TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Though the night's dim shadows falling
Have blurred the light,
To you dear, my heart is calling—
Calling to-night.

Though no more the sunlight glistens
In sky of blue
In the shadows one still listens,
Longing for you.

And memory—artist of truth—
Paints one dear face—
A face that's fair and pure in youth—
Radiant in grace.

Surely death cannot enthrall you,
Making you dumb
To my voice, dear, when I call you—
Call you to come?

Mother—mother. Can't you hear me?
Do those cold skies
Hold the spirit that would near me?
Oh, are your eyes

To earth's sorrows and pities blind?
Have you no word,
No token, dear, that human mind
May know you've heard?

. . . Only silence. Breaths from meadows
Lone have found me.
Mystic silence—and the shadows
Close around me.

—Etta Wallace Miller, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Fever's Fifth Man

By W. L. Comfort

FOGARTY was the heaviest and most depraved man in the troop. Moreover, he had the reddest face I ever saw with one exception—a man connected with political adjustments back in my native burg. Maybe I wrong Fogarty. It depends upon the point of view from which one scans depravity. Briefly, his faults were these:

He terrorized recruits. Following each pay day, he flirted with serpentine combinations until broke. He was utterly devoid of reverence or moral conception. He cursed incessantly, executing weird flourishes and introducing innovations of the most nerve-shriveling nature. Scientists would have called him a study of degeneracy. Cavalrymen deemed him only superficially depraved because he threw away money and loved his horse. Mint Julep was the horse's name.

Now I was a recruit and in Fogarty's squad. No man or boy is a rational being during his first month in the cavalry service. Veterans say their marked success in life is due to it—or their failure. A recruit has much to learn, but first of all he must overcome the If-mamma-could-only-see-me-now expression his face is prone to assume. He learns that it is unprofitable to expatiate upon the rich appointments of his residence far away, and upon the princely salary he threw up. He learns to grin while his trousers are sticking to his legs, because they are chafed and bloody from bareback riding in the bull-ring. He learns that the United States commissariat does not supply pie, silken hose or scented pillows. He learns the peculiar devilishness of southern army camps in sultry weather. He learns to eat flies and other strange things—and to eat them in vicious sunshine. He learns what a terror the rainy season is for one who can't get in out of it for several reasons. He learns to chew holes in his tongue when a superior officer calls him a disgrace to his country and other expressive things. He learns how insignificant it is possible for a human atom to be. He learns to laugh at the whole business and write home how strong and happy he is.

Some recruits never get rational They take things seriously. They mutter: "God help me," and bad things about wars and armies.

I enlisted about the time poems on the Maine became unpopular. Fogarty applied a system of ghoulish torture to make me miserable. I concluded that he was a cunningly-constructed object for my hatred, and that his heart was packed in ice. What I concluded about army life in general I kept to myself, thereby scoring a hit.

One evening I won a foot race and found myself a friend of Fogarty's Old soldiers are fond of physical demonstrations. He was in my set of fours on troop drill the next morning. Naturally, my horse had it in for me, because it was only a tilty, trembly recruit, and the bridle did not fit. Several officers had already directed stereotyped call-downs at me. The troop halted for a moment while horsemen formed on our right. We stood at attention—very properly—all except Fogarty. To my bewilderment he slipped down from his mount, deftly and quickly tightened my bridle on both sides of the curb and stepped over his horse again, whispering:

"Give me a chew tobacco, Kid."

He had risked reprimand to do me a good turn, and the ice packing which I pictured about his heart oozed out of my mind forever.

We were on the skirmish line together, crawling up the drenched hill in front of Santiago, Fogarty and I. We heard the droning death whistle which is thrown from Mauser barrels, and saw the punctures which the whistling things made in roots and sand and in soldiers. We turned our faces up when it rained, and gaped like lizards do. We tried to cough out the sand which caked in our throats. We propped up our heads with empty canteens when neck muscles collapsed. We burned our hands on the barrels of our own carbines. Cartridge belts burned our waists. We did not mind any of these things.

We knew nothing—felt nothing but the heat. It was the sunshine that we cursed at huskily—the terrible sun of Cuba. It put a throbbing weight in our heads. It made us laugh. It bound our limbs. It mixed the stifling smoke of powder with the steaming, choking stench of the ground. That stench, which the sun made, is fever. It filled our stomachs, our lungs and our brains

When the command "Rest" was heard along the firing line, I used Fogarty's mess plate to pile up the sand in front of me. Mine was thrown away. And when it was night I smoked half of Fogarty's last pipeful, and after that I rolled over on to half of Fogarty's blanket. Mine was thrown away.

"Thank God, we didn't get punctured this day," I muttered. It was night and silent about. The Red Cross men were busy.

"I'm too tired to give a care, Kid," said Fogarty.

