## TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

There are two kinds of people on earth to day, Just two kinds of people-no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well un-

derstood The good are half bad and the bad are half

Not the rich and the poor, for in counting

man's wealth Tou must first know the state of his con-science and health. Not the humble and proud, for in life's lit-

tle span Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man. Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying

Years Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears. No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean

Are the people who lift and the people who Wherever you go you will find the world's

Are always divided in just these two

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I

Ween, There is only one lifter to twenty who lean. In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the

road? Or are you a 'eaner, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care? - Bookkeeper.

**HOW PEGGY LISTENED** 

C OCLETY people might have thought that it was not exactly up to the participants were wholly unconscious of its shortcomings, what did it matter? There is more real weight in the expression of ignorance being the greatest bliss where social matters are concerned than in any other condition of life. The ordinary little girl, who slips into a thin gown and dances al' night with "the boys," whom she has known since childhood, in the simple ballroom of a family club finds more unalloyed enjoyment in the entire pro-ceedings than does the veriest brocadeclad, jewel-weighted belle, who glides in stately elegance through the gorgeous cotillon in the most sparkling ballroom of one of society's real leaders. When the little girl has romped her cheeks red through a gay, easy german, or, more frequently, through a hackneyed waltz, she would open her big, blue eyes in amazement if a frigid debutante in the real thing stared at her as decidedly unconventional. But the little girl doesn't even dream that there is any difference between her dance and the one whose details are so exploited in the society columns, so she is a thousand times happier than is her blue-blooded sister, breathing the at-mosphere of wealth and all the guawing envies. rivalries and disappoint-ments pertaining thereunto.

Peggy was very pink after the last dance. Richard always went into that particular waltz with especial fervor. Afterward he explained to her that it was because his first dance with her had been that particular one and she was tease enough to act as though she wasn't at all conscious of the particular significance of the thing. So to-night, when he reluctantly let her slip from hisarms, she hadn't quite the necessary courage to refuse his plea that they "go somewhere to rest."

She knew what that meant. Hadn't he carried her off to that particular "somewhere" every night since the little club had begun its informal fort-nightly dances? Still, she knew that she would better not go to-night -she had known for weeks that it was coming, and this last waitz had con-vinced her that it was coming very soon. And Peggy didn't want it to come, at least not just now, for this was Peggy's first winter, and it seemed a shame for a girl to tie herself her first season. Then, too, Richard wanted so much that it should come, and there wasa't anything in the world that Peggy loved so much as to make Mr. Richard wait. It didn't matter whether she delayed him by taking an unusual long time to adjust her veil when he had called to take her some place in the evening, or whether he had to toast his toes before the fire while she dallied over making his cup of tea, or even in telling of his great secret, which poor not even Peggy, knew. To be frank, everybody in the little club had discov-ered it before he had confessed it to himself. Still Peggy yielded, and was led off to the big chair in the corner of the library, where Richard could perch himself on the window scat beside her, and where the other young people were good enough never to intrude. Peggy leaned back and let her white ids flutter in happy content over her deep-blue eyes, whereat Richard felt his last bit of common sense leave him. "Peggy ?" he asked, leaning dangerously near her. Peggy sat up with a little start, and a half-air of rebellion. Then, all at once, she felt his eyes burning into once, she felt his eyes burning into hers, and her courage fied, leaving a very weak, pliant little girl. "Peggy," he began again, this time laying his hand over hers as it trem-bled on the arm of the big chair, "I want to tell you something," added "Dated Richard.

however, she put herself on the de-

swered, valiantly: "I do know it; no matter how; and yet.'

'When may I tell you, Peggy mine ?" Perhaps he drew her to her fect, per-haps she rose, but all at once she found holding her dangerously close by the

two tiny, burning hands. "Some day," she stammered. Then, noting the happy laughter in his eyes, she cried out: "Ob, Richard, why did you do it? It is almost as bad as if you had really told me, and you've made me say things I had no right to say, and-"

There was a hint of tears in her reproachful, big eyes, and she tugged hard to loose her imprisoned fingers.

Instantly, all the teasing fled from his manly face, and he dropped her hands. "Very well, Peggy; but may I ask you this: Do you realize that it wouldn't be quite-kind, to give me permission to tell you some day, and then

not to make me happy by giving me the right answer?" Peggy's lips quivered helplessly, but she finally lifted her eyes to him brave ly and answered: "Yes, I realize, and

I'll-be-kind." For a moment she feared that he was going to kiss her. But after a moment, with a wistful, half-contented sigh, he turned away and with one accord they walked toward the door. At the portal he stopped her and asked again: "Don't make me wait long, little girl. And don't let anyone else tell you the same story in the meantime. I'm not afraid to trust you with the other fellows, but -but I shouldn't be happy to know that they had told you that-told you the story even though I knew you wouldn't care for them."

