OUR COUNTY . . .
Correspondents

Eagle Point Eaglets.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

Born—On June 24, 1900, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nichols, a daughter.

Mr. Lippincott and family, of Medford, were out viewing our town last Sunday.

Robert Jonas, who is teaching school at Derby, made a business trip to Medford last Saturday. He reports that his school is progressing finely.

Ralph Newman was in from Ft. Klamath a short time ago. He was accompanied on his return by Miss Lillie Newman, who will visit with her sister and aunt for a while.

O. P. McGee expects to start soon with a force of men for Rancherie, where they will put up hay belonging to Slinger & Ulrich. As soon as that is completed they will go to Klamath County to put up hay in that section.

Miss Elsie Nye and her niece, Miss Floy Florey, came down from the Nye farm, in Flounce Rock precinct, last Sunday. Miss Elsie returned home Tuesday, accompanied by her parents, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Florey.

There is a good opening in our town for a wagon maker, or carpenter who can do wagon work in connection with his regular work, as there is a great deal of travel through here and consequently considerable repair work to be done.

Eli Wood and family arrived last week from California for a visit with Mr. Wood's mother, Mrs. Kelsoe, and also to look at the country. They seem to be favorably impressed with the appearance of this section and may locate among us.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoyt, accompanied by their cousin, Hallie Hoyt, came in from Klamathon the first of last week and remained until Sunday, when Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Tavie Howlett started for Ft. Klamath. They expect to return the first of next week.

I understand that one of our enterprising citizens contemplates reopening the water ditch on the south side of Little Butte creek and extending it so as to irrigate some of the land on Antelope creek, thus giving water privileges to those living on that side of the creek.

The engineer and fireman who have charge of the Sugar Pine Company's traction engine, used in hauling lumber from the Big Butte country to Medford, will reside in Eagle Point. Mr. Wright, the fireman, has moved into the Thomas Coy property, while the other gentleman has been trying to rent a house in which to live.

An Epidemic of Diarrhoea.

Mr. A. Sanders, writing from Cocoanut Grove, Fla., says there has been quite an epidemic of diarrhoea there. He had a severe attack and was cured by four doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says he also recommended it to others and they say it is the best medicine they ever used. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Brownsboro Items.

BY REBECCA.

Wm. Gregory, of Central Point, was in this vicinity last week buying hogs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, of Burns, were smiling on friends in town Sunday.

Ira Tungate, of Big Butte, having resigned the census work in the adjoining district, Geo. Churchman, of Ashland, is completing the same.

M. Mull, of Mt. View, accompanied by his mother, called in town Monday while on his way to the valley. Mrs. Mull will be the guest of Mrs. F. Piel, of Big Sticky, for a few days.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

The annual encampment of the Central California Veterans' association began Monday at Santa Cruz, and will continue for two weeks. There are already 60 tents up, besides the large assembly tent. The programme includes camp fires and various kinds of entertainment. About 500 people are expected in camp.

Robert Brierly, an aged pioneer of Lompoc, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a knife. No other cause is known for the deed than that he had become despondent over financial embarassments and in a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by heavy drinking, cut his throat.

The Chinese Situation.

SHANGHAI, June 29. — The United States battle-ship Oregon is ashore on the Island of Hoo Kie, in the Miao Tao group, about 50 miles north of Chefoo, and a steamer of the Indo-China Steam Navigation company has gone to her assistance.

Later reports state that the crew was landed safely and that their were hopes of saving the ship provided a storm did not come up.

LONDON, July 2.—Official dispatches received by the consular body at Shanghai, an Express cable dated Shanghai, July 1, confirm in the fullest manner the report of the butchery of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, on June 18. The embassador was riding in Legation street when he was attacked by Chinese troops and Boxers, dragged from his horse and killed. His body was hacked to pieces with swords. The German legation and six other buildings were burned and a number of servants of the legations killed and their bodies thrown into the flames.

Official confirmation of this ghastly business has created the utmost consternation among the consuls-general of the powers, who expressed fears that war a l'outrance will be declared against the Peking government. The consuls entertain little hope that any foreigners are left alive in the capital. There were 100 foreigners connected with the legations, 50 in the custom house, English and American tourists, and others to the number of 150, and nearly 500 legation guards.

