

THE MEDFORD MAIL

Published Every Friday Morning.

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MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.

He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

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MEDFORD, FRIDAY, Jan. 8, 1897.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Cut worms are doing considerable damage to fall grain in Grant county. Polk county's indebtedness is estimated at \$50,000 by the county treasurer.

Wheat was worth 86 cents in Portland Friday last, the highest it has been for five years.

It costs \$2.50 to take a prisoner from the jail in Salem to the penitentiary a mile and a half a way.

Prof. I. D. Williams, who was stabbed by one of his pupils at Prairie City, in Grant county, has died.

Suit has been brought to foreclose a mortgage on the Perkins hotel, Portland, amounting to \$108,000.

The school children of Eugene have named and numbered all the streets of that city in a neat manner at a cost of only \$1.50.

Two hogs that weighed 730 and 750 apiece were brought to Grants Pass last week. They were both raised in Josephine county.

A solid row of new brick buildings have just been completed to take the place of the ones destroyed by fire, in Monmouth last September.

Four blooded sheep, two Cotswolds and two Southdowns, have been received at the Ladd & Howe stock farm at North Yamhill. They were shipped from England last June.

The report of Superintendent Gilbert of the state penitentiary, shows eight United States prisoners confined in the prison at the end of last year—for which the state receives 5 1/2 cents per day for their keeping.

Among the exports from Portland last week were 102,665 bushels of wheat for Ireland, 10,364 bushels of wheat for Australia, and 46,668 barrels of flour for Australia. The value of the four cargoes was \$200,000.

Friday was the last day on which proof could be made on cash entries of forfeited railroad lands. The taxable property of the counties where the lands are located will be largely increased as there has been many thousand acres purchased.

The war department of Washington has issued orders for the shipment of three 10-inch rifled cannons with three disappearing carriages for same to Fort Canby, at the mouth of Columbia. The combined weight of guns and carriages will be about 700,000 tons.

Max Richter, of Grant county, tried the experiment of shipping his wool crop to London this fall, which proved entirely satisfactory, the net result being three cents more per pound than he could obtain here, after paying the shipping expenses of 34 cents a pound.

Burglaries have become so epidemic in Portland and the inability of the police to apprehend them have become so plain that the county court of that county has offered a reward of fifty dollars for the arrest and conviction of persons guilty of robbery or burglary.

A car of the City & Suburban railroad collided with a car from Vancouver on the streets of Portland last Saturday completely demolishing one car and tearing away the side of the other. Both motormen were more or less bruised but no passengers were injured.

A stabbing affray occurred in Josephine county last week and as a result one man is lying near death's door, and another one is confined in the county jail awaiting trial for attempting murder. The trouble was over some water rights. McGurvey, who did the stabbing act, is over seventy years old.

The state board of equalization did not change the assessment roll of Jackson county to any great extent, only raising merchandise 20 per cent. The board was in session thirty days and its members were allowed \$10 per day and mileage—with the exception of one member—who did not put in a full bill for mileage.

The Oregonian publishes a tabulated statement showing the bonded indebtedness of the city of Portland on January 1, 1897, to be \$4,922,070.95. This amount includes all of the bonds outstanding for improvements, building city hall and water systems, also the bonds issued by East Portland and Albina before consolidation.

X. N. Steeves, recently acquitted of the charge of murdering Geo. Sayres, has commenced proceedings for disbarment against John Ditchburn, his attorney. The cause of the action is, it is alleged, that Ditchburn violated the ethics of the profession by making public some papers which had passed between him and Steeves in confidence.

Col. Isaac W. Smith, chief engineer of the Portland water works system, died at his home in Portland on Friday, January 1, after an illness of but a few days. He was quite a prominent man in the engineering circles—and had just completed the Bull Run pipe line of the Portland water system—which was the crowning success of his life.

