

FOUND BODY OF BROTHER

MARENGO, Ill., Nov. 12.—Haunted night and day by a presentiment that her brother had been brutally murdered and then buried—a fear that robbed her of sleep for two weeks, and during her waking hours drove her to the verge of insanity, Arvilla Hoganson, the 19-year-old sister of Oscar Hoganson, took a shovel and frantically threw up the earth in a spot where her presentiment had taken her and finally, exhausted, drove the blade into the body of her brother.

The girl made her grawsome discovery in the poultry yard on the John Bedford farm, which adjoins the Hoganson place. Hoganson disappeared two weeks ago. His sister immediately began making inquiries regarding his whereabouts, but no trace of him could be found. Then it was a strange foreboding took possession of her. Night and day the vision of her brother lying cold in death beneath the earth haunted her. After three days of anxiety and fruitless worry the girl's unaccountable presentiment took tangible shape and with a garden spade she hurried to the Bedford chicken yard. Alone, and working with feverish haste, the girl dug into the soft earth. Three feet below the surface the sharp blade struck into her brother's body and the girl, screaming with terror, dropped unconscious beside the grave. Here the neighbors found her. Officers were immediately notified and Hoganson's remains exhumed.

This occurred two days ago. Since then Bedford has been arrested in Nebraska and charged with murder. Yesterday the sheriff and a force of workmen began digging in the chicken lot in search of further evidence against the man under arrest. It is the belief of the authorities that many bodies will be found buried on the Bedford farm and in the vicinity, and that a series of murders similar to the Guinness case will be brought to light.

LOCATED IN ASYLUM.

U. S. Official Found After Ten Years' Disappearance.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—A search lasting the greater part of ten years and extending from one end of the country to the other, ended a few days ago when Professor Mark W. Harrington, one chief of the United States Weather Bureau and one of the best known scientific men in America, was found a hopeless lunatic in the New Jersey asylum for the insane at Morris Plains.

Until last Monday, Professor Harrington was registered as "John Doe, No. 8," picked up in a park in Trenton eight months ago, unable to give his name and with no papers on his person to disclose his identity. He might have remained for the rest of his life had not his son, Raymond Harrington, read in a western paper three weeks ago a description of a mysterious patient in the Morris Plains asylum.

Young Harrington communicated with his mother, who lives in this city. Mrs. Harrington visited Morris Plains. When "John Doe, No. 8," was led into her presence she identified him as her long missing husband. He, however, did not recognize her.

"Until I saw my husband in the Morris Plains asylum last Monday," said Mrs. Harrington tonight, "I had not laid eyes upon him for nearly ten years. He disappeared in the latter part of October, 1899."

GRAND TRUNK LINES REBUILT.

Railway Officials at Detroit Celebrate Great Construction Feat.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 14.—Many prominent railway men, promoters and civil engineers of the United States and Canada gathered in this city yesterday to take part in a celebration arranged by the Grand Trunk railway to mark the formal taking over of the tunnel under the St. Clair river, the electrification of which was recently completed. The tunnel extends from Sarnia, Ont., to Port Huron, Mich., and it was at the latter

point that the ceremonies of the day took place.

The electrification of the tunnel cost the company upwards of \$1,000,000. The work, however, was but a small part of the gigantic task of reconstructing and standardizing the entire Grand Trunk railway system, which began ten years ago, and has now been completed. To put the Grand Trunk in a position to take its place among the great trunk lines of the east the company has expended during these ten years a sum approximating \$53,000,000.

In the rebuilding of the road a total of 609 additional miles of double track have been constructed at a cost of \$15,000,000, which is an increase of mileage of 1,634 miles. The cost of new rails was nearly \$13,000,000. Nearly \$8,000,000 was spent in renewing and strengthening bridges, including nearly \$2,000,000 expended upon the great Victoria bridge. Nearly \$12,000,000 was spent in buying new freight cars, more than \$6,000,000 in purchasing locomotives, and nearly \$2,000,000 in providing new passenger equipment.

PAPA ELKINS THE OBSTACLE.

