OUR BONNIE BOYS IN

Farewell, brave boys in blue!
Godspeed on your victorious way!
While your beloved ones shall pray
God guide and guard you every day,
Our bonnie boys in blue!

Oh, gallant boys in blue!
We'll say farewell with smile and cheer;
And you shall never know the tear
That flows through all your absence drear,
Oh, soldier laddies true!

Oh, patriot boys in blue!
Where'er you go by land or sea
Beneath that banner of the free,
There floats the flag of victory!
Oh, dauntless boys in blue!

Beloved boys in blue!
We know that some may ne'er return;
But yet our leal hearts proudly burn
To see those faces set and stern
With purpose firm and true.

Ah, other boys in blue—
Who once marched down this city street—
Now resting in your winding sheet;
For you two nations' war drums beat;
Columbia fights for you!

Oh, martyred boys in blue!
No freeman's blood o'er flows in vain.
Columbia needs not call again;
"Remember, boys, the gallant Maine!
Her buried boys in blue!"

Columbia's boys in blue!
Her banner waves above your head;
And by its bars of white and red
She wears the living, shrouds the dead:
Columbia's freemen true!

March on, brave boys in blue!
That flag that floats o'er every street—
That flag—has never known defeat!
The God of Hosts guards patriot feet
Beneath that banner true!

Good-by, brave boys in blue!
Good-by! that word so sadly sweet
Means: "God be with you till we meet!"
Till home again we proudly greet
Our brave, bronzed boys in blue!
—E. Dorsey Anderson, in N. Y. Tribune.

RARE OLD RELICS

IN A QUEER SHOP.

DOWN on the Delaware, in Easton, there is a barber who is a character. He and his shop are both curiosities. Not content with making a career at shaving for over half a century without stopping, he has gathered together the most remarkable collection of war relics.

Certain persons have had greater collections, probably, but they are persons who have had more advantages than Ben Youells. Collecting is the luxury he allows himself. It is his fad. Where he ever got all these things even he couldn't tell you. As soon as you talk to him you see he has the true spirit of the relic worshiper, not the money grabber.

Hundreds of the curios are packed away in the dingy little barber shop down on the river. Curios that a great museum would tingle to get its fingers on. No system is employed in their arrangement. They are just heaped and stowed away, crammed and jammed into dark corners and unlabeled shelves.

So easily is fame hidden away under a bushel measure that few folk in Easton know of the wonders of the barber shop collection; fewer still know that he holds the record of the United States for a barber's profession. For over half a century he has plied the razor and scissors on the heads of men entirely great and those entirely small. The other chief attribute of a barber—loquacity—was vouched for when Youells went into the peppermint pole profession after having served years as a sea captain.

He has outlived all his sea habits, except his ability to spin yarns.

Only two men are living in Easton who began careers with him. He has shaved Jacob Reeder and William Busch this half century.

Youells doesn't believe in letting his name and profession part. Half a dozen sons are barbers, and whether he stipulated it or not each of his daughters married a barber.

Easton is probably the only town that has a barbers' trust, but the Youells certainly monopolize the trade. They firmly believe that not to be shaved by a Youell is not to have been shaved properly.

That is one of his records.

Another is that he is the living beginning of four generations, and when he chooses he can whistle nearly half a hundred children and grandchildren to his side. This in itself is a career!

When invitations went out for a family dinner on the golden wedding four years ago 41 direct descendants sat down to table.

Death seems to have forgotten the Youells. In 54 years of married life death has only entered the family once, taking a grandchild. Nine children are living, and each is a grandparent.

Youells is as vigorous as a man of 50; his 78 years he treats as playthings; they have never added a feather's weight to his mind or heart.

Surely somewhere among his collection he will find he has picked up a charm for everlasting life or a drop from Ponce de Leon's spring of everlasting youth. He may not know its name, but it must be there!

He has a charmed life. Once a steamer on the Delaware exploded—people in Easton tell you of it yet. Ben Youells was on it, and so terrible was the concussion that he was violently pitched over to the bank just near his little shop. The only comment Youells made on the accident was characteristic: "If it had only thrown me a little further," he said, "it would have put me in my chair in front the shop."

Added to his great record as a barber and his charmed life, he is assessor of the Second ward and a collector of value and marvelous skill.

Does it take the climate of Easton to grow such men?

I was looking for the dial for the state house, and thought Youells might know something of it. He didn't, but he knew so much else and had so much else that the dial was forgotten. He was the man who knew that the old tree planted in the Pennsylvania hospital grounds was from a branch of the tree under which Penn made his treaty. With every relic he has its history.

The entire museum was unlabeled, unclassified.

Newly things he has classified or in regular relation to each other are the stone relics. He has turned one side of the wall over for a stone department. Here are 61 boards. Thirty-one of them show 720 arrow and spearheads of white, gray, pink and jasper stones. The other 30 boards show antiquarian stone relics, such as pestles, tomahawks, rubbing stones, stone skinning knives, axes of unusual size, pieces of pottery, one double-edged ax, very rarely found and the other curiously constructed relics of Indan life.

