

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

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All day long the heavy leaden clouds had been threatening rain, and toward evening it began, very softly at first, but growing steadily in volume, until at 8 o'clock it was a veritable downpour, rattling steadily on the tin roof of the hotel piazza and beating against the windows in spiteful fashion.

It was cold, too, and a cheerful fire crackled and sputtered sturdily in the big fireplace in the hotel office, but despite the fire and the lights and the gay chatter of the guests congregated in the big palm lined room the effect of the storm outside was glaringly evident. A cold, rainy evening at a popular summer hotel is something to be remembered—and avoided.

Near the fireplace at a scope of little tables the energetic Mrs. Potter had started a game of progressive euchre, and in the big hall the orchestra had been pressed into unwilling service by some of the younger guests, and the strains of the latest popular waltzes and the sound of shuffling feet drew many people thither.

Streeter, lounging in a chair near the desk, alternately read a morning paper for the third time and tried to find some interest in the attempts of the other guests to amuse themselves.

In sheer desperation he was perusing the "want column" when he saw Miss Gale come down the broad stairs. He was by her side in a moment.

"I wanted to claim you before Mrs. Potter kidnapped you or some one else dragged you off to dance," he explained laughingly.

The girl smiled amusedly and shook a finger at him.

"I can see at a glance that you are bored to death and in search of diversion at any cost," she said.

"Your diagnosis is correct," said he. "I am suffering from that unhappy malady, or I was until I caught sight of you. You know that it was because you recommended this place that I came here. Now, you must do your best to dispel the gloom that has descended upon me."

"What shall I do?" she asked lightly.

"Introduce you to some of Mrs. Potter's proteges or get Mrs. Vandert to give you the personal history of every one here?"

"I think," said Streeter, "that Chopin in the music room would be the best antidote."

"You are very modest in your demands," she laughed. "Chopin you shall have until you cry for mercy. Come on!"

They made their way to the little music room far down the corridor, and to Streeter's merriment delight they found it quite deserted. Streeter turned on the lights and lighted two little red shaded candles on the piano.

"Just right now for the fifth nocturne," he said as he surveyed the two spots of color in the gloom.

The girl ran her fingers over the keys, and Streeter drew a chair near her and sat down. She began to play the fifth nocturne very softly, and Streeter, leaning back comfortably, watched the pretty profile outlined faintly by the candle light. And as he listened to the rain beating against the windows he realized the good that a seemingly ill wind had blown him.

The nocturne died away as it had begun, very softly, and he drew his chair into the little circle of light.

"The only trouble with that nocturne," he said gravely, "is that, like all things temporal, it comes to an end."

"Are you fond of them?" she asked.

"I'll play another."

"Do you know," he said quickly, "I have often dreamed of some such situation as this."

"A long, dreary evening at a storm bound summer resort?" she laughed.

"No," he said seriously, "of a piano and candles with little red shades and of you playing nocturnes to me like this."

She began another nocturne, even more softly, that it might not interrupt their conversation.

"Dreams very seldom come true," she said. And whether or not her tone was mocking Streeter was at loss to decide.

He silently listened to the nocturne and studied the girl's profile intently, but the profile was noncommittal. He leaned forward in his chair and spoke very softly.

"It was a very pretty dream," he said, "one of those intangible bits of happiness that makes one loath to come to prosaic earth again. There was one thing about those dreams, however, quite different from this partial realization."

"And what was that?" she asked.

"The piano and the little red shaded candles—and you were in my own house," he said.

The nocturne grew a trifle louder. The girl's glance was turned to the other side of the room.

"What a presumptuous dream!" she said.

"Was it?" said Streeter meekly. "I couldn't help dreaming it, you know."

There was a long pause. Then he said slowly:

"Perhaps it was presumptuous. You see, I wasn't asleep when I dreamed it."

The nocturne came to an abrupt ending. The girl rose from the piano.

"You're not angry?" said Streeter in alarm.

"No," she said.

"Then—then," he began and halted miserably. "Tell me," he said, "do dreams go by contrary?"