Otherwise Dago Duke Would Be Married to Miss Elkins.

ROME, Nov. 14.—Compared with the difficulties of his courtship of Miss Katherine Elkins, the Duke of Abruzzi considers Arctic explorations mere child's play. To one of his most intimate friends, a companion on his perilous expedition to the far north, the duke has been writing of some of the obstacles he has been forced to overcome in his suit. The letter became public today.

"I would have already been the happiest of husbands," D'Abuzzi is reported as writing, "if I could have arrived at an agreement with the head of the Elkins family on mere formalities of the marriage ceremony and on some other points. But the Elkinses are so extraordinarily fierce and proud. From all their words and attitude it appears that they are convinced that nowadays there are no real princes except those of intelligence and work. I would be very unlucky if I knew not that the Americans keep their word at any price, because only Katherine, who has promised to devote her life to my happiness, can compensate for the sorrow I have suffered; on one side from my relatives opposition and on the other from the rude, insolent and contemptible vulgarity of some of the American newspapermen."

"Well I assure that, against my will, my strong character and serenity have been near exhaustion at the language of a portion of the press. I believe that the prospect of finding myself lost in the vast, frozen solitudes of Alaska would be less disheartening than the idea of fighting the brutal importance of some American reporters. My only comfort is the thought that my disinterestedness will continue to be above suspicion. As you know, I have declared from the beginning to Senator Elkins that I will have absolutely nothing to do with a dowry. I wish the celebration of Miss Elkins' marriage to Luigi Di Savoia—not the marriage of the Italian lira to the American dollar."

TURN ON DRY PARTY.

Anti-Saloonists Will Ignore the Prohibitionists.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 14.—At a district session of the American anti-Saloon league yesterday it was decided to adopt a policy ignoring the Prohibition party entirely. Trickery on the part of the Prohibition party during the recent campaign in Nebraska was charged. It was also alleged that defeat for the league in every state where it had been put on the ticket was due to trickery.

State superintendents declared that the Prohibition party was their greatest foe in their fight to secure the election of men favorable to abstinence legislation. The liquor interests took advantage of this fact, said the league officials, and took every means to further split the abstinence ranks.

National Superintendent P. A. Baker made an address in which he pointed out the disadvantages of any co-operation with the Prohibitionists. Mr. Baker also publicly denounced the statement issued by the whisky trust that he had received \$1000 from John D. Rockefeller for the anti-Saloon league.

A NEW INSTITUTION.

The Equity Industrial Exchange, D. G. Crow, Manager.

Wants artisans and workers who know how to "do things" and not afraid to venture on a new proposition. A seamstress with machine, a laundress, a carpenter, good at all-round repair work, a painter and paper hanger, plumber and gas fitter, an electrician, a cement worker, a gardener and tree planter and others willing to help make themselves a permanent job. Call at 15 South C street, or address D. G. Crow, General Delivery, for particulars. 151-1tp

HACKENSCHMIDT AND GOTCH.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Frank Gotch, the American wrestler, and George Hackenschmidt, the Russian, met in London this afternoon and agreed upon a match. The exact date has not yet been fixed, but it will not be before March.

The One Condition.

By MARTEA COBB SANFORD.

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Beth was reading the bargain sales announced in the Sunday paper. "We can get a morris chair, Nell, for five-eighths-nine!" she cried enthusiastically. "It's the opportunity of a lifetime!"

"Any bargains in lace waists?" Nell asked irrelevantly. "You've changed, Nell Stafford," she said sternly, "and not for the better. You used to be crazy over fixing up this little flat. Now all you think of is clothes, and you know we agreed that clothes shouldn't count until we got everything we wanted in the way of household furnishings."

"But there's no end to it, Beth," Nell pleaded. "The flat looks well enough. In fact, it's beginning to look better than we do. It's time we began to live up to our surroundings."

"I suppose you mean Dick Wheeler," Beth interpreted. "I notice he constitutes your surroundings most of the time."

