

PURELY PERSONAL.

Gabe Plymale returned this week from east of the mountains.

Attorney A. S. Hammond returned Wednesday from Portland and Salem.

Knud Neilson was in from Big Sticky Tuesday—and subscribed for THE MAIL.

Fred Johnson left last week for Leland, where he will engage in mining.

Misses Jessie Cole and Jennie Hibbard were visiting Ashland friends Sunday.

Delbert Terrill was in from Brownboro Tuesday for a short social and business stay among his friends.

Hon. and Mrs. J. H. Stewart returned Monday evening from a visit to relatives and friends in San Francisco.

Calvin Winingham, of Trall, who has been up in Douglas County for several months past, is now stopping over on Forest creek.

Mrs. P. S. Enyart was at Central Point Wednesday night upon a brief visit to her old acquaintance, Mrs. Shirley, who is quite ill.

A. L. Howell, a stockman of Malheur County, was in the valley this week upon a visit to W. H. B. and family, with whom a daughter of Mr. H. has been stopping for a few months.

Mrs. I. C. Robnett, of Central Point, was in Medford last week upon business. She reports that her husband's business, which is that of retailing general merchandise, was unusually good during last year—better than any previous year, and very satisfactory.

O. Bursell was in Medford last week from his new farm purchase, near Central Point. Mr. B. has recently closed a deal whereby he has purchased the old Love place, of 300 acres. He has also rented the old Ross place of 280 acres, the most of which he has in crop.

Assessor Pendleton is in from Table Rock. He reports the roads bad—but they have been worse. He says the Otwell lane, that portion of it which the county graveled last fall, is in good shape, but some few ruts ought to be filled before they are out through the gravel.

Judge Crowell was at Ashland yesterday, having evidence in a case wherein W. S. Barnum, of this city, asks for guardianship over his father, who lives in Ashland. Attorneys Whitman & Briggs are attorneys for petitioner and G. W. Trefren for Mr. Barnum, Sr.

Mrs. I. M. Muller and children left Medford Wednesday evening for Gold Hill, where they will reside permanently, and at which place Mr. Muller has a position in Merchant Rosenthal's general store. Their many friends will wish them abundance of success and happiness in their new home.

Mrs. M. A. Stoddard arrived in Medford last week from Lodi, Calif. After a couple of weeks' visit with her sons, the Taylor boys, she will go to Portland and reside with a widow daughter, Mrs. A. J. Mundy. Mr. Stoddard, the highly esteemed husband of this lady, died a few weeks ago at the family home in Lodi.

Druggist W. H. Cain was up from Gold Hill Tuesday. He says pretty nearly every man, woman and small boy is hitting the high places on some one of the several trails that lead into the mountains, and all these with pick and shovel on their back in quest of the glittering gold which the recent heavy rains have made it possible to bring to the sight and uses of man.

Alfred Weeks, of the firm of Weeks & Orr, left Medford last week for a couple of months' stay at his old home in Canada. Mr. Weeks has well earned this vacation and THE MAIL hopes he will enjoy it. Mr. Weeks is an unmarried man—but come to think about it this bit of information don't seem to fit onto the rest of the item just right, however, if Cupid, the little rascal, goes to bring his arrows around too prematurely one of them may strike Alfred—and it will be a mark worthy the choice of all Canada.

Caleb Jeffers, of Central Point, was in Medford Wednesday. While here the gentleman related the facts regarding a rather curious experience his son, Frank, had recently while in orthodoxy in Oregon. The young man while traveling from one town to another on horseback encountered a severe snow storm and when night drew nigh he lost his trail. While hunting for the trail his horse ran off, leaving him alone in a foot of snow and no trail to guide his footsteps. He wandered about in the snow with no food for three days and three nights before an habitation was found. At the close of the third day he was fortunate in discovering a half-breed's hut, and by the occupants he was taken in and fed, and means were provided him to reach a nearby town.