A conspicuous relic here is an Indian mortar that was the property of Parson Heckenwelder. Mrs. Heckenwelder was the first white child born east of the Allegheny mountains. Above this in value is the powder horn presented to Tecumseh, by Gen. Howe, in 1799. The pouches, moccasins, scalp locks, scalping knives, wampum and beads are rich and valuable.

He has another department made up from balls, shells and hand grenades found on different battlefields during the civil war. Capt. Reeder has given him a huge knife, found on the battlefield of Pittsburg Landing, and Capt. Yard, of the V. P. T., gave him a bugle of the rebel army, captured in Florida.

His great souvenir of the civil war is Gen. Robert E. Lee's silver-mounted hunting horn, taken from Arlington during the rebellion. Next to this is the first confederate flag captured by the union forces, June 26, 1861, by Sergt. Joseph Oliver, of the V. P. T. He has also the handcuffs used upon Merryman, who set fire to Gunpowder Creek bridge in '61; the chasing of a ten-inch shell, fired by the Monitor at the Merrimac; a gun carriage and casing made from a part of the old ship Cumberland, which was destroyed by the Merrimac.

"But this is another piece of the confederate flag," I asked, "what was that?"

"Col. Ellsworth tore that down from a staff erected on the Marshall house," he said, "and near it I have put a piece of brick from Libby prison, a portion of the scaffold on which John Brown stood when Lee's men shot him, and a spear used by one of John Brown's men when they were hunted down in the round house."

A piece of Paul Jones' ship, Reliance, is alongside a sword with pistol attached at the hilt, used by Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Green at the battle of Trenton. This is indeed a curiosity, for it is probably the only one of that make in America.

Surgeon Bartlie's scales that he used at the battle of Trenton are keeping company with a large pair of cotton epaulets worn by Peter Clayman in the war of 1812, and near two such important relics is a knife presented to the ugliest man in Easton.

It would be unfair to publish his name.

"In the matter of knives, here is the one owned by the famous Daniel Boone," Youells said, "and another from Andersonville prison."

An Eskimo harpoon nine inches long, brought from the Arctic regions by Dr. Kane, and a piece of whale bone taken from the shrouds of the British ship Resolute, constitute the Arctic souvenirs.

Two pieces of wire attached to a frame did not look significant, but one was a piece of the wire over which went the first telegraphic message, used by Prof. Morse in 1837, and pieces of the first and second Atlantic cable.

His Pennsylvania relics, which the Historical society would delight in, are a piece of shingle from the roof of Penn's house, a lock from the front door of the same house and one of the keys of the old Walnut street prison in Philadelphia.

Certainly in all the search for that historic dial of the clock in the statehouse, no one proved himself so delightfully interesting a personage as Ben Youells, barber, with his record, his relics his years and his luck in the little barber shop down on the Delaware in Easton.—Harrydele Hallmark, in Philadelphia Press.

LANGUAGES OF MUSIC.

The Airs of Different Nations Sound Very Much Like Their Speech.

A French missionary played airs by Rossini to a Chinese mandarin, who, though a man of intelligence and cultivation, according to oriental standards, shook his head disapprovingly. When pressed to give a reason for the depreciating gesture, he said:

"It is sadly devoid of meaning and expression, while Chinese music penetrates the soul."

We smile at the absurdity, because to our ears Chinese music is the linking together of harsh and unmelodious sounds, the mingling of crash and caterwauling.

Prof. Arlo Bates uses this incident in his "Talks on the Study of Literature," to illustrate the fact that there is a conventional language in sound as there is in words. Barbaric folk use a language of music which penetrates their souls, but which causes the nerves of civilized people to tingle. Our music seems as absurd to them as theirs to us. Neither understands the musical language of the other.

The Japanese complain that our division of music into regular bars has the effect of making it "chip-chop, chip-chop, chip-chop."

There is no universal language in words or in art. The Greeks, who built the Parthenon or wrought the Venus of Melos could not have discerned beauty or reverence in the uncouth figures of Aztec deities. An Aztec who was moved by twisted deities clutching one another by their plumes would perhaps have stood without emotion before a Greek temple or a Greek statue.—Youth's Companion.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED FROM THE WEEK'S DISPATCHES.

A Contractor Dies From a Spider Bite—A Hunter Kills His Companion—Big Potato Yield in the San Joaquin—Redding Has a Good Size Fire.

It is stated that the honey crop of Kern county is light.

Grain in Tulare county proves to have been badly damaged by rust.

Glenn county is to have an old-fashioned agricultural fair without horse racing.

Apricot pits in Santa Clara county are said to be worth $8 a ton.

Kern county fruit growers get 5⅞ cents a pound for their dried apricots in bulk.

Many contracts have been made in Sonoma county to sell the hop crop of 1900 at 10 cents a pound.

Last week James Whitaker of Galt shipped to H. L. Newman one of the largest cattle raisers in Texas, living in El Paso, a herd of 20 of the finest registered Herefords ever raised in California.

O. W. Goodchild, for many years one of the leading attorneys of San Luis Obispo, died a few days ago.

Elise Marin, a fireman on the steamer Corona, was drowned while bathing at Avila, near Port Harford. He got caught in the undertow and before help could reach him was carried under the water. Two of his companions, James Cotter and Andrew Orrego, both employes of the steamer, nearly lost their lives in a heroic attempt to rescue him.

