R. F. HIGH'S

Tonsorial Parlors

ON FRONT STREET,

Is the place to get a good clean, easy shave, or a first class hair cut.

Razors honed and put in first class condition.

MEDFORD, OREGON.

Thos. F. Oakes, Henry C Payne, Henry C Rouse, Receivers.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

RUNS

Pullman Sleeping Cars

Elegant Dining Cars

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TO ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH, FARGO, GRAND FORKS, CROOKSTON, WINNIPEG, HELENA AND BUTTE

THROUGH TICKETS TO

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Assistant General Passenger Agent.
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PORTLAND, OR.

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BY THE

The Shasta Route

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EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY.

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8:15 p. m	Lv. Portland	Ar.	8:30 a. m
9:48 p. m	Lv. Medford	Lv	6:05 p. m
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Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive. Also Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and at all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL—DAILY.

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WEST SIDE DIVISION.

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

Express Trains daily, except sunday:

4:00 p. m	Lv Portland	Ar	8:25a. m
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Through tickets to all points in the Eastern states, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from W. V. Lippincott, Agent, Medford.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

DANIEL COFER,
LATE OF SACRAMENTO.

JOINER AND BUILDER.

Contracting a Specialty.

Plans and Specifications Furnished at reasonable rates.

I have 900 new designes of Cottage homes—those wishing to build would do well to examin them. POSTOFFICE BOX, 79.

MEDFORD OREGON.

SHOW IT.

A young man informed his sweet heart of his love for her, and she said, "if you do, show it." So does

Willson's Monarch Sarsaparilla

show you what a power it is to cleanse the blood and the entire system, removing Pimples, Boils and all diseases arising from impure and weak blood.

Try a 50c bottle and you will have no other. MONARCH SARSAPARILLA is true to its name. DR. RUSH, founder of Rush Medical College, once said this remedy is the World's great best remedy for the blood. Try it and let it show you what it can do.

Mfg. by WILLSON BROS., Edgerton, Wis. For sale by G. H. HASKINS, Medford.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST, NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES: $3 $2.50 $2 $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sold by

A. C. TAYLER, Medford, Oregon.

THE CINNABAR SPRINGS.

Nature's Dispensary—Bubbling Fountains that Knit up the Raveled Sleeve of Health.

The Cinnabar Springs are located on the West Branch of Beaver Creek in Siskiyou County, Calf., and about ten miles south of the State line between Oregon and Calif. These springs were discovered some fifteen years ago, by a hunter, and have gained some notoriety by the remarkable cures effected. Mineral springs are so common in southern Oregon and northern Calif. that nothing more than a passing notice is given to anything in that line. The most direct route from the railway is from Coles, which is about twenty miles distant. Many prefer the "overland" trip and take passage in the stage from Jacksonville to Watkins, thence by saddle to Cinnabar.

In traveling from Watkins to Cinnabar—about a day's ride—one encounters a diversity of scenery that prevents the journey from becoming monotonous. Here a hill and there a glade. Here a valley clothed in a luxuriant growth of pasturage breast deep, and there a mountain, about whose base daisies bloom perpetually, while its snow capped peak kisses the clouds, in the home of the blizzard and the hurricane. Here a quiet little rill, winding like a serpent through the glen and there a noisy, turbulent stream that has broken away from the frozen clasp of the glacier and comes tearing down the mountain side like a runaway horse. The journey across a range of mountains high or low, will become irksome and you'll be tempted to inquire the distance to your destination, but gentle reader don't do it, for none of the mountain denizens have any tangible idea of distances.

