

OUR COUNTY . . .
Correspondents

Eagle Point Eagles.
BY A. C. HOWLETT.

Miss Etta Wilson closed her school at this place last Friday.

Born—June 21, 1900, near Derby, to Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Washburn, a son.

Miss Lottie Brown visited friends in Ashland, Medford and Central Point recently.

Mrs. John Curry and family were visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. A. Carlton, last Sunday.

School Superintendent Gregory visited the schools in our section of the county last week.

Miss Lottie Taylor, who has been visiting with Mrs. J. H. Carlton, returned home last week.

Meadams A. M. Thomas and E. Sinclair were visiting friends in Central Point last week.

Mrs. J. W. Grover, who has been visiting her brother, Wm. Parry, returned home last Friday.

A. J. Daley is putting up a new fence and preparing to go into the poultry business on quite a large scale.

Mrs. Bays returned last Friday from Josephine County, where she had been visiting her grandfather and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Thomson, who have been visiting old acquaintances in Jacksonville, returned to Geo. Brown's last week.

Pike Maury, of Coquille City, and his stopdaughter, Miss Icy Snow, were visiting the latter's grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Thomas, last Sunday.

From the way people in this section of the county talk, and judging other sections by this, there will be the largest gathering in Medford on the 4th of July that has ever assembled in the county.

While the late rains did considerable damage to the hay crop and some of the standing grain, it will make the late sown grain first-class and cause the early grain to fill better. The prospect is favorable for an abundant harvest.

Mrs. David Bell, of Humboldt County, California, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. George Heckathorn, started for her home on the 15th. She was accompanied as far as San Francisco by Mrs. J. E. Geary, who has gone there for medical treatment.

Died—June 23, 1900, James M. Riddle, aged 78 years, 6 months and 12 days. Mr. Riddle had been working on Round Top, and not feeling well started for his home, in Eagle Point, a distance of ten or twelve miles, about 9 o'clock a. m., arriving there at 7 p. m. When he reached home he could hardly walk and was thoroughly drenched, but showed no signs of being particularly ill, and at 11:45 he expired. He leaves a wife and an adopted daughter. The remains were interred in the Central Point cemetery on Monday morning, Rev. J. P. Moomaw conducting the funeral services.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WALTER & TAUB, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KIMMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Brownstone Items.

BY REBECCA.

O. A. Snyder, of Yankee creek, was in town Monday.

Mrs. Chris. Beale, of Big Butte, who has been quite ill, is improving.

Mrs. H. A. Moyer, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Klinge, made a trip to Medford Monday.

Mrs. L. A. Brook, accompanied by Miss Laura Brook, returned home Monday after spending several days visiting with Mrs. Grace Hanley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Slinger returned home from Medford Saturday, whither they had been called by the death of their uncle, Wm. Slinger, of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, of Burns, Harney County, arrived Friday and are the guests of Mrs. Miller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nichols, of Lake Creek. They will also visit other relatives while in the valley.

Preparations are still being made for the coming celebration. After the morning parade, a patriotic pro-

gram will be rendered by local talent. The afternoon hours will be devoted to a base ball game, races and other amusements, followed in the evening by fireworks and a grand ball. A cordial invitation is extended to all surrounding communities, and we hope many will meet with us on our national holiday.

Last fall I sprained my left hip while handling some heavy boxes. The doctor I called on said at first it was a slight strain and would soon be well, but it grew worse and the doctor then said I had rheumatism. It continued to grow worse and I could hardly get around to work. I went to a drug store and the druggist recommended me to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I tried it and one-half of a 50-cent bottle cured me entirely. I now recommend it to all my friends.—F. A. Babcock, Erie, Pa. It is for sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Meadows Items.

BY K. Y.

Polk Hull was in Gold Hill Saturday.

C. E. Pomeroy was in Medford on business Monday and Tuesday.

Wm. Childers, of Gold Hill, was in the Meadows on business last week.

