

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

We hear of a wrong that is done in the land.
Of some shaft that is needlessly buried—
Or some heart that is broken; and quick we
reply.
In our haste: "Tis the way of the world."
The way of the world for the rich and the
strong
To impose on the poor and the weak!
The dark, bitter spirit of hate and revenge
To tread down the true soul that is meek.
We thoughtlessly drink from the fountain
of sin,
And from pleasure to pleasure are
whirled,
And our only excuse to conscience out-
raged
Is this: "Tis the way of the world."
The way of the world to tread error's broad
road
Forsaking the heavenly way;
Forsaking the wisdom that comes from
above,
And the light of the infinite day.
Some go on, and on, in their folly, till death.
In their midst, has his black flag un-
furled,
When they say a late prayer of repentance
for sin.
And gasp out: "Tis the way of the
world."
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Weekly.

A LITTLE BENEFACITOR.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

"The days are so long and wearisome!" sighed Mrs. Harmon. She had been confined to her room a long time by a chronic ailment. She could not go upstairs or down. She could not visit her kitchen, where a woman hired by the week now filled her place.

Her husband was at work from morning till night out in the fields, and her grown-up daughter was away teaching. She could ring a bell for Mrs. Grigg if she wanted anything, and she could move her chair from the window that looked out on the back yard to the window that looked out on the road.

But it was a road on which there was not much passing, and the chief event each day was the strolling by of perhaps a dozen children to school with their dinner pails in the morning, and their return home in the afternoon. For want of other amusement she watched them languidly at first, and after that with increasing interest.

"Almy Chapin and Grace Clark look to be pretty intimate," she often said to herself, as two little girls in plaid aprons went by, sometimes each with her arm around the other's waist, and sometimes studying from one book as they walked. "Well, I used to be intimate that same way with Almy's mother when I was a girl. She was Lucy Gray then. And now I don't see her once in six months. Folks around here aren't very social."

Mrs. Harmon said this resignedly. She knew how busy all the housewives were in their homes. When she was well she had not gone out visiting very often. There were the hens, the pigs, the milk and the butter-making to see to, besides the meals for the men and the housework.

But now, forced to give up work, time passed wearily. She had few resources; sewing made her nervous, and she cared little for reading, though she had been a bright scholar when a girl, and had taught the district school for two summers before she was married. Here she was, a clear-headed woman of 45, tied down to an invalid chair waiting—for what?

"I declare, I won't spend another minute watching that hen scratch up the grass!" she said one morning, as she rolled her chair away from the back window. "It's time for the school children to go by. Jimmy Grigg is swinging on our gate now, waiting for Benny Chapin to come along. There's Benny now. Lucy Chapin must have big washings. Benny goes to school every morning in a clean apron, and home in a dirty one."

She watched the boys saunter off, and then she watched till Almy Chapin and Grace went by. Presently Tommy Cobb followed, running and stumbling, with his hand done up in a red handkerchief.

He was the last, and for more than two hours after not even a dog passed the house. It was tedious.

But in the afternoon Mrs. Chapin came into Mrs. Harmon's room with Benny. She said there was going to be a mothers' meeting at the schoolhouse, and she wanted to leave Benny with Mrs. Harmon till she came back.

"He'll be good," she said. "You sit there, Benny, and if Mrs. Harmon wants anything you can wait on her."

She hastened away, leaving her invalid friend looking at the little round-eyed boy who sat on a low chair opposite her. He sat very still, for he was being a good boy.

"Benny," she said at last, "how old are you?"

"Six and a half," he said. "I had a birthday in December. Did you know I was born in December just before Christmas? My mother always calls me her Christmas present. I had a sled and six agates on my birthday."

"Do you like your school?"

"Yes, I do. I'm in the third reader. Jimmy Grigg and I began the primer together, and pretty soon I went into the first reader, but Jimmy stayed in the primer. Then I went into the second reader, and Jimmy stayed in the primer. Now I am in the third reader, and Jimmy is in the primer yet. The teacher says it's because he doesn't pronounce well, but I think he could pronounce well if he would only take pains."

