

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Ackerly, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 15th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTRAU COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## EAST and SOUTH

VIA

### The Shasta Route

OF THE

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Express Trains leave Portland daily.

SOUTH.		NORTH.	
6:15 P. M.	Lv. Portland.	Ar. 8:20 A. M.	Lv. Portland.
10:40 A. M.	Ar. Ashland.	Lv. 1:40 P. M.	Ar. Portland.
11:10 A. M.	Lv. Ashland.	Ar. 4:10 P. M.	Lv. Portland.
11:45 A. M.	Ar. San Francisco.	Lv. 7:00 P. M.	Ar. Portland.

Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also, Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene, and at all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL (Daily).

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland 8:30 A. M.	Roseburg 5:50 P. M.
Roseburg 7:00 A. M.	Portland 4:30 P. M.

Dining Cars on Ogden Route.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS

SECOND-CLASS SLEEPING CARS,

ATTACHED TO ALL THROUGH TRAINS.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

LEAVE	ARRIVE		
7:30 A. M.	Lv. Portland.	Ar. 1:30 P. M.	Lv. Corvallis.
12:15 P. M.	Ar. Corvallis.	Lv. 1:30 P. M.	Ar. Portland.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train Daily (Except Sunday).

LEAVE	ARRIVE		
4:40 P. M.	Lv. Portland.	Ar. 8:25 A. M.	Lv. McMinnville.
7:25 P. M.	Ar. McMinnville.	Lv. 5:50 A. M.	Ar. Portland.

Through Tickets to All Points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe.

Can be obtained at lowest rates from E. C. Kane, agent, Ashland, Or.

R. KOEHLER, E. P. ROGERS, Managers.

Thomas F. Oakes, Henry C. Payne, Henry C. Rotter, Receivers.

**NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.**

RUNS

Pullman Sleeping Cars

Elegant Dining Cars

Tourist Sleeping Cars

ST. PAUL

MINNEAPOLIS

DULUTH

FARGO

GRAND FORKS

WINNIPEG

HELENA and BUTTE

THROUGH TICKETS

CHICAGO

WASHINGTON

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

BOSTON AND ALL POINTS EAST and SOUTH

TIME SCHEDULE.

For information, time cards, maps, and tickets, call on or write E. C. Kane, Agent, Grant's Pass, or

A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, 255 Morrison St., cor. 3d, PORTLAND, OREGON.

ROBT. LEONARD, Agent, Ashland.

A. H. CARSON. L. W. CARSON.

Redland Nursery!

Six miles South of Grant's Pass, Josephine county, Oregon.

A. H. CARSON & SON, Prop's.

100,000 Trees in Stock!

Consisting of

APPLE, PEAR, PEACH,

PLUM, PRUNE, CHERRY,

APRICOT, NECTARINE,

ALMOND, WALNUT, and

Shade and Ornamental Trees,

Grape Vine, Currants, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Figs, Etc., Etc.

Our trees are grown without irrigation on Red Hill land, and all of known varieties that succeed in Southern Oregon.

Those contemplating tree planting will do well to visit our orchard and nursery, or write us for price list.

Post-office—Martha, Josephine county Oregon R. R. station, Grant's Pass. CARSON & SON.

Pointing Plows, 75c.

And other work in proportion

AT MARKLE'S SHOP.

Spring Street, Ashland.

## Semi-Weekly Tidings

Monday, March 11, 1895

### NAPOLION BONAPARTE.

The Incipient Hero Completes His Military Studies.

A LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

Veroyty Compels Him to Journey to His Regiment on Foot—Social Gayeties at the Barracks—Death of His Father, First Command of Soldiers in the Field.

[Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.]

IV.—L'ECOLE MILITAIRE, AND VALENCE.

When Cadet Bonaparte, in the autumn of 1784, was promoted to the Military School in Paris, he was in his sixteenth year. He had now made his way by stages, beginning with his tenth year, from his native place to the capital of France; and if of France, then of the world. Three months at Autun, four years—and more—at Brienne, and now to the school in Paris. At the last named place he was destined to remain less than a year. Thus far he seemed to be rising toward a career of activity, if not of distinction; but there was never a time when his pathway was more clouded than during his stay at L'Ecole Militaire.

The school at which he now became a student was the best in the kingdom. It had been reformed and renewed as a result of recent agitations; and the institution was at this time well fitted to the finishing ground for a young military aspirant. L'Ecole Militaire de Paris held the relation to that of Brienne and the others of college to academy. The curriculum was more ample and the methods more rational in the first than those pursued in the provincial institutions. Here the academic training of Napoleon Bonaparte—as that of his younger brother Lucien afterwards—was completed. From this school he was to be delivered, as if by a second birth, to the world.