Mrs. W. O. Carter and daughter, Mattie, were Medford visitors last week.

Joe and Fonia Mayfield made Gold Hill a business call Monday and Tuesday.

H. H. Mitchell and daughter, of Asbestos, made Gold Hill a business visit Friday.

Mr. Simmons, Wm. Foster and Ammon Walker, of Bolt, were in the Meadows last week on a prospecting tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Saul Tevebough, who have been visiting John Walker and family, started for their home in Douglas County last Tuesday.

E. Pleasant, who has been in the Meadows during the past six weeks for the benefit of his health, returned to his home in Central Point Friday.

Would Not Suffer So Again for Fifty Times Its Price.

I awoke last night with severe pains in my stomach. I never felt so badly in all my life. When I came down to work this morning I felt so weak I could hardly work. I went to Miller & McCurdy's drug store and they recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It worked like magic and one dose fixed me all right. It certainly is the finest thing I ever used for stomach trouble. I shall not be without it in my home hereafter, for I should not care to endure the sufferings of last night again for fifty times its price.—G. H. Wilson, Livoryman, Burgetstown, Washington Co., Pa. This remedy is for sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Big Sticky Items.

BY PECK'S BAD BOY.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gregory visited at H. C. Turpin's last Saturday.

J. W. Smith, who has been sick for some weeks past, is much improved.

The hay crop throughout the valley has been greatly damaged by the rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter visited relatives in Medford Friday and Saturday.

Miss Donna Pruett, who had her arm severely injured some weeks ago, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens and son, of Illinois, are visiting at J. W. Smith's. Mrs. Stevens is a sister of Mrs. Smith and they had not met for twenty-eight years, at which time Mr. and Mrs. Stevens resided in Rogue river valley.

Glorious News.

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist. Guaranteed.

Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of M. P. Phipps; supplemental report to April account approved. In estate of A. B. Moon; Walter M. Scott, J. Edward Shipley and A. L. Gail appointed appraisers and M. J. Moon administrator. Petition for guardian of Pearl Wilson dismissed. In the estate of Jas. Gaines; Rufus Cox appointed administrator. In estate of Geo. W. Heckathorn; inventory and appraisal showing property valued at \$1089. In estate of Gillis Wells, Jr.; third semi-annual account showing balance on hand June 15, 1900, of \$49.14.

Mining Locations.

Mrs. Dolliah Odon located June 14, a placer claim of 30 acres, in Pleasant creek district. C. N. Bennett et al located June 19, 4 quartz claims in Sixtytwo mountain district. Frank Williams located June 18, a quartz claim in Foothills creek district.

The girls tell us—and they are authority—that our candles have the real flavor. The choicest candles in Medford—at the R'alto.

Dan's Muss with a Buck

Unneighborly Acts of a Friend in the Knob Country.

"GABE came out of his house as I was goin' by," said the man from the Knob country, "and hollers: 'Where you goin' so fast, Dan?' 'I was goin' toler'ble fast, that's so, and as I was feelin' riled yit at Gabe I didn't answer him pertic'lar cheerin'. It was only the day afore that I says to Gabe: 'You talk like a darn fool, Gabe!' I says, 'cause he riled me the way he sniffed and turned up his nose and said he'd like to see a deer treat him that way."

"I'll bet anything you want to," he says, "that I kin lek the snortest buck, well or wounded, that ever run in these woods, if he'll only wait till I kin git my claws on him; and I kin do it so quick he won't never know what lit on him!" "And that's what riled me, for the deer that I had the little muss with wasn't a pertic'lar big one, but he come so consarned nigh gittin' the best o' me that there wasn't no fun in it. I plinked him all right, as he was runnin' quarterin' from me, and he went down like an ox hit betwixt the eyes with a sledge hammer, and laid there not even a quiverin'."