A couple of days later I awoke in the morning feeling stiff and tired. We were encamped about the city. At noon my face burned and I did not answer mess call. I wanted to sleep. At four o'clock Fogarty felt my cheeks.

"I'll tell the tap-sergeant to let you pound the bunk awhile longer," he said.

The next day I was in the hospital, feeling hot and thirsty and hungry all at once. The air in the hospital tent was full of groans and the odor of drugs. It was also stifling. The boys about me had felt the weight of a locomotive concentrated into a Mauser ball. To me Fogarty said:

"Kid, you've got the fever."

After that I did not see him for six weeks, because I was sent back to the States on a hospital transport. I had reached the furlough stage, which means that delirium was over, and that my fever had flickered out, leaving only half of me and a disreputable appetite—when Fogarty came. I had no clothes to go on furlough with—nothing but a tattered shirt and a debilitated pair of cavalry trousers; and the worst of it was I could not get any.

It is not hard for me to recall the events of that night when Fogarty came. I was watching the Red Cross men unload a hospital train. A procession of stretchers was passing from the cars to the fever tents. Some of the sick men had been forced to walk. Had I not seen others staggering through the twilight, I would have said that Fogarty was drunk again. He dragged a huge blanket roll.

"Well, Kid, where's your other part?" he questioned, weakly.

I really embraced him that night—Fogarty, the profane, the red-faced. And when he told me that he had brought along a bundle of my clothes from camp, I could not speak for my voice cords were numb. I only whimpered. Fever leaves one childish-weak, you know.

Fogarty had lugged along my things with his own—and he a sick man. He had remembered me after six weeks—remembered me who was only a recruit. I tell you, gentlemen, there are men in Uncle Sam's cavalry.

That night Fogarty stretched his great body out on a mattress—a real one—for the first time in two months. His feet protruded through the iron rods at the lower end of the bedstead.

"Are those women going to be here?" He pointed to a couple of nurses. I nodded.

"Why, it's a cinch to have the fevers here, ain't it, Kid?"

His tongue was dry like it was on the Cuban hills that day. A beam of the low white moon looked in through the flap of the tent and rested on Fogarty's hands. It made them seem pallid, but his face was very hot and red.

An ugly fever is typhoid. It chars one's brain and body with slow flame. It stretches the eyelids wide apart. In the middle of the day it glows to a white heat. It turns one into a helpless animal that feels only an incurable thirst and a craving stomach—an animal that moans for ice water when the nurse is busy wrapping up a dead man in the next cot—a staring-eyed animal that knows there are such things as home and friends and death, but cares not. Listlessly he watches a companion fall into that chilled sleep.

Typhoid plays with four men and gets earnest with the fifth—fatally earnest. The moon was high when I left Fogarty that night.

A couple of weeks later he looked at me hard one morning. It was going badly with him.

"Why don't you go home?" he asked, tenderly. It wasn't like the old Fogarty's voice.

"Haven't got a furlough yet," I said, lying. The papers were eight days old already. "Haven't got a hat, either," I continued. I had been wearing Fogarty's. Mine was lost.

"Take care of this 'dough' for me, will you, Kid! I didn't have time to blow a — red. It gets my nerve with this thirst."

He gave me his last month's pay. Fogarty was getting hot, and the nurse pushed me away.

"Keep the hat you got on, Kid."

I could barely hear his voice. His face was not very red now. How I wished he could see the pain inside of me for him. "Keep the hat you got on, Kid. I'll get another if I don't croak."

The doctor hung around Fogarty's cot the next night. The nurse had drawn a chair close to him. I held a lantern near. The rain clouds were venting themselves outside.

"Watch out for Mint Julep, Kid," mumbled poor Fogarty. He was not looking at me. His eyes stared at the sleeping flies on top of the tent. His eyelids were far apart.

"They'll be good friends—Julep and the Kid—both—good fellows. * * * Nope—not drinking a thing—sworn off—ask the Kid. Oh, I forgot, the Kid's gone home to his mother—got sick, you know—nice little chap, the Kid—make a good soldier. Gone home—way up north—to his mother."

The nurse fanned him. His eyes still stared at the sleeping flies. The nurse knew then that Fogarty was picked out for a fifth man. Silently she fanned him and watched.

Not long after that Fogarty was mustered out of the service.

And all this is to show how I peered under the veneer, which environment made, and saw a great warm heart.—Detroit Free Press.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED FROM THE WEEK'S DISPATCHES.

A Fresno Boy Arrested For Poisoning His Father—Chinese at Chico Murdered and Robbed—A Threshing Engine Blows Up.

J. W. Luskin, a lineman, was recently killed at Grass Valley by an electric shock.

The transport Meade sailed from San Francisco last week carrying over 1000 soldiers for service in China.

For continued abuse and threats to kill his wife Arthur L. Bassett, living on a farm near Red Bluff was shot and killed by his brother-in-law, G. W. Cooper.