She answered him only by a look, for some one came up with the frantic ex-planation that he had been looking everywhere for her, as this was his dance. So she slipped away from the yearning Richard, who made himself ridiculous all the rest of the evening by forgetting that he had left his nam half a dozen programmes before he had carried Peggy off to the library.

When supper time came kichard all at once lost sight of his lady love. He hadn't had a chance to speak to her since the little scene in the big armchair, but he had not for an instant lost sight of the pretty white muslin gown, with its tiny sprigs of pink rosebuds. But in the confusion of the breaking up of the last waltz she mysteriously disappeared, and finally, in sheer desperation, he hunted out her mother, hoping to find the lost maiden under the careful wing of the loving chaperon.

"Where is Peggy?" called the sweet-faced little mother. "I've lost her, and I hoped you would bring her." Poor Richard's heart sunk, and with some murmured explanation that he "would find her in a minute," he plunged off in the midst of the gay little throng. The search was fruitless. Everybody seemed to have drifted into the supper room, and still Peggy was not among them. He plunged into the most im-possible corners and hiding places. He even looked into the depths of the big armchair in the library, and still there was no Peggy. At last, when his face was white and his palms were burning where his impatient nails had dug into them, he heard a soft, tearful little whisper from the stairs, and here, in the turn above the landing, he found her sobbing to herself as though her very heart was broken.

"Peggy!" he cried, kneeling on the step beside her and chaing her cold hands between his feverish palms, "Peggy, what is the matter?"

Peggy dubbed her wet little ball of a handkerchief into her eyes and swallowed a sob. "It's-it's that big George Waters," she choked out, and then, with a new fit of sobs, she buried her disconsolate little head in her lap and could

so, while he bangs the gong, he doesn't It was a mean thing for him to do, and she afterward told him so. Now, of the great truck has turned out. There is now another moving thing fensive as much as possible, and an-that the gripman does not try to brush swered, valiantly: I "I do know it; no matter how; and I don't want to hear it"—then a little used in the eity in the making of aspause, and finally a whispered "just yet." philt pavements. These rollers go from one part of the city to another under Richard sprung to his feet, with their own steam, lumbering along slow enough exultation in the movement to ly but with irreslatible power. Some times they cross the cable tracks or move along in the same street. With a road roller ahead the gripman slams the your is usual, but it is purely a herself standing before him, with him formal notice. There are now two men to whom the gripman concedes the right of way-the driver of the giant truck with the iron beams and the pilot of the steam road roller.

STORY OF A YALE MAN.

of Great Wealth. Recently a Yale "beat" was sent to

jail, after swindling his classmates in wholesale fashion. He took the whole country for his field of work and visited a prosperous classmate in San Fran cisco, from whom he extracted \$50. Al though well to do, the Californian did not like to waste \$50, and resolved to be stern the next time a Yale man called His next visitor was a classmate who was known as the "dig" in college, 1 years before. He seemed just as seedy as he used to appear in the classroom and the Californian scented another ap peal for money. So he fortified him self, and when asked how the world had used him, related a doleful story of bad luck, debt and poverty. He must have drawn the picture pretty strong for his visitor was deeply moved. Suddenly the seedy classmate turned and said: "Now, don't feel hurt as my offer but I wish you would take \$10,009 from me to use until you strike better luck I really don't know what to do with the money, or how to invest all I have, and shall be delighted to let you have it." There was an awkward pause, an out burst and brief explanation. Then both adjourned to the club to talk it over, and the Californian learned how his old classmate had "struck it rich" with a prosperous corporation and was really ready to give away money.

CURIOSITY OF MONKEYS.

