

PURELY PERSONAL.

Prof. Van Scoy was in Ashland Tuesday.

Little Eva Walters of Talent visited Medford friends last week.

Wm. Gregory, of Central Point, was in the Hub city Saturday.

Deputy Game Warden Kropke was down from Ashland this week.

Mrs. J. Court Hall, of Gold Hill, was among Medford friends Tuesday.

W. L. Rodgers, of Lake Creek, was registered at the Nash Saturday.

Miss Agnes Isaacs is visiting her sister, Mrs. Riddle, in Grants Pass this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Merriman, of Talent, were in Medford Tuesday upon business.

Mrs. Chas. Stacy returned Tuesday from a week's visit with Grants Pass friends.

D. T. Lawton left for Portland Wednesday evening, to be gone a week—possibly three.

Major Andrus, manager and secretary for the Bill Nye Mining Company, was in Medford over Sunday.

Geo. B. Brown and C. E. Edler, of Brownsboro, returned Wednesday from a visit to San Francisco.

Miss Mae Kellogg, of Grants Pass, is visiting her sisters, Mrs. John Barnsbury and Mrs. Chas. Stacy.

Councilman J. R. Wilson and children left Wednesday for a week's visit with relatives at Glendale.

D. Anderson, of Phoenix, was in Medford Tuesday disposing of some of his excellent Angora goat rugs.

Miss Grace Lawton returned Tuesday from Grants Pass, where she has been visiting Cashier H. L. Gilkey and family.

Mrs. J. D. Fay and daughter, Miss Gertrude, are paying a week's visit to R. F. Maury and family, near Jacksonville.

Mrs. E. D. Fellows, mother of Mrs. H. H. Howard, left Monday evening for Portland, where she expects to visit for a month or six weeks.

P. C. Garrett, who has been visiting his brother-in-law, I. A. Pruitt, and family for a few weeks, returned to his home in California last Friday.

Mrs. H. D. Jones and family spent holiday week at the Foothills creek mine with Mr. Jones. They were accompanied by Master Trevo Lumsden.

Miss Mary Davison, who has been spending the holidays with home folks, returned to Klamath, Calif., on New Year's day to resume her school work.

L. C. Charley was down from Brownsboro yesterday. He reports that water is running in the Fish Lake ditch from Big to Little Butte creeks, and that work is progressing finely.

J. H. Messner and family have moved to Medford from Central Point and Mr. Messner has engaged in business here, that of blacksmithing and practicing veterinary surgery and medicine.

Miss Carrie George left Wednesday evening for a month's visit with Eugene friends. Her position as operator for the Postal Telegraph Company will be filled, during her absence, by Arthur Mahoney.

Wm. Gibbon, of Central Point, was in the city last week. The gentleman returned only a short time ago from a business visit in California. He is offering his ranch of 280 acres for sale in another column of this paper.

D. F. Fox, deputy internal revenue collector, was in the city this week looking after matters in connection with his office—the same being the taking of an inventory of stock on hand at the Palm, Whitman Co's cigar factory.

Mrs. G. W. Mackey and the children left Friday of last week for their old home at Crawfordville, Oregon. Mrs. Mackey received a telegram a few hours before her departure to the effect that her brother had accidentally shot and killed himself while out hunting on Christmas day.

R. D. Maplesden and family, of Ft. Jones, Calif., arrived in Medford last week and will henceforth make this their home. Mr. M. bought property in Southwest Medford last summer and moved the Skeel residence upon the same and it is this the family is now occupying.

Mrs. E. M. Lumsden, Misses Fern Hutchison and Ruth Lumsden were at Ashland Monday. They met Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Young, former residents of Medford, at Ashland and accompanied them as far as Medford. Mr. and Mrs. Young were en route from San Francisco to Seattle, where they will reside.

G. T. Faucett, agent for the Wells, Fargo Express Company, returned Wednesday from a week's visit in Portland. The current rumor that George has taken unto himself a life partner is wholly untrue. This information is given out for the purpose of relieving Mr. F. of the trouble and annoyance incident to the congratulations he is receiving.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Norcross, of Central Point, were Medford visitors Wednesday. Mr. Norcross has no lament to make because of the treatment he was accorded during the year just closed. It was indeed a prosperous one



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to him, as was the case with all careful, painstaking orchardists. Mr. Norcross has labored long and well in the interest of advanced horticulture in Southern Oregon and now that success and a life of competency has been given him the reward is well worth the years of effort—and all these good things are truly merited.

