

tal telegraph companies, and the business of the local offices has increased in the past six months fully forty per cent. over the preceding six months. Express and railroad business has experienced a corresponding increase. All industries show that the city is making rapid progress in every line, and as the metropolis of the whole Rogue river country it is sure to continue its advancement with accelerated pace.

Ashland claims the finest climate on the Pacific coast, the best peach growing country and the best farmers' homes. It occupies a position of advantage for manufacturing. For the general purposes of agriculture or stock raising the Rogue river valley is unsurpassed. It has timber and minerals in abun-

dance awaiting developing operations. Tillable land on the edges of the valley can be purchased for from \$3.00 to \$10.00 per acre, though, of course, choice locations in the valley cost much more. There is no government land suitable for cultivation unoccupied, but good range land in the hills is subject to entry. One of the greatest needs of the country is money to carry on the work of development, from which the element of uncertainty is almost entirely eliminated. No one who carefully examines the merits of the Rogue river valley and of Ashland, its chief city, can fail to be impressed with the unusual advantages they offer for the investment of capital or the building of homes.

#### MIDSUMMER EVE.

If I must surely lose you, love,  
 If death's chill hand must be  
 Thrust in between us to remove  
 My heart's delight from me,  
 Promise to grant me, suppliant,  
 This one poor boon I crave—  
 This one least favor, while last lights waver  
 Above the dead sun's grave.

When primrose pates that pave the west  
 Are deepening into gold,  
 And I without you, sore distrest,  
 Go desolate and cold,  
 Ere fall of night, O, let your sprite  
 Pace the wet sands with me,  
 While the shore lands sterile glow jasper and beryl  
 Beside the purple sea.

The glimmering strand where first we met,  
 Midsummer eve of yore—  
 It can not be you will forget  
 That wild and lonely shore—  
 In that weird place, O, grant me grace  
 One hour with you to roam,  
 Till moonlight bleaches the gray sea reaches  
 And ghost bells ring you home.

I shall not fear to meet your eyes,  
 Enlilied with phantom gleam;  
 Your robes all sweet of Paradise  
 Not strange to me shall seem;  
 I make no prayer to touch your hair,  
 Nor kiss your cold, cold brow—  
 To see and hear you, to know I am near you,  
 Is all I ask for now.

M. C. GILLINGTON.