

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED FROM THE WEEK'S DISPATCHES.

Another Big Sensation at Stanford University - A Little Boy Eats Lye - Hydrophobia Among Yukon Dogs - Gold Find on Vancouver Island.

W. G. Adams, after a brief illness died at Ventura of pneumonia and brain fever. The deceased was the pioneer oil operator of Ventura county.

J. M. Wilcoxon died recently at San Luis Obispo of pneumonia. He was a prominent attorney of that section.

The two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Georgia, who reside on a small place near the county farm, Santa Rosa, secured a can of concentrated lye and attempted to eat it.

The stock raisers of the San Joaquin valley met recently at Visalia and formed a cattlemen's protective association.

Rural free delivery will be established in California on February 1, as follows: Escondido, San Diego county, W. H. Smith, carrier; Postoffice at San Pasqual discontinued; Fullerton, Orange county, A. A. Pendergast, carrier.

George W. Barger, an old resident of Santa Barbara, attempted suicide by firing a bullet from a pistol which he held in his mouth.

A. T. Baker, a carpenter of Fowler, was waylaid at half a mile north of Selma by two footpads, who beat him till he became unconscious and robbed him of \$200.

Statements from the nine savings banks of San Francisco show a net gain of deposits during the past four months of \$4,099,507.

The steamer Hongkong Maru arrived at San Francisco from Oriental ports one day last week.

Another big stir has been created at the Stanford university by the resignations of Professors Howard, Hudson, Little and Spencer, all prominent educators.

Dr. T. W. Leland has been appointed coroner of San Francisco to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Cole.

Last week John O. Rogers, Populist, was inaugurated governor of the state of Washington for the second term.

The foreign wheat shipments from Tacoma for the first two weeks in January aggregate 1,222,846 bushels, valued at \$678,661.

The wholesale grocers of Portland have lost their case against the Oregon Railway and Navigation company wherein they claimed the defendant was discriminating against them in favor of San Francisco merchants in the matter of freight rates.

Albert Box, a resident of Sonoma county, since 1852, is dead.

Mrs. Docea Ann Tyner, wife of Aaron Tyner, died at Hanford. Mr. and Mrs. Tyner were among the old settlers in the state, having arrived in California in 1859 and located in Stockton, where they were married.

A commercial honey yield of Tulare county the past season was about 70 pounds.

It is claimed that lemons grown on clayey ground will keep very much better than those grown in sandy soil.

IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine hour To sow in and reap. Is it thine or flower? 'Tis the seed is at fault, though Jove's hand stand the shower.

BY THE LYCH GATE. A Story of One Who Married For Wealth and Beauty.

There is a valley amid the Yorkshire hills known as Coverdale, from whose slopes, long years ago, came pious Miles, who translated the Bible, and who was called by the simple folk Miles of Coverdale, after the place of his birth.

Very calm and peaceful the little dale lies under the shadow of the great hills, whose summits are purple in the sweet summertime with their royal mantle of fragrant heather, and where the curlew and the golden plover's cry alone break the gentle stillness that rests over the little world beyond the haunts of restless activity and hurrying life.

There is no railway in quiet Coverdale, no town to which the country folk may wend their way, no shops save the wonderful village emporium, where everything in a very small way may be obtained, but where few fashions come to startle the gayer minded of the maidens, or strange new devices in neckties to dazzle the vision of the country lads.

To peep into the world necessitates a journey under the shelter of the lone hillside, along bonny lanes, intertwined with pink and creamy tinted honeysuckle, and green with waving ferns; past the quaint inn, whose sign is a famous but long ago race horse, called in the canny Yorkshire tongue the Lady Bab, and, finally, across the moor into horse loving Middleham, where are people and shops, and many inns with curiously painted signposts—the Black Swan and its brother, the White Swan, and many others too.

But down in Coverdale there is a beautiful old church, set like a jewel in its surrounding of stately trees and blossoming hedges, with the quiet greenness of God's acre lying stretched about it, and the singing of nature's choristers in the sweet air around—a place of peacefulness and repose, where earth's burdens may fall from one for a little space and heaven's benison light softly on such of its children as stay to pray and think awhile.

There is a quaint lych gate at the entrance to the holy spot, a carved halting place of oak, set tenderly by some good man of the dalepeople—a squire of the olden days, who loved his home and his neighbors and his God full well, I think, and sought to beautify the church in which he and his had worshipped so long.

And down the fair avenue of trees within the precincts and past the quiet church lie the remains of what was once the proud abbey of Coverdale, where the monks said masses and cultivated their garden and tended the souls and bodies of the poor and needy in the dale.

