

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED FROM THE WEEK'S DISPATCHES.

Five Men Lynched in California—A bride attempts to poison her husband—Butte, Mont., still sliding—A girl bicycle thief.

R. Wilkin, the president of the Southern Bee Men's association, died at his apary near Newhall. He was 72 years of age.

The lumber schooner *Alice Kimball*, well known on the coast, was wrecked at Kahului, an island of the Hawaiian group. The crew was saved.

Madame Wu, the wife of **Wu Ting Fang**, the brilliant diplomat who so ably represents the imperial government of China at Washington, and is herself the most noted woman of her race in America, is visiting San Francisco, the guest of her husband's nephew, **Ho Yow**, the consul general.

There were brought into the county clerk's office at Visalia one day recently \$2,000 squirrel tails from the White river country. This is the largest number ever brought in by one squirrel hunter. The bounty on these tails amounts to \$600.

Herman Lukherath, the suspected murderer of the boy **Robert Hislop** at San Francisco, was released from custody, as it was evident to the authorities that he had nothing to do with the crime.

A Seattle dispatch says that many persons who failed to procure accommodations on the steamers for Nome were offering large sums for tickets, but those lucky enough to possess the pastebards refused to part with them. One offer of \$1,000 to ship two horses on the Centennial was refused.

At White Horse, Alaska, the first and only brickyard in the territory is now making brick on a large scale for shipment down the Yukon on scows to Dawson. The business is being operated by **B. P. Whitney** and **O. J. Young**, the latter having discovered a mountain of clay for making red brick a short distance west of White Horse. Dawson builders offer a large price for the brick, their desire being to erect buildings that cannot be so easily destroyed the next time a fire sweeps through the Klondike capital.

As a result of the explosion of a blast in the Golden Hill mine, Grass Valley, Cal., **William Dewan** was instantly killed and **James Ledwich** probably fatally injured. When the men went on duty in the morning **Foreman Richard Barry** was informed by the night men that a blast had missed fire. The foreman gave orders to **Dewan** and **Ledwich** to fire the blast, which was in a drift of the 700-foot level. It is not known whether the night men had left two blasts and supposed there was only one, or the men failed to fire the blast after being told to do so.

Hazel Ross, a 14-year-old orphan who has been making her home with **Mrs. Frost** on North Fifth street, San Jose, has half a dozen stolen bicycles placed to her credit. On several occasions she came home with bicycles, but as she never gave a very satisfactory explanation, the wheels were put aside and finally returned to the owners. Recently she stole a wheel from the Normal school grounds, but was identified as she was riding away, and the case was reported to the police. They recovered the wheel at the home of **Mrs. Frost**, but the Ross girl could not be found. She had left the city, and it is supposed she took somebody else's wheel with her.

One of the worst cases of lynching ever known in California occurred at Lookout, 12 miles from Alturas, in Modoc county, when **Calvin Hall**, 72 years of age, and his three sons and son-in-law, **Dan Yantis**, were hanged by a mob of 40 masked men. Hall formerly lived with an Indian squaw, and by her had three sons, aged 26, 19 and 16 years. The family was worthless, and was suspected of many petty thefts. A search of the house revealed hay forks, harness-barbed wire and other things that had been recently stolen. The neighbors had determined to rid the county of the worthless gang, and, without giving them any chance for defense, hanged them to Pitt river bridge. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that "the deceased came to their deaths by hanging by parties unknown to the jury." Governor **Gage** has offered a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest and conviction of those concerned in the lynchings.

J. H. Witt, a morphine "fiend," who was in jail at Fresno, Cal., for vagrancy, hanged himself with a piece of cloth fastened to the knob of the vault safe in what was formerly the tax collector's office, but is used as a temporary place of detention while the jail is under quarantine. Witt formerly lived at Visalia.