A. C. Hess and family, wife and son, arrived in Medford Monday evening from Pasadena, Calif. Mr. Hess has but recently traded California property to Mr. Fish for the old Callahan ranch, which is situated a few miles east of Medford. The ranch comprises 400 acres, one hundred of which are now under cultivation and upon which are some farm buildings. Mr. Hess expects to engage largely in growing hops and will at once commence arranging his farm lots and buildings for carrying for a large drove. He is apparently a gentleman possessed with bustling propensities and there seems little doubt but that he will make a success in his new field of labor. Aside from being a man who rises early in the morning and stays with his work until late at night, he is a cooking fine gentleman to meet. THE MAIL hopes he will succeed in his new home. He moved to the ranch on Wednesday of this week. THE MAIL will furnish him with all the local, state and county news for the next year.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.
You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of influenza. During the epidemic of influenza a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or influenza to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for colds and influenza. Every bottle warranted. For sale by Cress, Strang, druggist, Medford; Dr. J. Hinkle, Central Point.

LURE THE ALLIGATORS.

Hunters Imitate the Grunts of the Mother and Attract the Young.

The alligator is said to be in such request that it is rapidly disappearing from the settled parts of Florida, and even becoming scarce in such remote regions as the Everglades. A constant war is waged against it by the taxidermists and the dealers in curiosities.

A writer in Popular Science News says that the young are frequently lured from their lurking places by a poor imitation of the grunts of the mother, and men expert in mimicry sometimes capture large numbers in a day. The little creatures respond promptly to the calls, and pour out of the cavities in hot haste to see the caller.

The most expert "gator callers" the writer ever knew were swamp rangers, both white and black, who were born and brought up within a short distance of an alligator swamp, and knew every intonation of the saurian's voice.

These men would make a matron charge wildly across a broad stream by imitating the frightened cries of her young, or lure a decrepit old bull from his cave by imitating the grunts of the female. They could, in fact, delude both old and young, and often earned good sums by their art.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

She Drew a Pair of Opera Glasses on the Court and Got Into Trouble.

A Detroit lady once had an experience out in western Kansas that she will never forget. Just after her wedding trip her husband was called to that section on business, and they decided, like sensible people, that both should go. Out of spite, a typical real estate shark of those days had the husband arrested because he declined to stand quietly by and see himself swindled.

The prisoner was taken before a justice of the peace who knew a good deal more about the reports of a six-shooter than those of the supreme court, and who could have drained the fountain of knowledge had he drunk as copiously there as at some other places. The angry bride insisted upon attending the trial, and in the midst of it she so far forgot herself as to level a pair of opera glasses upon the court, whose big head bore striking resemblance to a brush heap. It was a new one on the justice and too much for him. He swiftly ducked under the table and shouted: "Deputy, disarm that woman." After getting the drop on her the officer secured the glasses and laid them gingerly before the court, who promptly roared that the woman was fined \$1,000 for contempt.

But she did not lose her head. Asking the right to speak for herself, she went to the "bench," explained the glasses, had the justice look out over the plains with them and then, after a few pretty words of apology, gave them to him. He hit the table a mighty blow to reconvene court, opened the drawer which contained his personal arsenal, and fined the prosecuting witness \$25 "for insultin' a visitin' lady and gent in contrariety ter law and eterket."

ONE OFFICIAL FAVOR.

That Was All Mrs. Cleveland Asked of Her Husband During His White House Days.

All during Mr. Cleveland's two terms as president, Mrs. Cleveland's most intimate associates were those whom she knew before marriage, says a writer in the June Ladies' Home Journal. One of them was the wife of a clerk in the treasury department, who lived in one of the most modest little homes in Washington's most unfashionable district. This made no difference to Mrs. Cleveland. Often the white house carriage called to "pick up" the friend for a drive. Another of her intimate friends in Washington was a young woman who taught music to support herself. Mrs. Cleveland obtained many pupils for her. Another was the wife of a struggling lawyer, and each week a bouquet of white house flowers came to cheer the home of the friend of schoolgirl days. A fourth was the teacher of a small kindergarten, who, when the Cleveland children reached a suitable age, transferred her school to the white house, and the children and grandchildren of the cabinet members, and of the families of Mrs. Cleveland's friends, and of the friends of the president, became her pupils. The only "official" favor which Mrs. Cleveland asked of her husband while he was president was the appointment to office of the husband of her college roommate.

Steered Him Wrong.

"Heard a good one when I was in St. Louis," relates the fat drummer with a penchant for story telling. "You know that the St. Louis and Anchor line failed some time ago and many of its assets were sold at auction. Among them was the magnificent looking water pitcher that the people of Baton Rouge had presented for use on the boat named after that city. The story told among a few of his acquaintances was that 188 citizens of the town contributed a silver dollar each, that these coins were melted down and out of the material the pitcher was made. It bore appropriate inscriptions and had some additional value because of its associations."