The girl had reached the door. She turned, and even in the dim light he could see the deep color in her cheeks.

"Not—not any dream," she almost whispered.

GRANT OWEN.

HUGE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

The Mammoth Reclining Figure at Rangun, Burma.

To the eastern traveler the statue of Buddha is a familiar sight. From Colombo, in Ceylon, to Kobe, in Japan, he is everywhere greeted by the same calm, impassive and mysterious face of the eastern preceptor of perfection. But in no city in the orient do the form and face of Buddha constitute so frequent or so essential a part of the city's decoration as in Rangun, Burma, starting place of Mr. Kipling's famous "Road to Mandalay," the stronghold of Buddhists. Notable even among the countless statues of Rangun is the mammoth Buddha, representing the strange teacher not standing or sitting cross-legged, as in the majority of statues, but reclining on a huge raised couch, his mighty form stretched out for 200 feet, while his shoulders rival the width of that wonder of the ancient world, the Colossus of Rhodes, their titanic breadth reaching fifty feet.

But one among the wonders of Rangun, this mighty figure rests near the famous Shway Dagon, the center of the Burmese Buddhist world, crowned by the golden pagoda, which rises 300 feet above it, its walls covered with pure gold, the gift of a prince who contributed his weight in gold to the pagoda. In the Shway Dagon there are countless other statues of Buddha, as well as relics of Gautama, the last Buddha. All, equally with the huge reclining Buddha, form a part of the religious rites of the Buddhists, for the essence of Buddhism consists in the struggle to become like Buddha, to attain his perfection by obedience to his precepts. To do this it is necessary always to have Buddha in mind, and it is for this reason that every city in the Buddhist world is literally crowded with his images. Buddha himself is not deified. Potentially every Buddhist may attain his perfection, but only by the eternal imitation of his practice.

But, while statues such as Rangun's huge colossus are important in Buddhist worship, of even more importance are the relics of Buddha.

It was about the Shway Dagon that the Burmese made their last fierce fight when the British came to Rangun. A Venetian traveler of 300 years ago visiting the Shway Dagon has left a description of this famous temple, conceding its claim to rivalry with his own Venice, that would serve as a contemporaneous description, and today, as in untold centuries past, the Burmese still bring their offerings of flowers and fruit, candles and paper flags, to lay before the huge reclining Buddha, whose hands would afford comfortable standing room for four of the worshippers and whose gigantic face wears the strange, inscrutable expression of calm which is the outward mark of spiritual Buddhism.—New York Tribune.

The Turkey's Real Name.
The original name of the turkey was oocococo, by which it was known by the native Cherokee Indians. It is supposed that our pilgrim fathers, roaming through the woods in search of game for their first Thanksgiving spread, heard the oocococo calling in the familiar tones of our domesticated fowl, "Turk, turk, turk." These first Yankee hunters, mistaking this frightened cry of the bird for its real song, immediately labeled it "turkey," and turkey it is to this day. Much more beautiful and musical was the Indian name oocococo, the notes peculiar to the flock when sunning themselves in perfect content on the river beaches.—Sunset Magazine.

The Woodchuck Is Lazy.
There is no animal that exerts less energy in the course of a year than the woodchuck. He feeds upon the best in the meadow and occasionally in the garden, being very fond of the juicy peas and beans and tender lettuce. Then as winter comes on he forgets all care and worry, crawls into his burrow and, like the bear, falls asleep, not to awaken till spring.—St. Nicholas.

Cost of Protection By the Man Who Knows

"WOULD you be willing to pay something to know of a sure plan for circumventing a robber when he comes into your place of business late at night and tries to hold you up?" asked a man in a suit of faded black, who had stepped into a north side drug store.

"Sure!" said the druggist, staring at him with good humored incredulity.

"Well, I have devised a method that can't possibly fail. I'll tell you all of it but one particular, and if it looks promising you pay me a dollar, and I'll give you the whole scheme. If it doesn't look all right, you can say so and save your dollar. There will be no harm done. Does that sound fair?"

"Yes, go ahead."

