

THE COOL GAMBLER.

HOW HE BETS, WINS AND LOSES AT MONTE CARLO.

A scene by night in the Great Gilded Den at Monaco—Tempting Fickle Fortune as a Cold Blooded Business Transaction—A Lucky English Couple.

Not to see the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo by night would be to miss the grand show of the place. There are not people enough in the town to make up the crowds that press through the big corridors and the atrium in the evening. They come in from all the neighboring places—from Cannes, Nice, San Remo, Mentone, sometimes from as far as Genoa. People ride down from Paris, 20 hours in the rapide, just for a little "shy" at the tables. All outside is as bright as day, though chilly.

When I set out for the casino, I came upon a young English couple standing near the big fountain, discussing something with great earnestness. They were good looking, well dressed, with something of an air of a bridal couple. What became of them at the moment I did not notice, and inside I stood for a few minutes watching the roulette tables. Ten minutes later I went into the trente et quarante room and met them just inside the big arched doorway. They wore on their way out. Her rosy cheeks were rozier than before, and her face was wreathed in smiles. He was fairly radiant and looked "very fit," as the Londoners say. In one hand he held a great bundle of French notes, all stretched out at full length, just as they came from the tables. It took no great shrewdness to see that for ten minutes they had been leading active, industrious lives and had reaped the reward of industry and virtue and were getting out of the place before they were tempted to try again and lose.

One elderly gentleman was at the moment doing the leading business in that room and attracting the most attention by risking ten 1,000 franc notes (\$2,000) at every dealing of the cards. He was particularly interesting to me, because he was beyond doubt an American. He was a fine looking man, with gray hair, iron gray beard, well trimmed, a shrewd eye that watched every move the dealer made, and of course in the regulation black evening clothes. His face showed him to be a man who had made his money, not inherited it. I think that lumber was the foundation of his fortune in the northwest somewhere, but long enough ago to give him time to have the sweat brushed out of his clothes, for he was very smooth and well groomed. Not a word was said around the table, so there was no chance to hear what language he spoke. He was one of those men who would not look at all out of place leading a prayer meeting, but who might be depended upon for a ready revolver if he caught the dealer at any foul play.

The notes came out of one of his vest pockets, but not carelessly. There was none of the usual effort to look as if raking \$2,000 every three minutes was an everyday affair with him. He did everything with caution, always deliberating over what square he should lay his money upon, and sometimes changing it to some other square after he had laid it down. But whether he won or lost he showed no emotion whatever. He won often that he lost while I watched him, putting the winnings always into the same vest pocket. At one time the banker made a mistake in duplicating a pile of his notes that had won, but this did not bring a word from him. His eyes were open, and instead of picking up the pile he merely pushed it back toward the banker, which was a sufficient hint for a recoutant. When the mistake was corrected and the missing note supplied, he added the pile to the big lump in his pocket.

Like almost every player around the trente et quarante tables, he was there strictly for business. It was not a few dollars laid on for the novelty of the thing, but a deliberate speculation in the hope of winning. My experience of gambling houses is fortunately rather limited, but I have seen the big places of Saratoga and Long Branch and one or two in New York and some very large ones in Cuba and Mexico. Never have I seen such a businesslike air in any gambling room as there is here. You may not be wicked enough to know that generally a great deal of smoking and drinking and some eating go with fashionable gambling, but that is the case. The sideboard is almost as necessary as the tables, and George and Sambo and Henry are kept busy carrying champagne and cocktails to the thirsty players. This is pure business with "the house," even where these things are not charged for, for does not a man become the more reckless the more alcohol he absorbs?

But there is none of that here. There is no smoking in the rooms, and no drinks are served at the tables. As far as I have seen, there is no place in the casino building where drinks can be had, though possibly there may be some cozy corners that I have not discovered. It is as much a business house as a wholesale dry goods store, and the profits are larger for the firm. This gives it a very cold, blooded atmosphere, for there is not a particle of interest in either of the games outside of the financial risks involved. They are stupid games of doctored chance that a navy can play as well as an arithmetician.—New York Times.

Swedish Railways.

The first railroad in Sweden was opened in 1855, and the country has now in proportion to its population more railways than any other country in Europe. They are owned partly by the state and partly by private corporations. Sweden has the only railway in the world which passes the polar circle—i. e. the state line from Lulea to Gellivare, in the Lapland district.

CITY FIRE FIGHTERS.

The Deadly Perils They Encounter in Saving Human Lives.

A great tenement house was burning like tinder wood in one of the poorest quarters of the metropolis. The stairs had gone up in smoke before everybody had left the building, and even the fire escape down the outside of the building was cut off by the hot flames from the lower windows, which had already peeled off a part of it. A young girl of 14 or 15 was frantically shrieking for help in one of the top windows, and a mother was wringing her hands in pitiful despair down in the street.

