

CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS.

The business portion of Rampart City, Alaska, was swept by fire during the early part of November, and conservative estimates place the loss at \$30,000.

Two lives were lost, one person was seriously injured and the racehorse George Arnold, for which \$20,000 had been refused, was killed in a collision between a Texas Pacific fast train and a Houston East and West Texas freight train on the siding at Keithville, La.

A freight engine just out of the shop and fired up in the roundhouse of the Central Railroad of Georgia exploded without warning at Macon, Ga., killing three men, injuring a number of others and shaking the entire city.

Lionel Jasperon, while selling papers at the corner of Mission and Third streets, San Francisco, snatched the purse of William Riley, who had irritated him by refusing to buy a paper.

Twelve English skylarks, procured with infinite pains, are now in the Golden Gate park aviary at San Francisco, and it is the intention of the park commission to liberate them later on, when it is hoped they will settle down and multiply on the peninsula.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's pain balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do."

Second Lieutenant James M. Bevan, Artillery corps, was found dead in bed at Fort Canby, Ilwaco, Wash., with his brains blown out. Everything indicated suicide.

General Passenger Traffic Manager E. O. McCormick of the Southern Pacific company, who has just returned to San Francisco from the east, says that judging from what he could learn there will be the largest tourist travel to the coast this year that has ever taken place.

It Girdles The Globe. The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one per cent healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, felonies, chafes, pains and all skin eruptions.

A Profitable Investment. "I was troubled for about seven years with my stomach and in bed half my time," says E. Demick, Somerville, Ind. "I spent about \$1000 and never could get anything to help me until I tried Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I have taken a few bottles and am entirely well."

RAIN.

The patient rain at early summer dawn; The long, lone autumn drip; the damp sweet hush Or April showers, when the glinting drops seem gone Into the first notes of hidden thrush;

My Pardon. By William Wendham. (Copyright, 1916, by Authors Syndicate.)

TUESDAY, Feb. 5.—It is all over, and I have been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The curious thing about it is that I do not feel so very gloomy about it. The suspense before the verdict was a great deal more harrowing than the certainty of the scaffold seems to be.

My lawyer tells me that my friends are making strong efforts to have the governor intercede, and that he has promised to see me. But it will do no good. I killed Philip Sherry—there is no question about that. They proved it plainly enough at the trial, in spite of my lawyer's most skillful efforts.

Wednesday, Feb. 6.—Strange things have happened to-day. I saw the governor. I broke my promise to myself that I would not tell why I killed Philip Sherry, and the governor has pardoned me. They told me that he was a cheap politician who could not be reached except by boodle.

She married him, and I crawled back into myself again, and went on in my lonely life. Philip Sherry was a rake and a cur. He broke her heart, dissipated what little fortune she had and became involved in a notorious scandal so badly that he was dragged into court, in a divorce case brought by another man against his wife.

"I happened to be in the Metropolitan hotel one day, where I had been summoned to figure on some changes to be made in remodeling it, and I became the accidental and unseen witness of an interview between Sherry and his wife. It was in the public parlor, but they thought themselves quite alone. She was pleading with him to leave the country and save their children from further disgrace, surely to be entailed by his presence at the forthcoming suit. She was dry-eyed and calm, but I pray God will never let me see a face into which is written a broken heart so vividly as was in hers.

"And then, governor," and I walked directly in front of the governor, and looked him squarely in the eye, "he struck her. Yes, as you is my judge, he struck her, and reeled out of the room. With that blow I started forward from where I had stood transfixed during the brief interview. As she saw me she flushed deeply, and as she caught the expression on my face, cried out as I turned to leave the room: "Mr. Drummond, be careful; oh, be careful!"

"It was late that night when I found him. He was in the hotel lobby, laughing and joking with a party of friends. I struck him down with his own cane. The blow was mortal. I meant it to be. I was glad of it when I saw him dying there on the floor. I have been glad of it ever since. I am glad of it now. I would do it again this minute if all the fires of hell roared in front of me and awaited me. And if behind me were all the joys I ever hoped for."

The governor sat for some minutes with those introspective eyes turned inward, and I wondered if he had heard me. Then he arose, put out his hand for mine, placed his other hand on my shoulder and said: "And I would pardon you with the same conditions facing me. You will be a free man before night."

would have gone to the rack or the stake to save me a moment's pain, unconsciously emphasized the terrors of my situation by keeping me in long urchin and babyish attire long after the other boys of my age were habited like miniature men. You can imagine the humiliation to which I was subjected, even had I not been cursed with hypersensitive nerves.

"But underneath all my bashfulness I had the temper of a demon. The first time I discovered it I was frightened nearly to death. It was still in the period of my long curls and girlish costumes.

"A big fellow who delighted in bullying, and who had made it his especial delight to torment me because of my effeminate appearance and bashful manner, brought his persecutions to a climax by leading a crowd of schoolmates to catch me, throw me down and pile on top of me. I was severely hurt, but my physical injuries were insignificant compared with the humiliation. And as I lay, ground into the earth under that wriggling mass of boys, the hot blood surged through my head, carrying with it a sense of courage, and a bitter hatred which I had never guessed I was capable of possessing.