Fire Commissioner Carter of San Diego, having had a personal difference with **Chief Cairnes**, has been doing his utmost to prevent the fire chief's re-election. Business men of the city furnished affidavits, accompanied by a long petition, asking Mayor **Frery** to take such action as he might deem proper to prevent the carrying out of **Carter's** plan. When Mayor **Frery** received the petition and the affidavits he sent a notification to **Mr. Carter** removing him from office. **Carter** will appeal to the courts.

Lester Kemp, a 16-year-old paralytic, was being removed from the San Francisco Children's hospital, where he had been since 1895, and on arriving at the city hall the boy was transferred to the almshouse vehicle. As he looked about upon the miserable creatures who were to be his companions, and the full meaning of the change dawned upon him, he exclaimed, "Death would be preferable to this," and expired.

A TIFF.

Sweet Marjorie and I fell out—That evening we remember well—But what on earth it was about—Nor Marjorie nor I can tell.

We've talked about it since, perplexed, And wondered how we had the heart; For she was cross and I was vexed, And we agreed 'twas best to part.

She bade me take my gifts and go—The feather fan, the sapphire ring, The sash with the true love bow, The songs I loved to hear her sing.

The jeweled crescent for her hair, And Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust"—Then, thinking that I did not care, She added—to my great disgust—

"But may I hope you will be kind And let me keep the cocketoo, For when he's spiteful he'll remind Me sometimes, Reginald, of you."

Incensed, I left the saucy mix, And savagely the hall door slammed; But on the top step, like a sphinx, Stuck fast, my coat tail tightly jammed.

I stamped my foot in futile rage, I may at once admit, I swore; I knew 'twas wrong, but I engaged A bishop would have cursed that door.

The thought flashed quickly through my mind—(I felt forlorn as fish on hook)—"If she is peeping through the blind, How idiotic I must look."

"Mine is a most unlucky star, Beyond the shadow of a doubt; Would I had left the door ajar Or let the servant show me out."

I strove in vain the cloth to tear, But might have tugged till that day week; I could not leave my garment there And, sparsely clad, my chambers seek.

For freedom, then, I rang the bell; The fatal door was opened wide, And in my arms my sweetheart fell—"Forgive my cruelty," she cried.

And murmured, in my fond embrace—Regarding me with deep concern, While I with rapture kissed her face—"I know, dear Reggie, you'd return."

—Edmund Petley, in *London Graphic*.

The Jewels of Jane Jardine

"TO SELL yourself," cried Margaret Farrar, a strong ring of indignation in her voice, "for a handful of colored stones—Jane, I can't think of you!"

"Don't, then!" advised Jane, with laconic impertinence.

"To think of how hard Stuart has worked all these years!" went on the elder sister. "And now that he writes in the government service, and is coming home to claim you, you decide to fling him aside like a—?" She floundered for a comparison. "Like an old-fashioned hat," she supplemented.

Jane, crouching in supine comfort on the wide window seat of the bay window in the morning room, lifted her beautiful brows in apologetic remonstrance.

"You serious old goose! All the civil engineering—whatever that may be—that poor, dear Stuart will ever do won't be worth at the end of a laborious existence a fourth of the colored stones to which you so contemptuously refer."

"And will all the jewels that ever were dug out of the earth's heart compensate for the loss of the love of a man like Stuart Cameron?"

Margaret held suspended the gleaming needle she had been plying in repair of the silken hose of her winemate and indolent young sister.

The latter pouted bewitchingly. "He is so good!" she acknowledged, with just a hint of remorse. "But he's too good for me. I'm afraid I'm essentially and ridiculously frivolous, Margaret. Stuart should have fallen in love with you in the first place." When she had said this Jane Farrar was more nearly dismayed and disconcerted than she had ever been in all her happy 20 years of love, and praise, and adulation.

For Margaret, letting fall the little ebony, silver-handled mender in its rosy sheath she was repairing, looked at her younger sister in reproach and indignation. "You must never speak to me like that again, Jane. Never!"