A dispatch to the Express from Nanking, June 30, says: "French priests here have received reports from Peking that the public executions of foreigners has been in progress since June 20. This news comes by runners from French priests at Peking, who state that they administered the last rites to the condemned men."

Lin Yun Yih has received this from the viceroy of Yunshiki:

"Foreign troops victorious at Tien-tsin. They will enter Peking immediately."

The morning papers generally accept the reports that Baron von Ketteler has been killed and express grave uncertainty as to whether any of the members of the legations at Peking are safe.

CHEFOO, June 28, via Shanghai.—Admiral Seymour's expedition has been relieved, having failed to connect with Peking. There is no news from Peking. Russian Colonel Schetette, commanding the combined forces of 10,000 men, is supposed to be proceeding to Peking. Admiral Seymour's expedition is returning to Tien-tsin. His force has suffered greatly.

It is estimated that from 40,000 to 60,000 Chinese troops are now before Peking. Boxers from all sections are swarming there.

The casualities of the international force attacking Tien-tsin were: Americans, killed, 3; wounded, 2; Russians, killed, 10; wounded, 37. The gun fire of the Americans and British is described as "beautiful."

After the relieving force passed on to the relief of Admiral Seymour, Chinese regulars, under General Nieh, says a dispatch from Shanghai, again attacked Tien-tsin fiercely and bombarded the foreign settlement with a terrible fire.

WASHINGTON. — This represents the policy of the administration in dealing with the situation in China. It is outlined by a high official of the government:

1. To give immediate relief to Americans in China whose lives are now in jeopardy.

2. To afford protection to Americans and American interests in China until order is restored and their safety is assured.

3. To prepare to protect American trade rights if dismemberment of China becomes imminent.

4. To seek no territory in the event of partition, but to demand an absolute guarantee of equal commercial privileges, and not extend the United States sphere of influence beyond the Philippines.

South Africa Notes.

LONDON, June 28.—General Rundle had a sharp rifle skirmish near Senekal Friday with a large force of Boers. He declined to attack them. This is the only fresh fighting reported.

The Boer outposts northeast of Pretoria are busy. The telegram wires between Standerson and Newcastle were cut Sunday and Sir Redvers Buller had to report by heliograph.

Commandant Dowet, with 3000 men and three guns, is moving northeast in the Orange River colony. It is understood that he and Commandant-General Botha entered into a compact that neither would surrender so long as the other was in the field.

Twelve thousand rifles, all told, have been surrendered to the British. President Krueger is still at Machadodorp.

The British war office has received the follwing dispatch: Sir Charles Warren reports that the rebellion in Cape Colony north of the Orange river is now over. The last formidable body, under Commandant de Villiers, surrendered recently, consisting of about 220 men, 280 horses, 18 wagons, 260 rifles and 100,000 rounds of ammunition.

Charles Adams, an employe of the Southern Pacific company, was struck by a train in Alameda and killed. He tried to cross the track. Als five children saw the accident.

The Northwest Cured Fruit association has organized, with J. H. Fletcher of Vancouver, Wash., as president, and H. E. Dosch secretary, and a board of 15 directors scattered over a large area, but with a quorum within easy reach of Portland.

The announcement has been made that there are enough beets in the locality to warrant the Los Alamos factory running for a month.

A Perfectly Model Man

By Ella Higginson.

SHE lay there alone in the dark.

It was near midnight. When the lights had been dimmed throughout the house, and stillness had settled upon everything, he had arisen in unbearable suffering and gone softly down stairs. It was her last night in the house, whose every chair and curtain seemed to thrill as he passed, and he must be nearer the room in which she lay asleep—forevermore asleep.

He threw himself upon a couch in the hall. He lay on his back with one arm thrown over his eyes. He was trembling like an old, old man—or like a dog that lies out in the cold and wet and hears a fire crackling within the house.