"A slamm'n' nice shot, that, if I do say it myself, as hadn't ought to!" I says. "He died 'fore he tetched the ground." "I sot my gun ag'in the tree I was standin' by and sa'ntered over to 'rd the deer, with an oh-I-guess-I'm-goin'-to-have-venison-for-supper sort o' way, an, standin' straddle of him, stooped over to cut his throat. I hadn't more than put the pint of the knife ag'in his throat when he riz up as if a blast o' powder had been sot off under him. I shot over his head and come down ker-thump, flat as a flounder. 'Fore I could make any sort of a move, chug! come them two fore-hoofs of the deer's down onto me right where my hind gallus buttons fastens on. That rather knocked the wind out o' me for a spell, but when I got some of it back I turned my head and peeked up over my shoulder to see what the prospects was lookin' like. I see the buck bracin' himself ag'in me with his forefeet and glarin' down at me with his eyes blazin' worse'n the livest kind o' coals, and his nostrils was jest actin' spurtin' steam. Then I know'd I had only flinned him—jest grazed him with my bullet where his backbone jined his head. That's finnin' a deer. It drops 'em like a stone and stuns 'em awhile, but don't kill 'em. But it makes 'em as ugly as sin. So I see at once that I hadn't killed this buck, but had only flinned him. It was the ruttin' time o' deer, too, and bucks is uglier then than wounded she bears anyhow. Knowin' these things, I began to wonder if any o' the boys'd ever run ag'in my bones there in the woods, and lug 'em in and give 'em a home plantin'."

"Jest the minute I moved and turned my head back to see what the prospects was the buck give a snort and r'ared up almost perpendicular, so as to fetch them sharp hoofs o' his'n down on me ag'in. I know'd that if they ever landed they'd more'n likely pin me to the ground as proper as a coonskin nailed to a barn door, so I kept my eye peered, and as them hoofs begun to fall I turned over quicker'n my old woman ever flopped a pancake on the griddle. I wa'n't a second too soon, neither. One o' the buck's hoofs jest grazed the front o' my huntin' shirt as I went over, and both of his feet sunk into the ground hard as it was, half way up to his knees!

"I had an idee that them hoofs would stick there, so that it'd kind o' stay for their p'ceedin's on the part o' the deer till I could get on my pins, grab my gun, and sock a ball into him where it ought to be socked. But the idee wa'n't the right kind. I riz up all right, but somehow the deer's hoofs didn't stick in the ground long. The deer got 'em out soon enough to throw 'em ag'in me so hard that it tumbled me more than six feet away, and mixed me up in a lot o' wild grapevines that hung down from a big oak tree. That was a lucky tumble I tell you, for I grabbed a thick stalk o' vine and clim up it in a way, that'd a made a monkey think he wasn't any great shucks at climbin', after all. I got up in that tree, and the buck danced and pranced and snorted around for a minute or two, and then went boundin' away up the ridge. Soon as I see his white tail whisk out o' sight in the scrub oaks I clim down and went home feelin' about as chipper. 'S'pose, as a feller mowt feel who'd been ketch'd stealin' a sheep. And that's the little muss with a mad deer that I was tellin' Gabe about when he sniffed and turned up his nose and riled me by sayin' that he'd jest like to see any deer treat him that way, and that he'd bet a little somethin' that he could lick the biggest buck that run them woods, well or wounded, if the deer would only let him git his claws on it once. So I was riled yit when I was goin' by Gabe's house and he hollers: 'Where you goin' so fast, Dan?' 'I didn't answer him pertic'lar cheerin', feelin' riled at him yit, and I jest says: 'Chestnuttin'!' 'Chestnuttin'!' Gabe hollers. 'What you got yer gun fer?' 'I kept goin' right along, and hollers back: 'I thought maybe there mowt be some chestnuts so high on the tree that I'd have to cut, the stems with a rifle ball,' I hollers.