One Who Was Inquisitive in Regard to Home-Brewed Ale. Curiosity seems to be a great failure

or virtue, of monkeys. A story is told of an Englishman who had a South African monkey which had traveled with him around the world. When his bachelor days were over he took his young wife to a lovely old manor house in the south of England, and, Englishmanlike. kept several barrels of good "home brewed" ale in the cellar. On return ing from church one Sunday morning he noticed that the cellar door was open and started on a tour of investi-gation. As he went down the steps Jenny, the monkey, rushed up, and he found that she had set all the spigots running. The door had been inadver-tently left open, and Jenny, doubtless, went prving into the semilighted place Turning one spigot on produced such a rushing stream that she tried the others also, much to the waste of the liquor. It may be added that when the Englishman's first-born appeared and monopolized attention Jenny got such a fit of jealousy that she was at once sent to the secluded but more congenial society to be found in the monkey house of the London zoological gardens

## Had No Use for Those Who Always

a man really can't help mentioning. "Now, for instance," he continued, fretfully, "I don't suppose any man in



SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

L.O.O.F.-Lodge No. 53, meets in L. O. D. F. nall every Saturday at at 5 p. m. Visiting wothers always welcome. E. A. JOHNSON, Rec. Sec.

 O. O. F. – Rogue River Encampliant, No. 30, meets in 1, O. O. F. ball the second and fourth Wednesdays of each hooth at 8 p. m. Z. MAXUY, C. P. I. A WEBB, Scribe.

Olive Rebekali Lodge No. 35, meets in 1. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Violiting sincer invited to attend. Etta Philope, N. G. GEORGIA SPENCER, Rec. Nec.

A. F. & A. M.-Meots first Friday on or be ore full moon at 8p. m., In A. O. U. W. halt, W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.

K. of P. -Tailisman lodge No. 31, meets Mon ay evening at 8 p. m. Visiting prothers al wys welesmon. A. C. HUBBARD, C. C. J. F. WAIT, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccaoses.-Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and "d Mondays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7 30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordial-ly invited to attend. W. T. YONK, R.K.

A. O. U. W., Degree of Honor-Esther lodge, No. 56, meets every second and fourth Tuesday ovening of each month. at A. O. U. W. hall. Mps. CARLIE M. CROUCH, C. of H. Mns. DELL DOUGH, Rec.

A.O. U. W.-Lodge No. 98 meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at \$ p.m in their half in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. Four firstname, M.W. E. A. JOHNSON, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World-Camp No. 90, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon.

GEO. E. WEBBER, Clerk, F. W. WAIT, C. C.

Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 81. Women of Woodcraft --Noets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. p. m., in Woodmen hall. Visiting sis-ters invited. ADA M. MILLS, CIEFK. KATE WAIT, G. M.

W. R. C.-Chester A. Artnur Corps No. 34 meets second and fourth Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m., in Woodman's hall, Visiting sisters invited. MBS, CLARA M. BROWN, Sec.

G. A. R.-Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47 meets in Woodman's hall every second and fourth Saturday night in each month at 7 30. Visiting Comrades cordially invited to atlead, A. H. HOCKER Com F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U. -- Meets every Wednesday atter toon in the Halley Block. Mics. ELI FISHER, Pres. Mrs. 1. F. WILLIAMS, Noc.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Saint Marks Rpiscopa, Sunday School mesta at Episcopal Church every Sanday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. Wm. Harl, Rector; B. S. Peuts, Superintendent

Methodist Episcopal Church - Kdw. Gittina, mator. Prenching overy Sabbath at 11 a.m., nud 7:30 p.m. Suncy Sabbath at 10 a.m., Prompson, supt. Carl Sabbath evidence of the stellar of the series of the series shabith at close of series. Lev! Faster is supt. Sabbath worth league every Nabbath evide leader. ED worth league every Nabbath evide leader. Sco worth league every mabbath every flurghate to Gilkey prest. Junior league every flurghate weeking weich pragreemeeting every flurghate evening at 2:30. Ladies sewing circle every woweeking. Mrs. Beideman, pres. Missionary societies, home and foreign, first. Friday in each mol. presidents. Mrs. Van Antwerp and Mrs. Hulward.

Preshyterian Church-Rev. A. S. Foster, pas-tor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Hun day school at 10 a.m. Y. P. S. C. K. 6:16 p.m. Junior Endeavor Society at 3 p.m., Sunday Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 5 Vision

Baptist church-G, N. Annes, pastor. Wor-ship and preaching overy Sunday morning and evening at usual hours for church services. Covenant meeting on Saturday at 3 o'clock pre-ceeding cach first Sunday. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Baptist Young Peoples Union meets at 6:30 on Nunday evening. Sun-day school at 10 a. m

Christian church - Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching at 11 a. m and 7, p. m. Sunday school at loa. m., Junoir Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. & at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Ladles Missionary Auxiliary to C. W. H. & first Thurs day 7:30 P. M. each month. Choral Union every Priday at 7:30 p. m. The people which the 0. J. Gist pastor. Resides at the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church South -- Rev. J.A. Cratchfield, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7.p. m. on the ist, 2nd and 3rd Sabbath; Saobath school at 10 a.m. and Epworth Lengue at 0 p. m. every Sabbath at Mediord. Services on the Sabbath at Soda Springs at 11 a.m. and Neil Creek school house at 8 p.m. A hearty wel-come to all.