Cobb, get right down, or you'll fall and hurt yourself," and he did fall and hurt his wrist so it swelled all up.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Harmon. Her next question was: "Almy likes Grace Clark pretty well, doesn't she?"

"Yes; they're intimate friends. They've begun patchwork together, and they divide their pieces. They've got pieces of all my aprons. But everything is used up now, and they'll have to stop short. They wanted to make bed-quilts, and now they can only make crib-quilts; and there isn't a baby in either family."

Mrs. Harmon was very much entertained by Benny's volubility, and she could easily imagine what discussions had gone on between the girls. Quick, practical thoughts came into her mind, and she felt almost excitedly happy.

When Mrs. Chapin came from the meeting she found Benny standing on a stool, which itself stood on a wooden chair, getting down a little jar from the top shelf of the closet.

"I told him to," said Mrs. Harmon. "It's my clover salve. Benny has been a very good boy, Lucy, and I wish he would run in often to see me. Can he?"

"Why, of course; he'd like it," said Mrs. Chapin. "Wouldn't you, Benny?"

"Yes, I'd like it first-rate," said Benny. "I've been looking at pictures and shells and feather-work, and another time she will let me see their old compass, if Mr. Harmon says so."

"Now," said Mrs. Harmon, "on your way home, Benny, I want you to stop at Mrs. Cobb's and send Tommy right over here, and I'll give him something to cure his wrist, and tell Almy to stop on her way home to-morrow; I want to see her."

After her visitors departed, Mrs. Harmon rang the bell for Mrs. Grigg, and told her to send Jimmy in with his primer.

Jimmy came soberly. He had always felt afraid of the sad-faced invalid woman, but this time she was smiling. She meant to help him to take pains about his pronouncing. Her old school-teaching arts returned to her, and she held the little boy's interest and inspired his zeal.

"I'll give him an hour a day," she said to herself, "until he gets into the third reader along with Benny."

When Tommy Cobb arrived, shy and wary, she made him welcome, and was soon doing up the poor inflamed wrist in the softest of old linen and with clover salve. When she finished, and he said: "Thank you, ma'am, that feels good," she replied: "Come in to-morrow and I'll do it up again."

Next day Almy Chapin came. Grace was going to wait for her at the gate, but Mrs. Harmon tapped on the window for her to come in, too.

She asked the girls about their sewing, showed them a great bag of pieces, which she told them they were free to use from till their quilts were done. They agreed to bring all their blocks to show to her, as she said she would do some of the cutting out for them.

"Isn't she nice?" they said to each other, when they started on the road home.

"Mrs. Harmon's been real bright all day," said Mrs. Grigg to Mr. Harmon when he came wearily into the house at dusk. "I shouldn't wonder if she was going to take a start and get well."

Mrs. Harmon had certainly taken a start of some kind. She really cared about her new interests, and it was a happy day when Tommy Cobb left off his bandages, and his mother came over on purpose to thank her for her skill and her salve.

In a few days Jimmy Grigg was in the First Reader.

"And it won't be many weeks before he is in the Third," Mrs. Harmon said to his mother; and Mrs. Grigg felt so "heartened up" that she went about her work singing.

The little girls and their sewing were an almost daily source of pleasure.

"Can this be my invalid wife who was speaking?" Mr. Harmon asked himself, when she said to him: "When those girls get their quilts pieced, I believe I'll let them have a quilting here, and invite in the neighbors."

It was not alone these interests that arose. Others followed fast. She was always getting something new from that little chatterbox, Benny. Once she found out that Mrs. Clapham, down in the hollow, wanted "a dozen Brahma eggs the worst way, for her old yellow hen to sit on."

Another time Benny innocently related to her how Amarilda Green had been to see his mother.

"And old Mrs. Green is over 80, and Amarilda says she just hankers after jelly. And Amarilda can't make jelly, because she don't raise currants. My mother's real sorry that her jelly is all blackberry."

CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Struggle of the People for Liberty and Independence.

Many Attempts Made During the Last Century to Secure Self-Government Have All Resulted in Failure.

Our knowledge of the facts of the insurrection now in progress in Cuba is far from satisfactory. While one can hardly pick up a daily newspaper without finding some dispatch concerning the struggle, it is impossible to determine how far the published statements have been colored by the authorities, Spanish or Cuban, by whom they have been prepared.

