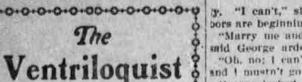
THE MEDFOLD MAIL TRIBUNE, MEDFORD, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1909.



Re Eased Mary's Conscience and Made George Happy

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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It was just a little village street quist sliting between two blank faced the stone. dolls that furned their heads and jerked their wide mouths and cracked stale jokes for the edification of the

crowd that had gathered. When the program was finished the old man passed around some thip

paraphters. "Only a dime!" he cackled. "Just

one dime to learn how to make the dolls talk." "Only one dime!" echoed the woolly

haired doll, which lay limply on top of a small truck.

"Teo cents," murmured Irish Paddy from within the trunk.

But in spite of much spirited dialogue only five books were sold. Then man packed his silent dolls into the trunk, swung it by a strap over his shoulder and tramped down the vilinge street

He turned in at a little store on the very edge of town. It was a remarkably weat little store, and at the back was a table with a clean white cloth. The old upp asked for rolls and milk. which he are at the table. He also bought a can of sardines, some crackers and cheese to take away with him. When he had paid for these there was no more money in his old pocketbook. but he smiled to himself happily as he ate his lunch and listened to the talk of the fresh faced little woman in charge and of the neighbor who had run in for a moment.

"When are you going to marry George?" the neighbor teased. The fresh faced woman blushed. "I shall never marry again. Henry was

such a good husband." "You can't live on memories of good ness," said the neighbor bluntly. "No," the little woman agreed, "but

Henry would furn in his grave if I should look at anybody else." "Huh!" the neighbor sniffed.

guess you've looked all right!" Again the widow blushed. "I can't help it if George will come here," she sald

"You'd better take him or let him

"I know. I believe I could like him, but Henry-oh, Mrs. Perkins, Henry would come back and haunt me if I married George Mills."

"Fliddlesticks!" said the incredulous Mrs. Perkins. "As if I'd let a thing like that come between me and happi-Dess."

11. 11 at was jealous, and be y. "I can't," she said. "The neighpors are beginning to talk." "Marry me and shut their mouths," said George ardently. "Ob. no; I can't murry you. George

and I mustn't go with you any more. George looked blank. "Oh, but see bere." he said, "you've just got to go tonight."

"I don't see why you are so anxous," she yleided. "Because-oh, look here, Mary, let

it be our last walk if you will?" Marvin's grove was a place of dita.

penutiful greenness, and in its depths a great gray bowlder thrust up a rugged shoulder. It was to this bowlder

that George guided Mary Bassett, and show-a shabby, gray halred ventrilo- they sat down with their backs against

"Mary," he said, "tell me why you won't marry me.'

"If I only knew that Henry wouldn't mind," she said, weeping. "You know

how good he was to me, George."

happy," he said, Mary sighed. "If I only knew. If I

could have some sign." Behind the bowider was the faint

rustle of dry leaves. It might have been the movement of a rabbit or of a tortolse or of a squirrel seeking nuts. But George knew that It was none of these. He gave a significant cough. Then, as if borne by the breeze from

nowhere, came a thin, piping voice: "Mary!"

The widow clutched at her lover's as the growd drifted away the little sleeve. "George," she cried gaspingly, "did you bear that?"

"What?" asked George

"That volce-Henry's volce." "Nonsense!" But the young butcher's

face was white. There was a silence in which they stood, pale faced, lis-

tening "Mary, Mary-take him-be happy." As the words died away Mary gasped. "It is Henry!"

"He is telling you to be happy. Will you, Mary?"

She looked at him with startled brown eyes. "I'm so frightened, George.

He drew her within the circle of his "Nothing can burt you here arm. Suy 'Yes,' Mary," And as she hesitated came the benediction.

"Bless you!" And at that Mary yielded, with her

head against George's shoulder, but listening for any further remarks from Henry.

None came, and at last her lover led her from the wood. But he stopped by the roadway. "Wait until I go and get my hat," he said, and presently he came back with it.

He had left something in its place, however, and when the woods were still, except for the twilight call of the birds, a little old man stole around the edge of the big gray stone and picked up the crisp greenback.

Then he went back to his hiding place and ate a supper of crackers and cheese and sardines in the com pany of black faced Sambo and Irish Pat.

When He Went Away.

"I take it." he said to the man who got on the depot car with a suit case, "that you are going to the country."

starting on this plach dan's man THE ROOF do you suppose anyheaty - s. w?"

sasn't ny

to her daughter.

