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THE CHEVREAU COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Semi-Weekly Tidings

Monday November 11, 1895

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

The rupture was all about a two acre field. Colonel Fairholme, J. P., wanted it to fill out a dent in his ring fence, and Sir George Warburton stepped in and bought it over his head.

"And you can consider your engagement at an end, sir," the colonel wrathfully informed his nephew and heir. "No daughter of that sneak's shall be mistress of Broadwater."

Then Evelyn and Dick held a council of war on a neutral site.

"I've had similar instructions," said the girl. "They're very much incensed at present, but it won't last. Within six weeks somebody will be giving a reception to the lady who was married last Monday."

But before the month was out Colonel Fairholme was on his way to Australia.

During the first few weeks after his arrival in Melbourne he communicated regularly either with his maiden sister or with Dick. Then there was a gap for a couple of months, and Dick was getting uneasy and meditating a cable of inquiry when the anxiously expected letter arrived.

My dear boy—I have a piece of news for you which, I dare say, will surprise you very much. As you know, I have found my better half at last. I made her acquaintance at the table d'hôte here and we were married last Monday. The lady is a great deal younger than myself, and I may say, without boasting, as charming in disposition as she is in appearance. You cannot fail to like her, and I am sure you will both be the best of friends.

We are leaving in a fortnight by the Ormuz, so you will know when to expect us.

P. S.—Please break the news gently as you can to your aunt. H. F.

A few days after the letter came a brief note for Dick:

"Just a few lines to catch the mail. There is a tiresome delay in the final arrangements, and I find that I cannot leave as soon as I hoped, as the berth was already booked for Ormuz. Adele will come on alone with her maid. Meet her at Southampton. I shall follow by next order boat."

Dick wondered a little at the arrangement, but did not fail to meet his uncle's wife when the time arrived. She was a tall woman of 28 or 30, undeniably handsome and desirous of winning the good graces of her husband's nephew.

Nevertheless Dick did not take a fancy to her. In fact, she rather repelled him. However, she quite won Miss Fairholme's simple soul by complimenting her upon her housekeeping and refusing to interfere with such admirable management, also she professed great interest in the estate.

"I am so fond of the country," she told them, "and your English scenery is so picturesque and homelike. I promise myself a ramble every morning before breakfast."

But one day Dick saw something which gave him the curious notion that, after all, it was not the beauties of nature that attracted her. He saw Mrs. Fairholme walking briskly down the road outside to meet the postman—there was only one delivery in that part of the world—who was about to leave the Broadwater letters at the lodge.

She stopped the man, and he gave her an envelope, which she opened and read on the spot.

"Hm," he reflected. "So Mrs. Fairholme is so anxious about her correspondence that she takes the trouble to go out and meet it at half past 7 a. m."

That afternoon he was at the village postoffice, and the postmaster, who was also the grocer, happened to be serving him.

"I saw a letter for you with the Melbourne postmark on it this morning, sir," he said, with the license of an old tenant. "I hope the colonel's well?"

William confirmed the statement emphatically, and furthermore volunteered the information that the new mistress of Broadwater had met him on the highway, near the lodge gates, and requested him to hand the letter over to her.

"Thanks," said Dick lightly. "Of course Mrs. Fairholme has forgotten to give it to me. I'll ask her about it."

Conscious of her duplicity, Dick could scarcely force himself to be civil to her. But she appeared not to notice his moroseness, and in the evening after dinner she rose from the piano suddenly, as though on impulse.

"By the way," she said, "have you the key of the strongroom, Dick? I meant to ask you before and forgot. I mean so much like to see the family jewels. Your uncle told me that he has some wonderful rubies which he brought from India. Bring them down, there's a dear boy!"

The "dear boy" obeyed without the best grace in the world, and Mrs. Fairholme admired the jewels and played with them all like a child with a new toy. But the rubies seemed especially to captivate her fancy.

"Dick's brain. It was evident that Mrs. Fairholme had merely used the pretext of wishing the jewels reset in order to get them out of the house.

"Oh, of course. I forgot. He has come for the jewels, hasn't he? I'll fetch them."

But when he reappeared his hands were empty.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Fairholme," he said coolly, "but I've mislaid my keys. I hope I haven't dropped them out of doors."

"I don't think it will be much use searching for them," she replied, with an unpleasant laugh. "I shall have a locksmith down from London the first thing in the morning. And the jeweler's man shall wait."

Dick wrote out a telegram and gave it to a groom with a sovereign. "Send it off at once, Rogers. And keep a still tongue in your head."

The message ran as follows: To Colonel Fairholme, on board the Australian mail steamer Ormuz at Naples: Return home. Imperative business. Please don't fail.

If the colonel obeyed, he would be at home in three days—that is to say, four days before he would have arrived under ordinary circumstances—four days before he was expected by Mrs. Fairholme.

When the locksmith arrived, Dick had a little private conversation with him, and a bank note changed hands. As a result, the man told Mrs. Fairholme that the job was a long one, and that he could not undertake to accomplish it under three days.