The silent facts of which we may be sure are that the insurrection has been in progress for a number of months, and has extended over a large part of the interior of the island; that Spain has sent over her ablest general, with tens of thousands of soldiers, to crush it; that the insurgents, far from yielding, have adopted the constitution of a republic, and chosen a president and other officers.

When we remember that a previous effort to achieve the independence of the island resulted in a war of 12 years' length, filled with atrocities hardly paralleled even in similar conflicts, the immediate outlook is not inviting to the lover of peace.

The history of Cuba in this century is little more than a dreary record of unsuccessful attempts at liberty. At first the attempts were peaceful. The constitution of Spain in 1812, as a result of the Napoleonic wars, guaranteed a certain representation to the Cubans. Through the successive defeats of the liberal party in Spain, this provision was never enforced; and when, in 1836, Queen Isabella finally accepted the constitution, the cortes voted by an overwhelming majority that Cuba should enjoy none of the privileges which it extended to the Spaniards themselves.

Since then, to most Cubans, liberty and independence have meant the same thing. The rule of the governors general has been absolute to a degree which it is hard for an American to realize. It is true that a small party has continued to hope that some measure of self government might be gained without separation from the mother country. But the concessions by which the long insurrection of 1868-1880 was brought to a close proved of no practical value. The grasp of Spain on the colony planted nearly 100 years before the settlement of our own Jamestown has remained firm while both the northern and southern continents of America have been freed from European control.

Whatever one's views as to the right or wrong of the present uprising, its general similarity to the struggle that resulted in our own independence cannot be denied. In the matter of grievances, in fact, most of us will be inclined to think that the Cubans have even greater right to complain than did the British colonists in 1776. The character of their warfare, with its numerous small engagements and its slow progress, is also not unlike the earlier campaigns of the revolution.

Now, as then, the sea power is almost entirely in the hands of the mother country, and consequently the insurgents are mainly confined to the interior. The advantage of a disciplined soldiery is on the same side. The climate of the island is, however, a help to the insurgents such as our fathers did not possess: for we see it constantly asserted that the yellow fever is proving far more fatal to the troops from Spain than all the bullets of the rebels.

This similarity of the Cuban struggle to the revolution, the nearness of the island to our shores, and the intimacy of its commercial relations with this country have made the Cuban question a matter of practical political importance with us. That the sympathies of most Americans are with the party of independence is evident to everyone. It is further asked, however, whether this sympathy may not properly be expressed by some act of our government. The contention that the United States should at least recognize the belligerent rights of the insurgents draws a certain strength from the fact that Spain accorded such recognition to the southern confederacy within 40 days after the firing on Sumter. But we should not repeat, in retaliation, what we then regarded as a most unjust and unfriendly act.

Some competent judges are of the opinion that the according of belligerent rights to the Cubans by a first-class power would turn the scale in their favor. It seems certain that the Cubans themselves are looking to us from their mountains with some expectation of encouragement, if not of active help.—Youth's Companion.

Dogs and Their Friends.

It was Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, I think, who spoke in sincere sympathy of the man who "led a dogless life." It was Mr. "Josh Billings," I know, who said that in the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy, to wit: the wag of a dog's tail. And it was Prof. John C. Van Dyke who declared the other day, in reviewing the artistic career of Landseer, that he made his dogs too human. It was the great Creator himself who made dogs too human—so human that sometimes they put humanity to shame. I have been the friend and confidant of three dogs, who helped to humanize me for the space of a quarter of a century, and who had souls to be saved. I am sure; and when I cross the Stygian river I expect to find on the other shore a trio of dogs wagging their tails almost off in their joy at my coming, and with honest tongues hanging out to lick my hands and feet. And then I am going, with these faithful, devoted dogs at my heels, to talk dogs over with Dr. John Brown, Sir Edwin Landseer and Mr. Josh Billings.—Lawrence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

FASHIONABLE FOOTWEAR.

More Attention Paid to Comfort and Convenience Than Formerly.