"Those who had been posted by the old pilot kept quiet and at the sale were on the lookout for the pitcher. It was run up to \$49 and knocked down to a friend of mine."

"Made a good thing of it, didn't he?" "I should say not. There wasn't a grain of anything but pewter in the pitcher and now my friend is impatiently camping on the trail of the old pilot."

HE DIDN'T LIKE THEIR ATTIRE.

A Plain-Spoken Young Man Doubts the Sincerity of Two Chicago Street Preachers.

Two itinerant "preachers" in a wagon, elaborately attired and silk hatted and accompanied by a dozen or more women of assorted ages, caused a partial street blockade at the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets on a recent evening. Attracted by the singing and the powerful voice exhortations of the preachers, a crowd of boys of several hundred soon gathered about the vehicle, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A prominent feature of the "service" was a collection taken up by half a dozen of the youngest of the women as soon as a considerable number of people had congregated.

Near the close of the meeting a well-dressed and intelligent-looking young man in the crowd created something of a sensation by stepping to the front and requesting permission to ask a question. The "preachers" seemed to have a suspicion that his intentions might not be honorable and sought to ignore him, but he persisted, and, pointing at the portly pair whom he was addressing, inquired in a loud voice:

"Say, do you fellows ever try to help anybody except by preaching? Did anybody ever hear of your feeding the hungry or clothing the naked? If I caught either of you doing that once, instead of singing hymns in a white vest, swallow-tailed coat, and plug hat, I for one would feel a lot more like accepting your invitation to be a Christian."

Neither of the persons addressed attempted to make any reply to this eccentric broadside, but took their seats and the wagon quickly departed in search of pastures new.

SHE ROUNDS UP HOBOS.

A Western Woman Who is an Expert in Persuading Tramps to Work on a Railroad.

Mrs. S. J. Atwood calls herself the "Hobo Hunter of the West," and there is possibly no other woman in the world who holds a similar position, says the Kansas City World.

Her business is to gather up all the idle laborers she can find and put them to work on the Union Pacific railroad in Colorado, Wyoming and other western sections. She has been employed by the Union Pacific in this capacity for the past 12 years, and the company finds her services indispensable.

Mrs. Atwood arrived in Kansas City the other day, and the next day she left with 50 men for Wyoming. Most of the men were negroes. Several of them had the appearance of typical hoboes. Mrs. Atwood has been in the business so long that she says she can tell by looking at a man whether or not he will make a good hand. When she sees one who suits her taste she approaches him without hesitation and asks him how he would like the position she has to offer. It only requires the work of about a minute for the terms to be arranged, and the man is escorted to some corner where others she has engaged have been congregated.

Mrs. Atwood has no place she calls her home, but she usually makes Denver her headquarters. Most of her time is spent between Denver and Portland, Ore. She says she does not exactly like the style of the men she received in Kansas City, as they do not look sufficiently hardy, but that labor is very scarce in the far west just now and she could do no better.

"The 'hobo hustler' is a little woman about 30 years of age. She has short curly hair that is as black as night. She walks with an agile step and always has a pleasing smile for even the toughest hobo."

MOSQUITO COMMISSIONER.

In the Title of a New Official with Extraordinary Powers, in Mexico.

The following from the Venezuelan Herald will be of interest to Venezuelans:

"The Mexican Central Railway company is engaged in a new experiment, which, if it is all that is claimed for it, will be of inestimable value to the residents of this city. To show how earnest they are in the matter, they have created a new office—that of mosquito commissioner, and the portfolio was awarded to Capt. George C. Sperry, superintendent of telegraphs for the company."

"Experiments in different parts of the United States, and in New Jersey in particular, have demonstrated the fact that the extermination of the mosquito can be successfully accomplished."

An exchange, in discussing the matter, says:

"Scientific investigation has disclosed the fact that a few grains of permanganate of potash will destroy all the embryos of mosquitoes in a very large area of mosquito swamp. At two cents an acre all the mosquitoes can be killed off for a space of 30 days, and as the breeding time is but two months, four cents will assure protection for the entire year. This places it within the possibility of a state, and certainly a city, to entirely rid itself of a great nuisance."

