

McDOUGALL'S CONVERSION

BY BELLE FIELD.

"What!"
The astonishment in the word was simply indescribable, as Harry McDougall dropped his paper and regarded his cousin in dignified amazement.
A prettier cousin than usual she was just then, her blue eyes and pink cheeks a little bluer and pinker, as she viewed her surprised relative, who soon found voice to remonstrate:

"Do you mean to say that you, whose sole ambition should be the enhancing of woman's chief virtue, retiring modesty, are really proposing to enter my mill as bookkeeper? If so, you are either very ignorant of what would be expected of you in that capacity or you are forgetting what is due your own womanhood. Henrietta McDougall, I am ashamed of you!"

The subject of this tirade merely gave her decided chin a little lift, and made answer:

"You need not flatter yourself that you are going to extinguish me with your heroics, Harry, for I most certainly do intend to go into an office even if the shock should prove serious to your conservative organization. As you refuse my offer, I shall take a position with the Big Salt Lumber company; but I thought it would be pleasant to work with you."

The young man cleared his throat two or three times before he found voice for expostulation.

"But, Henrietta, it is not a woman's place. Contact with men in business life disarms woman of her best weapon, and withal her greatest charm. She wrecks her own matrimonial chances; for, you see, when men marry, they do not choose the girls who have thrust themselves forward, but tie for life to the home girl. Then, too," continued he, with a touch of pomposity, "woman's brain is of such different caliber than that of man, and I could not trust any woman with such a responsible position as that held by my bookkeeper."

This time there was no mistaking the real indignation in the girl's face and voice.

"Harry, I should be very angry with your insinuations, but I really only pity one who holds such warped views. I want you to understand that girls nowadays are not compelled to go about on tiptoe and with bated breath for fear of spoiling their matrimonial chances. Talk about trustworthiness! Who absconds with the employer's money? Not the woman. Talk about the 'broader outlook!' Wait until your cross-eyed bookkeeper goes to South America with the contents of your safe, and you will wish you had one of the untrustworthy women in his place."

"Don't let us quarrel, my dear," patronized Harry, "for I did not wish to offend you. I was shocked that you, so young, so pretty, wished to do man's work."

"It is not man's work, Harry," said the girl, quickly. "Work is classified according to its excellence, and not the sex of the worker. But there is no use in arguing with you," turning to leave the room. "On second thought," and she paused on the threshold, "let me predict that you will fall hopelessly in love with one of this very class of women, marry her, and become a thorough convert to the idea of women in business."

"Marry a creature of that stamp? Not until I become an imbecile. I shall marry for a companion; a woman who will know her sphere and keep it."

Harry McDougall was not at heart an intolerant man, but his whole life environment had been conservative in the highest degree.

His residence in the west had been but short, and he was daily surprised at the freedom accorded women about him. He marveled at the unconsciousness with which business men accepted into their precincts the entrance of business women, and abhorred, through ignorance of the thought of the times, their "intrusion," as he called it.

But a few months before young McDougall had come to Kansas from Connecticut to take charge of a flouring mill lately purchased by his father, a property situated in a small town some thirty miles west of Elliston, Henrietta's home.

The business was prospering, and prosperity does not make an intolerant man tolerant; so upon his visits to Elliston his altercations with Henrietta had become more spirited, culminating in the application by the girl for position as bookkeeper in his mill, and his pompous refusal of it.

The next morning, before breakfast, a telegram informed Harry that his father had been the victim of an accident in the old mill at home, and desired the immediate presence of his son. He had barely time to write instructions to his bookkeeper, placing necessary funds at his disposal, before the next train for the east.

"What a pity you did not accept my offer of yesterday," said Henrietta, jokingly, as they stood beside the waiting train. "Just think how well I could have taken care of your interests during your absence."

"Pouff!" ejaculated Harry, with exaggerated contempt. "When I want a shortage in my accounts, I will employ women to manage my affairs."

And he swung himself aboard in time to escape his cousin's just wrath.

But no sooner had he taken up the familiar duties at home than the distracting news came from the west that his trusted bookkeeper (Henrietta's detestation), had left suddenly, with the contents of the safe.

ing, and orders already in could not be filled. It meant ruin for him.
After several days of distracted writing and telegraphing, he received a letter from Elliston, which ran:
"MR. HENRY McDOUGALL—Dear Sir: I have visited your mill, looked over the premises, examined the books, and if satisfactory to you, am willing to take charge of the business during your absence, advancing the necessary money. This, providing you will sell me a one-half interest in the property, at the price asked by the former owner, and will accept the money I shall advance as part purchase money."