"Why—Margaret!"

Margaret was white as she would be shrouded.

"Never mind why—only don't!" Then she rose abruptly, dropping her hose, silks, darning materials, and hastily left the room.

"The dear—old—thing!"

Jane Farrar clasped her hands over her head. The folds of her imported kimono billowed around her in waves of gold-embroidered azure. Her pretty face smiled from its tangle of blond tresses. Her round arms gleamed like marble when the loose, wide sleeves of the land of the cherry blossoms fell away, revealing their loveliness.

Mary Burns came in just then—a rather scrappy Scotch girl, with possibilities of exquisite physical development.

"We're going out to the park, and we want you and Margaret to come with us—where is Margie?"

Jane's gentle laugh shook her perfect shoulders. "Echo answers, where," she said, sweetly. "If you will look at that stocking basket you will observe that Margie has been here and has but lately fled. Mary," curling around into an attitude of catlike comfort, "why do old maids always darn stockings?"

"Because young maids are too selfish to do that or anything else useful," replied Mary Burns, tartly.

Jane laughed gleefully. "Fancy," she said, "Margaret calling me to account—me! She cannot understand how or why I should let Stuart Cameron make personal arrangements in which I am included. But that is just what he must do, because—"

"Because of Edward Jardine, Jane?"

Jane meditated, her slim hands clasped behind her head and her eyes provokingly introspective.

"I think because of Edward Jardine's family jewels," she said slowly.

"You're not as mercenary as that!"

Jane made a little move. "Mercenary! I dislike the word. But the Jardine jewels would make any woman an avaricious. You've heard of them, Mary?"

"A lot," returned Mary, brusquely. "More than I shall tell you now."

Jane laughed leniently and flung a spool of discarded darning cotton at the pink-nosed kitten.

"I must have them," she declared. "I dream of them. I want to handle them—to wear them. Fancy strings of turquoise blue as a robin's egg. Imagine a necklace of blue-red rubies. Dream of emeralds greener than the greenest depths of the ocean. Diamonds more brilliant than—"

Mary Burns cut short the rush of fluent comparisons. "Then you're going to marry the Jardine jewels, Jane?"

"I really think I shall. Why, what is the matter, Mary?"

For Mary was laughing—laughing annoyingly and mysteriously. "O, nothing!" she said. But she kept on laughing off and on all the way home.

So Jane, with a sigh for splendid Stuart Cameron, married the insignificant little man of "cribbled, canined and confined" mentality and of a nature that was not only shallow but coarse. He resented her early inquiry about the Jardine jewels.

"One would fancy you had only married me for those," he said, suspiciously. "I can't produce them for a year. There are certain reasons they must stay where they are."

It was Margaret Farrar who met Stuart Cameron when, gay, eager, expectant, he stepped from the train. "Jane!" He glanced quickly around. Margaret winced, but she held herself well in hand.

"Stuart! I must speak with you."

"I don't know how I can tell you," she went on, when they were wandering down a lane prodigal in mid-summer effulgence of bloom and beauty. "But—Jane is married—married to Ed Jardine."

He saw the pleasant countryside as one distorted green blur. The sun was a prancing ball of copper.

"Margie! Is this true? What influenced her?"

"She was young," the sister said, defensively. "She loved beautiful things. She had heard so much of the Jardine jewels—"

"Ah!" he said. A flush of intelligence irradiated his face. "Then she did not know—"

"Know what?"

"Never mind now. Margaret, could you care for me?"

She was too true a woman to prevaricate. "Yes," she said, "but you must not speak to me now. If—when you know me better—"

He turned, looking into the grave, gentle face, where the unselfish love of many years blossomed forth for the first time.

"I must have been blind," he said, slowly, "blind!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she smiled back in his eyes and shook her head.

"Wait until you are sure you see," she whispered, blushing.

They had been married more than a year when Jane Jardine swept down on their pretty home in a whirlwind of fury.

