

PURELY PERSONAL.

Capt. J. T. C. Nash was at Roseburg this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fort Hubbard were at Ashland Tuesday.

Mrs. E. H. Bians and children are over at McAllister springs.

Mrs. C. W. Palm went up to the Chautauqua grounds yesterday.

Mrs. J. A. Norman returned to her home at Grants Pass Tuesday evening.

Merchant John Van Dyke is rusticiating on the ranch, over near Roxy Ann.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wille, of Trail, were in the city this week upon business.

Wesley Dial and family were up on Wagner creek a few days this week enjoying an outing.

Oleay Webster returned last week from a ten days' visit to his old home in Umatilla County.

Mrs. G. A. Hover left Wednesday for Americus, Kansas, for a visit with her mother, who is in quite poor health.

Jesse Morgan left for Klamath County Tuesday morning with a load of machinery for the Mitchell, Lewis & Sawyer Co.

Mrs. H. U. Lumsden and children, Mrs. E. M. Lumsden and W. S. Charles and family are all camped at Chautauqua this week.

W. J. Colvin was down from Prospect this week making proof on his homestead. His witnesses were C. W. Skeel and Nelson Nye.

J. Tressler left Monday for Lakeview, where he expects to find employment. He tells us that having wages in that country are \$2 per day.

Brownboro's postmaster, Mrs. J. K. Bell, and Mrs. J. D. Culbertson, also of Brownboro, were pleasant callers at THE MAIL office Tuesday.

Justin Wigle arrived in Medford this week from Portland, where he has been lying for several months. He will return to Portland next Monday.

Misses Ida Redden and Sadie Amann left Medford Tuesday morning for Fresno, Calif., where they will visit relatives and friends for a few weeks.

Mrs. E. Weston came up from Etna, Calif., last week and will henceforth make Medford her home, her husband having engaged in photography here.

Mrs. Wm. McCurdy and children, of Parker, Oregon, are in Medford upon a visit to A. M. Woodford and family.

Mrs. McCurdy is a sister of Mrs. Woodford.

Mrs. H. L. Mumford, who has been visiting for a few weeks with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. Wm. Carroll, left Wednesday evening for her home in Portland.

Mrs. Minerva Porter, of Harrisburg, was in Medford last week upon a visit to her niece, Mrs. J. H. Butler, and family. The lady was en route home from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hoover left this week by team for Douglas County, where Mr. H. will canvass the county for the sale of the Frank Galloway Waste-Proof feed boxes.

Mrs. D. T. Lawton and daughters, Myrtle and Grace, and son, Master Leon, left Tuesday evening for Newport, Oregon, where they will enjoy sea-breezes and surf baths for a couple of months.

S. Bradbury left Monday for Klamath County, where he hopes to be able to buy a carload of horses for shipment to Galesburg, Ill. He will buy draft horses only and they must weigh from 1400 to 1600 pounds.

Miss Anna Walt returned last Friday from Los Angeles, Calif., at which place she has been living with her sister, Mrs. Terwilliger, since last September—during which time she has been taking music lessons.

W. H. Moore, of Rose Hill, Iowa, arrived in Medford this week. Mr. Moore will visit for a few weeks with his daughter, Mrs. W. L. Orr, and family, and while here will make proof on a timber claim up in the Butte creek country.

R. H. Whitehead and Dee Roberts went over to McAllister springs this week to sort of a blaze a trail, as it were, and select a camping ground for others of their kindfolds—who will be there before another week of warm weather shall have been and gone.

Mrs. J. W. Curry returned Saturday from a three weeks' visit over at S. A. Sarilton's pleasant farm home. The lady's many friends will be pleased to learn that the visit to the country greatly benefitted her health—which has been anything but good for several months.

A. Learned, the Jacksonville candy man, was in Medford Monday upon business. Mr. Learned is doing a splendid business in the manufacture of choice candies and his reputation as a most excellent confectioner is becoming widespread. He enjoys a splendid trade from other towns than Jacksonville.

J. C. England, of Harris, Mo., and H. C. Kentner, of Trenton, Mo., who have been in Medford for a few weeks upon a visit to Merchant F. K. Douel and family, left Saturday for Albany for a visit with W. B. Stevens and fam-

ily. Mr. Kentner is a cousin of Mr. Douel and Mrs. Stevens. The visiting gentlemen are very favorably impressed with our valley and speak very encouragingly of our business outlook.

G. W. Notestine and family, J. A. Lyon and family and Volney Webster left this week for a couple of weeks' camping out in the Dead Indian country.

Merchant F. K. Douel left last night for Albany, Oregon, where he goes for a few days' visit with his partner, W. B. Stevens, and family. Messrs. Douel & Stevens now have three stores running in Oregon, they having recently put in a new one at Lebanon. The others are at Medford and Albany.

Uncle Thomas West left Tuesday morning for the Hurley springs, on Anderson creek. This is Mr. West's third season at this place—and you couldn't coax or drive him any place else—he's infatuated with the locality—and according to his tell almost anybody would be similarly afflicted—who had been there.

