

YOU.
Sweetheart, the eyes whose slightest glance
Has power to thrill me through and through,
With life, and love and laughter dance;
They are not black, nor gray, nor blue;
For fear you may not understand.
Explicitly, I'll state their hue:
Of all brown eyes they're brownest, and
Sweetheart, those eyes belong to—you!

Sweetheart, the lips I long to kiss
Are sweet and fresh as summer dew,
Unsmiled as the blossom is,
Whose honey no bee ever knew.
(Would their fair mistress reprimand
Me if I stole a kiss—or two?)
Of all red lips they're reddest, and
Sweetheart, those lips belong to—you!

Sweetheart, the girl that I would wed
Is so sweet-natured, pure and true—
So wise, so winning, so well-bred
From modish hat to dainty shoe—
I love her well, and for her hand
In all sincerity I sue;
Of all fair maidens she's fairest, and
Sweetheart, the vision rare—is you!
—Frank P. Smart, in Detroit Free Press.

A SHAM BATTLE.

BY S. RHETT ROMAN.

I had not smelt gunpowder on a large scale for quite a number of years, all my time and energy of late being devoted to commercial pursuits.

But I had seen a good deal of it some 30 years ago, when I was a slim and wildly enthusiastic youth, and had marched and bivouacked and fought in the west and around the Potomac, and even to-day, when I happen to see a body of men, well uniformed and drilled, march by, the old fire, and the pride I had in my crack company, the color company of the fine old 20th, comes back to me like a hot wave.

But when a man has reached the fifties, is somewhat corpulent and rusty in the knees, he is not apt to be very martial in spirits; and he seems to prefer, after his hot day's tussle for dollars and cents against other men's greed for the same, to prefer a quiet afternoon smoke and chat, or a Sunday of mental relaxation, to anything like extra exertion in the way of unusual sight-seeing.

So when Stapleton said: "Say, Dick, come on and let's see what this sham battle is like," I naturally demurred.

We were sitting together at the club, most of the other men having gone off on a trip somewhere, to finish up the hot summer months and to get some invigorating air into their lungs, and a few tonifying crows by their sojourn in big cities and crowded summer resorts, where old prejudices and fashions are discarded to give place to novel impressions and original concepts.

"A sham battle!" I said, contemptuously. "The idea of making a puppet show of so desperately earnest and tragic a thing as an armed struggle between men, whose effort is to defeat and destroy those opposed to them. No, thanks. I don't think I care to witness a paltry make-believe fight."

"Oh!" said Stapleton, who is an agreeable fellow, acquainted with the amenities of life and can distinguish good from bad wine, and who himself had had quite an experience with gunpowder, shell and shot, as officer in a New York regiment. "You prefer the real thing. A skirmish line of sharpshooters ranged under cover along the thin edge of a wood; a light battery limbered up, to the right, and the infantry deployed in the open field behind; an occasional shell whizzing through the air, a sort of preliminary foretaste of the coming engagement, and the heavy booming of distant cannon on the heights, where Wright and Getton's divisions are assaulting his confederate lines."

I sat up in my chair and threw away my cigar.

"Confound you, Stapleton, get your hat and come along," I said. "But look here, man," I remarked, as we went down the steps and toward the electric cars. "I suppose this sham battle won't be much to look at. But don't you resurrect any of your federal army airs."

"The old days are past and gone, with their excitement, heroism, suffering, defeat and triumph. We are all out for dollars and cents nowadays. For progress and good living. We won't, either you or I, bring up any episode of those grand old campaigning days of ours, or revert to those scenes, where you must admit, the gray coats made a splendid showing, before your fellows' overpowering numbers. Never were lines better held, old fellow, than those entrenchments."

"Now hold up," said Stapleton, as we got in the car. "I thought you said we were to avoid reminiscences?"

"That's a fact," I acquiesced. "We won't."

Then we sped on and soon reached the near approaches of the city park, with its magnificent century oaks, whose overhanging boughs have witnessed more than one tragedy in the old days of easy affront and its quick avenger.

