

THE MEDFORD MAIL

Published Every Friday Morning.

BLITON & BATTERSON, Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 PER YEAR.

MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.

He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

Entered in the Postoffice at Medford, Oregon as Second-Class Mail Matter.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at the Postoffice at Medford, Oregon, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

MEDFORD, FRIDAY, Jan. 1, 1897.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

The variance of population in the jurisdiction of circuit judges in Oregon is from 9248 to 53,613.

Lincoln Sontag has been appointed commissioner of deeds for Oregon, but will reside in California.

Marion county's assessment for 1896 has already cost \$7000, and the end is not yet, says the Statesman.

Contracts have been signed by Salem growers for the delivery of 189,000 pounds of the 1897 hop crop at 10 cents a pound.

The Rural Northwest advises fruit growers to look well to the roots of their trees. Borers are liable to be at work there.

A colony of Illinois people will leave that state in March or April, to settle in the southern part of Yamhill county and the southern part of Polk county.

A string of baggage cars on Sunday's south-bound passenger train contained dressed turkeys from Oakland and Eugene, Oregon, for San Francisco market.

Portland is just now being made the rendezvous for burglars and other more or less dangerous criminals. Eighteen burglaries have been reported to the police just recently, but they are unable to capture the burglars.

Mrs. James Crosby, of Monmouth, Or., has a family bible, printed in the year 1731, in Edinburgh, Scotland, that has been handed down in the family for several generations; crossed the ocean to America, and now lies on the center table of Mrs. Crosby. It is prized very highly, and is still in a state of good preservation.

Last summer P. Boler, who lives in Springfield precinct, in Lane county, raised several hundred bushels of canary seed, and sold it in Portland, Salem and Eugene. He received four cents per pound for the seed. It is better than the canary seed raised in California and the other states, weighing considerably more to the pound.

W. P. Murphy, once a resident of Salem, became indebted to T. W. Gowan, a hardware merchant in Yacoma, in the sum of \$37.50, and he arranged to leave the state. On the eve of his departure Gowan swore out a warrant for Murphy's arrest, and the debtor was taken into custody, says the Corvallis Times. January 3, this year, he was committed to the Lincoln county jail, and there he was held a prisoner until January 18, a period of 15 days. On his release, Murphy retained counsel and brought suit against the merchant for false imprisonment, demanding \$500 damages. The case was tried in Judge Stearns' court at Toledo, Lincoln county, last Tuesday. In his pleadings, Murphy admitted the debt, but denied the right of the defendant to deprive him of his liberty, and the upshot was a verdict by the jury allowing him the full amount for which suit was brought. In the judgment entered up against Gowan, the \$37.50 owed him by Murphy is entered as a credit, leaving the amount he is to pay the alleged absconding debtor \$462.10. The case is probably the first of its sort to be tried in Oregon.

LOCKHART, TEXAS, OCT. 15, 1896. Messrs. Paris Medicine Co., Paris, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:—Ship us as soon as possible 2 gross of your Tastesless Chili Tonic. My customers want GROVE'S Tastesless Chili Tonic and will not have any other. In our experience of 20 years in the drug business, we have never sold any medicine which gave such universal satisfaction.

Yours respectfully,

J. S. Broome & Co.

Sold by Strang, the druggist, Medford.

Mr. Murphy Is Interviewed.

B. P. Murphy, who was in Portland from Jackson county last week, was interviewed by a Telegram reporter and this is what he said:

"The mining interests of Southern Oregon continue to attract a great deal of attention. People are constantly coming to examine the placer and quartz properties. There were two parties from Providence, R. I., last week and a party from Boston the week before. I have in hand 800 acres of placer mines on Gall's creek, in Jackson county. They have been worked by two men for more than thirty years by hand. I am now developing the property and it will require two years to properly accomplish this. The ditches to supply the water are complete and two houses for workmen and a boarding house have been built. I will return early in January to push things along."

Malaria produces weakness, general debility, biliousness, loss of appetite, indigestion and constipation. Grove's Tastesless Chili Tonic removes the cause, which produces these troubles. Try it and you will be delighted. 50 cents. To get the GENUINE ask for GROVE'S Sold by Strang, the druggist.