It is a beautiful spot in a beautiful countryside, and so thought a man who viewed it lovingly and pointed out all its changeable lights and shadows and all its pretty peeps of field and river to his wife.

They had only been married a little while, a few short weeks, and had elected to spend their honeymoon in some of the quaint corners of England; hence their journeying thither to this sequestered nook among the hills and the far stretched moorlands in their velling of regal purple. The man loved it already with the artist love which sees the beautiful so quickly and feels it so strongly, and the woman—well, she saw the beauties, too, but she was growing a little weary of pretty sights, and she was very pretty and spoiled herself and perhaps a little jealous of admiration wasted which might have been diverted homeward.

So she stood by the quaint relics of the abbots and mailed knights at Coverdale, where two quaint forms guard a doorway as perchance their originals guarded some stronghold in the old fighting days long gone, and her white gown fell over the gray stones and gleamed against the red and orange nasturtiums in the garden which surrounds the old walls and arches, and she wondered if her husband had nearly finished his sketch and whether they should stay at Middleham for a day or two or go on farther to Wensleydale.

"I am rather tired of admiring places," she said to herself a little impatiently, "and, then, I never can remember who lived in the castles and abbeys. How uncomfortable they must have been!"

And then—for she was only a very young bride, too—she felt sorry for having been impatient, even in her thoughts, toward her husband, and she turned to speak to him with an even sweeter smile than usual on her pretty lips, for her husband was a genius in his way, a thinker and an author, and every one had envied her when she married him in spite of her wealth.

Ah, there was a pitiful ring in the story—poor and nameless, but clever; bending himself to pieces in his eager attempts to win fame single handed, and rich and beautiful the woman with the fairylike figure and exquisite face who had given the man her gold.

And, ah, a more pitiful note still, and the man remembers that some one has once long ago talked of this very spot, with its quaint surroundings and its old world atmosphere, in the time that might have been and is not.

He closed his sketchbook, with a sigh, and turned to the white robed loveliness of his wife with a murmured apology for having kept her waiting, and then together they passed down the avenue that leads to the road again.

But he was very silent, and his wife felt tired and just a little cross. She liked to be petted and coaxed and flattered, and latterly Wilfred had been too serious to suit her gay fancies and too absorbed in new ideas for his book to pay her the attentions she loved so dearly to exact from every man and especially from her husband.

"Let us go home to town," she said suddenly. "I am so tired of roaming in this out of the way place, Wilfred, and there is still so much gold on, I hear. You must have got lots of ideas now, I am sure." She laughed gleefully as she spoke. The murmur of the streets seemed already in her ears, and the flash of silks and jewels came over the sunlight on the grass.

He paused a moment. "Will you not come on a little farther?" he asked kindly, yet a little wistfully. "There are some lovely places in the dale, and you would be interested in them, I think."

But she shook her head until the diamonds in her little ears twinkled like dewdrops. "You know I am not interested," she said petulantly. "I hate those old people who perched castles on the tops of hills and expect you to climb up to see them. Do let us go back."

They had reached the lych gate now, and a girl was entering it from the other side, where their carriage—his wife's carriage—with its beautiful bays, stood waiting. The sunlight fell on her quiet black gown and her soft hair as she passed under the quaint oaken structure, and then she lifted her eyes, and a sudden light flashed into them and then died very gently again.

The man's face grew white in the shadow of the leafy elms, but his wife chattered on in her high, pretty voice and noticed nothing of his pallor. And then, as they met, he advanced quietly to meet the girl as quietly as if they had never parted in bitter, bitter sorrow, the one brave and ready to sacrifice herself for his sake, the other, as he said to himself bitterly enough, a coward and a craven. And now they met again in the soft sunshine of the autumn day, with the first few leaves falling, golden tinted, from the trees around, with the blue, bright sky overhead and the purling of a little stream somewhere near, under the old gateway that leads to the house of prayer.

She spoke to him very calmly and quietly, and he introduced her to his lovely wife, and she told the stranger at once in her pretty, petulant voice of her wish to go back to town and its gayeties, only Wilfred wouldn't, he was so cross.

But the girl smiled so gently and spoke so soothingly that the little lady's wrath melted away, and she laughed like a merry child and straightway invited her new friend to pay them a visit in town.

"We will go tomorrow, won't we, Wilfred?" she said laughingly, and the grave faced man answered that her will was law.

"Yes; we will go tomorrow," he said when the girl had answered that she never went to town now. Her father was old and needed her care, and she was quite content with her life in the still countryside.

"I have him, and he has me," she said, with her peaceful smile, and the laughing woman before her could not guess and would never have realized that this gentle faced girl had loved the man beside her with all her heart and soul and had passed through the deep waters alone with her sorrow to take up her life again bravely and well.