"'Say, Dan!' Gabe hollers. 'Kin I go long?' 'Course I had to be neighborly, riled or no riled, and I hollers back: 'There ain't no law to prevent you, as I ever heard on!' I hollers.

"'Ho Gabe he came along, and we went up on the ridge a couple o' miles and went to getherin' chestnuts. My gun was settin' ag'in a tree and I was keepin' my eye skinned, and by and by I grabbed the gun and let her belch into a bunch o' laurels. Of course Gabe hadn't seen nor heard nothin', and when the buck jumped out from behind the bushes and went lopin' away I see I had put a bullet in him fair enough. Gabe see him goin', and with a yell he started hot-foot on his trail, and got plumb in range so I couldn't foller the buck with another shot. Gabe could run like a hound, and at first I was madder than a hit snake 'cause he got in my way so. I couldn't shoot ag'in, but then a sort of an idee struck me and I had to smile. 'That deer is hit so he's bound to lay down 'fore he gets a great ways,' I says, 'and if Gabe happens to run ag'in him I shouldn't wonder but what he'll have a chance to show how easy he kin lick a buck, well or wounded, as he's been braggin' so much that he kin.' 'I calculated that if the deer lasted long enough, the way he was headin', he'd strike the creek and lay down in the water, so I took a short cut and made for the creek. I got there jest as the buck came plungin' in and dumped himself down at the edge of a deep hole, longside of a pile of drift-wood. I squatted behind a row of alders and peeked through. I had hardly done it when along came Gabe. He stopped on the bank and seen the deer. After lookin' at him a minute Gabe, talkin' to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, says: 'I guess the best thing for me to do is to souse right in there and jest flop the deer critter over and drown him, and dunk him out on the bank, so he'll be all ready when Dan' comes up!'"

"'And durned if Gabe didn't souse in. He grabbed the buck by one horn and put his foot ag'in 'other, to jest flop the deer over and drown him. Say! I come the highest kind to spillin' half the fun by bustin' out and rollin' and hollerin', for that deer jest riz up, and for the next minute or two it churned and doused Gabe up and down in that deep hole as if the buck was a washerwoman and Gabe was a bedquilt he was givin' an all-pervadin' washin' and reinsein' to! Every time the buck sloshed Gabe down in the creek the water'd fly up more'n three foot, and kept goin' up and fallin' back on Gabe as proper as if he was standin' under a mill dam. I could see Gabe gasp and gasp and ketch for breath every time he'd come up from outen the water, and I see that he was changin' his mind about how quick and easy he could lick the snortin' buck that run them woods."

"The fun of it was, you see, that Gabe didn't dast let go o' the buck's horns and pike for shore, 'cause he had an inklin' that if he did the buck would ketch him with horns and hoofs both and spike and punch him full o' holes before he could git up the bank. It was hard on me, I tell you, to lay there listenin' that little circus and have to keep in from hollerin', but I had to do it or spill the fun, for if Gabe had found out that I was there he'd 'a let go the deer and dug for land, knowin' that I'd 'a been neighborly enough to put a ball in the deer and stop it before it could spike him. So I had to stuff my hat in my mouth to keep from spillin' the fun."

"By and by I see that besides churnin' Gabe in the creek the buck was dressin' him down every now and then with one of his sharp fore hoofs, which would ketch Gabe nigh the shoulder and slash down almost the full length o' the arm. It wa'n't long 'fore the clothes was all ripped offen the arm, and the hoof began to dig into the flesh. Gabe didn't have much time to do it, but he'd manage to wiggle and wince consider'ble every time the hoof slid down and took the skin with it, and the faces he was makin' was better any clown in a circus. This here went on for nigh five minutes before Gabe said anything, and then he begun to holler. He wouldn't hardly git his holler started good, though, 'fore the holler would shut it off by sousein' him under the water, and that was so consarned funny that how I ever did keep in I can't begin to say. After awhile the buck began to git tired, 'cause he had a ball in his shoulder and he was bleedin' like Sam Hill.