Cards for both men and women are considerably smaller, and the script engraving is finer in consequence, following more closely the English style than the Parisian, which is large and with flourishes. The block or Roman letter is very English, and with those affecting London styles it finds great favor. The price more than doubles that of script engraving.—Chicago Tribune.

—Legal blanks at THE MAIL office.

Ascending Mont Blanc.

It is an expensive as well as a very tiresome undertaking to ascend, Mont Blanc. It costs at least fifty dollars a person, for by the law of the commune of Chamouni, each stranger is obliged to have two guides and a porter. So far as the danger is concerned it is now reduced to a minimum, but almost every year the mountain claims a victim. Bad weather is the chief thing feared by the guides, and so swiftly does it come that a cloudless sky may in fifteen minutes turn to a blinding snowstorm which beats you to the ground. Thus it was that some years ago a party of eleven persons perished. Five were found frozen stiff in the snow; the other six lie buried in the Glacier des Boissons. Forty years is the time allowed for the glacier to yield them up in the valley below.

They Live at Intervals.

"Remittance men" is the term applied in British Columbia to sons of Englishmen sent there to learn farming. "They go about in knickerbockers, big shoes, cloth caps and eyeglasses, painting things red as long as their remittances last. For two weeks before the next check arrives they keep quiet, because they have no money for making a noise."

Nothing to Be Proud of.

Tourist—So that's the oldest inhabitant? One hundred and four years old! No wonder that you are proud of him.

Native—I dunno; he ain't done nothing in this here place 'cept grow old, and it took him a sight o' time to do that!

You run no risk. All druggists guarantee Grove's Tastesless Chili Tonic to do all that the manufacturers claim for it.

Warned, no cure, no pay. There are many imitations, to get the GENUINE ask for GROVE'S. Sold by Strang, the druggist.

Maigre Soups.

Are not a success unless they contain some element to take the place of stock. Milk is the best substitute for this. A broth made of beans or peas or any of the "pulses" is almost as nourishing as a broth of meat. Most vegetable soups, however, must be made with a foundation of stock to have any excuse for existence. Cream soups are frequently made of rich milk, with water, instead of milk and stock. Such soups, if agreeable in flavor, are satisfactory at this season because they are light and do not load down the digestive powers like the heavier broth and thickened soup of winter. The excellent fashion of to-day is to relegate such heavy soups to the luncheon table even in winter, and use nothing heavier than a consommé for a dinner.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Hog in Olden Times.

If we go back in our researches to the historical page we find that the hog was at that time of much importance. The ancients used pork as an article of food; the Greeks and Romans made the art of breeding and rearing swine a study, and everything was done to impart a finer and more delicate flavor to the flesh. The poor animals were fed, crammed and tortured to gratify the gluttony of the people. We are informed by one writer that swine were fed on dried figs and honeyed wine in order to produce a disordered or diseased liver.

Grove's Tastesless Chili Tonic is a perfect medicinal liver tonic and blood purifier. Removes biliousness without purging. As pleasant as lemon syrup. It is as large as any dollar tonic and retails for 50 cents. To get the GENUINE ask for GROVE'S. Sold by Strang, the druggist.

They Got No News.

One of the alleged dynamiters who were recently released from an English prison says he did not hear a single item of news from the outside world in all the years of his confinement. He did not even know that Parnell was dead. In our prisons, which have the same rules of silence and absolute seclusion, the inmates learn everything that is going on both within and without the prison, by a system of signs which defies the watchfulness of the guards. Either English prisons are better governed than ours, or else the inmates of English prisons are less shrewd and less sly than our convicts.—N. Y. World.

Boils
It is often difficult to convince people their blood is impure, until dreadful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofula or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or whenever there is any indication of

Impure
blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and prevent such eruptions and suffering.

"I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, fierce and sore. The doctor attended me over seven weeks. When the abscess broke, the pains were terrible, and I thought I should not live through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and my husband, who was suffering with boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood
built me up and restored my health so that, although the doctor said I would not be able to work hard, I have since done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine." Mrs. ANNA PETERSON, Latimer, Kansas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, 25 cents.

