

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. B. FICKEL, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon. Office: Rooms 2 & 3, I. O. O. E. Building.

FRANCIS FITZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Medford, Oregon. Office: In Childers' Block.

J. B. WAIT, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon. Office: In Childers' Block.

H. P. GEARY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon. Office on O Street.

ROBT. A. MILLER. Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law. Jacksonville, Oregon. Will practice in all Courts of the State.

J. H. WHITMAN. Abstracter and Attorney-at-Law. MEDFORD, OREGON. Office in Bank Building. Have the most complete and reliable abstracts of title in Jackson county.

W. S. JONES, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon. Office—Hamlin Block, up-stairs.

DR. O. F. DEMOREST, RESIDENT DENTIST. Makes a specialty of first-class work at reasonable rates. Office in Opera House, Medford, Oregon.

R. PRYCE, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon. Office—Childers Block; Residence, Gateway residence.

WILLARD CRAWFORD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. MEDFORD, OREGON. Office in Opera Block.

WM. M. COLVIG, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Jacksonville, Oregon.

MORRIS M. HARKNESS, Attorney and Counsellor. Granite Pass, Oregon.

DRUG STORE. The leading drug store of Medford is GEO. H. HASKINS. (Successor to Hawkins & Lawton.) He has anything in the line of

Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Books, Stationery, Paints and Oils, Tobacco, Cigars, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, and everything that is carried in a first-class

Drug-Store. Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Main Street, Medford, Oregon.

EAST AND SOUTH Southern Pacific Route. THE MOUNT SHASTA ROUTE.

EXPRESSIONS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY: South North 7:30 P. M. Lv Portland Ar 7:30 A. M. 8:30 P. M. Lv Medford Ar 8:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. Lv Albany Ar 9:30 P. M.

ROSEBURG MAIL-DAILY. 8:30 P. M. Lv Portland Ar 4:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. Lv Albany Ar 9:30 P. M. Albany Local Daily (Except Sunday).

FULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS. Tourist Sleeping Cars. For accommodation of Second-Class Passengers, attached to Express trains.

WEST SIDE DIVISION. BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS. Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

1:30 P. M. Lv Portland Ar 8:30 P. M. 12:10 P. M. Lv Albany Ar 12:50 P. M. At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train Daily (Except Sunday). 4:30 P. M. Lv Portland Ar 8:30 P. M. 5:30 P. M. Lv Albany Ar 9:30 P. M.

Through tickets to all points East and South for tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on agent at Medford.

R. F. ROBERTS, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon. Office: In Childers' Block.

IN SUNSET LAND.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land, Behind the glorious sunset, a cold untraced human hand. The lake, the sparkling stream, More untraced and passing good Than through the dew that gleams.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land, The post-and-rail sea of light in ceaseless motion grand, Heaves at the feet of hills so bold We can not dream their height, Nor guess to where their foreheads old Bear up the gems of Night.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land, All come and witness the pine trees wave in slum ber-showering hand, And liquid argent runs the stream We can not dream their height, Nor guess to where their foreheads old Bear up the gems of Night.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land, No count of foot-prints of level is found on sea or sand; No hand hath ever harmed a tree Or bent the grass, or broken a weed, And matches sweet as matchless tree The landscape lies in power.

In the Sunset land, in the Sunset land, The dream of heaven is laid down as in our dreams are planned, The war of work, the clash of care, No echoing thought of these is there, So high that land is laid.

Oh pearl-and-opal sea of light, barred back by forest's crest, Rainbow bolts about all strong into Time's pillar's side—Let us stand and let us stand Through our own heaven-spanned, And learn the Universe's end, There, in the Sunset land, —Forest and Stream.

AN IVORY DUEL.

By CURTIS KINLAKE.

"You're a liar, sir!" "I'm not a liar, sir," replied the other man, looking at the first with a steady gaze. "I'm not a liar, sir," replied the other man, looking at the first with a steady gaze.

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MAKING "OL" VIOLINS.

One of the most daring rescues on record, was made at Atlantic City, N. J., July 21. James O'Donnell and the Misses May and Lizzie Ennell, of Philadelphia, went in bathing in front of the Forrester House. They started to wash on the beach, but were arrested by the police.

A Maker Tells Some of the Secrets—New Instruments Made to Look Very Ancient—How Cremona and Maggini are Reproduced in New York.

In the last ten years the sales of violins of modern manufacture, but marked with old names, have increased 50 per cent. There are probably only about 100 genuine Stradivarius violins in existence, about the same number made by Guarnerius and perhaps a few more Amatis. Excellent imitations of these instruments are produced and sold in New York.

THE MISER'S FLOWERS. "Doctor," said the sick man, as he held out his hand without rising from his sofa, "you see a happy man. I am going to die."

"This was the first time my neighbor had spoken to me," "Nonsense," I replied. "There is nothing certain in your words. But let us find out what is the matter."

He described to me his symptoms, and then I examined him. It was true, he was suffering of hypertrophy. "I was about to say something to calm him when he interrupted."

"I know what you are going to say, but do not try to deceive me, because that will only add to my sufferings."

He seemed to be perfectly confident and perfectly content. "I do not know what a doctor do for the bedside of a patient? He should give back health if he can; and hopeful assurance if he cannot. I am an old miser. The storekeepers said he lived on nothing."

"I possess a great treasure," said the doctored man, and what troubles me most, now the moment is come to be put under ground, is to leave it behind me."

"You will neither lose your money nor your life," I told him.

"Do not touch them; for Heaven's sake, do not touch one! They are only flowers; common field flowers, principally yellow. Come with me," and he took my arm.

"I stopped, and a moonbeam striking his face at the moment, I saw a tear glistening on his wrinkles. Looking down, he said: "She is no longer there; Mary, my poor Mary!"

"After a moment he straightened himself and said: "In the soul, in a future life, in divine justice, I would like to believe in all that you say. I would like to believe in all that you say. I would like to believe in all that you say."

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HOW THE CELEBRATED OLD FIDDLES ARE IMITATED.

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INDIANS AS FISHERMEN.

Primitive Ideas of Their Forefathers Still Retained—Hooks of Shell and Bone, Lines of Bark, Nets of Vegetable Fibre, Clubs and Spears.

When the artistic angle stands at the head of the pool clasping in his hand a four-and-a-half-ounce split bamboo rod, mounted with bamboo and cork, and a reel to match containing the finest of fish line, carefully braided line, and casts forth three dainty flies attached to a leader of Spanish gut, it is not strange that his thoughts go back to the time when the Indian crept along the same stream and whipped out fine trout from the same pool.

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SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR CURIOUS METHODS AND TACKLE.

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