And then one of the beautiful horses claimed the pretty wife's attention, and she went hurriedly on, leaving the two together for a brief moment in the sunshine of the old gate.

"Forgive me, End!" he said brokenly. "Ah, I have wronged you so, and I deserve your hatred, but forgive me if you can!"

His face was haggard, and his lips whitened and trembled as he spoke the few strained words.

But she laid her hand in his very gently, as if to say goodbye to a dear, dear friend forever. "I have forgiven you, dear," she said. "I may call you that for this one last time? I have forgiven you everything, and God keep you, keep you safely and lead you aright!"

She paused, and the great tears rose in her calm eyes and rolled down the pale cheeks. She loved him so well still, and the meeting and the parting were very hard to bear.

And then, with one last look, she passed on into the loneliness of the still graveyard and the quiet dead—Exchange.

Abyssinians Expert at Thatching. In describing Abyssinia and its strange capital a writer in Pearson's tells of its mushroom growth as follows: A crowd of workers appears with loads of sticks some 12 feet high. These are planted in the ditch to erect the walls, and a few more sticks are twisted in and out to keep them together. Now comes the preparation of the roof. A number of men climb up, inside and bind together more sticks like the frame of an umbrella. As soon as these are in position they clamber outside like monkeys and set to work to thatch.

For this purpose they bring great bundles of hay and twine it between the sticks. They are not an artistic nation, and they have next to no industries, but at thatching they are really expert, and they turn out work which would call for admiration even in a civilized country. They do not trouble to produce an elegant finish, but this often adds to the picturesqueness of a cottage.

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DOG IN LIEU OF RING. Daughter of Cincinnati Banker Prefers a Pug, Gets It, and Takes It to the Altar.

One of Cincinnati's society young women preferred a pug dog to a wedding ring. She got it. The girl was Margaret Harrison, daughter of President L. B. Harrison, of the First national bank, while the giver of the dog was Howard Childs, who is now her husband.

The following story of the late Sir John Millais is contributed by Lord James of Hereford to a recently published biography of the great English artist: Shortly after his title was conferred upon him Millais paid a professional visit to Manchester. Upon his return, addressing some friends in his cheery way, he said: "You fellows think it is nothing to be made a baronet, but I can tell you that it means a great deal, and I like it. Here you see I went to the hotel in Manchester, and I said to a beautiful young person at the office counter: 'I want a bedroom with a fire in it.' Off she went to a pipe and said: 'Whist! No. 238, and a fire.' She then asked me to write my name, which I did. Looking at me, she said: 'Are you Sir John Millais?' Upon my answering 'Yes,' back to the same pipe she went and said: 'Whist! No. 238. No. 23, and a good fire in it.' Now you see the use of being a baronet, my boys!"

An Explanation. Those chief justices who didn't vote for Elias Howe's admission to the Hall of Fame probably have it in for him, suggests the Chicago Times-Herald, because he didn't fix his machine so it would sew on suspender buttons.

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SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

P. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 421 meets every Saturday evening in A. J. U. W. hall. Visiting Fraters invited to attend. W. J. JACKSON, P. M. L. A. JOHNSON, Sec.

P. of A.—Compt. M. T. H. No. 21, meets in O'Connell Hall every Wednesday 8 p. m. G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger. I. L. FULTON, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 85, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. R. SHERMAN, N. G. J. H. STEWART, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Hogue River Encampment No. 20, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m. W. T. YORK, Secrite.

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. ESTA SHARREN, Rec. Sec. Mrs. MARTHA WELLS, N. G.

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

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers all ways welcome. Mrs. J. H. GIBBS, N. G. S. E. COLE, K. of R. and R.

Knights of the Maccabees—Triumph Tent No. 11, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month in A. J. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. W. T. YORK, R. K. S. S. PETZ, Commander.

A. U. U. W.—Degree of Honor—Ester lodge No. 55, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month at A. J. U. W. hall. Mrs. CAROL M. CHURCH, O. of H. Mrs. DELIA DOUGLASS, Rec.

A. U. 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. W. V. LIPPINCOTT, W. M. N. L. NARRAGAN, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 46, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon. W. H. MEERKE, C. C. JOE SHORR, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Woodmen hall. Visiting sisters invited. HARRIE 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. F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Friday in the Christian Church. Mrs. N. MCCAIN, Pres. Mrs. O. J. GIBBS, Sec.

Paternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evening of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Ore. Visiting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited. Mrs. J. L. DEMME, Pres. S. S. PETZ, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Reveries Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Thursday of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome. Mrs. J. H. 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; div. 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 service. Levi Faucett, leader. A youth league every Sabbath evening at 6:30. G. 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 2:30 p. m. Sunday prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

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