The caller whispered in his ear for the next two or three minutes.

"That's all but the final and most important part of it," he said, "is it worth a dollar to know the rest?"

"Yes. Here's your money," the druggist responded, handing it over and listening with entire satisfaction to the unfolding of the whole plot.

What was this man's device for outwitting the murderous thug who boldly invades your store or office and robs you while you wait?

This is the question you ask perhaps.

Dear friend, don't you see that to give it away in the public prints would not only forewarn the holdup men and thus defeat the ends of justice, but would be taking the bread out of the mouth of a man in a suit of faded black who is trying to earn an honest living?—Chicago Tribune.

The Bulling Passion.
Reginald Van der Style was dying. Smallpox in its most frightful form had seized upon the famous society man, and the heroic nurse bent over the quarantined patient to catch his last words.

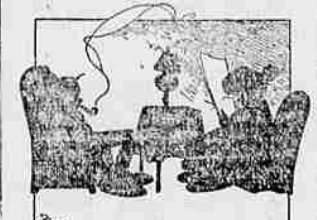
"Is it true," he gasped, "that I will have to be buried at midnight?"

"Yes, old man, I'm afraid it is."

"Then promise me"—the words came with difficulty—"promise me that you will have my man dress me for the occasion in my evening clothes."

And Reggy died as he had lived—proper to the last.—Cleveland Leader.

Brains Not Essential.



Mrs. Henpeck—Here's a story about a woman who lived a whole week without any brains.

Mr. Henpeck—Humph! That's nothing. You've lived much longer than that.—New York World.

As She Is Wrote.

The letter below was written by a Japanese tailor to an American lady in Yokohama. It speaks (English) for itself:

Our Dear Mrs. —: I am very sorry to say that it will take three days at least to make up your kimono ordered at all, for, tell the truth, the dye house in Tokyo was damaged by an inundation of the recent much rain, so I beg you pardon me having broken of promise. Yours very truly,

TANI SHOKWAJ.

P. S.—How are your honorable husband? I hope he will soon recovered.

—Hugh Allen in Lippincott's Magazine.

A Pony's Influence.
Little Dick—Mamma, I think I'd be a better boy if I had a pony like Tom Hunter's.

Mother—Better in what way, my boy?

Little Dick—I think I'd be more charitable.

Mother (surprised)—More charitable? Little Dick—Yes. Because then I wouldn't feel so glad when Tom's pony runs away with him.—Pittsburg Post.

Pounding Acquaintance.
Mrs. Grimes—Do you know Mrs. Sykes? She lives in the same hotel that you do.

Mrs. Joslyn—No, I can't say that I know her, but we are on pounding acquaintance with the Sykeses. They make so much noise we have to rap on the wall now and then to keep them quiet.—Boston Transcript.

Doubtful Authority.
Uncle Josh—There's an article here on how to feed poultry.

Aunt Hetty—Anything amusin' about it?

Uncle Josh—No, except that the editor isn't makin' much of a success of feedin' himself, let alone tellin' how to feed poultry.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Photographer's Charm.
They could not get her picture, though they tried and tried and tried. The child was, oh, so restless till the picture taker sighed.

"If you will leave your darling quite alone with me a spell I think that I can calm her." Said the mother. "Very well."

The picture soon was taken, and the mother marvelled much.

That, though he was a stranger, the photographer owned such a charm to calm her darling. So she asked her later on.

"What did the nice man say to you, my dear, when I was gone?"

"He said to me," lisped Lucy. "If you dare to stir or squall, You red nosed little jumping Jack, I'll eat you, clothes and all!" And then I that real still, mamma, till he said, "That will do."

You dear, sweet little girlie girl! And then he went for you!

—Nixon Waterman in New York Tribune.

WOMEN NOT TRUTHFUL

This Statement Has Been Unjustly Made, Because Modest Women Evade Questions Asked By Male Physicians.



An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful; they will lie to their physician." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

Is it any wonder, then, that women continue to suffer and that doctors fail to cure female diseases when they cannot get the proper information to work on?

