MILLET'S "GLEANERS."

These be Thy faithful children, Lord,
The gleaners of the field:
The golden-loaded wains are gone
With all the harvest's yield;
Yet some few scattered straws are left,
Which diligence may find;
A thousand sheaves he took away
That left not one behind.

Across the stubble field I hear
Sweet revelry and din,
As when the reaper to his barns
Draws his last wagon in:
He thanks, Thee, Lord, with merriment
And custom-honored praise,
While round about his naked fields
The gleaners go their ways.

Small thought has he for those who pinch
And wear their lives away,
With just enough of strength and hope
To keep the wolf at bay;
His is the lot of better blood
Than flows in common veins;
For him, O Lord, Thy sun doth shine
And fall Thy gentle rains.

What matters it when winds do howl
And snow fills all the sky,
That others huddle in their huts
To hunger, freeze and die?
Has he not used his talent well,
And thanked Thee morn and night?
Dost Thou not shield him with Thy love
And clothe him with Thy might?

I wonder, Lord, if Thou shouldst come
When this our harvest ends,
Wouldst Thou be found where barns are full
Or where the gleaner bends?
Thou sought'st not in places high
For men to follow Thee,
But where the fisher cast his nets
In quiet Galilee.

And well I know wert Thou again
To seek for friendly hearts,
That Thou wouldst pass the manor house,
And pass the city's marts,
And say to some most lowly soul—
Some gleaner of the field:
Come, follow Me, and thou shalt glean
A more abundant yield.
—Chicago Daily News.

Among the Mists

THE cliff was brown with autumn, and the sun was changing the grey sea to blood-red where sea and sky met. The waters seemed illimitable, but a few miles across were the shores of France. The strains of the band which was playing on the pier were mellowed when they reached the cliff, and the hackneyed song of the cornet solo was not without romance.

Clifford Davenport felt this as he settled himself on a seat near the verge of the cliff. He was artistic, and the soft loveliness of the evening soothed his soul. She would come, he knew. She had come regularly every night, and his brief holiday from the hurry of Fleet street had been very pleasant, for nature had made him an artist before the world forced him to become a journalist.

It had been an ordinary seaside flirtation. She had red-gold hair, and he an artist's appreciation, and the three weeks had been quite idyllic. Now he felt a little uncomfortable, for he was going to inflict pain. He was going to say good-bye, for the affair had not been serious on his part; and, besides, there was somebody else who had not red-gold hair, but was rather vulgar and rather rich. He was conscious of some amount of pity for her, and was pleased with himself for it. Yet he feared the dumb sorrow of her eyes. He knew the sorrow would be dumb, because she was a woman and could suffer in silence. Presently she came, moving softly across the browned grass to the seat and sank gracefully into it. He threw away the cigar he was smoking.

"Ah, Clifford, how restful you look! Why do not men cultivate rest more? They are not generally so eager to do nothing."

"No; they set out with being eager to do something, but they are in doubt as to its nature."

"And end by doing nothing. The result is the same. That must be very dispiriting, don't you think? It accounts, though, for the terrible ugliness of middle-aged men."

"All middle-aged men are not ugly," he remarked, with a consciousness that 37 years might be considered as bordering on that doldrums of existence.

"Yes. No man who is not ugly is middle-aged. He is either young or old."

"May, do you remember that we first met each other three weeks ago?"

"Only three weeks? It seems an eternity."

He moved uncomfortably. "That is equivocal."

"Is it? Aren't all things equivocal—all nice things? Three weeks—they have been very happy."

"Yes, very happy. What a pity it is that Providence, or fate, or some controlling influence, does not rest at these happy periods, and murder Time!"

"Poor Time! He would revenge himself by murdering the happiness. The unutterable sweetness of these periods is their fleeting nature."

"Fleeting?" he looked up surprised. She was taking away the ball from him and he resented it.

"Did I say fleeting? But they are fleeting, aren't they? No great happiness stays forever. A perfect gown is out of fashion almost before it is put on."

"A gown!" he ejaculated. "How can you think of gowns with such a sunset?"

"I don't know! It seemed natural. You being a man would think of your pipe or your cigar—you were smoking when I came, you know—and I, being a woman, think of a gown."

"You look very well," he admitted, critically.

"Yes. I knew you would say that because it is true. It is appropriate—you see it is a soft gray—and your artistic spirit would naturally approve."

"Appropriate?"

"Every day has its predominant color. To-night will be gray. It—you said—we have known each other three weeks. I fear—"

"You fear?"