J. D. Heard left Thursday for Mexico and Texas, to be absent a few weeks in the interests of a smelter plant which he is installing.

J. W. Howard and family, who have been visiting Dr. Adkins and family for a couple of weeks, left Thursday. Mr. Howard for eastern Oregon and the family for Corvallis. Mr. Howard is one of the most extensive stockmen of the Silver Lake country. He is now feeding about 1800 head, some of which he will turn off during the winter. He is a man of fifteen years' experience in the business and has made a fortune. He is fully conversant with every detail of the business and this quickly acquired knowledge has been the basis for the accumulation of his fortune. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and, like many of our fruit growers, he is an enthusiast in his line.

Special Millinery Sale.

Only a few more of those bargains in stylish dress and street hats left. Our reduced prices will suit your purses as well as tastes. H. A. Medynski & Co., back of new bank.

CHINA PREPARING FOR TROUBLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Charles F. Gammon, superintendent of collectors for the American Bible Society in Northern China, writes to the society concerning the present situation in the Chinese Empire as follows:

"While at Shanghai I observed that the Chinese Government was openly violating the provisions of the protocol. The great empire would shake off European domination. Thousands of boatloads of small arms and ammunition were passing weekly up the Yangtze river and the arsenals were being enlarged and worked day and night. Carriages of explosives were being received and the Dowager Empress had issued instructions to all officials to recruit the army, and also to inform her as to the fighting strength of each division and the time required to concentrate the forces at a given point.

"There were and are many other unpromising features which weighed heavily upon the minds of those interested. I must believe that the end is not yet, and that within 10 years and possibly within five, a war will ensue, the like of which the world has never known. For centuries China has been making repeated attempts to expel the foreigner each time profiting by past experience, each time with more power and success, each time better equipped and better planned.

"She is now preparing as never before, buying vast quantities of superior weapons and reorganizing her armies on a correct basis. Therefore the next attempt will be gigantic in force and terrible in execution. It will result in a universal upheaval and the final dismemberment of this empire—at a terrible cost."

Railroad presidents and executive officers met at Chicago to put a stop to the indiscriminate rate-cutting that has been going on west of the Missouri river. It was deemed inadvisable to take any concerted action that might be construed as a violation of the anti-trust law, so each road pledged itself individually to maintain tariff rates after Jan. 1. Shippers have been notified that no more cut-rate contracts will be made.

IN COUNTRY LANES.

O country lanes! white-streaked with bloom. Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet. And all your waving grasses laugh And pass by, o'er my eager feet— Could I forever dwell with you, Letting the old, mad world rush by, And just be glad of wind and sun, Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often, in the crowded street, I dream of you, sweet country lane, And feel, once more, your soft breeze soothe

My weary heart and tired brain; Always above the city's din, Above the clink of yellow gold, I hear a wild-bird's ringing note, I catch the scent of leaf-stirred mold!

Your grasses kiss my forehead cheek, Your hawthorn drops her fragrant rain, I am a child once more, and dream That Heaven bids here, O flower-starred lane!

—Florence A. Jones, in Chicago Advance.

Unc' Shucks and the Witches.

By E. E. Garnett.

"PEOPLE are so tired of charity concerts and teas and bores in general," Sue complained, lugubriously.

"But even tired people must help each other," Mae insisted. "Let us ask Mrs. Brelle to suggest something."

The pretty widow was in a hammock, with Barnes in chatting distance on the piazza steps, and she did not welcome interruption.

"Will you?" called Joe, upon her silence.

"Will I what?" pouting.

"Help us to help Unc' Shucks?"

"And who," only half hiding a yawn, "is he?"

"He is old and poor and blind," explained Mae, making her climax with a most sweet compassion.

"And black," added practical Louise, "as the ace of spades."

The pretty widow looked bewitchingly reproachful. "No country poor-house," she murmured.

A rather chilled silence fell upon the piazza group. Mae's sensitive face flushed. Barnes went up the steps to her side.

"We cannot spare old Shucks to go there," he said, and obviously watched a flock of moonlight bending to the ripples of her hair.

"Thank you"—shy, sweet eyes raised for an instant to his—"and will you help?"