The social character of Napoleon now began to show itself more distinctly. Back at Brienne he had been introduced by General Marboeuf to some private families of distinction. There he impressed as a peculiar, forceful and solitary genius, more capable of heroic dreams and boyish monologues than of polite conversation or social amenities. Going to Paris, his acquaintance was somewhat enlarged. Marboeuf's nephew, the Bishop of Autun, now lived at Versailles; and that worthy was glad, after the lapse of five years, to receive his former pupil, greatly grown in intellect and person, but virtually the same in demeanor. Elise, the sister of Bonaparte, had meanwhile been brought out from Corsica, and was now a member of the Royal School for Girls at Saint-Cyr. So that the young man had now a few friends and some social advantages.

For the rest, he pursued in Paris the same self-centered life as at Brienne. He was a hard student, and he was in the front ranks of the exact sciences and geography. In humane inquiry, his sole endeavor was to master History. His study, however, in this field did not reach historical generalization or a broad philosophy. He stopped with the individual. He dwelt with interest and enthusiasm upon the lives of great men. Plutarch he knew almost by heart. The well-known stories which in that age passed for history he combed with the passion of a zealot.

In after life, the peculiar effect of this discipline was manifested in all of Napoleon's work and policy. Out of his history proper he branched in only one direction—politics. He became rather expert in the political attitudes and despatches of the times. To the end of

his life he was never capable of high and abstract views; but he knew all special things as if by intuition. His mind flashed out, lightning-like, in this direction and in that; the blaze of it illumined many a dark and blood-splashed place; but from that prodigious intellect there was never diffused a broad and universal light. Much of this must be attributed to his inborn character; and something to the manner of his education.

The year 1785 was in all respects critical to Bonaparte. His course at the Military School ended with August of that year. He was admitted to his final examination almost precisely at his sixteenth birthday. Nearly six months before this time his father, who had found a temporary residence at Montpellier, came to the final scene. The visionary and unsuccessful Bonaparte had discovered a refuge for himself at the chateau of Madame Permon, mother of the Duchess d'Anguine of great fame. There, on the 24th of February, he expired, of a chronic malady, perhaps cancer of the stomach—most fatal prognosis of what should happen to his famous son thirty-six years afterwards.

Hard was this stroke of death on the members of Bonaparte's family. From the time of his union with Letitia Ramolino—a period of twenty years—thirteen children had been born. Eight of these were living; three were in France, and five with the mother in Ajaccio. All were at the door of penury. It is a law of nature and of man that every mother who bears thirteen children is a heroine; but Madame de Buonaparte had now to go into the fields and plant mulberry trees for a living! Marboeuf finally prevailed with the authorities to make Joseph Bonaparte also (we will now drop the name of Bonaparte) a military pensioner. But the father's death and Napoleon's protest contravened the project, and Joseph was doomed to remain a cadet of the Church. For Julien, who developed a passion for polite studies and wished to be a priest, a scholarship was obtained for the school at Brienne. Such is the perversity of fate. As to Napoleon, it was agreed that instead of going into the navy, as Kerallio had recommended, and as Marboeuf had wished, he should become a lieutenant in the artillery. After his graduation, he should be assigned to the Regiment La Fere, stationed at Valence, on the left bank of the Rhone, three hundred miles away as the bird flies—far to the south.

The final examination at L'Ecole Militaire was passed. Like many other incipient military heroes—our own included—Napoleon did not obtain a high rank in his classes. His papers gave him only the forty-second place from the head. Louis Antoine Bourienne, his future private secretary, had been far above him at Brienne. Des Mazis, his favorite classmate, was now graduated far below him at L'Ecole Militaire. But the grade was sufficient; and he was enabled with his commission as lieutenant to choose the artillery as his arm of the service.

For two months (August to October, 1785) the restraints of rod and tape held back Lieutenant Bonaparte from going to his place. His means gave utterly out. At last, late in the fall of 1785, he set out by conveyance from Paris as far as Lyons, but was then obliged, from sheer inability to pay his fare, to walk the remainder of the journey to Valence. There he arrived, and took his place in the Regiment La Fere—doubtless so called because it had no iron in it!

Great was Napoleon's surprise at the character of the discipline. By the officers and men almost everything was practiced except those exercises which tended to make them soldiers. They were gay, dissipated, frivolous. The pay was insufficient to support them in their career of pleasure and vice; but they were nearly all scions of the nobility and knew no other mode of nobility in the means of gratification. Napoleon's poverty and ambition alike held him back for a moment from this manner of life; but, strange to say, he presently threw himself into the swim, and during the winter of 1785-86 he dissipated like the rest.