After many months of silence ex-Treasurer Boggs, of Tacoma, has consented to talk about the famous warrant deals which have landed him in the penitentiary. It is given out that he has gone over the books and pointed out the warrants paid in good faith as well as those which were endorsed after payment and those deposited in banks or otherwise disposed of.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Fielder, of Josephine county, had attended a dance on Louse creek, last week, when Mrs. Fielder, who was seated in a chair in the wagon with her eight-month-old baby, was thrown out of the wagon by the sudden starting of the team and the wheels of

the wagon passed over the baby's body and it died the next day.

Jas. McGarvey was taken to the asylum from Grants Pass Saturday. He is a bachelor 66 years of age and crossed the plains in '53. Last week he became possessed with the desire to destroy a pipe line on the mine owned by himself and partner, Alex Watts, and when interfered with by Watts he stabbed him in the breast with a butcher knife. He has followed mining all his life and his trip to Salem was the first time he had ridden on a train.

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

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

Prize Poker Story.

Capt. John A. Duble, an old Mississippi steamboat man, tells a story of a game of cards played by a cotton broker named Weed, during the war. "He boarded my boat," he says, "at Cairo, after he had made a successful trip off a cargo of cotton for the landing. He placed in the clerk's office of the boat a box about the size of a candle box, but securely nailed and strapped with iron bands. Weed hailed me as I was passing through the cabin. 'Captain,' said he, 'send me a boy and your carpenter.' When they were on hand he told the boy to bring the box out and the carpenter to open it. It was full of crisp greenbacks. Then he proceeded to run up against the game of a gang of old river sharks, and by the time we got down stream he did not have a dollar. He told me he lost \$500,000 between St. Louis and New Orleans. The last time I saw Weed he was river reporter in New Orleans, and he seemed as perfectly happy as though he still had his \$500,000."—Washington Post.

An Athletic Governor.

The new governor of British Guiana, Sir Augustus Hemming, who is about to pass through the United States en route to Georgetown, is especially celebrated in England as a cricketer, being renowned as one of the oldest and most successful of amateur players, a rival, indeed, of Hon. Alfred Lyttleton. He is one of the founders of the Sports' club in London, and has only just resigned the presidency of its committee in consequence of his departure from England. His principal associate in the founding of this renowned institution was the late Sir John Astley, popularly known as "The Mate." Sir Augustus is likewise an expert knight of the wheel, and, in spite of his mature years, remains to-day what he was 20 years ago—a typical, clean-built athlete.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is a perfect malaria 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 10 cents. To get the GENUINE ask for GROVE'S. Sold by Strang, the druggist.

A Courageous Woman.

As an example of woman's courage a story of a brave school-teacher comes from India. Miss Lucinda Gore, of Lackharabad, was standing in the schoolhouse one day, when, turning round, she saw in the open doorway the glaring eyes of a tiger. She did not scream or faint, but seized a broom and drove it full in the tiger's face, brush foremost. Some of the bristles entered the tiger's eyes and with a howl of pain he drew back to make a spring at her. Then she slammed the door in his face. The supports of the door were by her slender and would not resist the tiger's attacks long, but while he banged his head at it, she lowered one of the boys through the window to alarm the neighbors. Assistance soon arrived and the tiger was shot.

Concerning dinings, there is, for example, a method followed by the hostess in setting her hour in the invitations at least 15 minutes before she intends actually to have the dining-room doors thrown open.

No dinner party is really to be considered formal and fashionable the hour for which is set before seven. The ultra-fashionable feast begins at 8:30, but according to preference guests may be asked for 7:30 or for eight.

Mothers

Anxiously watch declining health of their daughters. So many are cut off by consumption in early years that there is real cause for anxiety. In the early stages, when not beyond the reach of medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore the quality and quantity of the blood and thus give good health. Read the following letter:

"It is but just to write about my daughter Corn, aged 19. She was completely run down, declining, had that tired feeling, and friends said she would not live over three months. She had a bad

Cough

and nothing seemed to do her any good. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and had her give it a trial. From the very first dose she began to get better. After taking a few bottles she was completely cured and her health has been the best ever since." MRS. ADDIE PRICE, 12 Railroad Place, Amsterdam, N. Y.