A bank 12 feet high at the new dam of the Standard Electric company in Amador caved a few days ago just before the men quit work. John Blasch was caught under tons of dirt and badly mangled. He was dug out as soon as possible, but the unfortunate man died.

A. L. Harris, a physician of Salinas, committed suicide there some days ago by taking morphine.

Florencio L. Gaxiola, a Mexican boy of 16 years old, was arrested at Los Angeles recently, on a charge of robbing the Nogales postoffice of $5000 in cash. The money was stolen on the night of March 21. Gaxiola has confessed his guilt.

The greater part of the tenderloin district of Redding was wiped out by fire a few days ago. Twelve houses were destroyed. Owing to a strong north wind the whole town appeared doomed for a few minutes. The loss is about $10,000; insurance $2500.

Judge W. D. Hughes of San Diego, Cal., is critically ill at the Garfield hospital, in Washington.

James Dougherty, a well known lumberman of San Jose, died recently after a lingering illness of cancer. He leaves an estate valued at $500,000.

While hunting deer on Mount Diablo Leste Mitchell shot and killed James W. McCune. Mitchell was shooting at a deer and McCune stepped from behind some bushes and was struck by a bullet.

David E. Hawkins, 60 years of age, was caught in the machinery of a planing mill in San Francisco and crushed to death. Whether he was caught accidentally or took such means of committing suicide is not known. He was a bookkeeper.

John Brannon met with a horrible accident at the matte roasters at Keswick. It was his business to blast out the matte heaps for the shovelers. He had fixed a plaster blast on top of one of the hot heaps, two sticks of dynamite being used. The blast went off prematurely, and the calcined matte was thrown in his face. Both eyes were put out and one of his lungs was perforated. His injuries will probably prove fatal.

—Read THE MAIL for all the news.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition.

I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once."—CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.'"—CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

CASTORIA

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A fire at Buckley, Wash., destroyed four buildings and the greater portion of their contents causing a loss $20,000 with little insurance.

Albert Kelly, a pioneer of Sonoma county died at Petaluma after a lingering illness. He came to Petaluma in 1863 and has resided there ever since. He leaves a wife, son and a daughter. He was a native of Vermont, aged 83 years.

More potatoes are being shipped out of Stockton to the eastern and southern states at present than ever before in the history of the city. Commission men say that orders are being received from everywhere, and particularly from Texas, Arizona, Southern California and Kansas. One of the reasons given for this is the fact that potatoes are very cheap at present, commanding 30 cents a sack at wholesale delivered on the river bank. They can be shipped to nearly any point, even if the freight rates are high, and delivered for a very reasonable price.

A board of 15 freeholders to frame a new city charter for Los Angeles was elected at a meeting recently. The board will be allowed 90 days in which to complete its work and submit a charter to the council.

George Shurtz, a member of the firm of Shurtz & Dawson, well known contractors of Los Angeles, died in terrible agony at Fullerton recently. While in an outhouse he was bitten by a scorpin or spider. He was taken to his room in the hotel and a doctor called. Everything possible was done to save him, but without avail. Shurtz was in charge of the construction of the Masonic building.

George Hanlon, one of the oldest and wealthiest farmers of Sacramento county, was found dead in a corral on his ranch near Hangtown crossing. It is presumed that he fell from a wagon while trying to rearrange a load.

The wheelmen of San Diego county are bound to have a new bicycle path to Tia Juana and Coronado. With this object in view subscriptions are being solicited from all cyclists, and liberal responses are reported.

The plan for improving the school grounds of Helena, recently adopted in its general features by the Helena Improvement society, is to be pushed with vigor this season.

S. H. Church, an aged rancher and one of the best known residents of Marin county, was shot to death by J. E. King, a traveling horse trader, at Tomales. The shooting was caused by King trespassing on Church's propery.

Elijah Clark, a negro assaulter of a 13-year-old girl was taken from jail at Huntsville, Ala., by a mob and hanged.

The government's holding of gold Monday reached the highest point in its history and amounted to $427,499,482, including the lawful reserve of $150,000,000. The next highest amount was $427,428,800, which was in the government vaults on May 2, 1900.

Wheeler & Wilson Leads 'em all.

There is not a sewing machine on the market so deservedly popular as is the Wheeler & Wilson. It has no superiors and its equals are so scattering as never to have been definitely located. The Wheeler & Wilson has a rotating shuttle, which is a great improvement over the shuttle formerly in use by it—and now used by other machines. The Wheeler & Wilson is a machine that sells upon its merits—and so sure are the manufacturers of these merits selling the machines that they are always anxious to have parties take them on trial.

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

—With the new facilities that B. N. Butler put in his shop, he turns out as good work in repairing watches and ewelry as any one in Southern Oregon.

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SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

P. 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. 53, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 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. 28, 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—Esther 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. MESSER, 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 nights 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.—Beames Chapter, No. 56, 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 GOOE, 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. H. 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, G. Faucett, prest. 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 2:30 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 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. 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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