

Crisis in England's Steel Trade.
Under the heading, "Crisis in the British Iron Industry," the London Statist, after expatiating upon the enormous developments in this line in the United States to the detriment of Great Britain, earnestly advocates the importing of ore from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and the establishing in England of basic furnaces, by which alone that ore can be treated.

"The revolution in the British industry must begin with the construction of basic furnaces for the utilization of phosphoric ores," the paper adds, "which soon will be all that is available. But that will not suffice to preserve our steel-making industry. We must also merge our smelting and steel-making in one continuous economical process." In corroboration of The Statist's remarks, it is said that in the Scotch steel trade many works will remain closed through January, owing to the competition of America and the consequent and the dearth of fresh orders.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Captain of Police Perry H. Newberry of San Jose is the defendant in a suit brought by the Boo Ong tong, a Chinese highlander society, for the recovery of an opium pipe, valued at \$250. Since the disappearance of the pipe from the society house two years since it is said that the Boo Ong tong has been having bad luck, and the members attribute this to the loss of the pipe, which is a sacred relic, and has been in the possession of some Boo Ong tong for several centuries. Several attempts have been made by Chinese to take the pipe from the Newberry home. Newberry says he was presented with the pipe, and will fight the suit.

WHAT DO THE CHILDREN DRINK?
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

John M. Crume, says a Redding (Cal.) dispatch, was returning from Coffee Creek and came over the road by the government hatchery at Baird, driving his two loaded burros ahead of him. There he camped for the night. Crume used as a pillow his carpet satchel, which contained a roll of greenbacks. During the night one of the burros pulled the satchel from under his master's head, contrived to open it, and, seizing the roll of bills at the center, chewed the succulent fiber of the greenbacks. The ends, which had dropped to the ground, were carefully collected, and some more specks of value were picked by Crume from the burros' teeth. The value of the greenbacks amounted to \$117. The crumbs from the donkey's meal have been forwarded to the treasury department at Washington to see if the value of at least some of the bills cannot be recovered.

Says He Was Tortured.
"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsboro, Ill., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and bites. Cure guaranteed by Charles Strang. 25c.

A well-dressed woman of perhaps 40 years of age was arrested at San Francisco and booked at the Southern police station on the charge of petty larceny, having taken a silver chandelier purse from the counter of Hale's store. At the prison she gave the name of Mrs. W. C. Curtis, and said she "came from the north." A former resident of Woodland visited the prison and identified her as the wife of Webb C. Curtis, one of the wealthiest citizens of Yolo, Cal. She was released on bail.

A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time at the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Charles Strang, druggist.

Wong Get, a Chinese laborer, was fatally shot on Commercial street, near Kearny, San Francisco. Three Chinese were arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder. The shooting is believed to be the outcome of the bitter feud that exists between the Wong and Chin families.

A Good Cough Medicine.
[From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia.]
I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it. W. C. Wookner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Wookner. This remedy is sold by Charles Strang, druggist.

OUR CHORE BOY.
She's up at the break of the dawn,
And tumbling the hay from the mow,
And a merry laugh rings, and a cheery voice sings
When Mollie is feeding the cows.
Here's Speckle and Brindle and Bess,
And Buttercup, there by the door,
Their big stanchions creak, for they're trying to speak.
When Mollie comes over the door,
The horses stand in the stalls,
Their whinnying begging begins,
As if each understood that the measure was good.
When Mollie is near to the bin,
And the cattle will follow her round,
With a dumb, never failing regard,
As if trying to boast which was loving her most.
When Mollie goes into the yard,
Oh, it's well for a lassie to mend,
And it's well for a lassie to darn,
But her eyes are as bright as the stars in the night.
When Mollie does chores at the barn,
—Florence Josephine Boyce, in Farm Journal.

Her Forgiveness
By Ethelyn Leslie Huston.
(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

"NINE o'clock! We will now behold the animals parade," murmured Mrs. Stanley Weston, glancing at the little gold clock that had just announced the hour with musical self-satisfaction.
"Don't be rude, Betty. They're my guests—if they are a bore. How do I look?"
"A touch of rouge, my dear, would assist the ensemble. Pallor is supposed to be interesting and sounds well in books and things. But in real life it's apt to be pasty—looks like disordered liver or love or something."