"I will say that my mother has not stated my case in as strong words as I would have done. Hood's Sarsaparilla has truly cured me and I am now well." CORA PRICE, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Be sure to get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists.

Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial.

A GYPSY DANCER.

At the date this story commences, about the year 1743, there resided in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, a family of ancient pedigree and great wealth. This was the family of Sir George Pasely, a gentleman of the old English school.

Sir George was married, though not until he was already an old bachelor, but his wife was a young and lovely being, of tender age, compared with his own, for when she became Lady Pasely she was but 19 years of age. Sir George doted on her, and, indeed, she was worthy his fondest regard, being everything in person and mind that the heart could wish. But, alas! the destroyer, Death, came, and the same hour that made him father took the gentle mother and fond wife to her long home. Time rolled on, and the sweet child grew daily more like what her mother was, while Sir George loved her with a deep and absorbing affection.

There was a young man, a wild and reckless spirit, that claimed to be next of kin to the Pasely family with Sir George, and would doubtless, from some peculiar cause known to law, be able to establish his right to the estates now held by Sir George, provided he should die without issue. Therefore the birth and growth of little Louise Pasely was watched with jealous care by Ernest Renwood, who hoped one day to possess the broad Pasely estates for his own.

Four years had passed since the birth of Louise, who proved to be a sturdy and beautiful child, when Renwood saw that he must bring his designs to an issue, and not leave any longer his hopes to chance. He therefore formed the resolution of adopting some expedient to rid himself of her, for, as we have seen, she stood between him and the rich lands he so much coveted. He was not naturally a hardened villain, but that most powerful incentive to evil, that most thriving agent of the Evil Spirit, avarice, was goading him on to the brink of perdition; and he was an orphan and had been reared lacking the fostering care and godly counsel that forwarns and forearms youth against the temptations of manhood.

It was late one mild summer's night when he came to this conclusion; he recalled to his mind that at a wild and secluded spot some two miles from the immediate neighborhood of Sir George's estate, there were encamped at that very hour a band of gypsies, who he at once conjectured might be of service to him in the plan he proposed to execute, viz., to rid himself of the little Louise Pasely, heiress to the estates that he was determined to possess.

Louise disappeared on the subsequent night and on the following morning, when her absence was discovered, consternation filled the hearts of all.

Twelve years, with all the changes that so long a period of time brings, have passed since the loss that had so wronging the heart of Sir George. He had grown gray and many a wrinkle crossed his manly brow.

A gypsy band were in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, and the beautiful danseuse Minitti, with her handsome companion, was performing to the delighted villagers of the country. It did not escape the inquisitive eyes of the spectators that her companion, Fernando, watched with loving eye each motion of Minitti.

The little town in the environs of which the gypsy band were encamped was one day thrown into commotion by one of the inhabitants declaring that an article of considerable value had been stolen from his house. One of the inhabitants even remembered to have seen a female of the tribe near the door of the house whence the jewel was missing, and was ready to make oath that it was none other than Minitti, the danseuse of the tribe.

This was quite sufficient, and upon such strong circumstantial evidence the beautiful girl was seized and rudely carried before the justice of the county for examination. In vain was all proof offered by the tribe as to her innocence; no court would heed a gypsy's evidence, and the justice was forced, though compassion was in his heart, and it beamed broadly from his countenance, too, to commit the girl.

Immediately after the justice had pronounced the sentence, and the weeping girl was about to be borne away by the officers of the court, a young man stepped suddenly forward from the crowd and said, while he thrust aside the rough hands that were extended to seize Minitti:

"Stand back, if you would not have me take your lives. The girl is innocent—I stole the jewel. Why should you charge this upon that gentle being, innocent and pure, and, purer than the best of ye! It is I who am guilty."

"Thou!" cried the gypsy girl, "impossible, Fernando!" for it was her companion of the dance. And the gentle girl, rejoicing to find one friend so near her in this fearful moment, threw her arms about his neck and wept upon his breast.

"Even so, dear Minitti," he replied, "but fear not me, I shall soon be released again. Keep up a brave heart, dear girl."