The mysterious man, who was not from Bond street, went away, and on the third afternoon returned, but the strongroom door was not opened yet. The workman was awaiting instructions.

About 5 p. m. there was a rattle of wheels in the avenue, and somebody rang the front door bell.

The next moment the colonel, in traveling cap and ulster, stepped into the lamplight. She shrieked and sprang to her feet, overturning the bamboo table with a crash.

"Colonel Fairholme!" she gasped wildly. "Home already?"

"Mrs. Bellarmine! Bless me, what a remarkable thing! Why, I thought I had left you in Melbourne!"

"Then she's not your wife?" cried Dick aghast.

"My wife!" exclaimed his uncle, perplexed to irritability. "You know very well I have no wife, sir! I met this lady and her husband in Melbourne, and they very kindly nursed me through my bout of influenza. I told you so in my letters."

Of course the "man from Linklater's" was her husband, and the pair of adventurers, knowing the colonel's plans, had taken advantage of his illness to intercept his letters, forge substitutes to serve their own ends and make this bold attempt to steal the famous rubies.

The colonel beamed upon his nephew. "And what shall I do for you, Dick, for saving my rubies?"

"You can repay me very easily if you like, sir. Call upon Sir George Warburton."

The colonel made a grimace. But he went. And within two months Evelyn's prophecy was fulfilled.—Answers.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Marie Bell will probably head a repertory opera company later in the season.

Charles Klein and John Philip Sousa are to write a comic opera for Jefferson De Angeli.

"The Year One," by Charles Barnard, is the play with which Neill Burgess will open his present season.

the food for all such.



How many pale folk there are! People who have the will, but no power to bring out their vitality; people who swing like a pendulum between strength and weakness—so that one day's work causes six days' sickness! People who have no life for resisting disease—thin people, nerveless, delicate!

The food for all such men, women, or children is SCOTT'S EMULSION. The hypophosphites combined with the oil will tone up the system, give the blood new life, improve the appetite and help digestion. The sign of new life will be a fattening and reddening, which brings with it strength, comfort and good-nature.

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ALL IS NOT PRAYER.

REV. DR. MADISON C. PETERS TELLS OF TWO MEN AT DEVOTION.

The Pharisee's Self Complacent Laudation. Favorably Compared Himself With His Neighbor—The Publican Says, "God Be Merciful to Me, a Sinner."

On Sunday morning, Oct. 13, Rev. Madison C. Peters, D. D., of the Bloomingdale church, Boulevard and West Sixty-eighth street, New York, preached on the parable of the Pharisee and publican, Luke xviii, 9-15. In substance Dr. Peters said:

All is not prayer which goes by that name, and that we may guard ourselves against mistake our Lord shows us what true prayer is by letting us overhear two men at their devotions. The Pharisee sets forth all his good qualities, compares himself with his neighbor to his own advantage. Five times in a brief sentence his self complacent soliloquy swings upon the capital "I."

He went into the highest court and holiest place, taking a position by himself, wearing his religious dress all brooded around the hem with holy texts, and then lifting his eyes to heaven with sanctimonious gaze of hypocrisied say: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are. I fast twice in the week." Fasting from sin is better than fasting for sin.

Herein the modern Pharisee differs from the ancient. He does not tithe his income. He does not give much. He is in the church for what he can make out of it. The most orthodox are not the most pious. Men may be externally moral and yet not righteous in the sight of God. Boasting of what we do spoils everything.

The publican was a tax gatherer employed by the Roman government to gather up the customs the Romans laid upon the Jews. He, no doubt, like many public officials now, used his office for his own enrichment. But, politician though he was, the Lord met him and made him think upon his ways and turned his feet upon his testimonies. The publican chose for himself some secluded corner in the temple, where he should be neither seen nor heard. Every faculty of his body proclaimed the depth of his emotion. His faltering feet stood afar from the altar. He trembled in shame at the abuse of God's mercy. His tear swollen eyes were downcast with suspense. His hands, too worthless to be clasped, beat in indignation his agitated breast, while his mouth cried aloud the language of the bitterest remorse, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

The stirred heart speaks in telegraphs, his pardon is registered in heaven, his conscience is at peace. He takes his harp down from the willows and praises God.

No Playing at Praying. The publican did not play at praying. There was no attempt at elaborate phrase mongering. His prayer came without any thought on his part how we would shape it. His prayer is a model for all sinners who are come to God for salvation. He was not much of a theologian, but he knew that he was a sinner, and the man who knows that is not far from the kingdom of God.

"Sinner!" Sin to him was not merely a misfortune, a thing to be regretted as a calamity, but sin was to him the thing that dishonored God, an outrage of his law, an insult of his love.

He had nothing to say about his neighbors, the common sinfulness of human nature was not burdening him, his own sins brought him to God. "God be merciful to me."

His confession is directed to one place—to God. Never confess your sins before men—i. e., in what respect you have been a sinner. Keep your sins to yourself and to your God.