Books might be written in regard to these mysterious little fountains, that bubble up from the bowels of the earth so thoroughly charge with health giving properties that a new lease of life is insured to those who drink of the waters. Until recently the vicinity of the springs has been a deep tangible wildwood. Four years ago, however, Job Garrison, a pioneer of northern Calif., saw the wonderful possibilities of this location and began to hew a pathway through the dense forest. To-day, as a result of several years toil and the expenditure of thousand of dollars, Mr. Garrison can offer to the public the comforts of a metropolitan hotel. Mr. Garrison is in personal appearance as old fashioned as an ox yoke and just as plain; but he does nothing by halves, and has ample means, which he proposes expending, with a lavish hand to make this a popular, all the year around resort. To chronicle the story of the wonderful cures effected here, would be to cover page after page with instances that savor of the days of miracles. Suffice to say that chronic diseases, when under treatment here, vanish like a dream. A party, from Jacksonville Or. came here a few weeks ago, consisting of "Cap." Caton, Sad Higgins, Bill Kinney and others. The general health of the party was good but no place afforded better opportunities for an outing hence this locality was selected. Bill Kinney was in looks hale and stout enough to eat an ox, but looks are sometimes deceiving and this was no exception. William has for a long time been troubled with enlarging on the truth about the peculiar and particular virtues of a quaint, crooked-legged, copper colored, hound pup. To hear him tell it "That dog would not leave camp even in case of fire; would not touch anything unless specially invited; leave out mathematics and he knew more than any ten year old boy, etc., etc."

Thrown off my guard by such ravishing tales of kennel virtue, I left my camp unprotected one day and in twenty-nine brief minutes this model pup had devoured my stock of bacon and had tried to "taper off" on a loaf of camp made bread but it was too much for him and ere the sun set behind the western hills poor "Fido" had winged his solitary way to "angel land." It is needless to add that William will return to his native heath a sadder but a wiser man, and thoroughly cured of a grievous trouble.

DOUGLAS.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists—75 cents.

Big Sticky Items.

BY BILL NYE'S BROTHER.

We are sorry to announce the serious illness of A. Crance's little girl.

Mr. and Mrs. David Cincade made a flying trip to Medford last Thursday.

There was a pleasant dance at the Liberty School House last Thursday night.

David Cincade and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Moore last Sunday.

There will be a basket meeting at the Antelope Church, August 26, Services conducted by Rev. Fysh.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory and daughter, Mrs. Owens, and Mr. and Mrs. Weadon and family have returned from their mountain trip.

A. P. and Arthur Creed have gone east of the mountains to look after their well drilling interests in that locality. We wish them a pleasant and prosperous journey and a speedy return.

Mrs. G. C. Roberts and son Ellsworth have just returned from a visit at Charles Turpins at Lake Creek. While there Ell. attended a dance and reports being favorably impressed with Lake Creek's fair damsels.

John Schneider and several friends have gone up on Rogue river on a hunting and fishing expedition, and as they did not take any women along to bother with they will probably return home with a good supply of fish and game.

EUREKA!

Mr. Thomas Batte, editor of the Graphic, Texarkana, Arkansas, has found what he believes to be the best remedy in existence for the flux. His experience is well worth remembering. He says: "Last summer I had a very severe attack of flux. I tried almost every known remedy, none giving relief. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended to me. I purchased a bottle and received almost immediate relief. I continued to use the medicine and was entirely cured. I take pleasure in recommending this remedy to any person suffering with such a disease, as in my opinion it is the best medicine in existence." 25 and 50 cent bottles for by G. H. Haskins, druggist.

Mr. Taylor on Traveling—and Chicago.

T. H. B. Taylor, the versatile writer and good citizen of Woodville, is now visiting at his old home in York State. He writes of his preparation for his trip, the trip proper, Chicago and the narrow confines of "Noo York:"

Dear Mr. Editor:—Let us recapitulate. I have perhaps become somewhat previous, so we will rub it all out and begin over.

One reason why I got through as well as I did, is, perhaps, my tending strictly to the advice my grandma gave me years and yeaas ago; so when I left home I made me some little sachets and put a small piece of "'fetty" in each and placed one in each of my coat pockets, and then I had a piece about the size of a chestnut (a horse-chestnut, I mean) which I carried in my vest pocket;—all these were to insure health, for my aforesaid grandma told me that there was no telling—anyone was liable to catch the hieroglyphics or pneumatics or something of the kind, by traveling around with those "plagey 4iners,"—furthermore it makes room; whenever there began to be more than three in a seat, I would take out my little piece of asafoetida and give it a few gentle rubs up and down the leg of my trousers, and pretty soon someone would say, "I guess I will go into the smoker;" some would say something about the air being fixed, etc., and soon I would have a whole seat to myself. I like to died one day, after trying the "'fetty" hypothesis; there was a rather skookum lady only two or three seats from me and I saw she appeared to have either lost confidence or wanted to, and for the life of me I couldn't tell which; but when the conductor came around she was looking as though she would like to have a rod or two of barbed wire fence to chew. Says she, "Why don't you remove those Chinamen from that front car?" The condue' says, "Beg pardon, Madam, but there are no Chinamen there." Well, says she, "Do you permit the porter to sell that horrid Limberg on the train?" "No, Madam," says Conduc. "Well," says she, "I think you had better smash one of those jugs of fire extinguishers in this car, anyway." And there I was, with a whole seat and my sleeves, and in fact my whole anatomy, running over with mirthfulness.