"Awaiting your decision, I am
"Very truly yours, D. P. BOARDMAN."
His first sense was one of relief, followed by wonderment. David Boardman was senior member of the firm owning one of the largest mills in Elliston, and his check could be drawn for a larger amount than that of any other man in the city. What could he want, Harry asked himself, with an interest in a mill in a little country town, where such a financial disaster had occurred as had happened to his own business?

But the letter was evidently in good faith, and Harry telegraphed his acceptance immediately, knowing that a partnership with Mr. Boardman would insure his future.

Three months later Harry alighted from the train at his western home.

In the intervening time his partner had not only made up the loss the business had sustained, but had brought profits higher than ever before. Mr. Boardman had remained constantly on the ground, however, but had signified his intention of returning to Elliston as soon as Harry returned.

A farmer drove past Harry, as he walked to the mill. He could not stop his loaded wagon on the river bank, but he called out cheerily:
"Glad to see yer back, Mr. McDougall. Mighty fine partner 'o' yours in thar!"

With a light heart, Harry pushed open the office door, then stopped, aghast! He saw, busily writing at the desk, not the bent form of David Boardman, but a young lady. For a moment he stood staring at the trimly-attired figure and sleek, dark head. Then a low, yet decisive voice said:
"Were there any letters for us to-night, John?"

Before Harry could frame a reply, the young woman, turning, met his gaze. She rose and advanced, a trifle of color coming to her cheek, yet her demeanor cool and unflinching, and asked:
"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought it was the janitor. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Harry pulled himself together and replied:
"I should like to see Mr. Boardman."

The girl looked puzzled for a moment, then answered:
"I fear you have made a mistake. Mr. Boardman lives in Elliston, the next town east."

"Certainly I can have made no mistake," returned Harry, decidedly. "I have letters in my pocket dated at this place, and settling the details of a transaction by which he becomes part owner of this property."

"Mr. Boardman certainly has no interest here," stated his informant. "I am Miss Boardman, and have bought half this mill, which I am managing until Mr. McDougall arrives from the east."

For an instant Harry felt as though he were on a toboggan slope several miles long, not knowing where the end might be; but he pulled himself together and handed the lady one of his cards.

At sight of the piece of pasteboard the young lady looked wonderstruck, and again flushed a trifle. Then she looked up, and ventured:
"And you thought—"

"Yes, I thought so," he answered, comprehensively. "But I am so bewildered now that I am past all thinking. Will you please explain some things that I cannot understand?"

Within a few moments Harry discovered that instead of selling an interest in his mill to Mr. David P. Boardman, he had delivered it over to a Philistine in the person of Dorothy P. Boardman, the aforesaid gentleman's niece and junior partner, that she, having extra funds on her hands, and hearing of McDougall's trouble, had felt sorry for him, investigated, found that the investment would be a good one, and made him an offer.

She had not intended to deceive him, but had merely signed her name as she was in the habit of doing in her business relations, without dreaming of being confused with her uncle, not taking into account Harry's short residence in the state.

It was astonishing to see how readily the young man reconciled himself to having for a partner this young, businesslike woman, with the bright eyes and quiet voice.

Miss Boardman went back to Elliston at once, and Harry took up his work alone. His bookkeeper was never found, perhaps because the amount of his embezzlement was not large enough to make much stir, but Henrietta said it was because of his "broader outlook."

That young lady also made frequent remarks about the number of time that Harry found it necessary to seek his partner's advice, and her triumph was complete when, a few months after the first partnership was consummated, Dorothy Boardman, upon much persuasion, consented to enter into another partnership with the house of McDougall, the papers to be made out for life.

All this was five years ago. Now the little country station threatens to be quite a town, and Harry's prosperity has grown along with it. He gives his wife credit for his prosperity, a for his happiness, and has come to glory in having married one of the class once so obnoxious to him.

David Boardman McDougall, aged three, is, in spite of his long name, quite the most intelligent child in existence, so his parents aver, and Henrietta McDougall is head bookkeeper in her cousin's mill, having come to see the working out not only of her hopes but of her prophecy.—N. Y.

NO NEED OF THE SUN.

Agricultural Department Grows Plants by Electricity.