April and May are the two months in which the mosquito breeds. They are purely local in their habits, and not migratory, as some suppose, and they seldom move more than a hundred feet from the place of their birth. Hence to exterminate the breed in a certain locality would rid that locality of the pest for that season at least, and the method of extermination is so inexpensive that an entire community may be rid of them at a very small expense.

GO SLOW ON WIDOWS.

That Was the Piece of Good Advice One of Them Gave a Smart Young Man.

A score of us were sitting in the shade of the depot building waiting for the train, which was an hour late, when a yoke of oxen attached to a queer-looking cart turned the corner. They were driven by a woman about 50 years of age, who was barefooted and wore a man's straw hat.

"Get up thar, Buck!" she exclaimed, as she laid the "gad" on the off ox with a resounding whack. "You, thar, Peter, what you skittishun 'round that way fur? Whoa, now! Both of you stan' still!"

She turned them up to the platform, threw down some hay taken from the cart, and came up among us to inquire of the depot agent about a barrel of salt. He was busy then and she was waiting around, when the smart Allick of the crowd, who was traveling for a wine house, remarked in tones meant for her to overhear:

"I have always said if I married at all, I'd marry a woman who could drive oxen."

"Is that meant for me?" she asked, as she walked straight up to him.

"Are you a widow, ma'am?"

"I am. Bin a widder ever since a sawlog rolled over Jim nine years ago."

"And you'd marry again if you had the opportunity, would you?"

"I would. When Jim lay a-dyin' in the house he told me to marry agin if I had a show."

"Ahem! I see. Could you love a second husband?"

"I could. It runs in our family to love. We begin airy and keep it up to the grave. What's your proposition? I'm a plain woman, full o' bizness, and never do any foolin'. If you've got anything to say, spit it right out afore 'em all."

"I—I don't want to marry just now," he stammered.

"Don't eh? Then what's the use of gettin' me on my tiptoes about it? You man, you jest the same as asked me to have you, and I jest the same as accepted you!"

"O! No, no! I merely made some inquiries!" he replied.

"Them inquiries was about love, sir, and my heart's a-thumping away like all git out! I said I'd marry agin, and I will. We are engaged. When do you want me to be ready?"

"Madam, you have totally misunderstood me," explained the young man, as he turned all sorts of colors and appeared to grow small. "I asked you a few questions out of curiosity."

"Mebbe the jury will call it curiosity, and mebbe they won't," she said, as she set her jaw.

"They don't allow no foolin' 'round in Posey county. When a feller goes as far as you hev it's a hitch or damages. I'm a-tremblin' all over like a girl, an' my heart's a-tryin' to jump out. It's regular love or I don't know the road hum. You don't leave here, young man, till this case is settled."

"But, ma'am you see—"

"I don't know nuthin' but marriage or damages. You've asked me to have you. I said I would. Will you marry or settle?"

"How—how much?" he gasped, as he looked around and failed to find any sympathy.

"Wall, Saginaw salt is a dollar and a quarter a bar," she replied, as she glanced at a row of barrels down the platform. "I guess the oxen kin git hum with two barrels. Make it two and I'll call it square!"

Everybody grinned except the young man. He realized that he was done for, and got out of the box by planking down the \$2.50 to the agent. The cart was driven around to the spot, the barrels loaded up, and then the woman came back to the young man:

"I've settled this case, and the salt is in the cart, and I jest want to remark that if you happen this way agin and you happen to feel so awfully cunnin' that you can't hold yourself, you'd better go slow on widwers. Thar's 16 of us 'round here, an' we all drive yellow oxen hitched to carts, an' we all go b'arfoot in the summer and sigh to get married agin. The reg'lar figger is three barrels of salt and a pound of tea, but, owing to your youth and that thunderstorm comin' up, I've let you off easy. Good-day, bub; good-day all!"—N. Y. Herald.

TELEGRAPH POLE FOR A SHOP.

A Harness Dealer Who Is Doing a Rushing Business in the Middle of West Street.

A telegraph pole in West street, New York, is utilized as a store, says the Sun of that city. The pole stands in the middle of the street, not far from Gansevoort market. The stock of the "store" consists of harness and saddle's hardware. These articles are hung upon iron spikes driven in the pole. The proprietor, who is also clerk, cashier and "barker," carries some of the stock on his person. Lighter weight articles are around his neck; currycombs, brushes and other articles are in his pockets. He holds a bunch of whips under one arm and carries one lash in his hand. He circles about his "store," crying his wares to the passers by. There are few streets in New York where there is as much teaming as in West street, and most of the trade that comes to the telegraph pole is from teamsters.