Nell ignored the insinuation. "Everything I possess is old fashioned and unbecoming," she continued. "I've been awfully patient, Beth; really I have. I just love pretty clothes, and I'm going to have some if I never have a morris chair, so there!"

As Nell grew excited Beth became calmer. "Considering what close friends we are, Nell," she said quietly, "I think you might tell me the truth."

Whereupon Nell, breaking into tears, confessed her engagement. "It wasn't that I didn't want you to know," she sobbed, "but I couldn't bear to break up the little home, Beth. Beth pulled herself together heroically."

"It isn't going to be broken up," she said, with determination. "Of course, it won't be the same without you, Nell, but if you've got courage enough to commit matrimony after all we've said against it, why, then, I guess I've got courage enough to carry out my convictions alone. Was it lace waists you asked the price of?"

This being the way Beth took the news, it was characteristic that she pursued her original intention of visiting the furniture store during her Monday noon hour.

She had just settled down with an air of relaxation in a green cushioned morris chair, "sale price \$5.80," when she was rudely started out of it.

"This is the only one we have with green cushions, sir," a salesman declared pompously to some one on his right, bringing his hand down by way of emphasis upon the crown of Beth's hat.

Apologies, greetings and explanations followed, during which the offending salesman tactfully disappeared. It was obvious that three made no party to this chance meeting.

"Will business keep you in the city long?" inquired Beth. The question indicated more courtesy than interest. Gilbert Taylor's eyes twinkled.

"It has kept me two years so far," he answered soberly. "I hadn't heard," Beth said rather coldly.

"And you?" he asked. There was no doubt that his interest was genuine. "Ah, I'm an established householder," Beth informed him with no little show of pride. "A business chum and I have a little flat together. That explains my monopoly of this morris chair. We need one, or, rather, we want one. But I've just about decided to wait until I can afford leather cushions. They're so much more aristocratic. Don't you think so?"

Gilbert agreed. "But I'm awfully interested in this housekeeping experiment of yours, Elizabeth," he said earnestly. "I'm thinking of trying something of the sort myself. You can give me a lot of pointers. Take lunch with me, won't you?"

Elizabeth hesitated. She saw complications ahead. Nevertheless, because there was no time to analyze possible consequences, she accepted.

"The lace waists," she explained to Nell that night, "were such wonderful bargains that I got two of them."

"Two?" exclaimed Nell. "What on earth did you think I wanted with two of them?"

"One is for myself," Beth enlightened her.

Nell looked such volumes of astonishment that Beth felt obliged to make further explanation. "The five-eighths-nine morris chair looked common," she said loftily. "I shan't get one till I can afford leather cushions. And, anyway, I've been thinking about what you said yesterday—about the flat looking better than we do. There's some truth in it."

Nell could hardly believe her ears. Beth, who took life so seriously and spelled career with a capital letter, yielding to the temptations of personal vanity. There must be some compelling reason for it.

Beth's next remark supplied it. "I think I'll not wear waist on tonight."

Nell, if you'll help me. Gilbert Taylor's coming to call."

"Not the man you refused on account of your career?" gasped Nell. "Did I ever mention refusing any one else?" Beth retorted, a bit impatiently.

"It's as cozy as it can be," Gilbert exclaimed, looking around the artistic living room. "And it's so—so homelike." He hesitated for the proper word to express his feelings. "But I can see where a leather cushioned morris chair would be the crowning touch," he added laughingly. "Only what will you do with it, Beth, without a man in the family?"

Beth flashed a look of defiance at him. It reminded Gilbert of the old days when she had held out so persistently that she had as much right as he to an independent life of her own and meant to claim it.

"I suppose you have a notion," she answered him, with a fine show of superiority, "that morris chairs, like all the other creature comforts, were invented for masculine monopoly."

"The average man is a selfish beast," he admitted good naturedly, "but I'm not. You shall sit in the morris chair every night, Beth. I won't say a word—if you'll!"

At this critical moment Nell darted in, securing a refractory hatpin in transit.