"This is gittin' too hard on that poor deer," says I to myself, "and I guess I'll holler to Gabe to come in." "I was jest goin' to raise up and do it when the deer cut, churnin' Gabe and stood still. I guess Gabe thought that'd be a good time to make a break for shore, and he let go the deer's horns and turned to make it. The buck sprung up ag'in, and makin' one lunge, ketched Gabe some'nigh the seat of his trousers and riz him so amazin' that he landed in a sprawl on the bank. Gabe gathered himself up and looked back quick to see if the deer was comin' at him ag'in. But the deer wasn't. It stood in the creek glarin' at Gabe, but it was too tired to have any more fun with him. Gabe sot there and mopped the water and mud out of his eyes with his sleeve, and I heard him say: 'I wouldn't have Dan' know this not for \$40!'"

"Then I riz up and put a ball through the buck and tumbled him. Gabe looked around kind o' skeert, but when he see me standin' there grinnin' the hull thing struck him. And, consarn his pletur', what do you think he had the grit to say? Why, he drawed his face and scowled as if he was put out the worst way, and snapped out: 'Consarn you, Dan!' You're always pokin' your nose where you ain't wanted! Here I was settin' jest to give that deer a chance to cooperate so's to give him a show for himself 'fore I went back and finished him, and here you come and sock a ball through him and end my fun!'"

"'And he pretended to be so mad that he went away and wouldn't help me ketch the buck out o' the creek, and I had to drag it out all by myself! Seems to me there ain't no use o' bein' neighborly to such folks as Gabe!'—N. Y. Sun.

An Oregon hop dealer who has recently visited California, reports that about 60000 bales of hops have been contracted from nine to ten cents per pound. The Solano cherry crop has produced satisfactory returns. Cherry shipments are over for that part of the state, but are still going on from San Jose.

All About Fence Posts.

EDITOR MEDFORD MAIL:—So many friends speak to me about the irritating decay of fence posts that I venture, through your columns, to tell you how it can be avoided. Contact with carbolicum avenarium, the German wood preserver, will absolutely arrest decay from soil, climate and vermin. It hardens the fence posts, hop poles, house supports or other wooden fixtures treated and adds many years to their usefulness. I have saved time, work and money by using this compound and think no thrifty farmer should be without it. I see from articles published in the Oregonian that they are employing carbolicum avenarium in Portland for paving blocks, the Madison street bridge, etc., with excellent results. What it accomplishes for city folks on a large scale, it will certainly accomplish for country people on a small scale when used for domestic purposes. No expert knowledge is required in using it. I have applied it with a brush the same as I would paint; or in treating fence posts or hop poles simply dipped them in a carbolicum avenarium bath. I have yet to record an unsuccessful trial of this preparation, and can cordially recommend it as a sure preserver of wood for whatever purpose used. Carbolicum avenarium not only saves time and money by its preservative qualities, but its economic merits are augmented by the low price at which it is sold in this territory. If others reap the benefit of my experience this letter will not be wasted, but prove an absolute benefaction to our farming community. I understand this compound can be procured at D. H. Miller's Medford, Oregon. I bought direct from Fisher, Thorsen & Co., at Portland, Oregon, who represent the German manufacturers.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of an execution issued out of the honorable Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson, on a judgment rendered in said Circuit Court on the 7th day of May, 1899, whereby defendant, John M. McLean recovered a judgment against the defendant, F. J. Monroe, for the sum of thirteen hundred thirty-one and 40/100 dollars, and the plaintiff, F. J. Atkin, recovered a judgment against defendant, F. J. Monroe, doing business as Monroe & Morgan, and the Monroe & Morgan syndicate, for the further sum of two hundred forty (\$240.00) dollars as attorney's fees therein, and the costs and disbursements in this said case, ten (\$10.00) dollars, and the plaintiff, J. P. Atkin, recovered a judgment against defendant, F. J. Monroe, doing business as Monroe & Morgan, and the Monroe & Morgan syndicate, for the further sum of twenty-nine thousand (\$29,000.00) dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from said date until paid, together with the further sum of fifty-six (\$56.00) dollars costs and disbursements, by and under the command of said execution to satisfy the above mentioned judgments and accruing costs I have levied upon and will sell in the manner provided by law at the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, on

Watch Repairing

SHAVING 10.
HAIR CUTTING 20.
Give me a trial and you will come again.