"Margaret," she flared out, "the Jardine jewels were sold with the family plate by old Scott Jardine. Those in the local bank are only paste duplicates, which Ed's father had made when he disposed of the genuine. Did you know about it? Mary Burns said she did." She had to pause, so breathless was she with rage. "Ed only laughs. He says it serves me right—he says sham jewels are good enough for me—"

She broke off, crimson with wrath. "I've known for ages, Jane," Stuart Cameron jauntily swung his sturdy boy out of his wife's arm. "Rob Burns told me about it before I went abroad."

"Take off your hat, Jane!" urged Margaret. "Stay to supper with us!"

Jane cast a grim glance around the place. The athletic engineer, with his son set on his shoulder—the happy mother in the dainty gown, the gay little domestic itself, which was less a house than a home—

"I'd better not." Suddenly she seemed to see Ed Jardine's sullen, be-fuddled countenance—to hear his taunting remark about her disappointment. "Ed would swear. Although, for the matter of that," she muttered between the hysterical gusts of melancholy laugh, "he will swear anyhow!"

When she had gone laggingly away the eyes of husband and wife met.

"Poor Jane! Even if the Jardine jewels were genuine they could not make her a happy woman."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Cameron's smile of lingering tenderness brought the pretty color rushing to her cheeks. "I'm glad she admired them when she did—as deeply as she did. Beloved, you know—"

"Dear heart—I know!"—Chicago Tribune.

Then Beware of the Cat.

Mrs. Youngfish—O, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my muff!

Mr. Youngfish—Well, that's all right. Give him the cat.—Stray Stories.

Neighborly Criticism.

Biggs—Your new neighbor is a man of means, is he not?

Diggs—Oh, yes, he's undoubtedly the meanest man I ever met.—Chicago Evening News.

Extravagant Language.

"Claribel uses such extravagant language."

"Doesn't she? It gives me a thousand fits to hear her talk!"—Indianapolis Journal.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SAVED FROM RATTLESNAKE.

Good Shot by Hunter Prevents Repulse from Using His Fangs on a Boy.

Otto Doetcher, a 14-year-old boy employed in the office of H. J. Young, manager of the National Mercantile company, of Toledo, O., had a terrible experience with a rattlesnake while visiting at the home of a relative near White House.

He desired to go out and get some frogs in the ponds which are located on the farm where he was visiting. While walking along the bank he stumbled and fell, and as he was falling he saw a huge snake under him. It was lying in the sun and was stretched out its full length.

His body had hardly struck the ground and he had just discovered the reptile when he heard the snake rattle, and a second later the reptile coiled itself and raised its head slightly into the air, showing its poisoning fangs. A man who had been out hunting happened along and saw the boy and his predicament. He decided upon his action at once, and raising the gun to his shoulder fired at the reptile's head. His aim was good and the snake's head fell to the ground. The boy was badly frightened, and could barely reach the home of his relatives.

The hunter secured the rattles on the snake's tail and now has them in his possession. There were 27 of them, and this would indicate that the snake was 30 years of age, as they are supposed to accumulate rattles at the rate of one each year after they have reached the age of three years.

SWALLOWS HIS PLAYTHINGS.

Queer Appetite Shown by a Eleven-Month-Old Boy in Pennsylvania.

An 11-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, of Rowenna, Pa., has developed a fondness for swallowing his playthings. The other day, while his mother was absent for a few moments, the little fellow gulped down two small bracelet locks, a key, and a five-cent piece.

When the mother discovered that the articles were missing, she summoned medical assistance, but before the physician arrived there was a revulsion in the boy's stomach and the articles came forth. Notwithstanding the child appears perfectly well, Mrs. Miller is still greatly exercised, she insisting that a breastpin, which cannot be found, was among the things swallowed.

GAVE MONEY TO FRIEND.