As he said these words, the justice directed officers to release the girl and commit the young man to prison, glad of an opportunity to clear one whom he could not find in his heart to commit.

The justice was Sir George Pasely, and that same night while he sat alone in his study, musing upon the examination of the gypsy and the singular circumstances relating to it, a servant announced that a stranger desired to see him. He was admitted, and the tall, gaunt person of the gypsy leader was before him. Sir George motioned him to a seat.

"Judge," said he at once, "I am a man of few words. I have come here on a matter of business, and with your

How long will it take you to find out whether Schilling's Best

are good enough for you?

For sale by Geo. L. Davis

permission will speak at once to the point.

"Go on, sir,"

"Twelve years ago," continued the gypsy, "you lost a child."

The old man sprang like an infuriated animal upon the person of the gypsy, and, seizing him by the throat, had nearly thrown him upon the floor before the gypsy sufficiently recovered himself to release his neck from Sir George's grasp.

"Stay," said the gypsy, casting off the justice with an ease that showed at once his superior physical power, and with a degree of composure that proved him to be no stranger to scenes of personal conflict, "no power on earth can make me speak unless I choose. Now, deal with me like a man, and I will do so; resort to force, and I am dumb forever."

"Speak, then," said the old man, trembling in every limb, "speak—what of my child?"

"As I said before, this is purely a matter of business on my part," continued the gypsy. "Will you give me £500 if I will return your daughter to you?"

Without a word further Sir George drew a bill upon his banker for the amount specified, saying to the gypsy as he exhibited the draft, honestly drawn and filled up:

"Now, sir, speak, and if you give me faithful intelligence upon your honor the draft and money shall be yours."

"Enough, I am satisfied. Now, Sir George, the girl that was tried before you to-day charged with theft, is thy daughter."

"My God!" exclaimed the agitated parent, scarcely able to contain himself, "bring her to me at once."

"Stay, sir," continued the gypsy, "first let me explain to you my own agency in the affair."

"No matter, no matter, I forgive you—bring me my child."

"But I ask no forgiveness; first let me explain. I learned this secret in a distant land, from a man who had been paid to destroy your child, but who, taking a fancy to her, preferred to save her life, and adopted her. When I learned this from him he was on his deathbed. I promised him to bring her to you. I have done so, and now only demand payment for my expenses."

At the expiration of an hour, during which Sir George could hardly conquer his impatience, Minitti, the lovely danseuse, entered Sir George's apartment, and was at once clasped in his arms.

"Oh, heaven!" said the father, while he alternately pressed her to his heart, and held her from him, that he might see more clearly her womanly perfections. "I think thee at last returning her to me so beautiful, so gentle, so lovely, ay, so pure; there can be no guile or deceit in that face." And Sir George was almost beside himself with joy and delight. "Louise," said he, the tears streaming from his eyes, "dear, dear Louise."

"I do remember that name," said she, musing, "it comes over me like a dream, long, long forgotten."

"Ah, my child," said Sir George, "nothing on earth shall again separate us from each other."

"But, father, dear father," said Louise, bewildered and over-happy, "will you release Fernando?"

"Ay, at once. The brave fellow who would have saved thee at the expense of his own liberty shall be suitably rewarded."

As he spoke he wrote an order for his immediate release, which was dispatched forthwith by a servant, with directions to bring the gypsy to Sir George's apartment. In the meantime Louise's early history was crowded upon her astonished ears, almost in a single breath.

Fernando came at last, little dreaming of the denouement that was awaiting him. He was surprised to find Minitti in the company of Sir George, and at once rightly conjectured that his release was owing to her intercession, but his astonishment was beyond description when the true position of the matter was explained to him. Suddenly he became sad, and a tear even trembled in his handsome eye, when the justice asked:

"What grieves you, my friend?"

"To realize, sir, that Minitti's finding a father must be the cause of our separation."

"How so, sir?"

"Would one of your blood and standing in the world marry a child to one of the proscribed race?"