MRS. LATON'S-TEA.

Enseoned in the depths of her big arm chair, a smile lighting up her fine old face that her white hair framed with a crown of snow, Mrs. Harmon was considering her nephew Andrew, a good-looking young fellow of 28, who, for his part, was considering the timepiece on the mantel, whose hands were already past three o'clock.

"Well, Andrew, do you find the clock very interesting?"

In some confusion the young man stammered an excuse, but she went on: "Now, don't deny it, you naughty fellow. You wanted to know if your visit had lasted long enough for you to take your departure decently?"

"Not at all, aunt. Your guess is quite wrong, for I haven't the slightest intention of going yet. But why do you keep a regular sun dial like that in your drawing-room?"

"Perhaps because I was born so long ago that it is I and not the clock that is behind time. But come—instead of criticising my drawing-room, tell me what you are going to do when you leave here."

"In the first place I am not going to leave here for some time; but when I have wearied you with my presence until you cannot stand it any longer, it will be time for me to go to Mrs. Laton's tea."

"Mrs. Laton—Pauline Laton?"

"The same."

"Ah, yes, I used to see her some time ago. I remember her vaguely—a large woman, dark—"

"She is a blonde, aunt."

"Indeed? She used to be a brunette. And so you are sighing at the feet of Mrs. Laton?"

"We are all sighing at her feet."

"She must enjoy it."

"Well, I rather think she does."

"Is it fun?"

"Yes, after a fashion. We are always the same little circle of friends, and then, besides Mrs. Laton, there's a sister, a rather good-looking girl, and a few other young matrons and bachelor girls."

"And what do you do besides look at these women?"

"We take tea, which we moderate with rum, a bit of lemon; we gossip and we flirt."

"Oh, oh."

"But, my dear aunt, one must do something between five o'clock and dinner."

"Evidently, and flirting is what you have found to do."

"It is a way to kill time."

"I scarcely know what you mean by the term. Explain it to me."

"Oh, impossible. A definition for the word has long been sought, but it has not yet been found. But, given a young woman te-te-a-tete with a young man who is not a fool, and I warrant you it won't be long before you will have a practical demonstration. Flirting is a manner of being discreetly indiscreet. To know how to flirt is no common accomplishment. It is a veritable science."

"And is love a science, too?"

"No, it is rather an art."

"And marriage—what is it?"

"Oh, that is philosophy."

"Indeed? At what age does one attain this philosophy?"

"As late as possible."

"It seems to me that at 28—"

"Aunt, aunt!" cried Andrew, springing from his chair, "confess that you are concealing some terrible plot. You look as guilty as a conspirator."

Mrs. Harmon smiled a fine smile and enjoyed for a moment the consternation in her victim's face. Then she answered, after a pause:

"Yes, you are right. I wish you to get married."

"In heaven's name what have I done to you?" gasped the young man, with comic seriousness; and, as the old lady still smiled, he continued: "See here, aunt, I should never have suspected you of such a thing. You, a woman of intelligence, a superior woman, descending to the role of match-maker! It is a terrible shattering of my ideals."

"Come, come, my poor boy, do not be so cast down. The girl is charming, I can assure you."

"Of course," Andrew burst out, "the girl is always charming. Oh, I know her; I can see her now; she may not be exactly pretty, but, as you have said, she is charming. She dresses admirably, and makes all her own gowns. She stood at the head of her classes in school, and attends lectures now. Moreover, she has taken cooking lessons and can put up preserves. She plays the piano, she sings, she paints, and she has a tidy fortune in her own right. Bah! No, a thousand times, no! I do not want this miracle of perfection. I know a thing or two, aunt, even if I don't look it, and if I marry, I shall marry a woman who suits me. But I know girls—they are all alike—and I know what they are and what they are worth. There isn't one who suits me, or can suit me, and I shall remain a bachelor."

"And you go to take tea at Mrs. Laton's?" murmured Mrs. Harmon between her teeth, while a disturbing expression came into her clear-seeing old eyes.