"Great Scott!" said Stapleton, when we started out for the grounds. "We have to walk about six blocks before we can get to see what's going on."

"So it seems," I said, as we trudged along the planking of a sidewalk with a large crowd of people, who, like ourselves, were a little late in getting to view the sham battle.

"Hello! Sounds like an infantry attack," said Stapleton, when a desultory firing came to us in the sweet-scented afternoon air. "Hurry up, old man. Let's see what the boys are after."

To hurry a rather stout man who has not done much walking of late years beyond going round the exchanges, and who has fallen into the lazy habit of driving down to his office, so as to avoid walking, is not considerate. But this reflection only came to me the next day, when I found I was stiff and sore in the knee joints, and realized why it was that I felt so knocked up.

The firing, at first light, was now increasing, and we heard the old familiar rattle of caissons and light field pieces, as the Washington artillery was being brought up.

Well, the first thing I knew Stapleton and I were swinging along in quick

steps, and too anxious to see how a sham battle was conducted to wait at the entrance gate. I pitched our tickets to the gatekeeper over the heads of the crowd waiting round the ticket office, and we pushed through the gate and plunged into a short cut across a field.

"This side, old man," said Stapleton, deflecting to the right as he caught a glimpse of the kepis of the artilleryists moving rapidly round in that direction. We somehow got over the space in fine shape, in spite of cockleburrs, tangled weeds and numerous ruts and holes.

"We'll get right to the front," said Stapleton, taking the lead and elbowing his way through the dense crowd with quite a disregard of his usual lazy, good manners. "We want to see this thing, Dick." I followed closely, and we soon had a fine view of the open field.

There was just then a lull in the progress of the sham battle, preparatory to an attack on the right. A line of skirmishers were lying along the edge of a ditch behind some furze bushes and small underbrush; the infantry commands were being wheeled around into position; some aides were galloping across toward a group of officers in the distance, and the guns of the light artillery commands were moving up as a support on the one side, an attacking force on the other. The opposing force was partly hidden by a heavy line of trees, and we could just distinguish a line of moving infantry by the glint of the sun on their bayonets.

"Lord, man!" said Stapleton, pushing his hat back and watching intently; "if I had command of these troops I would fall back to that angle you see yonder and order the attack to be made on this side. Those skirmishers are badly posted. Don't you see how effective a sudden rush down that road could be made? Why, the boys could cross over the open at a double quick, charge on their flank and get under cover of the woods before that artillery supporting column could come up. If these blue coats were Smith's corps and my old New York 18th, wouldn't they charge prettily down on the rebels?"

"Hold up," I said. "What are you talking about? Those boys are not your 18th, of Smith's corps, but I rather think they could charge just as effectively. In fact, you remember when Smith's and Hancock's corps, your New York 18th included, made those assaults on our lines before Petersburg there were only at first 2,200 men until we came up. Kershaw's division of Anderson's corps. You were 40,000 strong then, and Beauregard only had 10,000 to oppose you then, and yet he held you in check pretty effectively."

"Temporarily," answered Stapleton, with an ill-tempered, ugly air, "but we dislodged you that night and took four of your batteries, you remember."

"Not much of a feat," I retorted sharply. "Those lines we were occupying, to be properly manned, required a force of 25,000 men. When you took those batteries you had been reinforced by Warren's corps, and you were 90,000 men. I wouldn't boast of what you accomplished those three days if I were you."

"It was tall fighting, that's a fact," said Stapleton after a pause, shifting his position to see where the troops were moving to. "We lost more than 10,000 men in those assaults. But we would have carried your lines the next day, all the same, if Beauregard had not withdrawn during the night. You fellows were glad to get behind those breastworks further back."

"Yes, and you fellows were glad not to be again ordered up in an assault to be slaughtered."

There we paused, while the bugle gave some commands to the troops to move up.

"Dick, old man," said Stapleton, mopping his forehead, while I nervously chewed the end of my cigar in a dry smoke. "Come, let up on that."

We agreed not to go back to those great old fighting days.

"Look there! First-rate! Pretty good! Go it, boys!"