Well, I got along without any other incident worth recounting here, until I got to—to—well, I can't call the name just now, but it was where Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern, some time ago. There I had to change cars, and when I went for my baggage the smasher wanted me to give up my check, but "I vas smart for dat" (for my grandma told me to never give up my check until I got to my destiny). I was just going to put a protuberance on that baggage man when along came a great overgrown dude, with an oversized drum stick in his hand and a big tin star on his blue coat. I don't know who he was, but I guess it was the mayor, or it might have been the city council; anyway he was or seemed to be, of a good deal of importance. Says he to me, "You are from Skowhegan, arn't you?" "No sir," says I, "I am from Tail-Holt, Oregon, and am a —— upright citizen." "I thought so," says he, "one of those fellows that blows out the gas." I did not know what he meant, so I said, "I guess so."

Changed, did you say? What, Chicago? Well, I should say! Why, when I was here last—or first, rather—there was only one street in Chicago—called Water street, but it got to be awful thick water along about February or March, just after the frost came to the surface. There was a little "red front" grocery on one side of the street and a hash factory and blacksmith shop on the other. A Vermonter had got out there and put up a derrick right in the middle of the street and when a fellow got stuck crossing he would—for two bits—pull him out. The freighting business was all done with ox teams across Lake Erie. And now see what a place it is. I asked a man what were the two largest things on record, and he said, "Setting aside the whale and the flood, the next two were the Eiffel wheel and Montgomery Ward & Co."

But I am getting beyond again; so let us go back, or return, rather, to my landing in that hyas town. It ran something like this: "Hack-sir-right-this-way-for-the-free-buss-for-the-all-aboard-for-the-step-right-along-all-going-east-through-to-hack-hack-Niagara-Falls-Skowhegan-carriage-sir-baggage-checked-to-Sheol-or-all-going-to-Noo-York-Bosting—Passamachumkeag—via—East-Kennebunk-this-car--Cabbages potatoes-black-raspberries-charcoal-any-old-tin-to-mend-fresh-fish-white fish-codfish," and so forth. Fact, Mr. Editor; I had to ask a man what my name was, and he rather facetiously remarked that it would be Dennis if I did not look sharp.

This is a grand old country here in York. In fact its grandness makes me weary. Everyone seems to have something to keep their minds off the transitory things of this earth, earthy. As there are no poor-houses here the law makes it obligatory, when a man gets too poor to live here he has to choose between whether he will be willingly hung or flee seven ways for Sunday—he generally fleas. I have been confined since I came here, to a very limited space of country. I try to get out in the country and just as I am beginning to look for green pastures by the running brook—slam I run up against another town. No Sir, they may talk about their "Down East," but give me the tall pine hills and rocky trees of the Italy of Oregon—namely, Tail-Holt.

The far away home of the jack-rabbit
O, how I long to see;
And hear the buzz of the bedbug's wing
And feel the red-hot skip of the gentle flea.

Here the mosquito is almost ripe—
The thought of it makes my blood to chill.
I think I'll take my grip and start
Before he presents his little bill.

LATITUDINARIAN TAYLOR.

Of Interest to Mothers.

The success of Mrs. Annie M. Beam, of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, in the treatment of diarrhoea in her children will undoubtedly be of interest to many mothers. She says: "I spent several weeks in Johnstown, Pa., after the great flood, on account of my husband being employed there. We had several children with us, two of whom took the diarrhoea very badly. I got some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy from Rev. Mr. Chapman. It cured both of them. I knew of several other cases where it was equally successful. I think it cannot be excelled and cheerfully recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by G. H. Haskins, druggist.