"When they piled off of me and let me rise, limping and nearly smothered while they ran away laughing, I picked up a big jagged stone and followed them. I remember it was some hours before I succeeded in getting squarely in front of the big Peter Werner, who had led the assault, and who had by this time forgotten it. I let drive my stone with all the force I possessed, and it remember well the wild joy which possessed my soul when I saw the blood spurt from his head, and beheld him lying unconscious on the ground. In the days that followed while he lingered between life and death, I never could be brought to see wherein I had done wrong, although after the excitement had passed away, and my bashfulness had reasserted itself, I realized the terrific force of my passion.

"Only two or three times after that was it aroused, but those few times served to demonstrate more clearly my utter inability to restrain myself when in justice or abuse set loose the torrents of my temper. I went on through boyhood and youth with my sensitive, reserved and lonely nature. I had few pleasures and no companions after my mother died.

"The one bright ray that came into my life, was Alice Wilson. As a boy I worshipped her. As a youth I made her the goddess of my dreams, and builded her into air castles which can only come to persons who live the lonely and companionless life that I led. After I was well along into young manhood, and had made something of a success in my vocation—after contact with the world had brushed the gloss off my dreams and had blunted somewhat the edge of my shrinking sensitiveness, I plucked up courage to propose to her. She refused me, but it was with tenderness and with evident distress. She told me that she had never dreamed that I admired her, and was full of pity and regret. She was engaged to Philip Sherry, she told me, and loved him with all her heart.

"She married him, and I crawled back into myself again, and went on in my lonely life. Philip Sherry was a rake and a cur. He broke her heart, dissipated what little fortune she had and became involved in a notorious scandal so badly that he was dragged into court, in a divorce case brought by another man against his wife.

"I happened to be in the Metropolitan hotel one day, where I had been summoned to figure on some changes to be made in remodeling it, and I became the accidental and unseen witness of an interview between Sherry and his wife. It was in the public parlor, but they thought themselves quite alone. She was pleading with him to leave the country and save their children from further disgrace, surely to be entailed by his presence at the forthcoming suit. She was dry-eyed and calm, but I pray God will never let me see a face into which is written a broken heart so vividly as was in hers. He was somewhat in liquor, brutal and sneering. She did not talk angrily, but very plainly. He became insolent, insulting and abusive. He said things that filled me with horror that they should be spoken to any woman, but most of all to her.

"And then, governor," and I walked directly in front of the governor, and looked him squarely in the eye, "he struck her. Yes, as you is my judge, he struck her, and reeled out of the room. With that blow I started forward from where I had stood transfixed during the brief interview. As she saw me she flushed deeply, and as she caught the expression on my face, cried out as I turned to leave the room: "Mr. Drummond, be careful; oh, be careful!"

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GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HOBSON IS OUTDONE.

Schwab, the Steel Magnate, Makes New Record for Kissing.

Pretty Women of Braddock, Pa., Demonstrate Their Appreciation of His Gift to Remove the Debt of a Church.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, entered the Lieut. Hobson class the other night at Braddock, Pa., and kissed 200 women in 20 minutes. Both he and Mrs. Schwab, who stood by, seemed to like it.

Mr. Schwab came to Braddock to attend the dedication of the Episcopal church, which he built as a memorial to his mother-in-law, who is still living. The members of the First Presbyterian church thought this was a good occasion to thank Mr. Schwab for the \$13,000 which he had given to lift the debt of the church. A reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Schwab in the parlors of the Presbyterian church at night. The majority of the congregation consists of steel workers employed in the works of Mr. Schwab's company and their wives and daughters.

One of the women with a baby in her arms stepped up to the couple and shook hands with Mrs. Schwab. Then she turned to Mr. Schwab. Mr. Schwab murmured: "What a pretty baby," and stooping down kissed the child. Then he took the mother's face in his hands and kissed her.

There was great applause and cheers and when the next woman came up she also got a kiss from the steel magnate. The women filed by and Mr. Schwab kissed 200 of them. After he had kissed all the women, not disappointing one, he turned and kissed Mrs. Schwab, who was standing by, laughing heartily.

After the kissing he Mr. Schwab announced that he intended to do something for Braddock that Braddock would like. He would not say what it would be, but the people here believe he intends to give them a \$500,000 industrial school.

There is a case in Atchison of a man falling in love with his wife. Shortly after their marriage, the wife discovered that "Home, Sweet Home" did not appeal to her husband and that he preferred the companionship of his men friends downtown, so set to work to win him. She did not try any of the recipes for winning a husband's love found in the women's papers, says the Globe of that city, which are mixtures of pretty dresses, a smile and a kiss at the door upon the arrival of the victim; a kiss as he is about to leave after having eaten his supper (which is to be dainty, with a bunch of his favorite flowers in the middle of the table); she is also to go to the piano and win him back by singing the songs he admired during their courtship. The sensible Atchison woman discarded all such recipes. She said nothing about her husband's lack of appreciation, but simply put her shoulder to the wheel and helped him along. He was in debt. She was thrifty; he got out. She excelled in housekeeping. His meals are substantial and on time. She made his home so comfortable in an unobtrusive way that he now hates to leave it, and hurries back after business hours. The woman has one of the most devoted husbands in town. She does not brag of it, but just jogs along doing the things he likes.