The line had dashed forward and a spirited engagement ensued. The crack of the sharpshooters' rifles was distinct above the volleys of the infantry, and the artillery swept over the field, while the handsome Louisiana field artillery wheeled round in position on the other side to confront it.

"Hurrah!" I shouted.

"Look at that company!" said Stapleton, with eager impatience. "What a fool thing to do! Why, they'll be cut to pieces. Oh, if those boys were under me!"

"Good!" I shouted, as the artillery dashed up in fine shape, unlimbered and took possession. "Fire, boys! Give it to them!"

Then Stapleton and I looked at each other and laughed.

"Come on," I said, "let's go back to dinner. Stapleton, you are an awful fool for a man of your years."

"Yes," acquiesced Stapleton. "I'm as big an ass as you are, Dick. The idea of getting excited over a sham fight and wanting to maul each other, because 30 years ago Smith's corps and the 18th New York were repulsed with some others by Kershaw's division and a few measly confederates."

"Shut up!" I said, rubbing my rheumatic knees. "I hope Watson will give us some of that Yquem you are so fond of for dinner, and that you will have an attack of the gout to-morrow. A fellow like you don't deserve to live. You should have been numbered among your 10,000 dead and wounded."

"Shut up!" said Stapleton. — N. O. Times-Democrat.

A PHYSICIAN has compiled some very elaborate statistics to demonstrate that men of thought live, on an average, three years and a half longer than men in the ordinary vocations of life.

The proprietress of a cafe on the Boulevard des Italiens recently said to a young and impetuous journalist: "This is the sixth time you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me, monsieur! What am I to understand by it?" "Ah, madame," said the witty journalist, "when one sees you one forgets every thing."

EXCLUSIVE SCHOOLS.

New York's Educational Establishments for Swell Young Women.

The lady principals of the ultra fashionable boarding and day schools for young ladies are, as a rule, women of the highest culture, but in one sense they are not unlike a merchant having wares to sell. When a woman of affluence and influence approaches the lady principal of a select school and politely informs her that she doesn't desire that her daughters shall receive a "teacher's education," or one calculated to make them "strong-minded," the lady principal will doubtless consider it politic to arrange a curriculum of studies to meet the wants of her patrons. I believe it was Barnum who said "that the American people must be humbugged." The lady principal's own ideas on the education of young ladies is, under the circumstances, a secondary consideration.

There is one of these ultra fashionable and expensive boarding and day schools for young ladies not a great distance from Central Park. Only the daughters of very wealthy men can afford to attend the school. But money alone is not the only open sesame to this aristocratic academy. There must be more or less "blood" accompanying the money as a guarantee of good faith. Every thing at this school is conducted on a scale of rare magnificence. They have a teacher of etiquette there now who teaches the young ladies the exquisite art of how to faint gracefully. One member of the class is usually selected as an example. This is generally a girl of the cold Galatea type. When the signal for swooning is given she falls into the outstretched arms of the teacher and reclines there motionless for the space of one whole minute.

Another curious diversion is the lesson how to get in and out of a carriage gracefully. It is said that the lady principal keeps a carriage in her back yard solely for this purpose. So on fine, sunny days, if the residents in the immediate vicinity will ascend to the house tops and look over into the lady principal's back yard, they will see a score or more pretty and graceful young ladies in the act of getting in and out of a "teamless" carriage. The teacher stands by giving instructions as to how high the dress should be raised, for it would be dreadfully bad etiquette to display too much ankle on such an occasion.

At one time in the history of this school the principal engaged a first-class artist to give a class of young ladies some lessons in painting. He was a bashful man, but a conscientious one. After the usual instructions, and after he had gotten over his embarrassments, he was startled when he saw that the preliminary of drawing wall had been overlooked.

"Why, young ladies," he ejaculated, "you will have to learn to draw before you can paint."

But the said young ladies pouted, stamped their little feet, and in a chorus said they "wouldn't."