"Ay," said the justice, "Louise should be yours if you were the—the I won't exactly say what, after the proofs of affection you have shown her."

Fernando pressed the tearful girl to his breast saying:

"Dear Louise, blessed be the power that overrules us all."

"Dear Fernando, how happy we shall be now, with every opportunity for improvement and all the fine things you have taught me, to read, to write, and everything. I can improve them all."

"We will, indeed," replied Fernando. Then, turning to the justice, he said:

"The trial is passed, and now I, too, will speak. One year since I made a vow on quitting my studies that I would seek a wife who should love me for myself alone. Being of noble birth—nay, start not, it is true—I assumed these rustic garments, and determined to wear them until I found a heart and proved it worthy of my love. I saw Louise as a gypsy. I loved her at once, yet I determined to keep my oath. I tested her affection in every reasonable way, and learned to love her for her purity of

mind, as well as her extraordinary beauty, and when the time had nearly come for me to take away my gypsy wife to my bosom, lo, I find her of gentle birth like myself, while each has truly proved the other's love."

Fernando de Cortez was indeed born of the blood royal of Spain, and in this romantic way had chosen himself a wife. We might make our tale more complete by adding to it, but still we could only show that happiness was the future lot of the gypsy danseuse.—Buffalo Times.

ADVENTURES OF A BOTTLE.

Cast Upon the Waters It Returned After Many Days.

In June, 1893, Lieut. H. T. Mayo, of the United States navy, in charge of the hydrographic office at Port Townsend, Wash., gave the captain of the Northern Pacific steamer Victoria a bottle which he asked him to drop into the sea when his ship was about halfway across the Pacific on its voyage to China, so as to test the currents. The bottle, says the Chicago Record, was securely corked and sealed and contained a request printed in seven different languages, including Russian, Chinese and Japanese, that whoever found it should send it to the nearest custom house in the United States, with the date and the location when and where it was first seen. On July 4, 1893, when the vessel was in latitude forty-nine degrees thirty-two minutes north and longitude one hundred and seventy-five degrees and forty-two minutes west, Second Officer Dobson, of the Victoria, took the bottle and with a swing of his long arm cast it into the water. One morning a few weeks ago when Lieut. Mayo came down to his office he found on his desk a package wrapped in an ancient and much soiled German newspaper, which, to his surprise, was found to contain the very bottle he sent on that queer errand about sixteen months before. The janitor said the package had been left there by two rough-looking sailors. Upon drawing the cork the lieutenant found a rude inscription upon the back of his carefully printed instructions which read:

"Here's your bottle. Found (on such and such a date, in such and such latitude and longitude). The next time you cast a bottle adrift please put something else in it besides a piece of paper."

Saved a Thousand Lives.

To have saved over 1,000 lives is a somewhat unique experience. This record belongs to Capt. Weiss, of the steamship Belgian King, to whom a presentation was made in Newcastle, England, recently. It has been his good luck to pick up several vessels in distress at sea, including the liner Palmyra, with 850 people on board.—Detroit Free Press.

Mining Locations.

C. W. Taylor located, Dec 18, a quartz claim in Wagner creek district.

H. H. McCarthy located, Dec 1, the Black Bird mining claim, Mountain district.

T. E. Shearer located, Dec 8, 30 acres in Steamboat district.

T. A. Kewley located, Dec 21, the South Slope quartz claim in Spencer creek district.

Nelson Hosmer located, Dec 18, 10 acres in Steamboat district.

W. M. Swartz located, Nov 28, 20 acres in Steamboat district.

G. W. West located, Nov 20, the Mountain Lyon quartz claim in Wagner creek district.

Matilda Peterson and Nellie Faucett located, Nov 1, Red Bird quartz claim in Gales creek district.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mary D. Farlow to John C. Cox, 13 acres, tp 38 s. 1 w. 300