Lynching at Lakeview.

From Klamath Falls Star.

Last Monday morning about 1 o'clock, long before dawn had drawn its gray rope around the neck of night, W. S. Thompson, a desperado of Warner valley, was taken out of jail at Lakeview and hanged until he was dead.

At that solemn hour Marshal Heminger, acting as nightwatchman, was held up by a number of masked citizens, who demanded the keys to the county jail in tones so firm, stentorian and threatening that there was no alternative.

The man they wanted belonged to that class of men whose wickednesses have habituated the old bones of Judge Lynch to ache for a hanging bee even as a hot tooh aches for a pull. Thompson was confined in jail on a charge of drawing his gun on several parties, but when he turned pale in the presence of the masked men, he was made to realize that the drawing his gun on citizens was the least flagitious of his excesses. His Sunday spree had included the heinousness of smashing his wife's nose, breaking three of her ribs, cutting to death her saddle horse and ripping wide open the abdomens of a few other horses in the barn-yard. He was taken to the court house steps and strangled to death, probably by residents of Warner valley.

Such brutes are no good on earth. The objections to lynchings in general are decent and well sustained. But the cry against lynching in this particular case will not be popular. A few loud expressions of distress will proceed from the mouths of men who are in distress only to be heard while airing their eloquence, but they will not prevail. Too hard to comprehend, they will soon cease to echo in the ears of the just. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of strangulation at the hands of parties unknown.

THE "Life of the flesh is the blood thereof;" pure blood means healthy functional activity and this bears with it the certainty of quick restoration from sickness or accident. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier gives pure rich blood, and vitalizes and strengthens the whole body. $1.00 per bottle.

Coxeyites Moving Westward.

From Fargo (North Dakota) Republican.

This morning's train from the east brought in about twenty-five Coxeyites, who are on their way west, having had an elegant sufficiency of "marching on to Washington." Certainly they were a dust-begrimed set, and bear evidence to the fact that they are "not a happy lot." In answer to inquiries from a Republican reporter one of the men replied:

"Yes, we are on our way west—how far depends largely on circumstances. Of course, we have no money and are compelled to "move by easy stages." But there is one fact you can rest assured of—we are going west—no more "down east" on my plate, if you please. Why, I would rather tramp in the west than live in luxury in the east. But nobody but the nabobs and old landmarks live in comfort there, the floating population is very large and opportunities for work are out of the question. Yes, some of our leaders misled us, there is no denying that fact, but there is no use of crying over spilled milk."

FREQUENTLY accidents occur in the household, which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

—The regular subscription price of THE MAIL is $1.50 a year, and the regular subscription price of the Weekly Oregonian is $1.50. Any one subscribing for THE MAIL and paying one year in advance can get both THE MAIL and the Weekly Oregonian one year for $2. All old subscribers paying their subscriptions for one year in advance will be entitled to the same offer.

—You will find a fine assortment of Parasols and Umbrellas, cheaper than the cheapest at Angle & Plymale's.

HOW GREEK LADIES DRESSED.

It Is Surprising to Learn That They Laced and Wore Flounced Skirts.

Women in Homer embroider garments, and many of these are brought from Sidon. They wear veils, but on the whole their dress, long smock and girdle, was apparently much like that of later Greece. This is odd, for on a gold ring from Mycenæ, very old, we see women with exuberant busts, tight waists and petticoats heavily beflounced. The same costume appears on a Mycenæan ring picked up by Furtwangler in a curiosity shop. Two ladies are carousing out of champagne glasses. They are very tightly laced. A lady on a Mycenæan gem from Vapheio is laced to extinction and has seven flounces. The British museum owns a lentoid gem, where Leto wears only a crinoline, with no petticoat over it. Dipylon vases display both men and women with tiny waists. Men, in Mycenæan art, wear little but very short drawers and shields. In Homer the chiefs, summoned on a night alarm, come out in dressing gowns, some of them in skins.