He then called on the lady principal, but as was expected, she took sides with her young ladies. Said she to the professor of the brush: "Sir, I insist that you teach this class how to paint." But the obstinate man only shook his head and faintly smiled as he remarked that "It couldn't be done." "Well, if you can't," was the rejoinder, "I will get some one who can."

There is many a duchess and princess embryo getting finished up at this school. The ranks of the delectable Four Hundred can rely on a fresh supply of young recruits after graduation day. The day pupils who attend the school, and there are many of them, live in palaces that recall alabaster halls and music of sweet lutes. The childhood and early womanhood of these swell girls are as a life strewn with roses and other fragrant flowers. Their very existence seems like a dream in fairyland. The bright eyes, clear complexions and elastic tread of the winsome little girls and young ladies is sufficient evidence that cramming is not in vogue there. The day pupils present an animated and picturesque sight as they promenade on the avenue. — N. Y. Letter.

DOCTORED CHEESE.

It Was Fixed Up After the Fashion of "Fraudulent Gold Bricks."

The "found spectacle" trick is a pretty old one, but is worked every day of the year, says the New York Herald. I was talking with an egg and butter merchant a short time ago when a tough-looking citizen jumped off of a passing truck and rushed in with a pair of gold spectacles, or what appeared to be, in his hand, and glibly said:

"Gents, here's a pair of spectacles I've picked up—use glasses? What'll you give me for 'em? Can have 'em cheap. I don't use specs, and I'm in an awful hurry—quick!"

"What do you ask for them?" inquired a bystander, looking at the pair.

"They look like gold, man," said the man, hastily snatching them away, as if he had suddenly conceived the idea.

"Anyhow," says he, "they ought to be worth a dollar and a half—I'll give 'em to you for fifty cents, say."

He passed them to me. I saw at once they were the commonest kind of ordinary glass in a brass frame.

"They are worth just one dollar a dozen," said I.

And the man looked daggers at me, but sneaked out without a word. This is an old trick, played usually in a crowded street.

"That's nothing," said the egg and butter man, laughing, "to the trick played on me some time ago. Two men stopped in front of my store with a light delivery wagon, and one of the

men rushed in and called me by name, asked me how business was, and so on. "I didn't recognize the man, and looking out of the window to get some clew to him from the wagon, just caught a glimpse of the latter being slowly driven up street. Still I supposed it was some fellow I had had business dealings with."

"Look here," says he, "I've got a couple of fine cheeses in my wagon—two more than our list calls for delivery. Now, don't say anything, but you can get them dog cheap."

"I told him I didn't do that kind of business. But he says: 'All right—your neighbors will.' And I knew they would, too, and I says: 'Hold on.' And he came back. 'Bring 'em in,' says I, 'and I'll see.' He brought 'em in."

"They looked all right and weighed all right, and ought to have been worth eight dollars each. I took one and gave him four dollars. Without my asking it, he had thrust in his knife and twisted it around and brought out the center of the cheese, and it was sound and good."

"But the man was in such a hurry, and the more I thought of it the more singular it looked. And I guess my conscience pricked me a little, for I began to think it was the same as buying stolen goods. Still, I wanted a good cheese."

"I sent out for a tester and thrust it through the cheese and brought out—well, the worst stuff you ever saw! It wasn't worth anything!"

DESPISED BY CATS.

The Magpie Is a Foe That Is Feared by the Felines.

The pets of the house were three very large, black cats, great favorites, immensely spoiled, and very dignified and lazy. As we regarded the Australian magpie somewhat scornfully dallying with his dinner, we saw one of these solemn black monsters advancing at its usual dignified pace toward him. A cry arose from the assembled family, says the National Review: "Oh, Tigris will kill the magpie." The head of the family desired to wait developments. There was a painful suspense of breath as we watched the shaggy black Persian advancing on the plate and magpie with a steady, unhurried step. The magpie stood aside from the plate, and with head well on one side, watched the oncoming robber. There was a world of meaning in the glance of that wicked gray eye, but it was all lost on the dignified composure of the Persian, who without deigning to look at the magpie, proceeded to sniff at the contents of the plate.