Bessie came m"-

Bessie came in"-

prompted her impatiently.

Ylon olusing in his mark.

tions were exchanged. The elevator

and stopped running at 6 o'clock, and

the two young people descended the

andless flights of stairs as bilthely as

such a hobby of punctuality, you

know. And then when Leonard and

She raised her head from Viola's

shoulder and looked sharply at the

young man who had escorted her

daughter home. Raymond bore her

scrutiny in silence. It was Viola who

I character they're scottinelicency with."

Didn't Want to Seize the Opportunity, but She Did.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH. [Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"We've time enough yet to take a look at the city from the top of the Securities building. It's worth seeing. you know."

Prudence should have vetoed the sug gestion. For the longer half of the if they were walking on air. blissful afternoon Viola had been aware that Raymond's eyes were saying more than they should and that their mute eloquence was singularly sweet and satisfying. Considering the fact that she was as good as engaged to another "But surely he would want you to be man, discretion counseled flight. A voice within, "an" authoritative voice, cried out that at the best the day

would soon be over and urged her to make the most of it. Viola compromised. "Mr. Raymond suggests our getting a view of the city

from the top of one of the skyscrapers," she said, turning to her out of town guests, "If you are not too tired"- And her heart leaped at the promptness of their protests.

She walked beside Raymond silently. glad that he, too, seemed to have nothing to say. She was frightened to find herself clinging so flercely to the joy of that afternoon together. He had come upon them quite by accident, but Viola knew that but for her he would have lifted his hat and gone his way. The gladness that leaped to her eves at the sight of him, the tremor in her voice as she spoke his name, had been his undoing-and hers. They had lunched and taken a drive along the boulevards. Viola's country cousins had had the time of their lives. And

now the western sky was red, and the time for saying goodby was near. They stood looking down upon the Raymond, as in duty bound, clty. pointed out the objects of interest. The country cousins hung upon his words and declared that they would not have missed the sight for anything. As for Viola, she had no eyes for the crawling streets between the steep cliffs of brick and stone nor for the crawling creatures far below. Brazenly she feasted her eyes upon him. He turned suddenly and looked into her eyes, and his own caught fire. A

moment later they were standing together in an angle of the roof, shel. at eventide of pain and weariness tered from the view of their companions. The noise of the city below them seemed far away. Raymond broke the spell by a down-

ward gesture. "I wish it were all mine. "You mean the whole town? What greediness!" she laughed. "So that I could give it all to you."

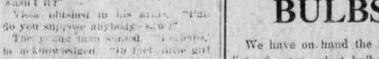
"Thank you, but I'm not ambitious to be a plutocrat. Of course one must have the things one is used to. Poverty is the worst of all."

"Is it?" His eyes challenged hers. me!"

"You make it hard for yourself when

THE BUNGALOW RINK BULBS Open every afternoon from 2 p. m. until 5 p. m.; We have on hand the following evenings. 7:30 p. m. till 10 p. m. list of extra select bulbs : MATCH RACE on Thursday evening. Contestants, Hardy Cook vs. Jack Vervillt. Distance, one **ROBBINS**, Prop. Skates 25c Admission Thursday evening, 10c Red, 7c each, 75c dozen. COMBINATION RANGE Roman Hyneinths-BOILER INSULATOR Narcissus-Major Trumpet; 5c each, 50e doz. Poeticus Orntus, 5c each, 35c doz. Jonquils, 5c each, 50c per doz. MEDFORD GREENHOUSE. Phone 606. First-Class Ladies' and Gents' omy. Bootblack Parlors merits. **NOW READY FOR BUSINESS.** WATCH FOR THE **RED LIGHT** V. W. Howard, Coast Champion Bootblack, Prop. J. W. WHITNEY 6 S. CENTRAL AVENUE. WANTED WANTED APPLE





Fineen of Inciny minutes later the Tulipssound of approaching footsteps tol.

tiem that remease was at hand. Hay nond shoured. There was a sound o a key mening in the lock. A grinning effeenan and the watchman of the fuilding confronted them. Explanation-

> Single Hyacinths-Pink, 7e each, 75c dozen. White, 7c each, 75c dozen.

Violu's home was in an uproar. The Double Hyacinths-The follow story brought by the country consins had aroused grave suspicions, which Viola's mother explained as she clung Dark Blue, Pink, White, Red.

"It couldn't have happened at a more White and Pink at 7e each, 75c doz unfortunate time. To begin with, Mr. Pickering was annoyed. He makes

Poeticus, 3c each, 30c dozen.