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To her they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients, through her correspondence with them, than the physician who personally questions them.

If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

The fact that this great boon, which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands A Woman's Ills.

Mrs. Ella Lee, Frankford, Ind., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "I want to thank you for what your medicine has done for me. "Three years ago I had inflammation of the ovaries and ulcers on my womb. I was under the doctor's care for about three months, and the only time I was not in pain was when under the influence of morphine. The doctor finally said I never would be better, and would be an invalid the rest of my life. I had given up in despair, but one evening I came across one of your advertisements and decided to write you for advice. I did so and commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began to improve at once, and to-day I am a well woman, and I know it is all due to your advice and medicine.

Mrs. J. H. Farmer of 2809 Elliott Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "I cannot thank you enough for what your advice and medicine have done for me. They have done me more good than all the doctors I ever had. "For the last eight years I have suffered with female troubles; was very weak; had nervous prostration, and could not do my work; but I am happy to say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made a different woman of me. I am in perfect health and have gained in weight from 35 pounds to 125 pounds.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record for actual cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Debts Drove Him to Death.
Chicago, March 18.—Hounded by money lenders to whom he had assigned his wages for a long period in advance and finally discharged because of this Frank Dunham, an engineer on the Illinois Central railroad, has committed suicide at his home here. Dunham, who was 47 years of age, locked himself in a bedroom and turned on the gas.

Champion Lament for Rheumatism.
Chas. D. Lake, a mail carrier at Chaplinville, Conn., says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the champion of all liniments. The past year I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism in my shoulders. After trying several cures the storekeeper here recommended this remedy and it completely cured me." There is no use of anyone suffering from that painful ailment when this liniment can be obtained for a small sum. One application gives prompt relief and its continued use for a short time will produce a permanent cure. For Sale by Chas. Strang.

Negroes Hanged in Virginia.
Richmond, Va., March 18.—Two negroes were hanged here yesterday. Edwin Austin for criminal assault on a 10-year-old negro girl, and Peter Danch for the murder of a negro woman. The execution passed off quietly.

The Colonel's Waterloo.
Colonel John M. Fuller, of Horey Grove, Texas, nearly met his Waterloo from liver and kidney trouble. In a recent letter he says: "I was nearly dead, of these complaints, and although I tried my family doctor, he did me no good; so I got a 50c bottle of your great Electric Bitters, which cured me. I consider them the best medicine on earth, and thank God who gave you the knowledge to make them." Sold and guaranteed to cure, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Kidney diseases by Chas. Strang, druggist, at 50 a bottle.

Kentucky Scouts for Philippines.
Washington, March 18.—An order issued at the war department directs the relief of First battalion Philippine scouts from duty at Fort Thomas, Ky., on the 23d instant, when they will proceed to San Francisco for embarkation for Manila on the transport Thayer, sailing on the 21st instant.

VEGETABLE SICILIAN HALL'S Hair Renewer
A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.

PIONEER NURSERIES CO.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Offers to Fruit Growers a complete assortment of Commercial Varieties. Profitable, bearing orchards here in Jackson County attests the value of trees supplied by us. Send list of wants and we will quote lowest prices. Catalogue Free.

W. L. ORR
Successor to
J. G. TAYLOR, The Harness Maker
Fine Line of Hand Made Harness, Blankets, Robes and Whips.—Repairing Neatly Done.
W. L. ORR
Medford, Oregon