"What does he do when it rains?" That is always the question of those who notice the odd place of business. The proprietor shifts his stock across the street to a place which he patronizes and his patronage pays the rent. But he does not shut up shop on rainy days. Having stored the bulk of his stock he goes on a soliciting jaunt among the shops, carrying a few "side lines," like commercial agents of the more pretentious class, and these are saleable anywhere.

CHIPMUNKS IN A CEMETERY.

They Are Increasing So Rapidly in Brooklyn's Greenwood That a Trapper May Be Called In.

Greenwood cemetery is suffering for the second time in its history from a too great increase in its colony of chipmunks. Eighteen years ago they became such a nuisance that a trapper was employed, and 23,000 small, striped pelts were the results of his first year's work, says the New York Sun.

This year it was noticed that an unusual number were about, even in the early spring, when the chipmunks first appear after a winter's sleep. Now it is estimated that there are at least 20,000 chipmunks in the cemetery, and a great deal of damage has been done. Through their burrowing habits they have undermined the gravestones, and even in many cases caused graves to sink in, when rainwater has helped to hollow out their burrows.

The chief enemies of the chipmunks are the florists, for the animals nip growing plants at the roots to reach the sap. One Brooklyn florist says that since Decoration day he has had to put in 250 new plants to keep up an original plant of 150. Florists with contracts to keep graves in condition have entered strong protests, but outside florists, who work by the piece, have been making money.

The eight special policemen on the grounds have been furnished with poisoned nuts to scatter about. No diminution has yet appeared in the chipmunk army, as they reproduce three or four times a year and increase fourfold in a season if not checked. But if poison fails another trapper may be called in.

TAUGHT HIM A TRICK.

A Tricky Dealer in Fruit Pays Dearly for a Lesson in Sorting His Berries.

"Fairnest side to Boston," suggested a young man who stood watching the proprietor of a downtown fruit stand who was engaged in repacking a case of strawberries, placing the small and decayed ones in the bottom of the boxes, the large and luscious ones on top, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"We have to do that, young fellow," was the reply. "Everybody expects to be cheated a little and I hate to disappoint them."

"Come, now," said the loiterer, as he approached the stand. "I worked last season in a South Water street store and can show you a trick that will double your profits."

"I don't see how it can be done, for I'm a pretty close figurer myself. What do you want for the pointer?"

"I'll take a box of berries. The secret is this: You want to grade your fruit." The young man emptied six boxes upon the stand and rapidly filled one of them, selecting the larger berries. "Out of a 24-box case you can get four boxes that you can sell for ten cents each. See?"

"And how will I dispose of the other 20 boxes?"

"You'll have to consult a peddler on that point; it's out of my line. I'll take these," and the dispenser of South Water street secrets seized the box of selected fruit and hurried around the corner.

LOVE MAKING.

In These Days Is Done in the Open, Without Any 'Arriet and 'Arriet Business.

Billing and cooling are as much a part of summer time diversions as eating ice cream or drinking soda water, but billing and cooling "in evidence" are confined to social strata in which the fashionable maid and man have not the slightest concern, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

In fact, ultra-smart romances romance so elegantly that unsympathetic daws find little chance to peck at their hearts.

Climb as high as you may the heights of common sense and you will fall to discover wandering in the dale of amatory foolishness a single couple belonging to really good society willing to afford the slightest chance to the curious for funmaking.

Sentimentalists gaze in amazement at the latest victims of love's dream. There is a blissful maid, an enamored lover. The pair eschew shadowy corners. They court electric lights. They are the center of the gayest midsummer groups.

Why? Because shying away from friends and relatives, watching feverishly for a chance to look into each other's eyes, hold each other's hands and whisper silly nothings into each other's ears has too much of 'Arriet and 'Arriet mannerisms to suit these modish young people.

This late century love-making is delightful to those who must fill the undeniable position of onlookers. There is no greater misery than being obliged to put up with the selfishness of a spoony pair blind or indifferent to their duties to polite society.

The new order of affairs may well cause interested people to rejoice. A reserve so excessive that a match may be made and the wedding arrangements completed without anybody being the wiser brings a distinct blessing to all parties concerned.