John Sweeney Then Disappeared and Has Not Been Seen Since—Trouble Over the Money.

"Say, old man, you have always been good to me, take these bank books, draw the money, and have a good time. I am going away and you will never see me again."

These words were spoken by John Sweeney, old and partly blind, to his friend and employer, Daniel Tyrel, a contracting carpenter, more than nine years ago. Two bank books were shoved into Tyrel's hands. Sweeney walked down the block, turned the corner, had a drink with Tyrel's son, and true to his word, has never since been seen.

Tyrel was then well to do and prosperous and thought little of the bank books until adversity overtook him. Now he would like to get the money Sweeney gave him, some \$1,600, but the bank refuses to surrender it and the courts have been appealed to to settle the matter.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, June 3, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

ROBERT ALLEN, of Kelo, county of Cowlitz, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1670, for the purchase of the N4 of the S1 of Section No. 2 in Township No. 34 S., Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 14th day of August, 1901. He names as witnesses: Lawrence D. McEwen, of Olegua, Washington, Harry C. Dunham, of Kelo, Washington, and Herman Rhody and Marcus D. L. Cunningham, of Castle Rock, Washington.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of August, 1901.

J. T. BURGESS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, June 3, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

HARRY C. DUNHAM, of Kelo, county of Cowlitz, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1669, for the purchase of the Lots 3 and 4, and S4 NW1 of Section No. 2 in Township No. 34 S., Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Ore., on Wednesday, the 14th day of August, 1901. He names as witnesses: Robert Allen, of Kelo, Washington, Lawrence D. McEwen, of Olegua, Washington, and Herman Rhody and Marcus D. L. Cunningham, of Castle Rock, Washington.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of August, 1901.

J. T. BURGESS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, June 3, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

LAWRENCE D. McEWEN, of Olegua, county of Cowlitz, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1667, for the purchase of the Lots 1 and 2, S4 NE2 of Section No. 3 in Township No. 34 S., Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 14th day of August, 1901. He names as witnesses: Robert Allen and Harry C. Dunham, of Kelo, Washington, and Herman Rhody and Marcus D. L. Cunningham, of Castle Rock, Washington.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of August, 1901.

J. T. BURGESS, Register.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

F. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 421 meets every Saturday evening in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting Fraters invited to attend. L. T. PIERCE, P. M.

L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

F. of A.—Court Mt. 1711 No. 24, meets in Foresters' Hall every Wednesday at 8 p. m. G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger. I. L. FURBISH, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 88, meets every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. I. A. WARR, N. G. E. W. CALKINS, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Kagone River Endowment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m. W. T. YORK, Sec.

Oliver Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. PRUDENCE M. ANGLE, Rec. Sec.

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

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. J. E. KENT, C. C. J. H. GUTLER, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccochee—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month in A. O. U. W. hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. J. R. HANDIN, Commander. W. T. YORK, K. C.

A. O. U. W.—Degree of Honor—Kathar lodge No. 56, meets every 2d and 4th Wednesday evening of each month at 8 p. m. in A. O. U. W. hall. LILLIAN KIRCHGESSNER, C. of H. A. C. STANWOOD, 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. P. HUBBARD, M. W. O. C. STANWOOD, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon. J. W. WILEY, C. O.

HORACE MARR, 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. HARRIE WEBB, G. M. ADA M. MILLS, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 34 meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. MARY E. HARTER, 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. FRANK KASCHER, Com. D. R. ANDRES, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Friday in the Christian church. Mrs. N. McCAIN, Pres. Mrs. O. J. GIST, Sec.

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

O. E. S.—Reveries Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Ore. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome. MATTIE E. PICKET, Secretary.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Sain: 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 10 o'clock. Rev. Levi Faucett, leader. Epworth league every Sabbath evening at 6:30. G. Faucett, pastor. Regular 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. Residence at the manse in the rear of the church. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. David Day, Supt. Christian Endeavor meeting one