The historical dress for ladies was a large piece of cloth a foot longer than the wearer was tall and as wide as her arms could stretch. When put on by a fair Briton, it usually falls off again. A belt partly kept it up, and safety pins were used in very early times. By taking a bath towel—a good, big one—and trying what she can make of it as her full costume, a modern nymph may partly understand the toilet of her ancient sisters. When once she has got it on, she stands with extended arms, and another lady fastens a girdle round her waist; then she pulls up the superfluous length through the girdle and lets it hang over, and there she is. But how long she will remain thus is an extremely delicate question. Straps, like braces, were sometimes worn and crossed over the breast, being fastened to the girdle.

Ladies had no bonnets—they muffled their heads in a fold of their cloaks or wore flat hats. They were all very beautiful and charming, as we see in the Tanagra terra cotta. It must have been delightful to live in Tanagra. It appears, on the whole, that we cannot hope to revive Greek dress. The dress was designed for a warm climate and for a beautiful, shapely grace. It had its advantages in the matter of health, as there was no tight lacing after the Mycenæan age. The style was not extravagant or costly, but it is impossible. Æstheticism cannot bring it back. An æsthete in a chiton and sandals on a cold and rainy day would be an unlovely object. He would be wrapped in a blanket, thrust into a four wheeler and sent to a hospital. Not for all the glory that was Greece's would rational men barter a pair of stockings and a pair of trousers.—New York World.

The Usefulness of Titles.

Impecunious aristocrats know the value of a good name and are not averse to making a practical use of it. Not long ago the following advertisement appeared in a French paper:

"The owner of a historical name, and belonging to a royal family, wishes, in consequence of pecuniary losses, to place his name at the disposal of a joint stock company or some other great commercial or financial enterprise in return for adequate remuneration."

Another impecunious aristocrat thus makes his plea: "A nobleman, married to a lady who is a member of a royal family, desires to meet with an appointment for himself and wife in one and the same house. He would prefer the post of manager of some estate or of a manufacturing concern, though the couple would not object to the situation of tutor and governess in a German family."

Still another is this: "A young, handsome German prince, of very ancient family, and related to several reigning houses and possessing no debts, desires to marry a lady of very good personal appearance, American most preferred, but who must have a dot worthy of the princely rank of the advertiser. Anonymous letters will not be answered."—London Tit-Bits.

John Newell of Chicago, president and general manager of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway company, died of apoplexy at the Tod House in Youngstown, O. Mr. Newell was one of the most widely known railroad presidents in the West. His ability as a practical engineer, his wonderful knowledge of the littlest details of railway management. His tremendous energy and his strong integrity made him celebrated. He had been connected in many capacities with leading railroads for almost half a century, having been with the Lake Shore since 1875. It had been his ambition to make his road the most perfect in the country, and in that endeavor he worked his life away.

Another sensation is reported in military circles. Colonel R. I. Crofton, commanding the Fifteenth United States infantry, was struck by First Lieutenant B. F. Welsh at the barracks near Chicago. The assault occurred in the presence of the officers of the post just before guard mount. Lieutenant Welsh is under arrest and will be court-martialed. It is not known why Welsh struck his superior officer.

Representative Hudson, Populist, of Kansas has introduced in congress a resolution for the appointment of three pension commissioners instead of one. One would represent each political party, including the Populists. They would hold office six years and in disputed cases a majority of the board would decide. Hudson also introduced a bill for the coining of all silver from American mines into standard silver dollars.

The last month of the present session of congress, excepting the ten days during which the tariff bill has been in the president's hands, has been fairly productive of general legislation, and there is a short list of bills which have become laws to add to the review of the session's work previously published. All of the appropriation bills have now become laws. The general deficiency and the sundry civil bills were both signed late in the session, and the latter measure embraces two important pieces of legislation—the appropriation of $200,000 for a government exhibit at the Cotton States exposition, to be held at Atlanta, and the cession to each of the arid land states, and the states which may be formed from the territories, of $1,000,000 acres each of desert lands for reclamation, a plan which is intended to advance the movement for irrigation in the West, and to partially take the place of the scheme for irrigation by the general government, which has been fostered by the Western members.