Beth introduced Gilbert. "I was just complimenting Elizabeth on your attractive little place here, Miss Stafford," he said solemnly. "She thinks it needs a morris chair to make it complete, and I had the stupidity to ask what she'd do with one without a man to occupy it. You've come just in time to settle the question."

"I'm afraid I'm what you might call prejudiced, Mr. Taylor," Nell answered lightly. "I really believe in both, if you can get them. When it comes to choice—well, Beth knows my sentiments. Dick's downstairs," she added, turning to Beth, "and I mustn't keep him waiting. Good night."

She gave Gilbert an encouraging smile as she closed the hall door, but Beth was unaware of it.

"I take it Miss Stafford has matrimonial intentions," Gilbert remarked when they were alone again. "That's going to upset your little ménage, isn't it, Elizabeth? What are you going to do?"

It was a brutal mistake. He knew it as soon as the question had escaped him.

But there was no audacious reply from Beth as he expected. Instead, her eyes filled, and she buried her face in the cushions, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Gilbert had never before seen Beth unequal to a situation. Her helplessness touched him deeply.

"Beth," he said gently, "I have an idea. Suppose I buy out Nell's domestic interest?"

No answer, only fewer sobs. "You shall sit on a cushion and"—"No; I won't sew a fine seam. I hate sewing," came a muffled reply from the pillow depths.

At that Gilbert gathered her to him, laughing joyously.

"She shall just eat strawberries, sugar and cream, then," he amended, with indulgent tenderness. "All that I insist upon is—"

He paused, and Beth, dumfounded and disheveled, dashed him a challenging look.

"That she shall love me," he finished softly.

And Beth accepted the one condition.

New York's Working Girls.

Before the great arc lights have begun to flim and glow processions of work girls, of shopgirls, of professional girls, have passed up and down this great avenue of the city, which in variety of interest and in claims to one's attention forms a strong rival to the Paris boulevards.

These young women are typical of New York and indeed of the whole American continent. In independence, in fearlessness, in ability to act and think for themselves, they are clearly daughters of the new world, but in their taste and elegance of their clothes there is something of the Parisian spirit, of that peculiar faculty for combining colors and blending effects which is certainly the heritage of the "ouvrier" and yet seems by some mysterious means to have become wafted across the broad bosom of the Atlantic. You feel an atmosphere of well being, of solid contentment, prosperity and self esteem about the common people in the States. This is typified by these well groomed, bright and pleasing young women who carry out so large a part of the daily routine of Uncle Sam.

Why be dejected when you have the chance or at least the sweet illusion of being one day called to the highest destinies of the country?—Cor. Fall Mail Gazette.

Envious Inference.

"What a happy, good natured, jolly girl Maud is! She's always smiling and laughing."

"Yes; she has pretty teeth and dimples."

KILLED BY SHOT.

Boy Fired at Engine and Killed the Fireman in Cab.

SANTA ROSA, Nov. 13.—John Middaugh of Bloomfield, in this county, is dead as the result of a peculiar accident. He was a fireman in the employ of the Southern Pacific, and while switching in the yards at Reno on November 1 a bullet from a parlor rifle, in the hands of a small boy, pierced his heart. He lingered on until the night before last, when he died. The boy was aiming at the letters on the locomotive. The bullet glanced and struck Middaugh.

FRIGID WAVE HITS DENVER.

Mercury Drops to 8 Degrees Below Zero at 8 A. M. Yesterday.

DENVER, Nov. 14.—Yesterday was the coldest November day experienced in Denver in 33 years, the thermometer registering 8 degrees above zero at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Examining Wedding Gifts.

"Women viewing another woman's wedding presents say things which are likely to be misinterpreted," said the bachelor who declares he hates weddings, but always goes when invited, according to the Washington Post, "and other things which no favorable interpretation would make complimentary to the bride or to the givers. It's the way of the sex, I suppose. Now, why is it that the most common remark of the women who are inspecting the layout of silver and cut glass and other gifts more or less useful is 'What a lot of presents she got?' They don't mean anything unkind, but the inference an uninitiated eavesdropper would draw is that they wonder why she got so many, as if by rights she shouldn't have had half so many. Of course they vary the remark. 'What a lucky girl! says one, as if she would like to add, 'Some persons have too much luck.' And another says, 'I wonder where they all came from,' implying almost as if the bride couldn't have enough friends to make so many gifts and must have sent some of them to herself just to making a showing."