A fine rain was beating ceaselessly against the windows and doors. The climbing rose against the side of the house moved its arms as the wind bore down upon it. It had not been a month since she had asked him to tack it more securely, as the autumn winds were coming on; and he had replied that he would do it some other time—he had an engagement now. The engagement had been to play billiards with a man for whom he cared nothing. She was standing on the steps in her pale blue gown, with tacks and bits of leather and a long-handled hammer in her hands. He recalled the cloud of disappointment that had drifted suddenly across her face. The following morning he had observed that the vine was tacked in place, and he had not thought of it again. Until now! Why on earth should he think of it now? Was not his anguish deep enough? Why could he not remember rather the things he had done to make her happy—the pleasant home he had given her, the jewels, the pretty gowns, the carriage—ah, the carriage! His heart opened and closed suddenly. The carriage in which she seemed to take no pleasure because he never went driving with her! He had told her that he was too busy! Good God! his heart cried out roughly, why need he have lied to her? She must have known then that he was lying to her; surely she knew it now.

Presently he became aware that two women had entered an adjoining room. They drew their chairs to the fire and sewed and talked. The door leading into the dark hall was open. It seemed good to him—less lonely—that they should be there. They spoke in unhushed voices, as if to make it more cheerful for themselves.

"Well," said one, after they had talked of other things, biting a thread and rolling the end between her thumb and forefinger, "she had everything that heart could want. He's a good man, an' he was mighty good to her." She bent toward the lamp to thread her needle. Her eyelids flickered close together. Tiny wrinkles ran around her eyes.

The other woman was silent.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Gregg, beginning to sew, "there ain't many men as good to a woman's he was. She had a nice home, all furnished up nice—w'y, that sideboard alone cost $200 if it cost a cent! She had a cook an' a second girl—I never could see why they call 'em second girls—an' a kerriage, an' fine jewelry, an' dresses. She had a plenty o' spending money besides."

The other woman was silent. Why did she not speak. He lifted his head and looked at her. She rocked back and forth as she sewed. Her eyes were on her work. He knew her well—a poor neighbor to whom his wife had given much sewing and of whom she had always been fond. Only a few hours before her death she had spoken to him of this woman. "You'll do something for her sometimes, dearest," she had whispered, even after speech was a difficult thing for her. "Do little things for her and the children—and do them delicately—so you will not—hurt—her—" She had sunk back in his arms, exhausted, and finished the sentence with a smile.

"Look at her front door," went on Mrs. Gregg. "She wanted a fine one, an' she got it. She got every blessed thing she took a notion for, from a burglar-proof closet for her silverware to a Poppa Gonteer rosebush. You got that seam done, Mis' Medca'f?"

Mrs. Medcalf held up the seam to show that it lacked several inches of being finished.

"Oh, you'll soon have it done. It's a pity she ain't got any children. He'll be so much more lonesome, a comin' home at night an' not findin' anybody here."

Then of a sudden the other woman spoke: "I reckon he won't be any lonesomer'n she's been all these years, a-settin' here alone, night after night, till 11 o'clock."

No knife ever sent a more sickening pain through a heart than those words sent through the heart of the man who lay there in the dark and heard.

"Hum—er—hum," said Mrs. Gregg. "I expect it did get kind of lonesome for her. He—he—that is. I guess he did have to stay downtown most of the time. But he didn't have any bad habits—didn't drink or gamble or look at other women. He was a perfectly model husband."

There was no reply to this, and presently Mrs. Gregg continued: "I never'd thought she'd up and utter a word of complaint agen such a husband."

"She never did," said Mrs. Medcalf. "Never 'n her life, so far's I know. She worshiped the land he walked on. You could see that with half an eye. But she led a mighty lonesome life, model husband or no model husband. He didn't have any bad habits. I know that. He just simply wa'n't domestic. He'd rather set down town an' play fool game or other than to set at an' read or play cards with his wife. It ain't no sin, an' I ain't sayin' it is; an' when a woman has that kind of a husband the whole neighborhood's ready to scream out: 'My—O! What does gettin' lonesome amount too? She ain't got any call fer complaint, 's I can see. She'd best be thankin' her stars she ain't got a husband that comes home drunk an' abuses her, or gambles everything he earns away in some old saloon or other!' An' I ain't the one to be claimin' they ain't right, an' she wa'n't the one to complain about anything. But what I see with my own eyes I guess I know. One night she come over to our house for somethin', an' when she comes in—well, if I do say it myself, our little settin'-room did look bright an' cheerful, even if we ain't got much in it. He always builds up a big fire'n the fireplace in winter, an' pops a big pan o' corn an' gets up some apples from the cellar, an' then sets down an' reads an' talks while I sew. An' we was settin' there that night when she comes in with a blue dress on an' a black lace scarf over her head, an' cries out: 'Oh, how cozy you are! Why, is your husband at home evenings?' An' she had the wishfullest eyes I ever looked into.