"Clifford, have you ever noticed that when any great thing is going to happen, any event which will leave behind it one of those tender regrets which haunt a life like the joy of a dream which passes in waking, nature seems to put on the half mourning of gray?"

"The red is dying out of the sea, and the sky has grown gray. See, the mists are creeping up the cliff, and they are gray, too."

"It is nature mourning the event which is coming to pass with us."

He moved again, uncomfortably. All this was so much in the nature of what he had planned to say himself. He felt a curious sensation of having passed through all this aeon before, and resented it all vaguely.

"What event can come to pass with us? Nothing can come to us to-night but from ourselves. We are alone. The world has folded us together."

As though to disprove his statement, two men, two blatant tourists, passed behind them, talking of cathedrals and table d'hotes. Clifford leant back in his seat with a protest against the unseemliness of events.

"But from ourselves." Her voice was soft, and there was a tone of complacent pity in it, either for herself or for him, which was disturbing.

"We have watched the sun set for many evenings; we have felt the cool of the air off the sea; we have sat here while the earth fell asleep and the stars crept out into the sky for their vigil. Why should there be sorrow for us to-night?" It was not at all what he had meant to have said, but it seemed forced from him by the course she had taken.

"They must be so tired," she said, dreamily.

"Who?" he asked, wonderingly.

"The stars, coming out at night and looking down at the same earth always."

"They are constant," he asserted, gloomily.

"Yes, but so tedious. Don't you think that constancy always is tedious?"

"No."

"I think it argues a small mind. You see anyone can love one thing for always—it becomes a habit and there is no merit in it."

"Love?"

"Yes. I suppose the stars love the earth or they wouldn't spend their time watching it, would they?"

"I think you are wandering from your original position."

"I am not so sure that I am. We were talking about sorrow and grayness. Clifford, do you know that we must part to-night?"

"Part?" he said, startlag rather too dramatically. She had taken the ball bodily away from him, and there was no other position left to him but that of the broken-hearted lover. It had artistic possibilities, though, he reflected.

"Yes, part. It is very sad, but we shall each have a pleasant memory to look back upon."

"It will be a painful one for me."

"Perhaps so, but it will be a quiet, comfortable, tender sort of pain which will be almost pleasant. We have been all in all to each other for three weeks, which is a very long time."

"It has passed like a moment of sunshine."

"That shows how pleasant it has been. Really, when one comes to think of it, three weeks' pleasure is more than we could reasonably have expected in this world."

"You have never felt for me what I have felt for you."

"Yes, I think I have. It is rather difficult to determine, because we have no standard of comparison."

"And that is why you dressed in gray?"

"It was a compliment to your artistic appreciation of the fitness of things."

"A foretone of my life?"

"Yes. The trimmings are of soft pink."

They got up and strolled in silence towards the lights of the town. The murmur of many voices came to them on the air. Some bats were flying heavily, and the band was still playing in the distance.

"Let us part here," she said.

"Yes, it is better so. Here we are alone—before us is the world. I shall go into the world leaving my soul here among the mists."

"It is a great pity, but it is fate," she said, with a keen delight in the romance of the parting.

"Good-by," he said, and they parted. A little later he lit a cigar and laughed. —St. Paul's.

Young America.

A cute little three-year-old Cleveland boy is enjoying the sensation of his first pair of trousers. Of course the new "panties" are a "well-spring of joy" to the little laddie, and he is getting quite round-shouldered stooping over to inspect his chubby legs.

A few days ago a closet door was left open and Master Leonard peeped in. In the closet several pairs of his papa's trousers were hanging, and Leonard caught sight of them.

"Here, mudder, mudder," he suddenly called, "is dese my pants or fodder's?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Safe Refuge.

"Tom," said Jimmy, "do you know that some day the world will be burned up with fire?"

"So I have heard," replied Tom.

"But, Tom," went on Jimmy, who was deeply concerned about the approaching catastrophe, "what will you do when the world is burned up?"

"Oh, replied Tom, with an air of one who has provided for all the contingencies, "I shall go out to Uncle Billly's and stay."—Detroit Journal.

Proof of Ability.

The Creditor—If you don't settle this account at once I shall have to put it in the hands of a lawyer.

The Debtor—Well, if you can find a lawyer who is able to collect from me, I will give him a steady job looking after my interests.—N. Y. Journal.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED FROM THE WEEK'S DISPATCHES.

Prominent Men of the Northwest Indicted For Manslaughter—Death at Jackson From Smallpox—Mrs. A. S. Townsend Dies Suddenly.

