we really must economize."

"But see what a splendid plan I've devised. You know we received some lovely things when we were married?"

"Mostly useless ones, though."

"The more suitable for presents. Well, I've decided to—you'll never guess—to use some of them for New Year's gifts."

"What a head you have! But you must be careful."

"I will. I remember just who gave each one."

"Let's do them up at once, then."

"This handkerchief case was from Dora; it is too limp to use, so I'll give



"YOU ARE A MANAGER, ANGELICA."

it to Eva. Having so many babies, she never goes anywhere, so she'll think it the latest style."

"Splendid!"

"Isn't it? This pickle castor Effie gave us; that can go to Fanny—they don't speak, so Effie will never see it."

"You are a manager."

"Now this Mrs. Sharpleigh—I want her to ask me to assist at her reception, so I'll give her the cut-glass bowl that is too large for our table. Let me see, it was from Sue, or was it Mr. Smith? No matter which; it looks handsome."

"The very ideal! I have to pass Eva's and can deliver her present."

"Good. I'll take Mrs. Sharpleigh's myself—will be a good chance for her to ask me about the reception."

Mr. Tawker, coming home with a long countenance, found his wife in the dark.

"Did you deliver Eva's present?" she asked in an anxious tone, "and was it all right?"

"I'm afraid not. Dora was there, and she recognized it by a place inside where the silk was stained."

"Oh, mercy!" she burst into tears; "what shall I do?"

"Was Mrs. Sharpleigh pleased?"

"O, Algeron, how shall I ever tell you? It was the very bowl she had given us herself—she recognized it by a tiny flaw in the bottom; she says she will never speak to me again as long as she lives!"

OUTRACING A THOROUGHBREED.

The Man Astride a Pneumatic-Tired Wheel Triumphs Over a Horse.

The thoroughbred race horse is believed to be the swiftest animal on the globe. So when the king of racers, Salvatore, covered a mile on a straight track at Monmouth park on August 28, 1890, in 1:35 1/2—which is still the record—he probably went the distance in less than it was ever traversed before or since by a living creature of any kind moving unaided over the surface of the earth. Had anyone at that time predicted that within five years a man on a bicycle would propel himself over the same distance on a similar or any other machine in faster time than that of the thoroughbred, he would, says Harper's Weekly, have been considered somewhat more than merely visionary. At that time the bicyclist was competing with the trotting horse, but that he would ever equal the runner was not dreamed of even by ultra-enthusiasts.

And yet this unreamed-of feat has now been accomplished. Since the advent of the pneumatic-tire wheel with ball bearings, records have been falling before the bicycle more rapidly than before the trotter—nowwithstanding the phenomenal advances of the latter—until of late several wheelmen have been doing miles better in two minutes, leaving the trotter well out of the race. But no bicycle has come within striking distance of the speed of even an ordinary trotting horse, until of a sudden a professional racing cyclist, John S. Johnson, the "two-turn wonder," took fourteen seconds off the bicycle record at a single clip, and eclipsed not only some but all thoroughbred horses by riding a mile in 1:20 1/2. The feat was accomplished over a straight course at Buffalo, N. Y., October 24. The passengers were four men mounted on a quadruplet machine. Thus for the first time in the world's history a man has propelled himself a mile purely by muscular exertion faster than the muscles of any other living creature ever exerted it over the earth's surface. As a triumph of human development, added by the inventions of human ingenuity, over mere animal development, this achievement is therefore unique and worthy of record quite apart from its interest to the sportsman.

GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

She—I hear you got a little brother for a New Year's present. Ain't yer glad?

He—Naw!

She—Did yer want a sister?

He—Naw. I didn't want no brudder nor no sister neider. I wanted a fightin' dorg an' a pair o' skates—Life.

The Wife.

On New Year's, when she hears him say He'll swear off ever, faint. She takes it in a quiet way. And with a grain of salt.

—Judge.



JOHNNY'S NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

"What shall we do with him, grandpa?" asked the gobbler.—Harper's Young People.

Equipped.

"Are you ready to meet that solemn event in every man's existence, the new year?" asked the meditative man.

"You bet I am," replied his flippant friend. "I have more material for swearing off than I ever had before in my life."—Washington Star.



Saved His Life

—by a fortunate discovery in the nick of time. Hundreds of persons suffering from consumption have had the progress of the disease stopped, and have been brought back to life and health by the "Golden Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce.

Years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, now chief consulting physician to the Lullwater Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., recognizing the fact that consumption was essentially a germ disease, and that a remedy which would drive the germs and their poisons from the blood would cure consumption, at last found a medicine which cured 98 per cent. of all cases, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease.

The tissues of the lungs being irritated by the germs and poisons in the blood circulating through them, the germs find lodgment there, and the lungs begin to break down. Soon the general health begins to fail, and the person feels languid, weak, faint, drowsy and confused.

This is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It drives the germs and poisons from the blood, and has a soothing effect upon the dry cough. In cases of bronchitis the "Golden Medical Discovery" is invaluable.

"Golden Medical Discovery" increases the amount and quality of the blood, thus invigorating and fortifying the system against disease and builds up wholesome flesh and strength after wasting diseases, as fevers, pneumonia, grip and other debilitating affections.

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. GOSNOLD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted for infants I recommend it as superior."—Dr. J. F. KIRCHSENER, Conway, Ark.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KIRCHSENER, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Union Livery Stables,

FRANK MINGUS, Proprietor,

Successor to ED. WORMAN.

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Baked to a Delicate Brown.

That's the best thing a housewife can say for a cook stove or range. The stove that cooks well is the stove that suits, provide it is economical on fuel. I have an extensive stock of cook stoves and ranges, and each one is the very best stove that money will buy. Best baker, broiler, best burner—all best. I also carry

Hardware, Tinware and Fine Building Material, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Ammunition, Etc.

Red Jacket Force Pumps. For Deep or Shallow Wells.

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MEDFORD BRICK YARD,

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BRICK WORK OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

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JAS. LOUDEN, Prop'r., JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

SHOW IT.

A young man informed his sweet heart of his love for her, and she said, "if you do, show it." So does

Willson's Monarch Sarsaparilla show you what a power it is to cleanse the blood and the entire system, removing Pimples, Itch and all diseases arising from impure and weak blood. Try a six bottle and you will have no other medicine. Willson's Monarch Sarsaparilla is true to its name. Dr. RUSH, founder of Rush Medical College, once said this remedy is the World's greatest remedy for the blood. Try it and let it show you what it can do.

Mfg. by WILLSON BROS., Edgerton, Wis. Consult. For sale by G. B. HASKINS, Medford.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County.

In the matter of the estate of Barbara Ulrich, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the administrator has filed in the County Court his final account in said matter, and by order of said Court, Tuesday, January 8, 1895, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., is set for hearing thereof. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear and file their objections to said account on or before said day.

Published by order of Hon. J. R. Neil, Judge of said Court.

Dated Nov. 20, 1894.

WM. ULTRICH, Administrator of said estate.

I HAVE FOUND A NUGGET!

That is, I have received prices from Frazer & Chambers, of Chicago, on

Mining Machinery

Which will prove of more value than the finding of several nuggets to intending purchasers. Get prices from C. F. LEWIS, Mechanical Engineer and Machinist, Medford, Oregon.