"'Yes,' I says real quick, for I didn't want to hurt her feelin's, 'he works so hard all day he don't feel much like goin' out nights.

"'Why, he isn't home every night, is he?' she cries out.

"'Yes, I be,' says he, before I could speak. 'W'y, ain't your husband?'

"'No,' she says, an' she walked over an' stood lookin' down into the fire; an' then she says, very slow: 'I'd be the happiest woman on earth if he was.'

"'Well,' says he, lookin' at her close, 'he's home sometimes in the evenin', ain't he?'

"'Don't you like popcorn?' cries I, jumpin' up quick, for I knew he never was; an' sure enough, her face was as red as fire—an' if there wa'n't tears in her eyes I don't know tears when I see 'em!"

"He was my idee of a perfectly model husband," said Mrs. Gregg, sternly. "I don't see how anybody can find it in their heart to utter a word agen him."

"I ain't a-utterin' a word agen him, Mis' Gregg. I'm just tellin' you that she was a lurable lonesome woman, even if he did give her everything heart could ask. That time after her baby died he stayed home with her every evenin'—he didn't go downtown a-once, not a-once—"

"You got that seam most finished?" demanded Mrs. Gregg, in a tone of extreme irritation. "After you get it all finished we'll go out in the breakfast room an' get somethin' to eat. There's a nice lunch all laid out on the table. We'll make some tea on the gas stove."

"But it didn't last long," went on Mrs. Medcalf, unmoved. "In less'n two weeks he had to run downtown just for a minute—"

"You like tea or coffee best, Mis' Medca'f? We can boil one as easy's the other."

"Tea. An' his minutes kep' gettin' longer and longer, an' in less'n two weeks more—"

"I've got my seam all done, Mis Medca'f. Ca-ha-ca-ha-ha," coughed Mrs. Gregg. "There, I'm ketchin' cold."

"In two weeks more he was a-stayin' out just as late as ever. An' then it seemed as if she just couldn't stay at home alone evenin's—"

Mrs Gregg arose suddenly, scraping her chair back with a rasping sound She went to the sideboard, ca-ha-ca-ha-ha-ing noisily as she went. She came back bearing a heavy solid silver cake-tray in both hands. "Heft that," she said, sternly. "Just heft it."

Mrs. Medcalf hefted it.

"Unh-hunh—solid," she said, briefly unimpressed. "So she took to comin over to my house to set a little while, with her white face and black dress lookin' as sad."

She paused and bent sideways to pick up her thimble, which had fallen. But Mrs. Gregg did not speak. She set the cake-tray in its place on the $200 sideboard. She brushed some imaginary dust off the embroidered cover with her hand. He, lying in the dark hall, observed her movements with that unconscious interest in trivial things which takes hold of one powerfully in great moments. She shook out the folds of her white apron, and stood for a second irresolute. Then she returned slowly to her chair and sat down with a look of utter defeat. Mrs. Medcalf continued her story with irritating complacence. Mrs. Gregg turned her face entirely away, and leaning her head against the back of the chair, closed her eyes and sat motionless, as if asleep. Mrs. Medcalf had her innings, and she made the most of them.

"Specially on windy nights, when doors rattled an' latches lifted up, she couldn't stay alone. So she used to come over and set there till bedtime an' then go home in the rain an' dark, an' go into that lonesome house all alone—an' him down town without a habit!"

Mrs. Medcalf had finished; she arose, triumphant. She folded her work neatly and leisurely and laid it on the table. Then she pushed her needle into it and laid her thimble on top of it—balancing it so it would not roll off. "He was a perfectly model husband," she said then, imitating Mrs. Gregg's tone; "but I reckon she'll never be any lonesomer up in that windy graveyard than she was here. Shall we go out now an' get somethin' to eat?"

She went slowly out of the room. Mrs. Gregg arose with her lips set together grimly, and followed.

And he—he lay there alone in the dark!—Woman's Home Companion.