The chief called for volunteers to save the girl, and three men came forward on the instant, without hesitation and without awaiting to count their chances for success. This is the custom in such cases, for no one would take the responsibility of ordering a fireman to his possible death.

A strong young fellow who had yet to win his spurs was selected for the task, and he disappeared quickly through the doorway of the adjoining building. When next the crowd saw him he appeared at the window just under the roof, and grasping the tin cornice of the burning building next to him, he swung out into the air and made his way, hand over hand, for 30 feet through the dense smoke that rose in black clouds from the lower windows to the sill where the girl was seen.

She had fallen back into the room unconscious and was overcome with smoke by the time he reached her. A thousand anxious faces in the street below were tortured with fear for the hero, a hundred muttered prayers went up for his safety as the fireman disappeared into the black cloud, and a thousand throats sent up a lusty shout of relief as he appeared again at the window a moment later with the limp form of the girl in his arms.—Harper's Round Table.

THE CLOTHES OF AUTHORS.

Some Strictures Upon the Dress of English Literary Men.

Novelists and playwrights in sample quantities are the latest class to come under the basilisk eye and measuring tape of The Tailor and Cutter. These members of the sister profession of journalism, and perhaps even the severely judged members of parliament who have appeared in a like connection, may be relieved to know that the novelists and playwrights scarcely excel them as glasses of fashion and molds of form. By way of no doubt of sharpening his pen, the tailor critic begins with I. Zangwill, whose lounge suit "might have belonged to any period during the last ten years," and had even reached the stage of the "shabby genteel." However, it is consoling to know that Mr. Zangwill's literary success enables him to wear a frock coat that nearly passes muster, even though the accompanying trousers are too short.

Mr. Jerome, J. M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones and Hall Caine might almost be called moderately well dressed in a nonstily sort of way. At all events they avoid the shuddering soliloquy of wearing a light coat and waistcoat with dark trousers, attributed to Robert Bachmann, or the mixed styles of W. S. Gilbert. But the only two members of the class who unreservedly enjoy the approval of our contemporary are Sir Walter Besant and Clement Scott. The former will no doubt be rejoiced to learn that his clothes might cause him to be mistaken for "a prosperous city merchant," while Mr. Scott might "easily be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman," says a tailor. The force of flattery could surely no farther go.—London Chronicle.

Gladstone's Courtesy.

"My father," says a London restaurant keeper, "was a milkman, and his place was in the neighborhood of Harley street. He supplied the Gladstone family with milk, and I delivered it. One day when on my rounds a thunder storm came on as I had just reached Mr. Gladstone's house, and the rain descended in torrents. I rang the servants' bell, but it was not promptly answered, and meantime I was being soaked with the rain. The front door opened, and a kindly voice asked me to step into the doorway, so that I might be sheltered. Mr. Gladstone had seen me from the window and opened the door himself. He also rang for the servant, so that I might be attended to without further delay."

Light and Artificial Fog.

The production of cloud by the action of ultra violet light was demonstrated at a soiree at the Royal society by U. T. R. Wilson. The beam from an arc lamp was focused by a quartz lens in a tube containing moist air free from dust. In a few minutes a blue fog was seen to form in the illuminated cone, and this fog could be made to move by applying heat to the tube locally. When the ultra violet rays were cut off by a sheet of mica, no such formation took place, and it is therefore suggested that the small particles which give rise to the blue of the sky are produced by the ultra violet rays of sunlight absorbed in the upper layers of the atmosphere.—Engineering.

Built Upon a Boulder.

There is a village in England built upon an enormous boulder of chalk. This boulder is half a mile long and must have been carried coastward a distance of 25 miles by some great iceberg. It was dropped to the bottom of the glacial sea, where it became partly covered and surrounded by blue gray boulder clay.

Uses of the Fan in Japan.

The uses of the fan are many and various in Japan, where it is carried by men, women and children. A butterfly shaped fan in the hands of the umpire at wrestling and fencing matches is made to express a number of messages perfectly understood and promptly attended to by the combatants.

Manners Outside the Navy.

The ordinary seaman's respect for rank and station when not connected with his beloved vessel is decidedly meager. When the president of the United States visits one of our men-of-war, he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commanding officer and all of the officers of the ship, in full uniform, the crew at quarters for inspection, the marine guard drawn up with the band on the quarterdeck, the national flag is displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air and a salute of 21 guns is fired. The same ceremony also takes place on his leaving.

On one occasion the president visited one of the ships informally, dispensing with the salute and ceremony, when one of the men rather indignantly asked another who that lubber was on the quarterdeck that didn't "douse his peak" to the commodore.