## GLAD HE WAS NOT LIKE THESE.

Talked of Their Troubles "I haven't any sympathy for these people who are always complaining and whining," remarked the man with the troubled frown upon his forehead, ac-cording to the Chicago Times-Herald. "In fact, I believe that the men and women who are always fancying themselves ill used and grumbling at other people ought to be confined just as much as if they had hydrophobia or got drunk, but there are some troubles

A Supposed "Beat" Was the Owner

Peggy closed her eyes again and gathered together her fast-failing our-age with one mighty effort. "Don't," she pleaded. "Don't, Richard."

His face grew a trifle paler as he asked: "Why not, little girl?" Peggy's white checks all at once grew

flery, but she said it: "Because I know what you are going to say, and I don't want to hear it."

Poor Richard! So she knew, after all, the secret which he had flattered himself he had kept from all the world most of all from the tiny, pink-and white girl whom it most concerned Then, all at once, it struck him that there wawa indicrous side to the situation, and Paggy was amazed to see a bit of a rogaish smile about the corners of his fine mouth, as he asked: "How do you know that you know

what I was going to say?"

go no further.

Richard set his teeth and waited. Then, all at once, he understood, for he had been afraid of Waters all winter. There was no further room for delay. Leaning over he caught the sobbing little figure in his arms and there never was any joy in the world so dear as his when he felt her nestle her face on his shoulder, while her crying grew less violent and finally subsided into an oc-casional sigh of growing content. When she had become quiet he gently turned her face to his and said:

"Never mind, little girl, you needn't explain. I know that-that-that im-pudent cad had presumed to tell you what you didn't want to hear, and I know it wasn't your fault. But don't you think, little girl, that it is time for me to tell you what I had to say a couple of hours ago."

And Peggy actually smiled through her tears while he went off into an elaborate recital of the secret which they congratulated themselves was all their own and had never been so deliciously told by anyone else in the world .- Chiengo News.

ONE ADDED.

Two Men to Whom the Cable Gripman Now Concedes the Right of Way. There has always been one driver that the cable gripman has let have his own way, and that is the driver of the giant truck with the load of irou beams. The power in the engine that moves the cable is ample to brush away the great truck as it would a hand cart. But there would be no adequate means of applying it, and this the cable car does not supply. Heavy as it is, it is not nearly so heavy as the big truck with the iron beams. In a collision with that the car would be wrecked and left be-hind, while the cable sung merrily on below. The gripman knows this, and below. The gripman knows this, and

real worries than have. My wife tells me every night that she's tired of hearing me talk of them, and the other men in the office begin to tell funny stories just as soon as I come around out of theer aggraas I come around out of theer aggra-vation, I believe. My children run out of the room whenever I get ready for a nice, long, confidential chat with one of them, and even the dog howls when I get ready to talk, I'm nearly always so sad. But I do not go 'round telling people what a martyr to fate and other people I am. Well, I guess not, my friend. I haven't a particle of use for a chronic complainer."

SIBERIAN GENTLEMAN'S LIFE.

Napping and Eating Occupy a Large Portion of His Time. "For five months in the year the Si-berian man of fashion lives in the open air, either at the mining camp or in the hunting field," says Thomas G. Allen, Jr., writing of "Fashionable Life in Siberia," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He is an early bird under all circumstances, and invariably rises between sayan and eight o'clock albetween seven and eight o'clock, albetween seven and eight o'clock, al-though he may have had but a couple of hours' rest. Nearly every meal is succeeded by a nap. However, dressing operations do not take very long, for when he retires the Siberian only di-vests bimself of his coat and boots. Shirts are unknown in Siberia, and in many houses beds, also. The samovar is set on the dining-room table at eight a. m., together with eggs, black and white bread, sardines, jam and cakes, etc. Breakfast is eaten, and washed down by five or six glasses of ten stirred up with sugar, cream and sometimes jam. At one o'clock dinner is served, and at five in the afternoon another