"Betty! You are atrocious!"
Mrs. Stanard picked up a little silver box and delicately applied a touch of rose-bloom to her cheeks. Mrs. Weston stretched her blue satin slippers toward the bright grate fire with a luxurious little wriggle, but her eyes, blue as the slippers, never left her hostess' face. They narrowed shrewdly as Mrs. Stanard leaned close to the tapers.
"A little more! That's better. Not sleeping well—hm? Don't care whether school keeps and all the rest of it? Won't do, my dear. Ruinous to the complexion. Cut it out."

"I wish you would not use that abominable slang. You talk like some factory girl." Mrs. Stanard put the silver box back on her dressing table with a weary little gesture and the blue eyes narrowed again.
"My dear, it is absolutely impossible to express one's self in the queen's English nowadays. It is good form, of course, but inadequate. Awfully inadequate. The factory girl says in a sentence what good form takes a chapter to express. And even then the factory girl has the best of it. What are you fretting about?"
"Nothing."

Mrs. Weston elevates her artistically pencilled eyebrows and thoughtfully puts the pearl clasps on her long suede gloves with one finger. The other folds her arms on the silver Cupid frame of her tall ebon glass and drops her head on her arms. After carefully counting the pearl clasps three times Mrs. Weston nods in a satisfied manner, then allows her eyes to travel up the long lace train till they reach the bare shoulders and still, bowed head.

"That pose is very graceful and fetching, cherie," she says cheerfully. "But it's wasted. There's no one here but me. And it's 9:15."
She looks sharply at the listless face in the mirror, then rises with a little frown from her silken petticoats and gets a glass of wine from a cabinet.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink. I don't dare, for it always makes my nose red. That fact alone has saved me from the gold cure. For if there's anything I enjoy it's the wine when it is red. And I could, like Omar, divorce barren reason without a qualm. But my complexion! Especially one's nose. And now, Mrs. Stanard, if you do not want your guests to go home in a dudgeon, minus hostess and temper, it behooves you to make your presence material in the drawing-room. And I do not propose to waste this new gown on the desert air any longer. Come on!"

A little later and white lace and blue velvet are surrounded by light and color, the sweeping gowns of fair women and the black coats of the men as contrast. The air is soft and languorous with the odor of hot-house flowers, and through the hum of cultured voices creep the faint strains of distant string instruments. Mrs. Stanard's face is serene and slightly smiling, and her voice has just that touch of personal interest that soothes and attracts, as she greets each of her guests with perfect tact. Her eyes, dark and tranquil, pass from face to face and find her still smiling, interested, unwearied. Only the flowers droop at her breast and as she unfurls them she presses the thorny stems hard against the soft flesh for a moment. A sharp pain is relief from a dull ache, sometimes. And she smiles oddly as she drops the dead flowers behind her and pulls the frosty lace a little higher where one thorn has marred the skin.
"I missed you last night. You did not go to hear Calve."
A tall man with a dark, strong face was bending over her. The face was too grim to be handsome. It was heavily lined and the eyes were deep-set, keen, reticent.
"Another engagement. And it was Carmen? I was so sorry."
Smiling, she gives him her hand a moment and lifts her eyes to his.