"Choke your luff, will you," was the reply, "that's the president of the United States."

"Well, ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarterdeck, if he is?"

"Manners! What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life."—"On a Man-of-war."

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgia.

Georgia—I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Chicago Tribune.

Much of the artificial coloring of foods is traditional and not meant to deceive. Thus candies are colored obviously to please the eye and add to the attractiveness of the confectioner's showcase, and likewise butter and mustard are colored with no intent to spoil their purity.

The population of Antwerp includes 20,000 Germans, who, it is said, buy their goods of German merchants only.

The Race of the Age!

What a race! The train was just pulling out of Englewood, puffing and puffing with its mighty efforts. As it slowly gained speed it came on a lot of tow headed children roosting on a fence, who shouted and waved as the cars came up, and then, as if with a common impulse, every child leaped to the ground and began a race with the train. The race was of short duration. As the



machine left, the panting little runners behind, a gray haired onlooker smiling andly, remarked: "Young America all over. Nothing too swift for them to race against." "Yes, you couldn't find a fitter exemplification of the familiar saying, 'in that group of children racing against the train. It's but a preliminary heat of the great race their parents are engaged in. As a physician I realize as perhaps you do not," he continued, "the erroneous notion that fifty years have made in our national life. People point back to grandmothers and great-grandmothers and say 'LOOK AT THEM!'"

Compare them with the women of to-day! How straight they were and how strong, how hardy and how helpful they were, how heartily they ate and how heartily they laughed. "To-day, as men and women, millions of us do in earnest what those children did in play; we're keyed up to the straining point all the time, and the nerves won't stand the daily strains and drains without protest."

There is a fact of solid fact to reflect on, suggested by the statement just quoted. What are we going to do? This is the age of steam, the age of electricity. We must keep up in

THE GREAT RACE. But how long can we keep up? No longer, relatively, than the children kept up their race with the train. What we need is more brain, more blood and better blood. Strength of body depends on a pure and plentiful blood current, for science has never advanced a fact beyond the statement of Moses that "The Blood is The Life." But every generation of investigation shows the statement to be true in a wider, deeper, and broader sense than was dreamed of in the past.

Golden Medical Discovery begins at the beginning with the blood. It cures practically a wide range of diseases because many forms of disease have their origin in the blood. It is a scientific compound based on nature's own remedies, the practical, common sense proof that if you purify, enrich, and vitalize the blood you overcome disease in any organ. The "Golden Medical Discovery" heals disease in just this way. It begins first of all to strengthen the body through the blood, and every ounce of new blood and pure blood counts against disease.

"It was near the little town of Leroy, W. Va., and during the month of March, 1896, that a young man lay pale and motionless upon (what the neighbors called) his dying bed. Disease of the lungs, liver complaint, kidney trouble, and pleurisy were fast hastening him to the grave. The doctors had given him up to die. The neighbors said, 'he cannot live.' 'Oh, I would not care to die,' he said, 'were it not for leaving my dear wife and little child, but I know that I must die.' A brother had presented him with three bottles of medicine, but after the doctors had given him up to die and he had banished every hope of recovery, he said he had no faith in patent medicines, but there could be no harm now in taking that medicine. I will begin its use at once.' He did begin to use it and at first he grew worse, but soon there came a change. Slowly but surely he got better. To-day that man is strong and healthy and he owes his life to that medicine. What was the medicine? It was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I, Luther Martin, am the cured flesh and blood man who is testifying for it. The foregoing is from Luther Martin, Esq., a prominent citizen of Lubec, Wood Co., W. Va.

M. L. Messer, Esq., of Garfield, Lamotte Co., Va., writes: "I had been out of health for about two years, suffered with pain in head, nervousness, could not sleep, poor appetite, loss of flesh, and my eyes were sore. Doctors had prescribed me so I applied to you for advice, and described my case. You replied by sending me a bottle of your Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets.' I did so and after using one bottle I could sleep better and felt better. After using six bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and two vials of 'Pellets,' I had myself gaining in flesh and I am almost entirely cured."

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FUN IN THE FOOTNOTE.

A Popular Librettist Couldn't Withhold a Joke on Prospective Bride.

W. S. Gilbert does not retain all of his humor for use in his librettos. In the early days of his success, when Gilbert and Sullivan were considered by managers as the "sure winners" in the comic opera field, a young woman who was a member of one of the "Pinafore" companies wrote to Gilbert telling him of her approaching marriage with a young man of good position and family. Gilbert congratulated the young woman and expressed the hope that her future might be prosperous and happy. Only a little more than a month passed, and another letter from the same girl reached him, in which she stated that her engagement with the young man had been broken and that she had accepted another suitor. He replied that he had every confidence in her judgment and again expressed his hearty wishes for her welfare.