Under this ironical and even inquisitorial look Andrew lost countenance a little; he could not deny that to matrimony he preferred flirting with Mrs. Laton.

He was pulling himself together to reply, or rather to defend himself, when the street door bell was heard.

"A caller, eh? Is this your reception day, aunt, or do you, too, give your friends tea at five o'clock?"

"You are impertinent, nephew. At my age a woman does not give 'five o'clock flirtations.' It is not even a caller. I am sure it is my little friend Rosamond, the 'charming girl' I spoke of."

"I shall flee, then."

"Do you not wish even to see her?"

"Never. Or, if you insist, I shall go into this little ante-room and look at

You can make the acquaintance of Schilling's Best

tea coffee soda
baking powder
flavoring extracts
and spices
for nothing, and welcome.
Your grocer knows.
For sale by
Geo. L. Davis

her through the crack of the door. That is the only concession I shall make," and the young man stepped quickly into the next room as the opposite door opened to admit the visitor; through the slit Andrew could make out the graceful silhouette of a young girl.

"How do you do, Mrs. Harmon?" said the girl, as she entered the room. "I have brought back the little books on the orphan asylum that you lent mamma. May I stay a moment with you?"

She continued to keep her back toward Andrew, and he, now beginning to get tired of the game, had about concluded that she must be frightfully ugly.

"Sit down here, dear, beside me," and Mrs. Harmon easily contrived to place the girl just opposite the small room; and the young man, approaching his eye to the crack, was struck by the pretty face he beheld.

"Well, Rosamond, what are you doing nowadays? Are you going out much?"

"No, very little. I had a card for Mrs. Laton's tea this afternoon, but I wrote her I was ill. You will not betray me, will you?" and she laughed a merry laugh, that set Andrew's heart to vibrating.

"Do you not care for such affairs?" asked Mrs. Harmon.

"Surely, Mrs. Harmon, you do not think it would be amusing to spend an hour or two watching Mrs. Laton's flirtations, with no one to talk to but the insipid woman and stupid men of her set?"

"You are severe, my child."

"Severe? Well, with a woman like Mrs. Laton I do not think one can be too much so."

Instinctively Mrs. Harmon raised her eyes to the door that concealed Andrew, and, under pretext of arranging the portiere, she crossed the room, and, as she rearranged the drapery, whispered to her nephew: "It's nearly five, you'll be late for your tea."

But her warning was unheeded; Andrew did not budge. As for the girl by the fire, she was still full of her idea.

"Do you know Mrs. Laton, Mrs. Harmon?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," the old lady hastened to reply; and to turn the conversation she went on: "But you are wrong to declare that all men are stupid. There are some who are quite sensible."

"Sensible? Well, I don't know them. I do not mean that they are all stupid, but they think themselves so superior that they are wearisome. They are vain, insufferable bores, with their blase airs and their idea that they are irresistible because they can flirt with Mrs. Laton, who has bleached hair, smears paint on her face as if it were a palette, and whose brains are good for nothing but to devise outrageous gowes."

Again Mrs. Harmon cast an uneasy glance toward the little room, in which Andrew was fast waxing angry. He would have liked to strangle this girl, whose superb health and triumphant beauty irritated him.

"And when will you get married, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Harmon, again throwing herself into the breach.

"I shall never marry."

"Indeed? Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Rosamond, a shadow of melancholy coming over the face that Andrew admired in spite of himself. "Because I am a little fool who cannot do as the rest do. I would wish to love my husband and to have him love me. I would wish to marry a man whom I should single out from among the rest for his goodness and intelligence. I would wish to have confidence in him, and above all be proud of him."

As the girl spoke she had become animated with a gentle exaltation, which was not without its effect on the young man behind the door.

"Well, Rosamond," said Mrs. Harmon, "why do you not realize your dream?"

"Because there are no young men nowadays who care to look for a girl who pleases them. Marriage for them is a matter of business, nothing more, and the woman herself does not count. They marry when they have lost their money, and the little heart they possessed has been frittered away on some Mrs. Laton or another."