He wanted to tell her that he would beg, dig, burn—do any outlandish dangerous deed she willed; but the words halted. He only got a bit red and nodded.

"Oh, if he's a pet," said Mrs. Brelle, sulkily, "we'd best take up a collection—that is the shortest way out of such annoyances."

"He's in the turn of the road, going out to the golf links," Louise put in, reflectively; she was housekeeper and found provisions an easier method of charity than cash. "When we go by for the big game next Tuesday we might give him a donation party."

There was a murmur of applause, to which Mrs. Brelle added a soft hand-clapping. The act displayed both hands and rings, and she smiled with pleasure over them.

"Very well," she assented, graciously; "I'll send a barrel of flour."

Mae threw a grateful kiss from her finger tips, but the widow was looking to Barnes and missed it.

Good nights were beginning. Getting from her hammock, the pretty widow gave a little start of alarm—such a shrill, weird call had rung out of the grove: "Who—who!"

"Screech owl," announced Joe. And Barnes added, in appropriately sepulchral tones, the old saw: "When a screech owl calls, witches answer."

"I hope he isn't calling his witches," said Mae, "to Unc' Shucks' donation."

"They're worse than witches," laughed Joe, "who have that business in hand. Just don't let them forget tobacco, and Unc' Shucks' luck is secure."

"I—he has tobacco."

"So like Mae," said Louise, "to take tobacco first."

"Well, a pipe," Joe protested, gravely, "puts heart into a man."

"And next in value," suggested Barnes, "shall we sprinkle him with a little silver?"

"Don't tell me any more," cried Mae; "I'm too happy."

The pretty widow was coming up the steps and noted the girl's face, and how Barnes sought the light of it. She followed to Mae's door.

"Can I come in, dear, for a minute?"

Mae drew up a cozy chair and waited absently beside it. Her eyes were still radiant, a dreamy look in them, happy and shy. The tone of Barnes' voice lingered with her and the look that said "good night." Hard to strike such a face frightened and white, but the pretty widow smiled and compassed it.

"You must forgive me, love, for hinting that your impulsive ways are liable to be misinterpreted."

"I beg pardon," growing attentive with a start. "What did you say?"

"Mr. Barnes is a man of the world," gently, "accustomed to a flirtation as to his wine at dinner. He—"

"Wait!" with unexpected dignity. "I do not care to hear you speak of Mr. Barnes. But of me—you were saying something of me?"

"Well," rising with an angry flush, "you are refusing a kindness. One would think that you mean—the way you look."

"The way I look?"

"My dear child," over a shoulder as she went to the door, "you look up at him as if you were kneeling before a shrine."

In those next days Barnes could not guess what the trouble was—how

should he?—but he was quick to realize that Mae shunned him and, when she could not, was nervous and dumb and pale. Meeting her one morning in the shady lane that led toward the links, the look on her face grew suddenly unendurable to him.

"Mae," he cried, "what have I done? Are you offended with me?"

"No," cried Mae, startled and miserable. "No, of course not."

"Then why do you treat me like this?"

"This?" faltered Mae; then looking at him she suddenly flushed and with tears springing hurried away.

Passing on, puzzled and distressed, around a clump of hazel, he came upon the pretty widow; she had heard.

"I am sorry," she said; "oh, I wish I could help." Then, hesitatingly, "Perhaps it would be best to tell you."

"To tell me what?" sternly.

"Joe is jealous of you; see?"

"Joe? Jealous?"

"You never guessed? Why, it is an old affair, since school days and pin-fires."

"Joe?"

"He has been scolding the poor child, I suppose, and she is afraid to be seen with you; or, perhaps," gently, "she doesn't want to hurt you."

"Joe!"

"I am so sorry," holding out a plump, soft little hand, "so sorry!"

But poor Barnes could only say "Joe!" The idea, at first incredible under the bits of evidence that began to come in, grew past doubt.

By the time he had reached home a mountain of proof was throbbing in his brain. He called himself a bat and hourly accumulated misery.

Treachery, deliberate falsehood, never occurred to him.

A perfect day dawned for the golf play. Old Shucks sat out on his doorstep and gave smiles and blessings and smoked his pipe, while the gray groups came with their bundles and greetings. The old man listened keenly with head bent, identifying step or voice and giving a jolly comment or grunt all to himself as they passed on to their game.