England's Health Due to the Bathub.

An Austrian professor, who believes in the value of hygiene, declares that England largely owes her supremacy over other nations to the national bathub, and that the only sure way to outstrip England is to beat her in the use of water.

Railroad Profits by Comparison.

The percentage of profits on the railways is, on the average, 5.40, as against 2.60 for Great Britain, 3.0 for the United States, and 2.3% for the Australian colonies.

TRADE AND THE FLAG.

There Is an Error in the Maxim That the One Follows the Other.

The maxim that trade follows the flag covers more error than truth. It is often the case that the flag follows trade. But, if foreign nations are going to exclude us from trade with China and Africa on the same terms as their own subjects, we have got to make a way for trade by sending the flag with its usual accompaniments of breech-loaders. If the United States and England would not be driven out of Chinese trade by the gradual extension of Russian and French frontiers, they will have to keep the door open by inserting the muzzle of a cannon into it. England has got her cannon mounted at Wei Hai Wei and Hong-Kong; Manila is not so near as would be desirable, but it will do very well as a place for our guns, writes Fred Perry Powers in Lippincott's.

So the more commerce is extended the more danger there is of war. Probably the United States and England would never make war upon each other, for commercial reasons, in spite of the radical difference in the economic policies of the two nations. But there are nations in a more backward stage of civilization and economic development which confess their inability to do business under the policy of the "open door"; they admit that on account of their inferiority they can extend their trade abroad only by armed seizure of foreign territory, excluding other nations or admitting them to the privilege of shooting on their preserves only by charging them roundly under the forms of a discriminating tariff. These other nations appear to be willing to fight in order to keep competitors away. Therefore, the nations that are willing to enter a peaceful struggle for commercial success find that they must be equally willing to fight, or withdraw from the contest altogether.

A FLOATING SNAIL.

An Interesting Little Creature That Safely Buils While Great Ships Sink.

There is a small snail which is so fond of the sea that it never comes to land, and it builds such a capital boat for itself and its eggs that while large ships are sinking and steamers are unable to face the storm it tosses about in perfect safety, says the Philadelphia Press.

The little snail is of a violet color and is therefore called lantina. It has a small shell and there projects from the under part of the body a long, tongue-like piece of flesh. This is the raft, and it is built upon most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad and the air compartments are underneath, so that it cannot capsize.

Moreover, the snail knows how to stow away its cargo, for the oldest eggs and those which hatch the soonest are placed in the center and the lightest and newest on the sides of the raft. The lantina fills its own air compartments by getting a globule of air underneath its head, the body is then curved downward beneath the raft, and the head being tilted on one side, the air rushes in and fills the spaces. It feeds on a beautiful little jelly fish, which has a flat, raft-like form with a pretty little sail upon it, and they congregate in multitudes when the sea is calm.

Sometimes specimens are washed upon the northwestern coast of France, and when they are handled they give out a violet dye.

MEDICAL TREATMENT FREE.

The Sick Poor Are Taken Care of in France by Provisions of the Government.

Official reports show that France with a population of 38,500,000, has nearly 1,500,000 of indigent persons, of whom 375,000 are inscribed as sick. The country physicians are paid to attend them and the total thus disbursed in 1895, the first year the scheme was practically in operation, amounted to 1,771,472 francs. Each one of the 12,000 practitioners received, on an average, about 150 francs.

The average to each physician is 20 patients, with three or four visits to each at about 30 cents (a franc and a half), for each visit.

The total expense includes hospital and midwife service, transportation, instruments and medicines, and amounted to 4,898,690 francs. This expense was shared by the community, the department and the state, respectively, 3,000,002, 1,104,710 and 303,978 francs.

The first article of the law states in effect: "Every sick French person without resources receives, free of charge, from the community, the department or the state, medical care at home or in a hospital. Lying-in women are included in these provisions. Sick foreigners without resources are also included if the government has entered into a treaty of reciprocal assistance with the nation to which they belong."

Grandpa is visiting them, and the governess, while riding on the cross line the other day, had this to say to an old school friend: "He is worth nearly a million and his word is law without a question. The other day he gathered the war situation from the Free Press and then asked for a map. There was not one in the house and he grumbled. Before night seven delivery wagons stopped at the house. All of them brought a map and one brought a big atlas in addition. Father, mother and the children had given an order to please grandpa."