The bird, motionless as a statue, waited till the black whiskers came inquiringly over the edge of the plate; then he made one sudden hop, lunged once, with a lightning stroke of his beak, at the beautiful glossy black muzzle, and was back again in his watchful attitude so quickly that one almost felt disposed to doubt if he had ever left it. There was no doubt in the mind of the cat. That lightning stroke of the beak had much the same effect on the Persian as if a bomb had burst somewhere in its middle. It leaped with a yell five paces backward, its legs extended, every separate hair of its long fur standing off at full length. When it reached the ground it hesitated not for a moment; no fleeting notion of vengeance crossed its mind; with head and tail depressed, in manner as unlike as possible to its dignified approach, it retreated at a good round trot to the shrubbery whence it had come.

The "Hindling" New Girl.

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen of a well-known "Society" man, who had just returned from his visit to the city. "I don't care for her," he replied. "But she has a most everything else." — Western Worker, Times.

While making a bolt in the steel works at Homestead recently a workman turned off a shaving 263 feet in length. A shaving 171 feet in length is exhibited as a great curiosity in the Woolwich arsenal, England.

Bonaparte's last letter to the Empress Marie Louise sold for \$800, yet what is termed an ordinary Bonaparte letter is to be had for \$100.



HER ENTRANCE

—into society, and womanhood as well, is an extremely critical period in every girl's life. At this time she needs advice, and what's more—help of the right sort. If she puts her faith in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription it can bring only good results. It's a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial, and bracing nerve; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womanhood, the "Favorite Prescription" is specific.

TERRIBLE PAIN AND FADING SPELLS.

Mechanicsburg, Cumberland Co., Pa.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—When I commenced taking your medicine I was very sick. I had frequent spells of fainting, terrible pain in my head, and life was a burden to me. I was attended by one of the best physicians in our town, but with no good results. At last a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did, and after taking one bottle I felt greatly benefited. I would advise all ladies similarly afflicted to try "Favorite Prescription."

Mrs. Jacobs.

Yours truly, Mrs. SAMUEL A. JACOBS.

A book of 168 pages, entitled "Woman and Her Diseases," sent sealed in plain envelope for 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. H. Pitcher* in on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

L. M. LYON, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

JOBGING OF ALL KINDS.
All work guaranteed first-class. Plans and estimates furnished or all kind of work either brick or wood.

Bills of LUMBER of all kinds filled on short notice. Sash, Doors and Mill work of all kinds—any thing in the shape of wood work can be had on short notice.

Medford, - - - - - Oregon

JACKSONVILLE MARBLE WORKS,

J. C. WHIPP, Propr.
Does General Contracting in all Lines.
GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKS.
CEMETERY WORK A SPECIALTY
Jacksonville, - - - - - Oregon.

W. I. CAWTER, Pres. (Wm. SLINGER, Vice Pres. J. E. ENYART, Cashier

Jackson County Bank.

CAPITAL, - \$50,000 Medford Oregon
Loan money on approved security, receive deposits subject to check, and transact a general banking business on the most favorable terms. Your Business Solicited.

Correspondents:
Ladd & Bush, Salem. Anglo-California Bank, San Francisco.
Ladd & Tilton, Portland. Corbin Banking Co., N. Y.

Union Livery Stables,

C. MINGUS & SON, Proprietors,
Successor to ED. WORMAN. . . .
Having lately purchased this popular stable and stocked it with new rigs, safe and fast teams I am now prepared to meet the wants of the traveling public in a satisfactory manner.
CORNER SEVENTH AND B, MEDFORD, OREGON.

THE VERY BEST OF BRICK AND MASON WORK.

S. CHILDERS, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

I manufacture a splendid article of Brick—see samples everywhere about the city. Yard one block north of Brewery. Residence—north C street, Medford, Oregon.

MEDFORD BRICK YARD,

G. W. PRIDDY, Prop'r.
MEDFORD, - - - - - OREGON.

First-class quality of Brick always on hand. Large and small orders promptly filled.

BRICK WORK OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

* * * Give me a call when in need of anything in my line

Legal Blanks at The Mail Office