At It Again.

She Who Had Been Abroad—And what do you think? At Monte Carlo I placed a five-franc piece on the number of my age on the roulette board and won!

She Who Had Not Been Abroad—But, dear, there are only 36 numbers in roulette.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Oregon delegates to the Democratic National convention at Kansas city will leave Portland Friday evening. It is stated unofficially that the first choice of the delegation for the vice-presidential nomination is former Congressman James Hamilton Lewis of the state of Washington.

All About Fence Posts.

EDITOR MEDFORD MAIL:—So many farmer 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. Coating with carbolineum avenarius, 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 carbolineum avenarius in Portland for paving blocks, the Madison street bridge timbers, 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 carbolineum avenarius 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.

Carbolineum avenarius not only saves time and money by its preservative qualities, but its economic merits are augumented 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 mine direct from Fisher, Thorsen & Co., at Portland, Oregon, who represent the German manufacturers.

PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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, 1900, wherein defendant George J. McLean recovered a judgment against the defendant, F. J. Monroe, for the sum of thirteen hundred thirty-five 44-100 ($1335.44) dollars, together with the farther sum of two hundred forty ($240.00) dollars as attorney's fees therein, and the costs and disbursements in this suit taxed at 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 farther sum of twenty-nine thousand ($29,000.00) dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from said date until paid, together with the farther 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

Saturday, July 21, 1900,

At 2 o'clock p. m., the following described property, with all appurtenances thereunto belonging, to-wit:

One certain water ditch or canal known as the old Grand Applegate water ditch, and Applegate Water Company's ditch, described as follows: Beginning at the head of said ditch or canal, at a point in section 10, township 41 south, range 4 west of W. M., and at or near the confluence of Carbury Fork with the Big Applegate river, thence following the constructed ditch or canal along the contour of the country in a northeasterly direction and down said Applegate river for a distance of about 5 and 8-10 miles to the lower end of the said ditch or canal, and through sections 10, 2, 3 and 3, township 41 south of range 4 west of W. M., and sections 19, 36 and 25, in township 40 south of range 4 west of W. M., and sections 19 and 30 of township 40 south of range 3 west of W. M., to a point in section 19, of township 40 south of range 3 west, together with a water right calling for 8000 inches of the first waters of the Big Applegate river.

Also the south half of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the west half of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter, the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the west quarter of the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter, the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 7, in township 40 south of range 3, west of the W. M., containing 110 acres.

Also the west half of the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 2, township 41 south, range 4 west of W. M., together with the sawmill, lumber and milling machinery, tools and implements thereon.

Also all that part of the Hope mining claim which lies on the west side of said Applegate river, said Hope mining claim being recorded at page 385 of volume 7 of the Mining Records for Jackson County, Oregon.

Also all that part of the Little Six mining claim which lies on the west side of the Applegate river, said Little Six mining claim being of record at page 246 of volume 8 of the Mining Records for said county and state, said claim being part of the northeast quarter of section 10, township 41 south of range 4 west, W. M.

Also that certain water dam used for diverting the waters from Big Applegate river into the said ditch or canal about 800 feet, more or less, below where said Carbury Fork joins said Applegate river; also the land upon which said dam is situated.

Also the following: Beginning at the southeast corner of the placer mining claim located by H. C. Jackson, October 1, 1894, and at a point 600 feet south of the corner of sections 2, 3, 10 and 11, township 41 south, range 4 west, W. M., and running thence west 1500 feet to a stake number 2; thence south 600 feet to stake number 3; thence east 1500 feet to stake number 4; thence north 600 feet to place of beginning; said claim being part of the northeast quarter of section 10 and known and designated as Protection Tariff Number 2.

Also an interest in the west half of the northwest quarter of section 11, township 41 south range 4 west of W. M., containing 80 acres.

Also all other property conveyed to plaintiff by deed dated October 5, 1893, from the Applegate Water Company and Wallace McCamant as Master Commissioner for the United States Circuit Court for the District of Oregon; together with all of the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances, water rights, privileges, flumes and rights-of-way belonging to any of the property hereinbefore described.