Frank Ward left Monday for San Francisco, where he will visit his brother, after which he will return to his home and business at Rookford, Ill. Mr. Ward is an uncle of Merchant H. G. Wortman. While here he made many drives over our valley and is very favorably impressed—and may invest some money here.

Mrs. E. D. Elwood and children and her brother, Oral Burnett, are up at Ranch de Elwood, on Elk creek. Mr. Elwood has his place very nicely arranged for a summer home—and the main guy of that household will be enjoying its pleasures inside of a few weeks—the notion has commenced bothering him now.

Mrs. Henry Bailey and children, of Phoenix, were in Medford Monday. Mrs. Bailey's little girl has been having a serious time during the past year or two with a diseased knee joint, which has been a heavy bill of expense to the parents, and there are now grave fears that the disease, which had seemingly been cured, is coming back again.

Will Otwell came down from Davenport, Wash., Sunday evening for a visit to home folks and upon business with Messrs. A. A. Davis and W. I. Vawter, gentlemen for whom he is conducting a flouring mill and warehouse at Davenport. Mr. Otwell has held this responsible position for a number of years with great credit to himself and profit to his employers.



WILLIAM S. BRYAN.

The Democratic National convention was held at Kansas city last week. William Jennings Bryan received the nomination for president and Adlai E. Stevenson was nominated for vice-president. The convention adopted a platform with silver a prominent feature.

SAMOAN BELLE'S GOWNS.

They Grow on Trees and Are Almost Ready for Use When Gathered.

Party gowns for Samoan girls grow on the tropical trees and almost ready for wear, says the Indianapolis News. When a native beauty of Samoa decides to go to a special entertainment she enters the forest to look for her gala attire. The native kiki, or kiti, is the only addition to her ordinary costume that the Samoan girl provides for special parties. The material for the kiki grows on the tree. It consists of a ribbon of bark a few inches wide that is stripped from the tree easily. While damp the bark, which is very thin, is crinkled so as to form wavy outlines, and the ribbons are colored all sorts of bright hues. The Samoan girl then plaits a waistband from the same kind of bark and hangs the ribbons on it. Handmade flowers of the same material are often added also.

When the kiki is completed the dusky belle puts it on over her scanty lavava, or waist cloth, and goes to the dance or other entertainment. The girls thus make their own party dresses, and some of them show great taste and skill in fashioning the old garments, although the captious might allege that they might, without being overdressed, have Samos on.

The Non-Irritating Cathartic
Easy to take, easy to operate—
Hood's Pills

THAT MAN A DREAMER?

That man a dreamer? Nay, his soul has wings
Which lift him from the realm of common things.
To where he cleaves the limpid upper air—
And poised on strong and tireless pinions there—
Sweeps time and space with piercing, eagle glance,
Cutting through clouds of earth-bound circumstance.

What cares this man for earthly joys or gold?
Before his eyes eternal years unfold,
He sees the motives deeply masked in man,
And that which links him unto some great plan.

Which he, short-sighted fool, with bandaged eyes,
Hears of with dim, incredulous surprise.
He sees in lenses made of human tears
The clear reflections of uncounted years,
The rays of hope which through such realms pass
For him make pictures in magic glass—
Prospect pictures, beautiful, sublime,
Etched thus on crystal by the touch of time.

He sees the forms of mighty things to be,
The time when all men shall be wise and free,
The day when little envies, little hates,
Fall from them as they pass the golden gates,
And stretching out through spaces vellel
The structure of the present and the past.

That man a dreamer? No, his clear sight
A million truths hid from the restless flees
Who grope upon the sin-stained crust of earth
And mock at mightiest men of loftier birth.
They are dreamers who half know, half see,
What God reveals to thinkers such as he.
He is God's priest and prophet, let him be!
I. EDGAR JONES.

TWO FLATS AND AN ACCIDENTAL
By Edgar Temple Field.

THE suggestion that brought it all about came from me, I believe. Suggestions of any sort usually came from me rather than Margery, for I have in my veins the adventurous blood of stanch New England ancestry, who had burned witches and fought Indians and later pursued a relentless traffic in wooden nutmegs with the same high courage and fine disregard of consequences.

While Margery is of Dutch descent and inclined to be cautious, if not a bit pig-headed, as I often told her.

But no one could help loving her, in spite of her little Dutch obstinacy, least of all myself, for of all the provoking little women that were ever created for the express purpose of charming and tormenting their fellow men Margery was the most deliciously dear, and I loved her so well I could forgive her anything. That is, anything but the way she treated Jack Hensley.

The dance she led that poor fellow was something to move even a bearded Turk to pity. For a whole year she had kept him dangling after her as abjectly as a dancing doll at the end of a string, and yet, as far as we could see, he had made no progress whatever in her affections.

We had been talking things over, Jack, Ned and I, in Margery's absence (I never dared mention Jack to Margery, for fear of still further exciting that famous obstinacy of hers), and even Ned, the most hopeful of mortals, had to admit Jack's chances looked blue. Ned, be it known, was the daring youth who had undertaken to guide my New England enterprise and other virtues (too numerous to mention) through life's pilgrimage.