Startling Effects of Artificial Light at the Experiment Station—Results of Prof. Bailey's Arc Light and Prof. Kane's Incandescent Lamp.

Probably the most interesting of the many miracles which scientific men are learning to perform by aid of electricity is the artificial growth of plants, technically known as electroculture. This is as yet a new science and little has been told the public concerning it. Interesting experiments in these lines are now being carried on at several of the experimental stations of the department of agriculture.

The agricultural experiment stations are testing several different systems of electroculture. One of these is the direct application of electricity, furnished by a dynamo, to the plant itself and to the soil in which it grows. Another is the distribution of atmospheric electricity among plants by a similar method. Still other tests are being made with both arc and incandescent electric lights for supplying sunlight, so to speak, at night. The first mentioned experiments are being carried on by Prof. C. D. Warner, of the experiment station at Amherst, Mass. Prof. Warner has prepared two plots of ground, side by side, each six by twenty feet long. To compare plants grown by electric aid with those raised according to the natural method one of the experiment gardens is furnished with electricity and the other is without it. The soil is of a rich loam, and that of the electric garden is surrounded with a timber frame, on which are arranged numerous porcelain insulators, a few inches apart, holding a continuous, uncovered copper wire. This copper wire crosses the garden as many times as there are insulators on either side. The whole framework thus fitted looks like the string frame of a large piano.

The wires are covered with earth to the depth of two inches, and in both gardens various vegetables have been planted from time to time. These plants are so arranged that the rows in the electric gardens are continuations of those of the non-electric in order that the contrast of development might be more easily noted. The wires are fed from a small building containing the necessary machinery. After applying currents of various strengths it was found that a certain flow of electricity through the electric garden produced strange results. Many varieties of seeds sprouted much more rapidly and many plants blossomed much earlier than in the other. Roots of certain vegetables and the tops of others were found to be greatly enlarged under the process.

In fact, all plants were found to be stimulated by a current of certain strength. The physiological effect of electricity upon plants, although not yet definitely understood, is probably similar to that experienced by the human anatomy or by the animal tissues. Electricity is applied to paralytics because it stimulates the nerves and muscles, just as exercise does. A strong current is used to remove superfluous hair, while, according to later reports, a milder current will produce hair on bald heads. In the same way an electric current too strong will destroy plant life, while a milder one enhances its growth. There is also the theory that the electricity produces a chemical effect upon the soil or surrounding atmosphere, rather than a direct effect upon the plants.

At the Ithaca (N. Y.) experiment station Prof. Bailey, by aid of electric lights burned all night in greenhouses, makes plant life work "overtime"—that is, he forces plants to do both day work and night work without a moment of "sleep." Sunlight, as well as atmosphere and water, is necessary for a plant's development. The electric light resembles sunlight in its composition more than does any other artificial light. It is the common theory that plants grow mostly at night, making use of the air, water, sunlight and other materials which they have received during the day, when the sun is shining. It is generally believed, therefore, that they need rest, just as animals need rest for the building up of the tissues worn out during the day. Prof. Bailey, however, does not believe that plants need rest in the same sense that animals do.

After learning of these wonderful results from experiments as yet in embryo it would seem that we may yet see the day when there will be many harvestings on a farm each summer. The modern farmer will erect lines of high poles throughout his fields, supporting not only mechanisms for gathering the atmospheric electricity, but also immense electric lights for supplying sunshine by night. Who can say but that forests will some day be made to grow up from seeds in but a few months, or that the builders of new houses may not grow shade trees about their homes in that time?

DRUGS BEHIND THE BAR.
Mixed with Other Stimulants and Served to Customers Out of Sorts.

Nowadays the bar in cities has become, with regard to its stock and the character of its concoctions, almost as complicated as a drug store. As a matter of fact, most of the bars about New York have, in a way, gone into the drug and prescription business. Behind their mahogany counters and lined up in front of the French plate and ranged upon their shelves, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, are to be seen a hundred different liquors and cordials and drugs. Jars and bottles of bromides and bitters and powerful drugs of various descriptions decorate the sideboard. All of these enter into the daily consumption of those who more and more often seek the saloon rather than the drug store for their medicinal remedies. The "prescription business" of the fashionable bar is a very big and

growing business. Men with headaches, stomachaches, colds, coughs, consumption, that tired feeling, loss of appetite, lassitude, etc., rely upon the bartender rather than upon the doctor or drug clerk. This implicit confidence is often amusing to the bartender himself, as well as to those who are drinking for the fun of it. Anybody who has ever patronized a bar for beverages must have seen and heard the men who approach it for their medicine.