General Daniel E. Sickles has a scheme for the construction of a grand national park which will include the battlefield and other historic points of interest at Gettysburg. The purchase of something like 4,000 acres in and around Gettysburg is embraced in the plan. The government already owns several hundred acres at the scene of the decisive battle of the war, and General Sickles proposes to acquire about 2,500 acres more. His plan contemplates the establishment of a military post at Gettysburg, as well as a soldiers' home and Indian school and perhaps a Grand Army of the Republic museum.

War's Modern Horrors Will Kill War.

Various experiments with the new rifles which have recently taken place in Germany have demonstrated in a very conclusive manner that another war would practically be one of annihilation. A well known French writer, in an article which he devotes to the subject, today says that the battlefield would at the termination of the engagement be covered with 200,000 or 300,000 corpses all crushed and broken and would be nothing but a vast charnel house. No one would be left to bury the dead, and pestilence would in its turn sweep away the country people. Pointing the moral, he adds that the man—emperor, king or president of the republic—who under these conditions would expose the human race to such a fate would be the greatest criminal that the world had ever seen. It is tolerably plain that the horrors and the butchery which a war would entail are becoming more and more recognized, and that the terrible vista thus opened out is exercising a sobering effect on those who were formerly wont to discuss various eventualities with a light heart.—London Telegraph.

Prospect Pointers.

BY HIS NIBS.

E. S. Moore is home again after spending several weeks on the other side of the mountains.

Jos. Woodruff has returned to his home on Union creek and is attending to the wants of travelers as of yore.

Our photographer, Perry Ellis, will visit Crater Lake soon to enjoy a holiday and secure views of the grand and rugged scenery there.

The blackberry crop is a little short, but Messrs. Noby and Pleasants have gathered 150 quarts, and after taking in the huckleberry season think they will have enough to make out en.

Stan. Aiken has been destributing some very neatly printed cards setting forth the advantages of his store, hotel, feed stable, saw-mill and blacksmith shop. The way the latest designs in type are arranged show up that the cards were printed at THE MAIL office. Advertising is a pretty good thing and we predict for Mr. Aiken success.

THE LEADING PAPER OF THE PACIFIC COAST

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

THE CHRONICLE ranks with the greatest newspapers in the United States.

THE CHRONICLE has no equal on the Pacific coast. It leads all in ability, enterprise and news.

THE CHRONICLE'S Telegraphic Reports are the latest and most reliable, its Local News the fullest and spiciest, and its Editorials from the ablest pens in the country.

THE CHRONICLE has always been, and always will be, the friend and champion of the people as against combinations, cliques, corporations, or oppressions of any kind. It will be independent in everything neutral in nothing.

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THE DAILY

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Only $6.70 a Year.

The Weekly Chronicle

THE

Greatest Weekly in the Country,

$1.50 a Year

(Including postage) to any part of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, the brightest and most complete Weekly Newspaper in the world, prints regularly 84 columns, or twelve pages, of News, Literature and General Information; also a magnificent Agricultural Department.

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THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE?

READ THE LIST:

	Full Price.
Sewing Machine and Weekly one year (Freight prepaid to nearest railroad station.)	$23 50
Winchester 44-caliber Rifle and Weekly one year	$14 50
Business Self-Instructor and Weekly one year	3 00
Webster's Dictionary, framed, and the Weekly Chronicle one year	3 50
Target Rifle, 22 caliber, and Weekly one year	3 35
Pistol and Weekly one year	4 00
Map of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and Weekly one year	3 00
	2 00

Stoddard's Portfolio of Photographs of a Trip Around the World at 10c. a week and the Chronicle's World's Fair Portfolio of Photographs at 10c. a week to subscribers for the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

The above Rates include the Prepayment of Postage on the Paper.

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* * The Circulation of the CHRONICLE is equal to that of ALL THE OTHER San Francisco morning papers combined.

TAYLER THE FOOT FITTER'S

Boot and Shoe Hospital

Can be found next door to Wilkinson's Meat Market.

Ladies' Stylish Button Boots,

Latest styles in Oxford and Southern ties. Heavy "Up to Date" men's shoes, also full stock of children's "Wear Resisting" school Shoes.

Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.

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Hardware, Stoves, Tinware

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Formerly Grand Central.

Best Accommodations in the City

Rates Reasonable. Only white help employed.