Oc each, 3 for 50c, \$2 per dozen.

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants

East Main St. / "It was, of course, entirely absurd,'

declared Viola's mother persistently, addressing herself to Raymond, "but one must make allowances for a lover's natural jealousy. When Leonard and Bessle said that you had been with them all afternoon and that you

and Viola had suddenly disappeared the poor man jumped to the conclusion that you had-eloped.' There was an impressive silence,

which Viola improved by removing her hat. "Of course we must explain at once," Vicla's mother continued. "Would it

be better for you to phone him. Viola, or will you send bim a note? Perhaps you had better phone him and say you are sending the note. You see, it is important that the matter should be cleared up without delay."

"I don't know that it's worth while to make explanations, mamma," she said. "It is the I didn't have any intention of eloping; but, just the same, I'm going to marry Phil."

What Wearied Him,

A friend once asked an aged man what caused him to complain so often

"Alas." replied he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a llon to chain and a

sick man to tend and wait upon." "Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy indeed! But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make

that out?" "Why," continued the old man, "listen. Two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares "Oh, don't! You make it so hard for are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two

hawks are my hands, which I must Talent

train to work, that I may provide for

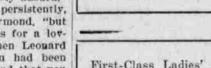
Yellow Rose, 5e each, 40c dozen. Glorin Selis 6e each, 50e dozen. Parot Mixed, 4c each, 35c dozen. Single Hyacinths-Pink, 7c each. 75c dozen.

Dark Blue, 7c each, 75 dozen.

ng at Se each or S5e per dozen:

Chinese Sacred Lily, large bulbs,

"Go on, mamma. When Leonard and



Talent

used to say. 'Mary, if you ever marry auybody else I'll come and haunt

"Henry ought to get over such things when he's been in beaven as long as This.

"Do you think so?" the widow questioned wistfully. "It seems as if Henry would always be just Henry even in beaven.

The neighbor nodded, "That's so. Henry was certainly set in his ways." "You see, that's what I'm afraid of." the little widow stated. "I suppose it is silly, but I always did have a fear of spirits, and Houry knew it."

Back in the dim store the ventrilo quist chuckled. But they had forgotten him. And when he finally sham bled out they were still talking of Henry and his heaven born possibili-

Once out in the street the old man studied the signs, and "George Mills, Butcher," was the one toward which he made his way.

Within the shop the counters were bare. At the meat block the butcher himself was slicing bacon. "Hello," he said as the ventriloquist sidled in. "You are the man who was making the dolls talk?"

** S' 614." "I don't see how you do it." George straightened up. "I couldn't even see you move your Hps." "That's nothing," the other stated. "Well, it's great," said George.

"Yes." the old man admitted, "but it doesn't line my pockets with gold."

"Kind of precarious?" "Yes." The old man hesitated, then

blurted out, "I wonder if you'd like to to say where the one leaves off and have me help you-with a lady, a the other begins. Here is now this widow.

"Mrs. Bassett?" The young man's tone was eager. "Well, her husband's name was

ed the conversation he had heard.

dog." George flared. "If you thought it was worth \$5 1 this commercial purpose, but after a might help you out," the little man

ventured. "How?"

and when he had finished George cried engerly, "I will give you ten if you will make it go!"

"Did he have a deep voice or a thin "He had a piping voice," George by making this hat hets of the usual

stated savagely, "like this"the ventriloguist picked up his brunk and went on his way.

stopped in and asked Mrs. Bassett to take a walk to Marvin's grove. struck in the seve

20.

'I am, sir," was the stiff reply, "You have everything with you you will need?" "Of course,"

"Shirts, socks and toothbrush?" "Certainly. "Nightshirt, toilet soap and handker

chief?" "Do you think me a child, sir?" was asked.

"Of course not, but men are so absentminded, you see. Did you put in an extra pair of cuffs?"

"I did, sir. You and others may be careless, but I want you to know that I'm not. I have been three days packing this suit case."

"Um. You might need a needle and thread."

"I have them." "And some buttons." "They are here."

"But there must have been something forgotten," persisted the other.