Again Mrs. Harmon arose, and, pretending she had an order to give, excused herself and hastened to her nephew.

"Well, aunt, she has given us a nice dressing down, eh? For a 'charming girl,' I would back her against the world."

"Hurry, Andrew; it is late, and you have almost missed your tea."

"My tea!" he repeated. "Bother my tea! Is there nothing else in the world but my tea? Now, you must find an excuse to bring me into the room, and I'll show that young shrew whether all men are fools. Oh, she need have no fear, I shall not try to marry her, for I still have all my hair, a little money, and a heart still intact."

Mrs. Harmon could not refrain a smile at the young man's vexation, and five minutes later Andrew entered the drawing-room.

But, contrary to expectations, the conversation did not become a war of words; on the contrary, the girl's fresh gaiety disarmed Andrew's anger at once. His preconception fled before her dimpled smiles and her gentle voice, and he soon fell under her charm, forgetting his anger in her admiration for her graceful movements, the penetrating timber of her voice, the sparkle of her wit.

The hour for the tea had long passed,

and Andrew was still there. He had lost all desire to run after Mrs. Laton, that faded doll whom Rosamond—as he was forced to admit to himself—had portrayed so truthfully.

And enmeshed once more in the depths of her arm chair, Mrs. Harmon smiled a kindly smile, and silently regarded the young people, who, for their part, looked at one another with better chat than do deceive, and in which the old aunt read with joy the hope of a happy union.—San Francisco Examiner.

Railway Accident Caused by Heat.

A passenger train on the North British railway met with a curious accident which engineers attribute to the intense heat which prevailed on that day. The train when rounding a curve left the rails and ran on the ballast for nearly 400 feet before it could be stopped. This state of thing was brought about by the spreading of the rails from expansion caused by the heat. According to the report the thermometer on that day and at that point registered 128 degrees. The derailing occurred at noon while the track was exposed to the full rays of the sun. The expansion took place within a few hours, as an inspector had passed over the road during the forenoon, and everything appeared to be in the usual condition. As the train approached the spot the engineer saw the rails were badly warped, and although he at once applied the brake, it was too late to stop. The curious feature of the mishap was that the engine remained on the track, having gone safely over the spread rails. In connection with this account comes the statement that the road had not been kept in the very best condition.—N. Y. Ledger.

Likes Prison.

Some years ago a rich man was sentenced in England for some crime to a term of penal servitude. So enamored did he become with prison life and with his surroundings during the period of his incarceration, that, since his release, he has built for himself a miniature prison, with cells, exercise ground and tread mill. Upon the latter, it is said, he daily works just as he did while he was under his sentence.—London Graphic.

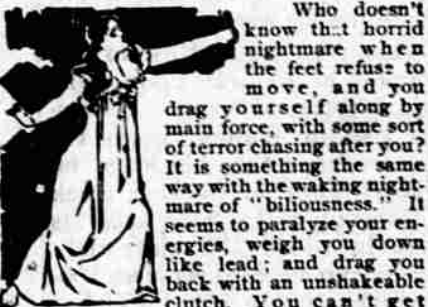
Says the Report was False.

BROWNSBORO, Dec. 22.

EDITOR MAIL:—In an issue of your paper of recent date your correspondent at Eagle Point said that there was "irregularities in the distribution of the mail in our postoffice above here." You will see that the above makes almost a direct attack upon the Brownsboro postoffice. In reply I will say that the assertion is wholly untrue as applies to this office, and I shall ask your correspondent that he furnish me with the name of his informant, as I shall demand that the statement be proven or an apology offered. As it now stands it is a gross insult to those who are trying to do their duty honestly. I think I can give you an idea as to how the report started. A few weeks ago, in one of the offices above here, the postmaster made a regular distribution of his mail, and then handed to a messenger, who was waiting for that purpose, the mail and papers of several families who resided four, six and seven miles distant. I suppose the messenger was slow in making known the fact that he had brought up the mail for one of the patrons was down and called at our place and told me that he had visited four different houses the day before and could not find out who had brought up the papers though he knew they had been taken up from the office. The postmaster was not to blame. And if patrons carelessly scatter each others papers they should be cautious about gossiping about the "irregularities in distributing" and misleading the mail. I know by experience in handling the mail that we missend as little mail as any other postmaster.