CHICKEN LICE CONQUERED.
USE
Carbolicum Avenarium.
The most efficient Wood Preserving Paint, also a Radical Remedy against Chicken Lice. Its application to inside walls of poultry houses will permanently exterminate all lice. Results, healthy chickens—plenty of eggs. Write for circulars and prices; mention this paper.

D. H. MILLER, Medford, Ore.

BUTLER
...JEWELER

Apple Fudding. An easily made pudding that has served an old housekeeper on many emergency occasions is prepared by making a mixture of one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, a half cupful of butter and three eggs, and adding to it three chopped apples and three-quarters of a cupful of chopped raisins. This should be baked in a moderate oven about half an hour. Serve with hard sauce.—N. Y. Tribune.

Rusk and Cardinal Manning. The late Mr. Rusk, in one of those private letters so full of charm and individuality, thus describes a lunch he had with "My Darling Cardinal": "He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, ham and currant jelly, puff-paste like papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—and those lovely preserved cherries like kisses in amber."—Westminster Gazette.

NEW BARBER SHOP

J. R. Hardee, Prop.
Shop on Seventh street, opposite Union Livary Stables.
SHAVING 10.
HAIR CUTTING 20.
Give me a trial and you will come again.

CHICKEN LICE CONQUERED.

USE
Carbolicum Avenarium.
The most efficient Wood Preserving Paint, also a Radical Remedy against Chicken Lice. Its application to inside walls of poultry houses will permanently exterminate all lice. Results, healthy chickens—plenty of eggs. Write for circulars and prices; mention this paper.

D. H. MILLER, Medford, Ore.

BUTLER



Watch Repairing

This is Your Opportunity. On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

EAST AND SOUTH

OF THE
The - Shasta - Route
OF THE
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY.

South	North	Portland	Medford	Independence
8:30 a. m.	1:00 p. m.	4:30 p. m.	7:00 p. m.	9:30 p. m.
9:30 a. m.	2:00 p. m.	5:30 p. m.	8:00 p. m.	10:30 p. m.
10:30 a. m.	3:00 p. m.	6:30 p. m.	9:00 p. m.	11:30 p. m.
11:30 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	10:00 p. m.	
12:30 p. m.	5:00 p. m.	8:30 p. m.	11:00 p. m.	

Dining Cars
Observation Cars

Pullman first-class and tourist cars attached to all through trains.

ROSBURG MAIL—DAILY.

8:30 a. m.	1:00 p. m.	Portland	Ar	4:30 p. m.
9:30 a. m.	2:00 p. m.	Rosburg	Lv	7:30 p. m.

CORVALLIS MAIL—DAILY (Except Sunday)

7:30 a. m.	1:00 p. m.	Portland	Ar	5:30 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	2:00 p. m.	Corvallis	Lv	1:00 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of O. C. & E. railway.

INDEPENDENCE PASSENGER—DAILY
(Except Sunday.)

4:30 p. m.	1:00 p. m.	Portland	Ar	8:30 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	4:00 p. m.	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 a. m.
8:30 p. m.	5:00 p. m.	Independence	Lv	4:40 a. m.

Direct connection at San Francisco with steamship lines for Hawaii, Japan, China, The Philippines and Australia. For through tickets and rates call on or address Mr. W. V. Lippincott, Agent, Medford. R. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager. PORTLAND OREGON.

—Read THE MAIL for the news.