World's Cleanest Soldiers.

The Japanese soldier considers it a disgrace to be dirty. Soldiers of other nationalities are not always overparticular, but as Mr. Kipling has sung: Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet.

However, the Japanese military man is not provided by a grateful and beneficent government with a portable bath, so when on active service he has to set his wits to work in order to obtain the necessary adjuncts to his ablutions.

The Chinese, for reasons of their own, manufacture long and large jars, whose diameter is that of a western main drain. It occurred to a bright Japanese that one might just as well have a bath standing up as lying down.

Accordingly he and his comrades interred a jar, built a furnace beneath it and filled it with water. Soon a boiling hot bath bubbled before them. Initiators sprang into being and subsequently into similar baths.—Bystander.

Had Been Anticipated.

A London composer was one summer engaged on the score of an opera, and as the weather was very hot he worked with the windows of his study open. This fact was taken advantage of by his neighbor, a lady, an accomplished musician, with a very quick and retentive ear, to play upon him a harmless practical joke.

One morning he completed and tried over a new march, and the lady on the same afternoon seated herself at her grand piano, opened her windows and rolled forth the air fortissimo. The composer rushed distractedly into his garden to his wife and, tearing his hair in anguish, cried out:

"My dear, I give it up! I thought I had composed an original tune, but it must be a delusion, for my grand march—my chef d'oeuvre, as I thought it—is only a reminiscence and is already the property of some music publisher!"

They Sat Down.

One night at a theater some scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger. The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion—"confound it all—I do you think if there was any danger—do be here!"

England's Mother Church.

The oldest frequented church in England is probably St. Martin's, at Canterbury, and you may call it the mother church of England. Walk up from the outskirts of the city and you will pass the font which gave baptism to King Ethelbert 1,300 years ago. The font still stands, the worshippers still mount the steps, and one considers whether it was Augustine or Bertha who dragged the king and husband to that font.—London Chronicle.

A Gallant Clergyman.

It is said that the Rev. Sydney Smith could be gallant as well as witty on occasion.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I cannot bring this thought to perfection," said a young lady to him once as she showed him about her conservatory.

Whereupon he took her by the hand and said, "Then let me bring perfection to the flower."

A "Place of Learning."

Sydney Smith, once asked why a certain college was called a place of learning, replied that, although a great many had been there to get learning, no one had ever taken learning away; hence it was appropriately named.

Officeholders.

"Well, there's one thing to be said for public servants."

"What's that?"

"When you hire one you never have any trouble keeping him."—Cleveland Leader.

Out of Mind.

Fenton—At first he was simply crazy about her, but now he neglects her shamefully. Sloan—I see. At first he went out of his mind, and then she went out of his mind."

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—George Eliot.

GREAT EVANGELIST.

Kansas Preacher Addresses Open Letter to W. J. Bryan.

BURLINGTON, Kan., Nov. 13.—The Rev. French E. Oliver, who is holding a revival meeting here, has issued an open letter to W. J. Bryan, urging the Nebraskan to become an evangelist, and predicted that he would become an equal of the Apostle Paul.

"Twelve years ago," writes the

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MAY OTIS SANE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—May Otis, arrested last night charged with plotting to do away with her mother through the agency of hired thugs, was pronounced sane tonight by Dr. Baldwin, the city physician.

Dr. Baldwin, at the request of the police, spent an hour with the woman, testing her on various questions. When the test was over he declared the woman's mind seemed normal, although she is on the verge of a nervous collapse.

One Doctor—Only One

No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select the best one, then stand by him. No sense either in trying this thing, that thing, for your cough. Carefully, deliberately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick to it. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for throat and lung troubles. Sold for nearly seventy years. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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