Another reason which makes the MEDFORD MAIL appear irregular is the fact that sometimes it comes to us on Friday and the Lake Creek mail carrier makes his trip on the same day, therefore takes it right home. Other weeks it arrives on Saturday and has to remain in this office until Monday evening. You can readily see the effect of this upon the minds of those who do not understand the circumstance. Please correct that item—it is false.

Yours respectfully,
JAMES BELL, P. M.



Who doesn't know that horrid nightmare when the feet refuse to move, and you drag yourself along with some sort of terror chasing after you? It is something the same way with the waking nightmare of "biliousness." It seems to paralyze your energy, weigh you down like lead; and drag you back with an unshakable clutch. You can't get away from the misery that pursues you. You feel dull and languid and low-spirited; your appetite is poor, your stomach is irritable and "cranky." There's no real lively enjoyment of life. What you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to tone up your liver and help it in working the impurities out of your blood. The liver has a large share of this purifying work to do and sometimes it gets over-loaded so the impurities back up on to the other organs of the body: the kidneys or skin or lungs, and take root, then it's a harder matter to clear them out. Whenever they settle they are all blood diseases just the same, and the "Discovery" will cure any blood disease that was ever named, scrofula, eczema, catarrh, ulcers, swellings, severe coughs and even consumption. But the cure is a harder job when the trouble has gone as far as that. The right way is to go at these impurities before they take root, while they are still floating in the blood and over-loading the liver. Drive them out early. You can do it surely every time, with the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is the greatest family doctor book ever published. It explains human physiology and the laws of life and health in plain yet scientific language. It has had a tremendous sale; 686,000 copies at \$1.50 each bound in cloth. The present free edition is the same in all respects except that it is bound in strong manilla paper covers. A copy will be absolutely given away to anyone who will send a one-cent stamp to pay cost of mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of something new and useful to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

"Yes," said the old man, "I have always found it best to pay cash. I have paid cash for everything I've got, but my wife. I got her for nothing, and she's the dearest thing I ever got."—Punch.



NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land office at Roseburg, Oregon, November 14, 1896. 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 W. S. Crowell, county judge of Jackson county, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on January 2, 1897, viz:

On H. E. No. 6625 for the s½ of the n½ and n½ of the sec. 29, tp 22 s., r 3 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

A. H. Boothby, and H. L. Pegg, of Prespect, Oregon, and Benson, Norberry, and J. B. Williams, of Central Point, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, of the County of Jackson.

Daisy E. Dungan, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas Dungan, Defendant. Suit for Divorce.

To Thomas Dungan, the above named defendant:

IN the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above plaintiff in the above entitled case, now on file with the clerk of said court, within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served in Jackson county, Oregon; but if served in any other county in the state of Oregon, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; or if served on you out of the state of Oregon, or by publication, then by the first day of the ensuing April term of said court, to-wit: Monday, the 3rd day of April, 1897; and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as hereby required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint now on file in this cause, to-wit: For a dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the care and custody of their minor child, Guy Dungan, be given to his paternal grandfather, John B. Dungan, and that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, the name of Daisy E. Smith, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable in the premises. This summons is published once a week for six consecutive weeks prior to the first day of the said term of the said court, in THE MEDFORD MAIL, by order of Hon. H. K. Hanna, judge of the first judicial district, dated at his chambers, in Jacksonville, Oregon, November 5, 1896.

W. C. JENKINS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that R. W. Gray, of Jackson county, Oregon, has this day made an assignment of all his property, for the benefit of all his creditors, without preference, and has appointed the undersigned as his assignee, which trust the undersigned has accepted. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them to me at Medford, Oregon, properly verified, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons owing said estate are notified to make immediate payment thereof. Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 27th day of November, 1896.

H. C. WORTHMAN, Assignee of the estate of R. W. Gray, as insolvent debtor.

WM. S. CROWELL, Attorney. d-