'Nothing whatever," was the decided answer "For instance, your key. You have

It, have you?" The man sprang up and began feel-

ing in his porkets and tooking around and after a moment called out:

"Here-somehody stop this old car! I've left the key to my sull case on the mantel at home?"- Washington Heraid

Cash of the Ancienta. The little brass chall, the Chluss colus, are the lineal descendants, in unoroken order, of the brouze as of remote Celestial uncestors. From the ter. regular hatchet to the modern coin one can trace a distinct if somewhat broken succession, so that it is impossible curious pedigree first worked itself out In early times, perore volu was invent ed, barrer was usually conducted be-

tween producer and consumer with Henry." And the ventriloquist repeat- metal implements, as it still is in central Africa at the present day. At first "I always knew Henry was a selfish | the Chinese in that ausophisticated age were content to use real intchets for

> time, with the profound mercantile in stinct of their race, it occurred to ome of them that when a man wanted

The ventriloquist outlined his plan, half a hatchet's worth of poods he might as well pay for them with hall a intehet. Scill, as it would be a pityto spoll a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ab Su ingeniously compromised the marter

size and shape, but far too slender for "Well, I want to do it right." And practical usage. By so doing he in vented coin, and, what is more, he in vented it far earlier than the cialmants Late that afternoon George Mills to that proud distinction, the Lydians. whose electrum staters were first

struck in the seventh century B. C .-

you fight against your heart." "Oh, you don't understand, Phil. It, myself and those dependent on me as isn't as if I had only myself to think well as for a needy friend occasionally;

"Do you ever give a thought to me?" keep ever bridled lest it speak un She put her hands over her ears in seemly; the lion is my heart, with sudden tremor. If she listened longer which I have a continual fight lest she was lost. "I must go," she said evil things come out of it, and the sick hurriedly. "I've stayed longer than I man is my whole body, which is alshould, but it was so pleasant." She ways needing my watchfulness and turned in a panic and fled across the care. All this daily wears out my roof, and he followed slowly. When he strength "

overtook her her eyes were dilated. "They're gone!" she gasped. "Who?"

"Why, Leonard and Bessle, What could have induced them to go without

us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But they will be waiting for us below without

doubt.' He tried the door, rattled the knob sharply and met questioning ber gaze with a blank stare. "We're locked up here," he exclaimed. Then as Viola langhed hysterically he added in haste: "Don't be frightened. It will be very easy to attract some cne's attention." Half an hour later, flushed and dripping with perspiration as a result of his fruitless exertion, he acknowledged his mistake. "Your cousins must have thought we had goue down before them. But after they get home and we fail to make our appearance it

will of course occur to somebody that we're still up here. And the only thing to do is to resign ourselves to wait with what patience we can mus-

She looked at him reproachfully, but he did not meet her eyes. He sat some distance from her, staring moodlly at the roof. Furtively Viola put back her vell and smoothed her hair. Apparently her appearance was to him a matter of complete indifference. He never turned his eyes.

Her sense of resentment found voice at last. "Are you going to sit here in absolute silence? Haven't you anything to say?" "I have plenty to say, but I can't

say it without taking advantage of the situation."

the slipping of a small hand down his her first visit since she'd sent a crazy sleeve. take advantage of the situation." Help was long in coming. As the ""When I was out shopping,' the darkness fell Viola drew closer, and girl friend explained, 'and saw that

her hand stole into his of its own accord It was a night without a star, and for that reason it was the more star-fling when suddenly a blinding illumi-

nation lit up the space where they sat. Viola shricked and hid her face on her lover's shoulder. "Only a searchlight, dearest. Rather | Telegram.

the serpent is my tongue, which I must

Had the Effect. "Yes," she said in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful." "Beautiful" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Beautiful hardly describes them. They are-they are-well, com-

pared with them the songs of today are trash, the veriest trash." "I agree with you, yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments that one cannot wholly approve." "I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an Illustration. There is John Howard Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?

"Why not?" he asked warmly, "Why not?

"Because," she said, glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of 11-"because there is a line in that song which says "There's no place like You do not believe that, do home.' you?

Then he coughed a hollow cough and arose and went silently out into the night.

She is So Sensitive.

"I wish some persons weren't so all the man with the troubled look, look- Times. ing for sympathy. "Now, last night 1 got myself into an awkward fix just trying to be agreeable and to please everybody. I went to see a young lady I think a great deal of-yes, I do think a great deal of her, but I wish she would be more sensible. Girl A long silence; then Raymond felt friend of hers was there, and it was

"I rather think, Phil," said a looking, good for nothing decorated tremulous voice, "that I want you to cup and saucer with scalloped edges as a birthday gift.

> cup and saucer I just thought of you, Marguerite.'

"How? Hand painted, isn't it?" "Now, the recipient's complexion is natural, as any one can see, and there was no reason for her to be so chilly toward me the rest of the evening. Hang such sensitiveness!"-New York

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