"I feel miserable right here," placing his hand on his stomach, perhaps.
"What ought I to drink?"
"Oh, I'll fix you up," says the bartender, grabbing a small bottle in the rear. He pours a little into a glass, then he grabs another bottle and pours something else on top of it and squirts in a jet of bitters and a jet of absinthe, and stirs them up in a glass of ice and strains the concoction off into a cocktail glass.

Meanwhile the customer prays little or no attention to this, but promptly swallows it when it is ready. He doesn't know what it is or whether it is injurious or beneficial to him. But the powerful stimulating quality of the mixture probably "sets him up" in a few minutes. In the middle of his conversation he is conscious of this, and when the next round is ordered he promptly says he will take another of the same sort.

"That stuff seems to make me come around all right," he remarks. "What do you call it?"
"Oh, I don't know," responds the bartender, with a smile. "It's a 'pick me up' we're on to." And he straightway prepares another. He knows it is not a beverage, but his customer asks for it, and the responsibility is at once shifted. He will mix half a dozen of them and see them absorbed with that calm indifference which is the habit of his profession. It is the other fellow's stomach and brain and nervous organization.

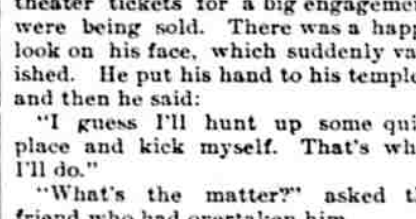
Unfortunate.
How often our most innocent speeches "gang agley," leaving us with no resource but that of making the best of a bad matter! A certain Scotch minister is wont to relate how, having been out all day visiting, he called on an old dame well known for her kindness and hospitality. After some conversation she began getting out her best china and whatever delicacies were at hand to honor her unexpected guest. As he sat watching the preparations his eye suddenly fell on four or five cats devouring some cold porridge under the table. "Dear me, Miss Black," he observed, "what a number of cats! Do they all belong to you?" "Na, na, sir," was the innocent reply; "but many a time I say that 'a hungry brutes in the parish come tae me, seeking a meal o' meat.'" Then the good woman bethought her, and in her embarrassment nearly dropped a teacup.—Youth's Companion.

A Peculiarity of Man.
He was leaving the crowd where the theater tickets for a big engagement were being sold. There was a happy look on his face, which suddenly vanished. He put his hand to his temples, and then he said:
"I guess I'll hunt up some quiet place and kick myself. That's what I'll do."
"What's the matter?" asked the friend who had overtaken him.
"I have been letting the calcium light of mathematics into the opalescent mist of my enthusiasm," he replied.
"What do you mean?"
"I've just figured it out that I've stood out in the snow in line for five hours to pay extra money for a theater seat, rather than stand up for three hours at the performance, where it's warm and comfortable."—Washington Star.

"What have you got?" inquired the traveler in the linen duster, sitting down on one of the stools. "Cold roast beef," replied the man behind the railway lunch counter, "cold chicken, cold—" "I don't eat meat," broke in the traveler; "I'm a vegetarian."
"Try one of his ham sandwiches," suggested the commercial traveler sitting on the next stool.—Chicago Tribune.

The skeleton in many a household is the peculiar weakness of the wife and mother, or of the wife who ought to be a mother and is not. Happiness is destroyed by the presence of the secret sickness that may lurk like a grinning death among the most luxurious homes. The most terrible thing about this condition of affairs is that it is entirely needless. There is no reason in the world why every woman in the world should not be strong and healthy and capable of fulfilling her whole duty as a wife and mother. Many women go on month after month, and year after year, becoming weaker and weaker, because of a very natural hesitancy they feel in consulting a physician. They know that if they go to a doctor for treatment, the first thing he will insist on will be "examination" and "local treatment." This must of course be distasteful to every modest woman. They are generally as unnecessary as they are abortive. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures positively, perfectly, permanently, all varieties of "female weakness" and disease. It is designed to do this one thing, and it does it. It is the only medicine now before the public for woman's peculiar ailments, adapted to her delicate organization by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in these maladies. It cannot do harm in any condition of the system. Its sales exceed the combined sales of all other medicines for women.

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