"Dat ar stumblin' b'long ter Marse Joe; never could lift his feet, dat boy."

"Marse Barnes? ain't like hisself. Mighty down in de mout fer Marse Barnes."

"Dat's de lil widder. Um; step like a cat. Um."

"Miss Louise, bossin' de earth. La, don't I know Miss Louise?"

"En Miss Sue, trottin' long b'hind, totin' de left-overs."

"Whar's Miss Mae?" suddenly louder. "Is I gwine miss dat chile? Whar's lil Miss Mae?"

"Here, Unc' Shucks."

"Somebody throwing bricks at yo', honey? You walk like yo' steppin' on yo' heart."

"She is quite happy, Shucks," said Barnes' voice beside them, "but she is afraid of hurting some one if she shows it."

Shucks turned his sightless eyes anxiously from one to the other.

"De truf be's, chile; better hurt 'em den fash 'em. What yo' happy 'bout, honey?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Mae.

"Um. What she happy 'bout, Marse Barnes?"

"It is her secret—and Joe's."

The old man leaned eagerly to catch her reply, but Mae's pretty head was tilted in indignant silence.

"Marse Barnes," turning a broad smile on him, "if yo' an' Miss Mae was to go ter de spring an' fetch me a drink I'd be mighty thankful; dat I would."

"I must speak to you," Barnes said as the girl would have turned away from him. "Let me at least have your forgiveness." So they went together down the pretty hill path, under the elm and hawthorn and winding through witch hazel to the old spring.

"Um," grunted Shucks, and filled his pipe, the smile still broad on his face.

Presently the pretty widow came to him.

"Have you seen," she began, anxiously. "I mean heard, anything of Mr. Barnes?"

"Marse Barnes gone on ter de links," shamelessly, "wid Miss Sue, marm. Yes, marm."

But he shook his grizzled head as she hurried away. "Dat how de eat jump," he mumbled. "Um. Old Shucks gwine feel a pain in his conscience 'bout dat falsifyin' an' dat barrel o' fine flour, um—uh—who dat Marse Joe? Yo' late at de links, marm."

"I am not going to the links, Unc' Shucks. I am hanging about with my gun. Miss Mae is anxious about your chickens; she says a screech owl gets one every night."

"Dat he does, dat he does," indignantly; "an' I makes no doubt he's nappin' up one ob dem trees dis minute, dreamin' 'bout supper time, but," sotto voce, "yo' wastin' shot firin' fer Miss Mae, chile, yo' shorely laze."

Joe, all unconscious of this, went peering keenly along the edge of the wood, and the old man listened, his mind divided between chuckles for the spring and conscience-stricken grunts for the wood.

"Ah! here he is!" came triumphantly at last.

"Hit 'im fore he holler, Marse Joe!" Shucks advised, eagerly. "De ain't no luck in his screech."

So Joe took the owl silent and secured happy fortune to the donation party; at least that was the old man's verdict, but he shook his head dubiously when he considered Joe's share of it.

"But de biggest sort er luck," he grunted, philosophically, "blessed ter end somewhar."—Springfield Republican.



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MEDFORD, ORE

MUSIC IN CHURCHES.

Dr. Damrosch Condemns Operatic Aids and Quartette Chords.

Declares That, to His Mind, Choral Music Is the Only Music Fit for the Church—Three Main Uses of Music in Church.

Church music was discussed and illustrated and Dr. Frank Damrosch condemned operatic music in church and the employment of quartette chords at the annual dinner of the Methodist Social union, of New York. Dr. Damrosch said he hoped he would not tread on any Methodist or other toes, in treating broadly on "music in the church and not music in the Methodist church." He saw three main uses of music in the church, as a preparation for spiritual thought, as a means of expression for the deeper emotions, and as an elevating source for bringing the soul nearer to the Divine power. He described how, by the proper use of music, the soul was attuned to Divine things at the beginning of the service, and he deprecated the misuse of that opportunity by organists playing operatic fantasies.

"I do not want an Italian operatic melody," said Dr. Damrosch, "when I enter a church, and, moreover, the organ should never imitate an orchestra. It is fine enough and grand enough to stand on its own basis."