Valence was a small but important city. The young military officers were welcomed by ambitious families in their drawing rooms. For the nonce, Bonaparte concluded that he must become accomplished—that he must be a social lion and quaff the bowl of pleasure with his fellows. He had social passports from Marboeuf's nephew, who was now the young Bishop of Autun.

But to a nature such as Napoleon's pleasure, however transient, could not long suffice. The lieutenant, who had not long upon himself in anger; and a sudden reform was the immediate result. The thoughtful brow and sullen manner returned. He went back gloomily to his books; recovered his vantage, and henceforth to the end of his life—though many a time he heard the Sirens singing on near-by shores—he never postponed his ambitions for the delirious dreams and fleeting hallucinations of a dissipated life.

During his career as a student, Napoleon's general reading had been in the nature of excursions along the coasts of political philosophy. The French manner caught his imagination. He talked of liberty, of the virtues of the elder Romans, of humanity in a state of nature—as revealed by Jean Jacques.

Now, in the spring of 1786—recovering himself from the winter's revel—he turned from the "Contrat Social," which he had begun to distrust as a ground of political life, to the "Histoire Philosophique" of the Abbe Raynal. Here he lost himself in the mysteries (and mists) of that science which is said to teach by example.

The writings of the Abbe Raynal, from being a conglomerate in which several strong hands—notably that of Diderot—had a great part, were now in the ascendant. The French mind caught them, embraced them, and adored. They were thought for the time to be the best and the end-all of political philosophy. Behold Napoleon, whose mind had already been well stocked with the fascinating but unprofitable stories of Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Plutarch, Xenophon, et id omne genus—behold him at his candle-lighted, deal-board table in the barracks of Valence, rising in thought somewhat from the particulars of human story to the general laws of conduct. Be it remembered, however, that at that epoch the human mind had not yet gained the first glimpse of that universal coherence and consistency of all things which constitutes the bottom principle of the New History. As for the unfeigned Jacobinism in him, that was sufficiently inflamed with knowledge

his life he was never capable of high and abstract views; but he knew all special things as if by intuition. His mind flashed out, lightning-like, in this direction and in that; the blaze of it illumined many a dark and blood-splashed place; but from that prodigious intellect there was never diffused a broad and universal light. Much of this must be attributed to his inborn character; and something to the manner of his education.

The year 1785 was in all respects critical to Bonaparte. His course at the Military School ended with August of that year. He was admitted to his final examination almost precisely at his sixteenth birthday. Nearly six months before this time his father, who had found a temporary residence at Montpellier, came to the final scene. The visionary and unsuccessful Bonaparte had discovered a refuge for himself at the chateau of Madame Permon, mother of the Duchess d'Anguine of great fame. There, on the 24th of February, he expired, of a chronic malady, perhaps cancer of the stomach—most fatal prognosis of what should happen to his famous son thirty-six years afterwards.

Hard was this stroke of death on the members of Bonaparte's family. From the time of his union with Letitia Ramolino—a period of twenty years—thirteen children had been born. Eight of these were living; three were in France, and five with the mother in Ajaccio. All were at the door of penury. It is a law of nature and of man that every mother who bears thirteen children is a heroine; but Madame de Buonaparte had now to go into the fields and plant mulberry trees for a living! Marboeuf finally prevailed with the authorities to make Joseph Bonaparte also (we will now drop the name of Bonaparte) a military pensioner. But the father's death and Napoleon's protest contravened the project, and Joseph was doomed to remain a cadet of the Church. For Julien, who developed a passion for polite studies and wished to be a priest, a scholarship was obtained for the school at Brienne. Such is the perversity of fate. As to Napoleon, it was agreed that instead of going into the navy, as Kerallio had recommended, and as Marboeuf had wished, he should become a lieutenant in the artillery. After his graduation, he should be assigned to the Regiment La Fere, stationed at Valence, on the left bank of the Rhone, three hundred miles away as the bird flies—far to the south.

The final examination at L'Ecole Militaire was passed. Like many other incipient military heroes—our own included—Napoleon did not obtain a high rank in his classes. His papers gave him only the forty-second place from the head. Louis Antoine Bourienne, his future private secretary, had been far above him at Brienne. Des Mazis, his favorite classmate, was now graduated far below him at L'Ecole Militaire. But the grade was sufficient; and he was enabled with his commission as lieutenant to choose the artillery as his arm of the service.