"Of course, for carriage wear, house wear, evening wear, the Louis Quinze heel is all the go—although I do not advocate women moving about all day in the house, for instance, with their feet at the angle those heels enforce. Whether a woman is walking on the street or walking in the house her foot should be properly poised. The low heel and pointed toe, even an extremely pointed toe, are to be preferred to the broad toe and high heel which prevailed a dozen or so years ago."

"And about the piccadilly toes—are they vanishing?"

"A rounded toe, neither pointed nor square, is what we are making now for walking boots, but slippers still terminate in a sharp point, perhaps not as exaggerated as last season."

"Buckles have little to do with the anatomy of the foot," he added, "but I want to show you these cut-steel buckles on the patent-leather slippers," and he took from the show window a variety of Cinderella-like footwear strapped and buckled in novel and dainty designs. They were pretty enough for the roseleaf feet of fairies.

"In regard to leggings, a subject so important to the tuniced and gaited Rosalinds who fit through our parks and along our boulevards, it is revealed that shapely and satisfactory accessories of the kind are being made of black leather and pigskin. The majority are buttoned for convenience in getting into them, but the more expensive are laced with delicate precision and fit like wax."

"Undoubtedly people pay much more attention to their feet, take better care of them and think more of their comfort now than they ever did. And well they need to do so," quoth the shoemaker, emphatically. "Many people are one-sided and their bodies thrown clear out of plumb simply from always having balanced themselves on absurd heels and having worn the wrong shape of shoe. I know personally an apparently sensible woman who weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds and who wore habitually a one and one-half shoe with a heel three inches high. She fell once or twice and hurt herself, but the fall was never attributed to the shoes. I have another customer, a fine-looking girl of noble proportions, who invariably orders an 'A' last. It is entirely too narrow for her. Among the people who come to us to be fitted are a great many whose feet are totally unlike. They have a corn, perhaps, on one foot, and habitually walk in such a way as to ease that foot; that is, throw the pressure off the corn. A different set of muscles is used and the foot enlarges in a different way from its companion foot. People invariably 'favor' one member of the body more than the other; in measuring for leggings one leg is often found much larger than the other, and the same is true in regard to feet. The shoes are made similar, but the feet are distinctly different."—N. Y. Tribune.

GENTLEMAN CALLER—"Nobody at home, eh? Perhaps I'd better leave my name." Servant—"We couldn't use it, sir. There are no marriageable ladies in the family."—Boston Transcript.

"I HEARD that your wife was drifting into infidelity, but I see she is going to church regularly again." "Yes, she is going to church again." "Did you argue with her?" "No, I bought her a new dress and a new bonnet."—N. Y. Press.

—A Good Brown Bread.—Two cups of sour milk, one cup molasses, one cup sifted graham flour, one and a half teaspoonsful of baking soda, sifted with one-third cup of white flour, one teaspoonful salt. Mix molasses and sour milk, then stir in the meal and flour; pour into two small, buttered pails and steam three hours, then set in the oven and bake from 20 to 30 minutes. Sweet milk may be used if preferred. Do not throw away the bran that is left after sifting the graham flour. It makes an excellent nutritious jelly.—Ladies' Home-Journal.

THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM



Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and to gain in blood is nearly always to gain in wholesome flesh up to the healthy standard.

Every one should have a certain surplus of flesh to meet the emergencies of sickness; to resist the attack of consumption, grip, malaria and fever. Thin blooded people are always getting sick, and none of the organs of the body can get along without the food they require for work, which is pure blood. To gain and to keep strength and health is the secret of health, usefulness and happiness. With new blood and refreshed nerves a confident feeling of returning health comes also.

Nervous manifestations, such as sleeplessness, nervous debility and nervous prostration are in nine cases out of ten "the cry of the starved nerves for food." If you feed the nerves on pure rich blood the nervous symptoms will cease. It is bad practice to put the nerves to sleep with so-called celery mixtures, coca compounds or malt extracts; what is needed is a blood maker. The "Discovery" is composed of vegetable ingredients which have an especial effect upon the stomach, liver, and blood making glands. For the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, liver complaint, weakened vitality, and for puny, pale people, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be equaled. Thousands have testified to its merits.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The San-danilo signature of J. C. Whipp is 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. VAWTER, 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