The publican's cry for "mercy" is significant. The original word, "Be merciful," is the same that signifies "the mercy seat," and denotes the atonement made by the blood, of which sacrifices were symbols and types. It refers directly to God's way of salvation as distinguished from the Pharisee's thought of justification on the ground of his own righteousness.

To reach, to reach, what humiliation, are implied in that one word, a "sinner!" Who can lay his hand upon his heart and say that he is not a sinner in the sight of God? Let us come with clasped hands and with downcast eyes, bleeding hearts, our tears flowing at every step, knowing no other cleansing fountain but the cleansing of the blood of Christ, let us feast upon that sacrifice, and let us cry, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"

Physician's Strength, cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with a healthy body and mind. The young man who suffers from nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritability, and does not refresh him as it with.

"Oh, he won't object if it is my wish," she said sweetly. "I am going into the town early tomorrow. I shall wire myself to Linklater's to send one of their people to fetch them."

He quietly ran up to London in the morning and paid a visit to Mr. Linklater, to whom he explained the circumstances and then requested the return should be met until they heard from the colonel himself.

"But, my dear sir," the jeweler said, "I know nothing of these jewels. No such telegram as you mention has been received by us."

The September afternoon was waning when he got back to Broadwater, and Mrs. Fairholme, superb in a velvet dinner gown, swept across the hall to greet him.

"You tiresome fellow," she said playfully, "where have you been all day? The man from Linklater's has been here since 3 o'clock waiting for you to come home with the strongroom keys."

There was a moment's pause, wherein a dozen wild ideas flashed through

WANTED—AN IDEA

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

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

ASHLAND LODGE NO. 23, A. F. & A. M. Stated communication on the Thursday or Friday 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 3rd Tuesday in each month. Mrs. ALICE KANE, W. M. Mrs. E. A. Sherwin, Secretary.

ASHLAND LODGE NO. 15, I. O. O. F. Holds regular meetings every Thursday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. EMIL FEIL, N. G. 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, Scribe.

HOPE REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 14. Meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ashland. Visiting Knights in good standing are cordially invited to attend. M. R. MOORE, M. W. J. R. Casey, Recorder.

ASHLAND LODGE, A. O. U. W. Meets in lodge room in Masonic Hall every second and fourth Wednesday in each month. Visiting Knights in good standing are cordially invited to attend. M. R. MOORE, M. W. J. R. Casey, Recorder.

Knights of Pythias. Granite Tent No. 4, Knights of the Macabees. Meet in regular review on the second and fourth Thursday of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall, Ashland. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. E. ALLEN HILDBRETH, Com. E. F. Loomis, R. K.

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

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

BURNSIDE RELIEF CORPS, No. 24. Meets at Masonic Hall at 2 o'clock p. m., on 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month. Mrs. JAMES CHISHOLM, Pres. Mrs. Lydia Griswold, Secy.

C. B. WATSON, President. E. V. CARTER, D. R. MILLS, Vice President. Treasurer. The Ashland Crater Lake Club. An organization designed to collect and disseminate information relating to the scenery, mountains and places of resort in Southern Oregon for health and pleasure. Correspondence received cheerfully and prompt attention. M. F. EGLESTON, Secretary.

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That will make her strong and well, and bring back the roses to her cheeks, and the bright happy look to her eyes. Don't waste a moment. Get it for her to-day.

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ICE IN SEASON. Will handle ice in Ashland during the summer season. Delivered at your door every morning. 14-11-95.

Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has this day filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Philander Powell, deceased, and the Honorable County Court of Jackson county, Oregon, has set the 31st day of December, 1895, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for hearing an objection, and the administrator should not be approved, and the administrator discharged. J. D. WILLIAMS, Administrator of the estate of Philander Powell, deceased. Ashland, Or., Oct. 16, 1895.

Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that G. F. Billings, executor of the last will and testament of Joseph Willis Satterfield, deceased, has this day filed his final account as such executor, and the county court of Jackson county, Oregon, has set the 31st day of December, 1895, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for hearing an objection, and the executor should not be approved, and the executor discharged. G. F. BILLINGS, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Joseph Willis Satterfield, deceased. Ashland, Or., Oct. 16, 1895.

Homestead Consolidated Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, Sep. 9, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settlers have filed notice of intention to make final proof on their respective claims before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on December 10, 1895, viz:

Daniel J. Waldrop, on PRE. D. S. No. 7619, for the NE 1/4 of sec. 18, tp. 40 S., R. 5 east. Witnesses: William S. Crowell, of Medford, Oregon; Robert M. Garrett, of Ashland, Oregon; Herman M. Crowell, of Jacksonville, Oregon; Daniel D. H. Yeager, of Snow, Oregon.

Herman M. Crowell, on PRE. D. S. No. 7620, for the NW 1/4 of sec. 18, tp. 40 S., R. 5 east. Witnesses: Daniel D. H. Yeager, of Snow, Oregon; William S. Crowell, of Medford, Oregon; Daniel J. Waldrop, of Medford, Oregon; Robert M. Garrett, of Ashland, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.