For two months (August to October, 1785) the restraints of rod and tape held back Lieutenant Bonaparte from going to his place. His means gave utterly out. At last, late in the fall of 1785, he set out by conveyance from Paris as far as Lyons, but was then obliged, from sheer inability to pay his fare, to walk the remainder of the journey to Valence. There he arrived, and took his place in the Regiment La Fere—doubtless so called because it had no iron in it!

Great was Napoleon's surprise at the character of the discipline. By the officers and men almost everything was practiced except those exercises which tended to make them soldiers. They were gay, dissipated, frivolous. The pay was insufficient to support them in their career of pleasure and vice; but they were nearly all scions of the nobility and knew no other mode of nobility in the means of gratification. Napoleon's poverty and ambition alike held him back for a moment from this manner of life; but, strange to say, he presently threw himself into the swim, and during the winter of 1785-86 he dissipated like the rest.

Valence was a small but important city. The young military officers were welcomed by ambitious families in their drawing rooms. For the nonce, Bonaparte concluded that he must become accomplished—that he must be a social lion and quaff the bowl of pleasure with his fellows. He had social passports from Marboeuf's nephew, who was now the young Bishop of Autun.

But to a nature such as Napoleon's pleasure, however transient, could not long suffice. The lieutenant, who had not long upon himself in anger; and a sudden reform was the immediate result. The thoughtful brow and sullen manner returned. He went back gloomily to his books; recovered his vantage, and henceforth to the end of his life—though many a time he heard the Sirens singing on near-by shores—he never postponed his ambitions for the delirious dreams and fleeting hallucinations of a dissipated life.

During his career as a student, Napoleon's general reading had been in the nature of excursions along the coasts of political philosophy. The French manner caught his imagination. He talked of liberty, of the virtues of the elder Romans, of humanity in a state of nature—as revealed by Jean Jacques.

Now, in the spring of 1786—recovering himself from the winter's revel—he turned from the "Contrat Social," which he had begun to distrust as a ground of political life, to the "Histoire Philosophique" of the Abbe Raynal. Here he lost himself in the mysteries (and mists) of that science which is said to teach by example.

The writings of the Abbe Raynal, from being a conglomerate in which several strong hands—notably that of Diderot—had a great part, were now in the ascendant. The French mind caught them, embraced them, and adored. They were thought for the time to be the best and the end-all of political philosophy. Behold Napoleon, whose mind had already been well stocked with the fascinating but unprofitable stories of Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Plutarch, Xenophon, et id omne genus—behold him at his candle-lighted, deal-board table in the barracks of Valence, rising in thought somewhat from the particulars of human story to the general laws of conduct. Be it remembered, however, that at that epoch the human mind had not yet gained the first glimpse of that universal coherence and consistency of all things which constitutes the bottom principle of the New History. As for the unfeigned Jacobinism in him, that was sufficiently inflamed with knowledge

## For Twenty Years

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe

### Scott's Emulsion

because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse inferior substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

that five years previously this same "Histoire Philosophique" had been burned at the stake—so to speak—in Paris, and its author driven into exile.

Meanwhile, in August of 1787, while the members of our Constitutional Convention were hard at work in Philadelphia building their ship of state, an insurrection against the French government broke out in Lyons, fifty-three miles up the river from Valence; and the Regiment La Fere was ordered to put down the revolt. On the march thither Napoleon Bonaparte, lieutenant of artillery, had his first command of soldiers in the field.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Exposure to rough weather, dampness, extreme cold, etc., is apt to bring on an attack of rheumatism or neuralgia; clapped hands and feet, cracked lips and violent itching of the skin also are other signs of cold weather. Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment should be kept on hand at all times for immediate application when troubles of this nature appear. It is a sovereign remedy. 25c, 50c and \$1 per bottle. Sold by E. A. Sherwin.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare, and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side, although Sandow and other strong men are said to invariably sleep on their backs.—Philadelphia Times.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using De Witt's Little Early Risers, and your headache disappears. Try favorite little pills everywhere. E. A. Sherwin.

The Fall in English Wheat.

The fall in the production and price of wheat and other grain in England is shown in a manner which startles British agriculturists by the returns of the board of agriculture for the year just closed. Five years ago the sales of British wheat reached 3,500,000 quarters, the average price being \$7.80. Last year less than 2,000,000 quarters were produced at \$5.55. Barley and oats have also declined.

The Czar is Liberal.

A Moscow correspondent tells a story of the new czar which is quite in accordance with all that has been heard of his character. In the list of officers recommended for promotion recently presented to him mention was made of the age and the religion of the nominees. The emperor struck out the column about religion, saying that it was no concern of his.