As a result of the strike of fishermen in British Columbia, salmon canneries may close down.

The cruiser Philadelphia is at sea on a ten days' cruise with the Oregon naval reserve.

Fire at Chinese Camp, Tuolumne county, destroyed several buildings one of which was the post-office. The loss is placed as high as $12,000.

Rev. Henry H. Price, a well-known Pacific coast Presbyterian minister, living at Berkeley, died suddenly in Paris a few days ago.

A monster whale ran into the pilot-boat Bonita near the Farallone islands one day last week and struck the vessel so hard that it sprung a leak and sank. The crew escaped in small boats.

Fire on his ranch near Glencoe, Calaveras county, destroyed the home of Joseph Bayless. Bayless was asleep when the fire stated and was burned to death.

An aged Indian, known as Larodo, was burned to death in his cabin near Niles a few days ago. How the fire started is not known.

Pomeroy, Wash., suffered from a $90,000 fire last week. Several citizens were badly injured. The courthouse there was totally destroyed.

The jury in the case of W. H. McMullin, at Marysville, who shot J. F. Shannon on April 22, brought in a verdict of not guilty on the ground of insanity at the time of the shooting. McMullin was jealous of the attention paid to his wife by Shannon. The verdict is popular.

Frank R. Donlan shot and instantly killed a woman with whom he had been living as his wife on a ranch near Visalia. Liquor is supposed to have caused the crime.

Perry Hayden, a veterinary surgeon, was dragged to death by a fractious horse near Sacramento. He was thrown from the animal and his feet became tangled in a stirrup.

Reports from the eastern portion of Washington indicate that the wheat crop will not be as heavy as expected, 35 bushels being the average. The estimates of the total yield for the state is now cut down from 30,000,000 to 25,000,000 bushels.

The county assessment roll of Sacramento county has been increased a million and a half dollars higher than last year.

An 18-foot fly wheel in the Puget Sound Flouring mills at Tacoma burst, demolishing the enginehouse and knocking several holes through the walls of main building. Several persons were injured by flying pieces of iron.

T. C. Calnan, a policeman of San Francisco, is under arrest for stealing a horse.

Floie Villa, the country home of Arthur Bulla, at Ontario, Cal., was burned to the ground. Nothing was saved. Mrs. Bulla was known to the art world as "Floie." She lost $35,000 worth of paintings. The house cost $15,000. It was outside the fire limits and there was small insurance. The origin of the fire was the explosion of a gasoline stove.

The army worm is doing great damage in the vicinity of Sumner, Wash., and Governer Rogers has ordered an entomologist from Pullman to make an investigation and suggest a remedy.

The lifeless body S. H. Humphreys, a prominent real estate broker of Hillsboro, Or., was found hanging by a rope from a small fir tree. It is thought that worry over the condition of his estates and other financial troubles caused him to commit suicide as the speediest solution of the difficulty.

The Truth

about women's ills can be frankly told by one woman to another.

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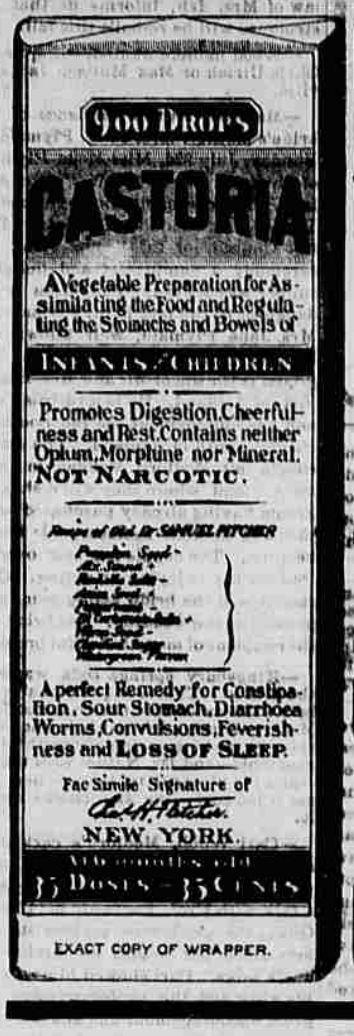
Remember these things when some other remedy is suggested, and remember them when you want advice. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.



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At an election held at Yuba city the people voted to issue $15,000 worth of bonds to build a schoolhouse. The election carried almost unanimously.

Mrs. Almira S. Townsend of San Francisco, died suddenly there a few days ago through heart failure. She was well known as a liberal contributor to charity.