The Columbia-river salmon pack to August, was 224,000 cases.

William Lasher, a member of the firm of Smith & Lasher, of Modesto, died of heart disease in a drugstore at San Francisco last week.

A mortgage for $1,000,000 was placed on record at Tacoma to secure the bonds of the Seattle-Tacoma Railway company, which is constructing an electric line between the two cities. Work is to be prosecuted at both ends of the line.

A fire in Grass Valley last week did $150,000 worth of damage to property, rendered many persons homeless and injured many people.

A threshing machine engine blew up on the Schwartz ranch, near El Toro, Riverside county, seriously injuring the son of the owner of the ranch and another boy, Mont Jackson. The Schwartz boy was acting as engineer and allowed the water to get too low. Both boys may die.

The public schools of San Francisco are greatly over-crowded.

The Chinatown squad of the San Francisco police were suddenly relieved from duty last week. It is claimed the sergeant in charge has been accepting bribes from the gamblers.

"Billy" Martin, an old time railroad conductor was shot, and died from the effects of the wound, by Captain Williams at Stockton. An old grudge seems to have caused the shooting.

Fruit-growers are to hold a convention in San Francisco from December 4 to 7th, next.

William Forsyth of Fresno has purchased the entire crop of the Butler vineyard for $85,000. The purchase comprises the product of 580 acres, about 38,000 tons.

The First National bank at Whittier, Cal., has been authorized to do business, with a capital stock of $25,000.

Gee Wah Tong, manager of a Chinese store bearing his name at Oroville, was murdered in a brutal manner by a robber during a recent night. The victim was stabbed twice in the head as he slept and was then dealt three more mortal wounds in the back. The object of the crime was robbery. It was well known that the victim had a large amount in trust funds, and the assassin secured $8000 and escaped. A suspect has been arrested.

Two men were killed and one injured on the seventh level of the Leroi mine at Rossland, B. C. They were shoveling out ore brought down by a blast, when a mass of rock fell on them. Nils Anderson and Daniel Colville were killed and August Bross was badly injured. A fourth man escaped by standing close to the hanging wall.

A man giving the name of John Ross was arrested at San Luis Obispo. He is supposed to be implicated in the attempted wreck of a Southern Pacific train last Wednesday at Soledad and a similar affair Thursday at Camphora. In each instance large barriers were placed on the track and a switch was left open to insure derailment. The vigilance of the engineer in each case averted accident.

Working Women

are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for free advice about their health.

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Filipino's Active.

MANILA, August 5.—There has been an increase of insurgent activity during the last three weeks, especially in the way of ambushes and attacks upon small parties. First Lieutenant Alstetter of the engineer corps, with an escort of 15 men, was taken in ambush in the province of Nueva Eocija, Luzon, by a large force. The Americans fought until their ammunition was gone, and, as they were surrounded, there was nothing to do but surrender. One man was killed and three wounded. General Lacuna, who was in command of the insurgents, returned the wounded promising to treat the prisoners well.

Five men of the Twenty-fourth infantry were captured in Nueva Eocija, but Sergeant Schmidt of the Twelfth infantry, with seven men, trailed the captors and killed five.

Captain Lara of the Manila native police was dangerously shot by an unknown assailant yesterday while on the street. He had been effectively enforcing regulations and had made enemies among the Filipinos, some of whom have long threatened vengeance. Lara had been generally accused of gross corruption in office and specific charges were filed against him by an American officer.

The South African War.

A dispatch from Pretoria, dated Saturday, says: "General Christian de Wet is completely surrounded near Reitzburg and it is impossible for his forces to escape through the strong British cordon.

"The Boers say they will make a stand at Machadodorp. They are short of ammunition and food. General Hamilton, by the rapidity of his movements, prevents re-enforcements reaching Commandant-General Botha.

"It appears that after the train carrying United States Consul-General Stowe, and flying the stars and stripes, was derailed at Houing Spruit, south of Kroonstad, concealed Boers fired, killing 40.

"Many residents of Pretoria have been sent into exile for having behaved cruelly to British subjects before or during the war. The terms of exile vary, in one instance reaching 25 years."

General Hunter, at Bloemfontein having received a written unconditional surrender of all the Boers in Caledon valley attended to accept the surrender. General Prinsloo, lately elected to the chief command, arrived and tried to repudiate the unconditional surrender. General Hunter, however, refused any concession except to allow the Boers to keep one riding horse.

Walter Green, aged 28 years committed suicide at La Grande, Or., by shooting himself with a revolver. On his key ring was a tag with the words "507 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y." Green had been on a protracted drunk.

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 jewelry as any one in Southern Oregon.

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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. PUDDIN, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 83, 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. 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—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. 99, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon.
W. H. MEEKER, 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.
BESSIE 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.—Reames 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, 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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