Also the following described mining claim: Commencing at the northwest corner of the Last Chance mining claim (hereinafter described), running thence north 1500 feet to a post, thence east 600 feet, thence south 1500 feet, thence west 600 feet, situated in the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 19, township 40 south of range 3 west, W. M., Jackson County, Oregon. Said claim was located August 26, 1899, by F. J. Monroe, and recorded September 29, 1899, in Book 11, at page 78, of the Mining Records for said county and state.

Also all that certain placer mining claim situated in the south half of section 19, township 40 south of range 3 west, in what is called the Applegate Mining District, for Jackson County, Oregon, being more particularly described as follows: Commencing where the original notice of location was posted on a pine tree 2 feet in diameter, running thence from said tree south 1500 feet to a stake and including 300 feet on each side thereof, the exterior boundaries of said claim being described on notice of location as follows: Commencing at said notice and running west 300 feet to a stake and monument, thence 1500 feet south to a stake and monument, thence 600 feet east to a stake and monument, thence 1500 feet north to a stake and monument, thence 300 feet to said pine tree and notice, said claim being known and designated as the Last Chance mining claim, having been located March 18, 1896, by Thomas Winslow and recorded by him March 30, 1896, in Book 8, page 643, of the Mining Records for Jackson County, Oregon, and by said Winslow transferred to defendant, R. Phillips, December 14, 1896, said transfer being of record in Book 5, page 307, of the Mining Conveyances for Jackson County, Oregon.

ALEX. ORME,
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon
Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, June 12, 1900.

Queer Auctions.

The South African auction, which is vogue at the Cape, is a far more exciting affair than its English imitation. Supposing a house is to be sold. The auctioneer rattles 50 sovereigns and cries out: "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5,000." Nobody bids it. After a pause he cries: "Fifty golden sovereigns for the first man who bids £4,900." And so on, until he gets a bid. It by no means follows that the property is sold to this bidder. For the auctioneer is again at it. Suppose that £4,400 is the first bid. Then the auctioneer shouts: "There are 25 golden sovereigns for the first man who has the courage to bid $4,600." Possibly there is no bidder. Then £25 is offered for a bid of £4,550. If there is no bid eventually above the £4,400, the man who has made that offer is saddled with the property.

NEW BARBER SHOP

J. R. Harden, Prop.

Shop on Seventh street, opposite Union Livery Stables.

SHAVING 10.
HAIR CUTTING 25

Give me a trial and you will come again.

CHICKEN LICE CONQUERED.

.. USE ..

Carbolineum Avenarius,

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

Watch Repairing Opposite Hotel Nash.

Ask your **Druggist** for a generous **10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.**

Ely's Cream Balm contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug.

It is quickly Absorbed.

Gives Relief at once.

It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages.

Allays Inflammation.

Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full Size 50c.; Trial Size 10c.; at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

EAST AND SOUTH

—BY THE—

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OF THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY.

South				
8:30 a. m	Lv	Portland		
7:00 p. m	Lv.	Portland		
11:48a. m	Lv.	Medford	Lv	3:15 a.m
20:45 a.m	Lv.	Medford	Lv	5:35p. m
7:45 p.m	Ar.	San Francisco	Ar.	8:15 a. m
5:45 a. m	Ar	Ogden	Ar	11:35 a. m
9:00 a. m	Ar	Denver	Ar	9:00 a.m
7:25 a. m	Ar	Kansas City	Ar	7:25 a. m
7:45 a. m	Ar	Chicago	Ar	9:30 a. m
1:20 p. m	Ar	Los Angeles	Ar	7:00 a. m
6:00 p. m	Ar	El Paso	Ar	6:00 p. m
6:30 a. m	Ar	Fort Worth	Ar	6:30 a. m
5:25 a. m	Ar	New Orleans	Ar	6:25 p. m

Dining Cars
ObServation Cars

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

ROSEBURG MAIL—DAILY.

8:30 a. m	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:30 p. m
5:20 p. m	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7:30 a. m

CORVALLIS MAIL—DAILY (Except Sunday)

7:30 a. m	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:50 p. m
12:15 p m	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:05 p. m

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

INDEPENDENCE PALSENGER—DAILY (Except Sunday.)

4:50 p. m	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25a. m
7:30 p. m	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 a. m
8:30 p. m	Ar	Independence	Lv	4:50 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.

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PORTLAND OREGON.