Dr. Damrosch regretted that a lack of appreciation for the great masters of music was sadly shown in the compilation of the more pretentious hymnals, and he condemned the mutilation of the great works of composers to furnish tunes for hymns.

"That is vandalism," he exclaimed, "and should not be permitted, and you should have a committee of safety appointed to prevent it."

"The quartette choir," he said, "is an American institution, and it is perhaps the cause of more trouble in the church than any other thing. I would not advise Americans to be proud of it. Not that we do not have excellent quartettes, but the more excellent they are, the less fit they are to be in the church. The solution of the quartette difficulty is the chorus. Choral music, to my mind, is the only music that is fit for the church, in that it sinks the individuality of the performer in the mass. I would not, however, exclude the incidental solo from its proper place in a composition."

AWNINGS IN BIG LOTS.

It Takes a Great Number to Supply Some of New York's Big Modern Buildings.

"To supply some of the big modern buildings with awnings," said an awning maker to a New York Sun man, "costs as much as it would to build a moderate-sized house."

"Not all of the great buildings require awnings. Some of the very largest have their principal exposure in such a direction that they are not needed, the sun not shining on the windows during the hours the offices are occupied. And then, of course, there are great buildings that do not require awnings on some sides, but need them on others; or in courts and so on."

"Here, for instance, is a building with about 1,000 windows, of which 600 or thereabouts are supplied with awnings."

"Another building I have in mind has about 1,500 windows. I don't know how many awnings they have there, but if it is supplied in the same proportion as the other, that would give it about 1,000 awnings. I dare say, that in fact, you would find in the city single buildings with more than a thousand awnings."

"You see, just the awnings for some of these great modern buildings amount to quite an item."

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani recently gave evidence of graceful submission to the inevitable. It was the occasion of her sixty-second birthday, and a large number of natives had gathered at her home to pay their respects. As the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," the queen arose from her seat and remained standing during the playing, but when the Hawaiian national anthem was given she kept her seat. It was her way of showing the people that the national hymn of the United States must now be the recognized one of Hawaii.

According to a local report Judge Ferris, of Cincinnati, is dissatisfied with the present summary methods of converting aliens into adopted citizens. He says: "I'm going to make this ceremony more impressive. The mere act of swearing in these people makes no impression on them. I shall procure an American flag, and every male candidate for citizenship will have to kneel and kiss its folds. I want to make it one of the most important acts of their lives. I want them to tingle down to their toes when they hear our national airs."

BLACKSMITHING.

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Blacksmith coal for sale. Special attention given to horse shoeing and plow work.

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Merriman's old stand, MEDFORD, OREGON

Advertised Letter List.

Following is a list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Medford postoffice on Jan. 1, 1902.

Howman, W. C. H. Kiter, J. D. Mahlar, Leon M. Scott, Jno. Smith, Alfred Wallace, James B.

A charge of one cent will be made upon delivery of each of the above letters. Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "Advertised."

G. F. MERRIMAN, Postmaster.

A facetious paragraph-writer suggests that it will soon be necessary for some one to start a daily geography in order to keep up with the changes going on in the world. He might with as much justification have said that we need a daily history, or a daily text-book in natural philosophy, for the same reason. Events now move so rapidly that any book of information gets out of date much more quickly than at any other period in the world's history. For the present, however, it will be the daily lesson in geography rather than the daily geography that will chiefly concern the rising generation.

In an article on the closing century a writer in World's Work truly says: "Although it has been the century of the widest conquest, it has been the century also of the greatest toleration, of the keenest human sympathy, the most active helpfulness, in an era of action and of freedom, man has become a brother to man as he never became in eras of meditation and authority. It has been the century of heroic fact finding, the century of the emancipation of thought from mystery and dogma, and of the yielding of precedent to experience."

A Winter Trip

To Southern California and Arizona via the famous Shasta Route is one never to be forgotten. Renewed acquaintance with this section will ever develop fresh points of interest and added sources of enjoyment under its sunny skies, in the variety of interests and added industries, in its prolific vegetation and among its numerous resorts of mountain, shore, valley and plain.

Two trains leave Portland daily, morning and evening, for California. These trains are equipped with the most improved pattern of standard and tourist sleeping cars, and the low rates place the trip in reach of all.

For illustrated guides of California and Arizona winter resorts, address R. B. MILLER, G. P. A., Portland, Ore.

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