"You stay there. I want to tell you a story—Dear Mrs. Fitz Haven! So delighted! Yes, looks charming, does she not?—There was once a man and a woman who loved each other. They had average sense in most things, but he was jealous and she was proud.—Mrs. Northrop and dear Lillian! So afraid you were not coming. Yes, awfully warm.—She had some good looks and some old beaux. Why not? Did he think nobody could appreciate her till he met her? And after he had deigned to tell her that he looked upon her with favor, one of the old beaux, who had hoped to win her for a long time, met her in the conservatory at a ball. They always do meet in conservatories in stories.—What a sweet gown. Mrs. Talcott. Imported, of course! You lucky woman!—Old cat! She owes my modiste an awful bill. Where was I? Oh, and he, the man, saw the old beau crush her in his arms and kiss her. She couldn't help it, and besides, she felt sorry for him, for she had just told him a final no and he was all out up.—Mr. Hasbrouck, the pink gown that you are straining your eyes to find in this kaleidoscope is in the tea-room. Don't mention it!—Well, and he, of course, would not ask for an explanation or anything, and courteously released her. Oh, well, she released him if you think it sounds better. Same thing. But a woman who is not diseased can feel that something is wrong and does not need a wall—er—does not have to be told, some things.—Where's that big husband of yours, Marion? I'll pick you up to-morrow and we'll drive to the club together. I want to talk over that nomination. It's all wrong, you know. Club'll go to pieces under that woman! All right, dear. At three.—And he found that his jealousy was a poor substitute for the woman who was the one woman in the world for him, and she smiled proudly and bravely like a gentlewoman, and ate her heart out in secret. Keep quiet! It's my story. And then somebody, who had no patience with the two of them, but who felt sorry and was soft enough to interfere, because things got mixed in her own life once and she put her ear in and tried to prevent another shipwreck.—Yes, Mrs. Trevelyan is here. Mr. Trevelyan. No, I missed Saturday's game. My new golf suit was not finished. And it's so cold and I look a fright when I'm cold. Of course, you enthusiasts will play all winter. I suppose.—Thank the powers, they're nearly all gone. This conversational strain on my intellect is awful. Society talk is harder than Ibsen and Tolstoy. Get Kate a glass of wine. The Huntleigh girls and Maud Norris want to talk art class with me in the tea-room. That means half an hour, at least."

Mrs. Stanard turned to the tall man bending over her, with the smile faint on her lips and the eyes strained and weary.
"Yes, I am tired," she said. "No, I do not want anything, only to rest a moment. The heat has made me dizzy. Where is Betty?"
"Betty is in the tea-room," he said. "She is talking cooking-school, or medical art, or something of equally vital importance with Miss Norris and the Misses Huntleigh. Betty told me a story about a conservatory this evening. Will you let me take you there now? I want to tell it to you. It is quite interesting. You look very tired. Come!"

In the conservatory he placed her in a long, low chair, and she sank back with a long sigh of relief. The man at her side leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. Slowly closing and opening her little empire fan, and in a steady voice, he told her Mrs. Weston's story.
Then he turned and looked at her pale face with his searching eyes.
"I was wrong—utterly wrong," he said, slowly. "But I have suffered sorely. Can you forgive me. You are great enough—for that?"
A keen anxiety vibrated through the quiet strength of the low tones, and the fan fell to the floor with a little clatter of the ivory sticks, as he bowed his head on his hands, lying motionless in her lap—and waited.

She looked down at him with a great wistfulness, and then gently lifted his head till his eyes met hers.
"Yes, we have both suffered, dear," she said. "And it was all so useless! But at such a time a woman can do nothing. Her hands are tied. You doubted me—and when a woman is doubted, she can but be silent. To excuse is to accuse." To enter defense is but to add to her indignity. You doubted me, and I forgive you, because, so doubting, your pain was greater even than mine. And you will doubt again—Ah, yes!—laying her fingers on his lips as he would have spoken. "Because the defect is in your own vision. But I will forgive you then, as I forgive you now—because I love you so."
She bent and kissed him lingeringly on the eyes, then added, with a low laugh that ended in a sigh: "And who will play Betty then?"

Submarine Passage to the Pole.
A suggestion which the Viennese are said to favor is to approach the north pole in submarine boats.
Stops the Cough
and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tab cure a cold in 48 hours. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.



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Rev. Cassius M. Roberts, according to an exchange of that state, is one of the wittiest and jolliest of divines in Kansas, a man who believes that smiling is a part of a Christian duty and who persists in looking at the bright side of things. Needless to say he relishes a joke, even at his own expense. In years ago he studied law and was admitted to the Ross county bar and practiced for many years. It was on a recent visit there he fell in with a number of his former comrades, and naturally they fell to talking over old times. "Cassius," one of them asked at last, "how did you ever come to give up the law and enter the ministry?" "Well, boys," he answered, his eyes twinkling, "I'll tell you. You know I was a mighty poor lawyer and had hard work to get along. I stood it for a good many years and finally came to the conclusion that it was a good deal easier to preach than to practice."