- Societies of Medford**
- I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 88, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. MARK BAKER, N.G.; J. L. DIMMER, Sec. See.
 - 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. H. H. HARVEY, Scribe; J. L. DIMMER, C. P.
 - Oliver Rebekah Lodge No. 25, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. GRACE WILSON, N. G.; FANNIE HASKINS, Sec. See.
 - A. F. and A. M.—Meets first Friday of each month at 8 p. m. in Masonic hall. M. PURDIN, W. M.; J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.
 - K. of P.—Tallman Lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 7:30 p. m. in hall of brothers always welcome. W. J. VANTER, C. C.; MABLE PURDIN, K. of R. and S.
 - Knights of the Maccabees—1111th St. No. 11, meet 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.—Lodge No. 92, meet every first and third Wednesday of the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. W. A. STEWART, M. W.; ASHAEL HUDGARD, Recorder.
 - F. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 42, meets every Tuesday evening in A. O. U. W. Hall, 1111th St. Visiting brothers invited to attend. FRANCIS JORDAN, P. M.; L. A. JORDAN, Sec.
 - Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 99, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall, Medford Oregon. FRANK JORDAN, C. C.; W. B. JACKSON, Clerk.
 - Chrysothemum 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. MRS. ADA MILLS, G. N.; PRUE ANGLE, Clerk.
 - W. L. C.—Chester A. Arthur corps No. 34, meets first and third Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. MRS. IVAN HUMASON, Pres.; MRS. HESTER HARTZELL, Sec.
 - G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting comrades cordially invited to attend. F. M. STEWART, Ad. Utant; I. R. ANDRUS, Com.
 - W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Presbyterian church. MRS. DUCK, President; MRS. J. MORGAN, Secretary.
 - Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evening at 7:30 p. m. in their hall in K. of P. building, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited. MRS. W. J. HICKENYOS, Secretary.
 - O. E. S.—Bonnie Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome. NELLIE WHITMAN, W. M.; MRS. MATTIE PICKEL, Secretary.
 - Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meet at the call of the captain in K. of P. hall. H. HOWARD, Captain; E. L. FLEWOOD, Recorder.
 - A. O. F.—Court Medford, No. 5983, meets every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, 1111th St., Medford, Oregon. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed. H. H. HOOVER, C. R.; FRANK H. HULL, Rec. Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

- Methodist Episcopal Church N. C.—Dr. C. W. L. pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. D. T. Wilson, supt. Class meeting follows preaching service every morning. Julius Meeker, leader. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Stella Duclou president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. E. J. Pratt, president. W. F. N. S. meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.
- Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. F. Shields pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Jas. Martin, Supt. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor, 4 p. m. Epworth Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every month church social. Second Tuesday evening of every month, 7:30 p. m. Mission society. First and third Tuesday, every month, 2:30 p. m. Aid society. Rev. W. F. Shields, Pastor; Miss Louella Warner, Supt.; Miss Edith Van Dyke, Superintendent; J. C. E.; David M. Day, Pres. S. C. E.; Mrs. J. G. Van Dyke, Pres. Aid society; Mrs. J. W. Cox, Pres. Mission Society.
- Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school and Christian Endeavor at usual hours, evening prayer meeting every Thursday evening. The people welcome. Rev. Jones, Pastor.
- 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 Thursday evening at 8 o'clock; Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Wednesday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited to all our services.

Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of E. H. Dunham, of Talent. All are welcome.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, January 7, 1905.
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.

SELAH A. CARLTON, of Weller, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 662, for the purchase of the 25 1/2 Section, SW 1/4, SE 1/4, of section No. 4, in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber and stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on Saturday the 25th day of March, 1905.

He names as witnesses: William Stanley and George West, of Brownshoro, Oregon; Gus Nichols and John H. Carlton, of Eagle Point, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of March, 1905.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

School Teacher Wanted.
The directors of school district No. 55, upper Trail creek, want to engage a teacher for the spring term of school. Will pay \$35 per month. Address, C. T. Skryman, Trail, Oregon.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs
THE MAIL for Job work.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN

If you are nervous and tired out continually you could have no clearer warning of the approach of serious female trouble.

Do not wait until you suffer unbearable pain before you seek treatment. You need Wine of Cardui now just as much as if the trouble were more developed and the torturing pains of disordered menstruation, bearing down pains, leucorrhoea, backache and headache were driving you to the un-failing relief that Wine of Cardui has brought hundreds of thousands of women and will bring you.

Wine of Cardui will drive out all traces of weakness and banish nervous spells, headache and backache and prevent the symptoms from quickly developing into dangerous troubles that will be hard to check. Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui today. If your dealer does not keep it, send the money to the Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., and the medicine will be sent you.

WINE of CARDUI