San Francisco is making great preparations for the Admission day celebration to be held there in September.

The new $9900 bridge across the Sacramento river at Keswick has been completed.

S. Z. Mitchell of Portland, general manager, and F. L. Dames, general superintendent of the Tacoma Street Railway company, have been formally charged with manslaughter. This is the result of the Fourth of July accident in which over 40 lives were lost and 60 persons injured, 20 of whom are still in the hospitals.

William Bedell died at Jackson a few days ago of smallpox. This is the first death fairly attributed to the disease.

Injuries received in a runaway accident caused the death of Judge J. R. McFarlan of San Diego.

Earnest Gilleran and his 9-year-old son Thomas was drowned in San Francisco bay Sunday while fishing. The accident was caused by the boat capsizing.

Charles Napper, a painter, committed suicide at San Francisco a few days ago. He was despondent owing to lack of ability to get work and provide for his family.

A recent fire in the Chinese section of Visalia destroyed half of that section of the town. A number of Chinese were burned. The loss will be over $10,000.

Herman Strauser, a railroad man of Evansville, Ind., shot his wife four times, killing her instantly. He then killed himself. Strauser left his wife some time ago, and she obtained a divorce.

The big Atlantic liner Campania en route to Liverpool, struck the bark Embleton in the Irish channel, cutting her in two. Eleven members of the bark's crew, including the captain are believed to have been drowned.

Captain Moller, of the German steamer Flanderia, which arrived from Colombia, reports that the government troops entered Colon from Panama on July 15, the latter city having fallen into the hands of the rebels. He also asserts that Colon is also in the possession of rebels, having been easily taken on July 16 without a fight.

A letter has been received by the director of the mint at Washington from the United States assay office at Seattle, reporting that during the first 11 days of the present month gold arrivals there from Alaska amounted to $4,400,000. Several millions are reported to be in transit.

Wheeler & Wilson Leads 'em all.

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John F. White is agent for these machines in Medford. He wants you to call upon him before you buy.

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SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

F. of A.—Court Mt. Pitt No. 24, meets in Foresters' Hall every Wednesday at 8 p.m.
G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger.
I. L. PURDIN, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 48, meets I.O.O.F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
J. R. SHEARER, N. G.
J. H. STEWART, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m.
D. T. LAWTON, C. P.
W. T. YORK, Scribe.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 98, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
MRS. LILLIAN HARVEY, N. G.
MRS. MINNIE CALKINS, Rec. Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall.
N. L. NARREGAN, W. M.
W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
EUGENE ORR, C. C.
S. E. COLE, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees.—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend.
G. L. WEBB, Commander.
W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W., Degree of Honor—Mother lodge No. 56, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month at A. O. U. W. Hall.
MRS. CARRIE M. CROUCH, C. of H.
MRS. DELIA 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.
J. W. LAWTON, M. W.
N. L. NARREGAN, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon.
W. H. MERREN, C. C.
JOE SHONE, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft.—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Woodmen hall. Visiting sisters invited.
HASSIE WEBB, G. M.
ADA M. MILLS, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 34 meets second and fourth Monday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MRS. J. H. WHITMAN, Pres.
MARY E. REEVES, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47 meets in Woodman's hall every second and fourth Monday night in each month at 7:30. Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend.
D. R. ANDRUS, Com.
F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Wednesday in the Halley Block.
ADDIE HALLEY, Pres.
MRS. MAY COX, Sec.

O. E. S.—Rosamas Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Thursday's of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome.
MRS. MARY E. REEVES, W. M.
MRS. HATTIE GORE, Secretary.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Saint Marks Episcopal. Sunday school meets at Episcopal Church every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; divine service every first and third Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Chas. Booth, Rector.

Methodist Episcopal Church—W. B. Moore, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., H. L. Gilkey, supt. Class meeting every Sabbath at close of sermon, Levi Faucett, leader. Epworth league every Sabbath evening at 6:30, O. Faucett, pres. Regular weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Ladies' sewing circle every week. Missionary society meets the first Friday in each month.

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., 6:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor Society at 3:30 p. m., Sunday. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Baptist church—Rev. T. L. Crandall, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school 10 a. m.; B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; covenant meeting at 2:30 p. m. on Saturday preceding first sabbath. Strangers and friends always welcome.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7. p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Junoir 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. B. M. first Thursday 2:30 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. E. F. Wilson, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Epworth League, prayer and praise meeting each Sunday at 6 p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock; Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. E. B. Pickel, president.

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