HEAVEN.

O city builded not by human hands, And stretching far beyond all reach of thought, Whose myriad mansions, beautiful and grand, Are far beyond what human hands have wrought; That city hath no need of sun or moon, No dawn there breaks nor evening shadows fall; 'Tis one unbroken and eternal noon, The glory of the Christ doth light it all.

In that bright home shall come no grief or pain, Nothing to mar the perfect bliss that reigns Within the heart of all who enter in. Up from the throne ascends the glad new song "All that the redeemed from earth can sing— "All blessing, glory, praise and power be long Unto the Lamb, our Saviour and our King!"

This earth of ours is full of beauty rare— What else could be when made by God's own hand? Yet all these beauties but dim shadows are Of the transcendent glories of that land. No human eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor holdeth human heart hath e'er conceived The wealth of blessedness to be conferred On those who have the victory achieved.

There bloom in faded beauty fruits and flowers No human tongue may speak or pen record, And there the Tree of Life, with mystic powers, Is no more guarded by the flaming sword. Joy in its fullness sweeps through every soul, A sweet and willing service prompts the whole, And praise crowns all as fruitage and as flower.

O city of God and Saviour King, From which we catch at times some straggling gleam, That 'e'en though faint surpasses everything Of which our brightest earth-born thought can dream, When on our sight at last its glories stream, New clothed upon, in spotless robes arrayed, How mean then will these earthly beauties seem.

With which among the shadows here we play? —WILLIAM G. HASELBARH, in Christian Work.

Soft Harness EUREKA Harness Oil. You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as long as you wish by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, Administrator of the estate of Melvina Clayton, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them at my home, 24 miles south of Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 20th day of December, 1901. JOHN G. GORE, Administrator.

E. W. Grover. This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

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

P. of A.—Court No. 1111 No. 24, meets in Foresters' Hall every Wednesday at 8 p. m. G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger. I. L. FURDIN, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 83, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. I. 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 Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. W. T. YORK, Sec. Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesday of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. NARRIE WOOL, N. G. ALTA NAVLOR, Rec. Sec.

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

K. of P.—Talisman Lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. J. E. ENYART, C. O. J. H. BOUTLER, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Macabees—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d 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—Rather Lodge No. 66, meets every 2d and 4th Wednesday evening of each month at 8 p. m. in A. O. U. W. hall. LILLIAN KINGSTON, C. of H. A. C. STARWOOD, Rec.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, meets every 2d and 4th 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. STARWOOD, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in W. K. of P. hall Medford, Oregon. J. W. WILLEY, C. O. HORACE MANN, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 81, 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. 84 meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. MRS. ADDIE VAN ANWERP, Pres. MARY E. KEENE, 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. PHANK KASCHHAFER, Com. D. E. ARDRE, Adjutant.

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

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 p. m. in their hall in the K. of P. building, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers cordially invited. H. A. FRANKS, Pres. W. L. ORR, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Reams Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 8 p. m. in Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome. MRS. MARY E. KEENE, W. M. MATTIE E. PICKEL, Secretary.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

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. GILKES, superintendent. Class meeting at 11 a. m. at close of sermon. Levi Faucett, leader. Epworth 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. 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, Supl. Christian Endeavor meeting one hour before the services. Regular weekly prayer meeting. Ladies Aid Society meets every Thursday afternoon. Mrs. E. C. Wait, Pres. Ladies' Missionary Society 2d Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. Mrs. L. T. Pierce, Pres.

Baptist church—Rev. T. L. Crandall, pastor. Sabbath school. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.; covenant meeting at 8:30 p. m. on Saturday preceding first of each month. Strangers and friends always welcome.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Junior Endeavor at 8 p. m.; P. S. C. E. at 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Christian Missionary Auxiliary to C. W. B. E. first Thursday 7:30 P. M. each month. Choral Union every Friday afternoon. The people welcome. O. J. Gibb pastor. Resides at the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. M. L. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening; Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Women's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 8:30 p. m. Every one is cordially invited to all our services.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, October 23, 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,

CONTEST NOTICE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, December 18, 1901. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by J. T. Bringer, contestant, against the homestead entry, No. 9774, made September 28, 1899, for the NE 1/4, N 1/4, E 1/4, Section 4, Township 34 S., Range 2 East, by James Brennan, contestant, in which it is alleged that the said entry man has been absent from the land for a period exceeding six months, and that his absence has not been caused by reason of his service in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, seaman, officer or marine, during the war with Spain or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged, but that in fact the entryman has entirely abandoned the land, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m., on February 8, 1902, before Gus Newbury, county clerk, at Jacksonvill, Oregon, and the final hearing will be held at 2 o'clock p. m., on February 16, 1902, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed December 18, 1901, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication. J. T. BRINGER, Register. J. H. BOOTH, Receiver.