It may as well be admitted and faced squarely that the atrocities committed upon the Armenians by the combined Turks and Kurds that, too, under the authority of the Turkish government, have never been excelled in fiendishness by any of the deeds of the savage red Indians of America. Early settlers of this country have been known as a last resort to kill their wives and daughters to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Indians, considering quick death the more merciful fate. Yet civilized white nations treat with Turkey on equal terms.

Various European celebrities are making a very good living telling Americans what the people of the old world think of us. This has gone about far enough. Americans who form their opinions of their own country and people on the basis of the judgment formed by foreigners are great fools. It is time we turned around and told Europeans what we think of them.

Samuel Gompers does not believe in compulsory arbitration. He thinks it would be used against workmen rather than in their favor. His best hope for arbitration is in the perfect organization of working people, men and women. When such organization is accomplished, he says capitalists and employers will be glad to arbitrate with their employees.

One deserves more sympathy for being a fool than for anything else.

Emperor William lectures his people like an old college president.

For the latest styles in hats and gents' furnishing goods, go to Myer & Gregory.

## W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING.

443.39 FINE CALF & KANGAROO \$3.50 POLICE, 5 SOLES.

\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S \$2.17.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES

LADIES' BEST DONGOLA \$3.25 \$2.17.75

SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKLYN, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They wear custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The price is uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by

E. B. SMITH.

Ladies of Ashland AND VICINITY:

Mrs. E. B. Christian wishes to announce that she has fitted up dressmaking parlors at the Chittenden residence, opposite Hotel Oregon, and is prepared to do all kinds of

Dressmaking and Cutting

At reasonable prices.

Pelton & Neil,

The business of the meat markets of R. P. Neil and J. F. Pelton is carried on now at the

Consolidated Market,

The old Pelton market, on the west side of Main Street, near the bridge, where old and new customers will find better prepared than ever to serve them with the choicest of meats and in first-class style at lowest prices.

Ashland, Oregon.

CHICKEN RAISING PAYS

If you use the Pelton's Incubator & Brooder, you will find that it is the best money while others are wasting time by old processes. Catalogue tells all about it, and describes the full details of the poultry business.

45 Page Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

The "ERIE" mechanically the best wheel. Precise model. Fire and Police. Coast Agents. Bicycle catalogue, mail free.

Full description of the best wheels, and full details of the Pelton's Incubator & Brooder, Pelton & Neil, Ashland, Cal. Branch House, 231 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Directory, Ashland.

MALTA COMMANDERY No. 4, K. T. Meets first Wednesday of each month. E. C. KANE, E. C. E. D. Briggs, Recorder. Ashland, Oregon.

SISKIYOU CHAPTER, No. 21, R. A. M. Regular convocations on the Thursday next after the full moon. C. H. VAUER, H. P. J. R. Casey, Sec'y.

ASHLAND LODGE No. 23, A. F. & A. M. Stated communication on the Thursday or before the full moon. J. P. GILMORE, W. M. J. R. Casey, Secretary.

ALPHA CHAPTER No. 1, O. E. S. Stated meetings on 1st and 3d Tuesday in each month. Mrs. Alice Kane, W. M. Mrs. E. A. Sherwin, Secretary.

ASHLAND LODGE No. 4 I. O. O. F. Holds regular meetings every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. H. S. Evans, Secretary.

PILOT ROCK ENCAMPMENT No. 16, I. O. O. F. Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every 2d and 4th Monday in each month. Members in good standing cordially invited to attend. H. S. Evans, C. P. Robt. Taylor, Sec'y.

HOPE REBECCA DEGREE LODGE No. 14. Meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ashland. Mrs. M. L. White, W. M. Mrs. Mollie Farlow, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M. Granite Tent No. 4, Knights of the Macabees Meet in regular sessions every second and 4th Thursday of each month at Odd Fellows Hall, Ashland. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. E. A. Sherwin, H. H. D. Crowder, R. K.

Knights of Pythias. GRANITE LODGE, No. 23, Knights of Pythias Ashland, Oregon, meets every Friday evening. Visiting Knights in good standing cordially invited to attend. A. E. GRAHAM, C. C. F. D. Wagner, K. of R. & S.

G. A. R. Burnside Post, No. 23, meet in Masonic Hall on 1st corner of Commercial and 3d Saturdays of each month. Visiting comrades cordially welcomed. I. C. DODGE, Commander. Jas. Chisholm, Adjutant.

BURNSIDE RELIEF CORPS, No. 24. Meets at Masonic Hall at 2 o'clock, p. m., on first and third Fridays of each month. Mrs. James Chisholm, Pres. Mrs. Lydia Griswold, Secy.