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All work first class in every particular.

Shop on C street,

MEDFORD, OREGON.

G. B. Cole, M. D.

DEALER IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

And everything kept in a first Class Family Drug Store.

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Ripans Tabules.

Ripans Tabules are compounded from a prescription widely used by the best medical authorities and are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion everywhere.

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One tabule taken at the first symptom of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating, or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Price, 50 cents a box.

Ripans Tabules may be obtained of nearest druggist; or by mail on receipt of price.

RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,
10 Spruce Street,
NEW YORK.

A PATTERN IN LACE.

Sitting, knitting—
Winding backward, winding forward
Round the needles white and shining.
Whiter fingers intertwining
Pro and to the many thread.
Knitting, sitting, lazy flitting
Sunbeams darting in and over.
Outside breath of bees and clover.
Fingers white and shining thread.
Not more shining, not more twining.
Lightly left where breezes blow it.
Streaks of yellow sunlight through it.
The fair hair and fair bent head.
"Burnished weaves of gold," one said.

Knitting, sitting—
Winding forward, winding backward,
Round those fingers, swift and glancing.
Naught was ever more entrancing.
Something more than mazy thread.
Sitting, knitting, all unwitting,
Something warm and strong and pleading,
Full return demanding, needing,
In the meshes of the thread.
All unwitting, simply knitting.
Reeking not of needles glancing,
Nor of fingers, white, entrancing.
Ah! but lift that fair bent head,
"All unwitting," have I said?

—Virginia Hayward Cornell in New York Sun.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court, State of Oregon, in and for Jackson County.

Alfred B. Ragan, Plaintiff, vs. Unity J. Ragan, Defendant. | Suit in Equity for Divorce. Summons.

To Unity J. Ragan, Defendant:

IN the name of the State of Oregon.—You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause by the first day of the next, the December 1894 term of said court, to be begun and held at the Court house in the Town of Jacksonville, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, on Monday, the 3d day of December, 1894, or judgment and decree will be taken against you therefor. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so answer said complaint the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein, to-wit:

That the bonds of matrimony between Plaintiff and Defendant be dissolved and held for naught; that the care and custody and control of Eva May Ragan, minor child of Plaintiff and Defendant, be awarded Plaintiff; for the costs and disbursements of this suit and for such other and further relief as may seem equitable and just, on the grounds of your willful desertion and abandonment of the Plaintiff for a period of more than one year prior to the institution of this suit; and your cruel and inhuman treatment of and personal indignities towards Plaintiff rendering life burdensome.

This Summons is published in THE MEDFORD MAIL for six consecutive weeks, by order of Hon. H. K. Hanna, one of the Judges of the First Judicial District of the State of Oregon, made and dated at Jacksonville, Jackson county, Oregon, the 3d day of August, 1894.

Given under our hands this 3d day of August, 1894.

PENTZ & WHITE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

a-10-s-21

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., July 23, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the county clerk of Jackson county, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on Saturday, September 1, 1894, viz: Charles R. Ninginger, on Homestead Entry No. 5461, for the E½ of SW¼ and W½ of SE¼, Sec. 8, Tp 37, S R 1 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Aaron Wyland, of Wellan, John Williams and Geo. Churchman, of Medford, and Laretus Van Horn, of Talent, all in Jackson county, Oregon.

j 27-a-31 R. M. VEACH, Register.

Are You Going East?

If so and desire to go via Portland and enjoy the luxury, safety and comfort of a trip over the old reliable Northern Pacific Railroad, you can do so from Grants Pass and all S. P. points in Southern Oregon as cheaply as by any other route. The Northern Pacific runs through trains from Portland to St. Paul daily without change of cars—freecolonist sleepers, elegant Pullman and Tourists' sleepers accompany every train.

For tickets and full information apply or write to A. D. Charlton, Asst. General Passenger and Ticket agent, Portland, Oregon, or to S. F. Cass, [N. P. Ticket agent for Southern Oregon] First National Bank, Grants Pass, Ore.

—Stove wood is legal tender on subscription at this office. Bring us in some.

—House and lot for sale. Inquire at this office.

—Eggs wanted—at the Big T grocery store, Medford, Oregon.