Berth S. Barum to J. F. Kelly lots 5 and 6, blk 40, Medford, 300

E. F. Walker to Hugh F. Baker land in Enoch Walker sub division, 108

Fred Martin to Charlotte B. Pracht lot 13, blk O. K. add to Ashland, 150

W. J. Virgin to Arestia C. Virgin lots 1 and 2, block 5, Ashland, 200

Walter Jacobs to E. E. Smith 1 and 15-100 acres comprising Ashland planing mill property, 1500

W. T. Leever, de bonis non, Isaac Constant estate to James Owen 40 and 21-100 acres, tp 37 s. 2 w. 100

G. H. Andrews to Mrs. Nettie Moore lot 9, blk O. K. add to Ashland, 35

Wm H. Holt, et al, to Elmer Chapin the Humburg quartz claim in Applegate district, 500

Nothing the baby is one of the joys of young motherhood. The baby's bath is the pleasantest feature of the day. This, of course, only when the baby and the mother are both healthy. Not much pleasure can be gotten out of bathing a peevish, sickly, fretful baby. If the mother isn't healthy, she can't get much pleasure out of anything. Healthy mothers, who are careful, always have

healthy babies. Weak women sometimes have healthy babies, but the chances are against it. Every woman can have healthy, happy children if she will take proper care of herself. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is what she needs. It cures the weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women. It makes perfect women of them—women capable of maternity. Its use obviates the dreaded, and generally useless, physicians' "examinations" and stereotyped "local treatments." It is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, devised by a regularly educated, experienced, and skillful specialist in these diseases, and its sale exceeds the combined sales of all other medicines advertised for this class of maladies. Taken during the period of pregnancy, it prepares the whole womanly organism for its time of trial and danger. It practically does away with the danger and with nearly all of the pain.

Women who care to know all about the "Favorite Prescription," and all about their own physical being, and the best way to take care of it, should send 21 one-cent stamps to pay for the book only of a free copy of Dr. Pierce's great 100 page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser. World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 643 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent.

Write your idea on a card, and send it to J. Montague, P. O. Box 100, Medford, Ore. He will send you a list of two hundred inventions wanted.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

IN 1897.

Fiction: The Martian, the now novel by Du Maurier, the eagerly expected successor to "Trilby" in October number, 1896, with illustrations from the author's drawing. A new novel by Frank R. Stockton—developing a humorous situation and characteristically illustrated. A Pair of Patient Lovers, by William Dean Howells. Other striking stories by Mark Twain, Thomas Nelson Page, American Humorists, Owen Wister, John Kendrick Bangs, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Octave Thomet, Mary E. Wilkins and other popular writers. Science: Story of the progress of science during the nineteenth century, a series of papers by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, supplemented by contributions on special subjects by expert scientists. Articles on the relations of curious psychological manifestations to physiology by Dr. Andrew Wilson. American features: The Mexico of Today, a series by Chas. F. Lummis, splendidly illustrated—the result of a recent visit to Mexico undertaken for Harper's Magazine. Mexico is pre-eminently a silver-producing country, and its monetary operations rest entirely on a silver basis. Owing to the keen discussion of certain economic problems in connection with issues of urgent importance in American politics, these papers will attract general attention. American Historical Papers, by Woodrow Wilson, John Bach MacMaster and James Barnes. The true story of Sheridan's Ride, by Gen. G. A. Forsyth. Continuation of Howells' Personal Reminiscences of eminent literary figures. Africa and the East: White Man's Africa, a fully illustrated series of papers by Poultony during a recent trip to Africa, covering the whole field of European exploitation of that country. Illustrations of the transformations of Siberia, recently visited by the author. Hun-Kin-Sen Smith. The full story of the recent Coronation of the Czar, by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated by Canton Woodville, who was commissioned by Queen Victoria to paint a picture of the ceremony.

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SUMMONS.

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

Daisy E. Dungan, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas Dungan, Defendant.

To Thomas Dungan, the above named defendant:

I, the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff in the above entitled court, now on file with the clerk of said court, within the time specified in the service of this summons upon you, or 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 5th 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 the cause, to-wit: For a dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the said Dungan, be given to his paternal estate, and that plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name, the name of Daisy E. Smith, and for such further 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. Jett, 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