Here's richness. The young women students attending English history lectures in the University of Chicago have signed and submitted a protest against the use of slang by Prof. Oliver J. Thatcher, lecturer. "Ah, there!" exclaimed the professor in one of his lectures, "these kids did any old thing they pleased. They had the bulge on everybody." And again: "Some whale of a knight had a serap, got a drop on the king and put him out of the ring. And the son had no kick coming; he got the cash." This professor can scarcely be called a darling. In their signed memorial to him the young ladies remark: "We also suggest that you learn the names of the members of your class, so as to use them, and not be compelled to designate whom you mean by pointing your finger and shouting: 'Hey, there!' 'You!' and other such terms."

Train robberies have become so frequent in the west that one railroad, the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company, regards an investment in bloodhounds advisable. A little of puppies has been distributed among the agents along the line, with instructions to rear them for the sole purpose of mancatching. The dogs are said to be of the best breed. They came from the Idaho penitentiary, where their parents have been employed for years in hunting escaped convicts. It is believed by the railroad officials that knowledge of the fact that the company has the dogs will deter train robbers through the fear of certain capture.

A society is being organized by Dr. A. J. Austen Kelly, of Brooklyn, for the purpose of establishing colonies for consumptives in northern New York. Something like 5,000 acres of land have been bought in the foothills of the Adirondacks. The purpose is to establish a number of small farms, each with its own house, and the patients will be given light work out of doors when the weather is favorable.
In many of the census returns from the rural districts of the south a large number of children under ten years of age are recorded as farm laborers, and under the proper headings it is stated that they are so employed eight months and attend school but two months in each year. The southern housewives appear in the occupation column as "does housework" and

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SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.
F. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 421 meets every Saturday evening in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
L. A. JORDAN, Sec.
P. of A.—Couple M. P. H. No. 21 meets in Foresters' Hall every Wednesday at 8 p. m.
G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger.
L. L. FURDIN, Financial Secretary.
I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 281 meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
L. A. WEBB, N. G.
E. W. CALKINS, 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.
H. H. HANVEL, C. P.
W. T. YORK, Sec.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 98 meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
NARRIE WOLFE, N. G.
ALTA NAYLOR, 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. EYART, C. P.
J. H. HUBBARD, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccores—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.
A. B. ELLISON, Commander.
W. T. YORK, R. K.
A. O. U. W.—Degree of Honor—Elder lodge No. 26 meets every 3d and 4th Wednesday evening of each month at A. O. U. W. hall.
J. LILLIAN KIRCHGESSNER, C. of H.
A. C. STANWOOD, Rec.
A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 28 meets every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
F. HUBBARD, M. W.
O. C. STANWOOD, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90 meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall Medford, Oregon.
J. W. WILEY, C. C.
HORACE MANN, Clerk.
Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of P. hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MARTHA WELLS, G. N.
KATHERINE WAIT, Clerk.
W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 31 meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
MRS. ABIGAIL VAN ANKVELD 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 p. m. Visiting comrades cordially invited to attend.
FRANK KASSHAUER, Com.
D. R. ANDRUS, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Friday in the Christian Church.
MRS. O. J. GIBB, Sec.
Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evening of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Adkins Hotel block, Medford, Ore. Visiting brothers and sisters cordially invited.
A. D. HAY, Secretary.
J. L. DEEMER, Pres.
O. E. S.—Homes Chapter No. 66, meets second and fourth Thursday of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome.
MRS. MARY E. REEVES, W. M.
MATTIE E. PICKER, 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 7:45 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 Fausett, leader. Epworth league every Sabbath evening at 6:30. O. Fausett, 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. 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 hour before the evening service. Miss Ella Lodge, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society every other Thursday afternoon. Mrs. E. C. Wait, Pres. Ladies' Missionary society meets Tuesday of each month at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. L. T. Pierce, Pres.

Baptist church—Rev. T. L. Crandall, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 10 a. m. H. V. P. O. 630 p. m. prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. seven meeting every Thursday evening. Ladies' Missionary Auxiliary to C. W. H. E. 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. M. J. Parry, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening, Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 2:30 p. m.

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