It was almost two months after that that Gilbert received a third letter from the same girl, who informed him that the young Lord—had proposed and that she had accepted him after breaking her engagement with No. 2. Gilbert's humor could no longer withstand the temptation, and he wrote, "I desire to congratulate you on your approaching marriage with"—Here he placed an asterisk and in a footnote added: "Here insert the name of the happy man."

This is probably as characteristic a piece of humor as any that appears in his "Bab Ballads" or in his works for the stage.—New York Press.

The Nose Lasts Longest.

Bone and cartilage enter so largely into the structure of the nose and determine its characteristics that it undergoes little perceptible change, as a rule, with the lapse of years. The brow becomes wrinkled, and grows' feet gather round the eyes, which themselves gradually grow dim as time rolls on. Cheeks lose the bloom which cosmetics cannot replace and lips their fullness and color. The chin, dimpled in youth, develops angularities or globularities, as the case may be, and the eyebrows become heavy with the crop of many years' growth. The nose shows no mark comparable to these familiar facial indications of the approach of old age and practically enjoys immunity from the ravages which time makes on the other features of the face. Next to the nose, probably the ears, as a rule, show the fewest and least obvious signs of old age.

A Curious Sight.

In Japan the traveler sees many curious sights. One of the strangest of which is the population washing itself at the corners of streets toward evening. In Yaddo the citizens frequent large bathing establishments. The street doors of such resorts stand open, and a striking spectacle, to say the least, is presented by the inmates sitting washing themselves with the utmost unconcern. This is a general custom, and nothing whatever is thought of it. Such an apparent want of modesty is difficult to comprehend and is not reconcilable with the advanced state of civilization of the Japanese. In many other of the manners and customs do the Japs offer a striking antagonism to those accepted by us.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

- I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 88, meets Int. I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. U. C. TAYLOR, N. G.
- H. H. HARRY, Rec. Sec.
- I. O. O. F.—Moose River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m. W. E. NICHOLSON, Sec.
- Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. VIRGINIA WOODFORD, N. G.
- MAMIE ISAACS, Rec. Sec.
- A. F. & A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m. in Masonic hall. J. E. ENYART, W. M.
- W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.
- K. of P.—Talisman Lodge No. 81, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers at ways welcome. J. H. HUTCHINS, C. C.
- J. P. WATT, K. of R. and S.
- Knights of the Maccabees—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the first and 10 Mondays of each month in A. O. U. W. hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. W. W. LASHER, Commander.
- W. T. YORK, R. K.
- A. O. U. W.—Degree of Honor—Father lodge, No. 56, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month, at A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. TAMMIE M. CHURCH, C. of H.
- MRS. DELLA DODGE, Rec.
- A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. FORT HUBBARD, M. W.
- W. T. YORK, Recorder.
- Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon. A. S. WELLS, C. C.
- JOE SHONE, Clerk.
- Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. KATE WAIT, C. M.
- ADA M. MILLS, Clerk.
- W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 84 meets second and fourth Friday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. Mrs. L. C. REDDEN, Pres.
- MRS. 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 attend. F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.
- W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday after noon in the Halley Block. IDA HALLY, Pres.
- Mrs. A. N. SAYRE, Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

- Saint Marks Episcopal, Sunday school meets at Episcopal Church every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. Wm. Hart, Rector; S. S. Pentz, Superintendent.
- Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. G. H. Gittins, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Epworth League every Sabbath evening at 6:30. H. L. Gilkey, pres. Junior League every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Miss May Phipps, supt. Regular weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Ladies sewing circle every two weeks. Mrs. Beideman, pres. Missionary societies, home and foreign, first Friday in each month, presidents, Mrs. Van Antwerp and Mrs. Hubbard.
- Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. Haberly, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor Society at 2:30 p. m. Sunday Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
- Baptist church—G. N. Ames, pastor. Worship and preaching every Sunday morning and evening at usual hours for church services. Covenant meeting on Saturday at 10 o'clock, preceding each first Sunday. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Baptist Young People's Union meets at 6:30 on Sunday evening. Sunday school at 10 a. m.
- Christian church—Corner of Sixth and 14 streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Ladies Missionary Auxiliary to C. W. H. E. first Thursday 7:30 P. M. each month. Choral Union every Friday at 7:30 p. m. The people welcome. O. J. Gist pastor. Resides at the church.
- Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. J. F. Wallace, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sabbath; Sabbath school at 10 a. m. and Epworth League at 6 p. m. every Sabbath at Medford. Services on 4th Sabbath at Soda Springs at 11 a. m. and 3rd Creek school house at 3 p. m. A hearty welcome to all.

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