He and Jack were partners in a law office, and occupied the flat on the top floor, where they indulged in certain mysterious rites they called light housekeeping, while Margery and I taught music and Delsarte and practiced the modest virtues of hospitality in the flat below.

Nothing, therefore, could have been more fit, suitable and otherwise to be desired than to have Margery and Jack fall in love with each other, even as Ned and I had done. Jack was willing enough, poor boy, but Margery balked. It was too provoking.

As I said before, we three had been talking it over the day before while Margery was absent teaching the luckless children of a rich soap manufacturer to play Wagner on the piano, and all agreed that the situation looked hopeless.

Jack had been in the depths of despair because the tenor of the choir for which Margery played an organ had called three times that week, and, though I didn't believe she cared a pin for the tenor, I had never known naughty Margery to appear more wilfully regardless of Jack's feelings.

We had parted, therefore, gloomily enough, after a fruitless conference, and I had relieved my mind by being especially cross to Margery all day, though I must own she didn't seem to mind much.

It was an awful day, raining cats and dogs, and in the afternoon I got tired of being cross all to myself, and proposed that we should shampoo our hair and dry it on the parlor radiator, the only one in the flat large enough for the purpose. Of course, Margery objected. Visitors might come, she said, and then who would let them in? I scouted the idea of visitors on such a day, unless, I observed, with sarcasm, she was expecting the tenor again.

She didn't notice this stab, so I proceeded to say that as the radiator was in the corner we could pull our big Japanese screen up in front of it, and, secure in our hiding place, let our entire visiting acquaintance, including messenger boys and duns, knock at the door till they got tired and then depart, blissfully unaware of our proximity.

Accordingly it wasn't long before we were snugly ensconced on a pile of sofa pillows on the parlor floor, wrapped in our bath robes and with our wet locks streaming out behind us across the radiator, over which we had stretched a

steamer rug. We were armed with a novel apiece, but soon got to talking, girl fashion, and were deep in a discussion of Amos Judd, when there came a loud knock at the door.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, in a stage whisper, the rosy advantages of my plan suddenly fading in the cold light of reality.

"There, I told you so!" cried Margery, ungenerously, sitting up abruptly so that her hair fell about her in a great, shining, coppery shower.

"Sh—shut up!" I whispered, reaching out with an agitated stockinged toe for the bedroom slipper I had carelessly kicked off a moment before.

Again the knock came, this time more imperative.

"What in heaven's name shall we do?" gasped Margery.

"Keep still, you chump!" I said, sotto voce, too nervous to pick my words.

Then the door handle turned and we heard Ned's voice saying: "There's nobody home. Let's come in and wait for them."

"All right," was the reply. In Jack's bass tones. "Maybe it's not the proper thing, but we might as well risk it," and we heard the door close as our visitors entered and took possession of our apartment.

It was too ridiculous. I'd have had to laugh if our lives had been at stake, and in spite of the imminent danger of discovery in this mortifying plight I stuffed all of a sofa pillow that would go into my mouth and shook till my sides ached.

It was the expression on Margery's face that recalled me to myself at last. Chancing to glance up from behind a corner of the cushion I was trying to swallow, I caught her listening with strained attention to something that was being said on the other side of the screen, with every bit of color gone out of her face and a look in her eyes I'd never seen there before.

"Yes," Jack was saying, "if they don't hurry I'll have to go without saying good-by. My train leaves at seven, and I've lots to do."

Ned lit his pipe before he replied. Dear Ned, I believe he would smoke in Heaven if Peter didn't take the precaution to search him before he let him in.

"I guess it'll surprise them some," he remarked at last. "Especially when they hear you're never coming back."

I nudged Margery violently at this, but she didn't look at me—the mix—and then Jack went on dolefully: "Oh, they won't care very much, I'm afraid."

"Of course they will," protested Ned, pulling away. "And I will anyway. Must you go, old boy?"

"Well, it's this way, Ned. As long as I hoped that Margery might care for me I wouldn't give in to my uncle's proposition that I should marry his ward, Miss Wilson, and become his heir, but now that I'm satisfied I have no chance with the girl I love, I might as well marry the other one and please the old man, I suppose. I'll be miserable anyway." And Jack heaved such a sigh that the big paper screen wavered about till it threatened to come down about our heads.

I gave a horrified look at Margery, but her hair had fallen over her face, and I could only see one little hand clinched fiercely as if she had a pain somewhere. I reached dumbly over and tried to take the little hand, but she shook me off, and so I fell to listening again.

"Well, it's not so bad as it might be," Ned was saying, encouragingly. "I hear Miss Wilson is a beauty."

"She is," said Jack, with enthusiasm. "And then think of the money, my boy. Most any fellow would envy you."

"I suppose so," said Jack, dreamily. "But I must go. Time's up. Will you say good-by to the girls for me, Ned?"

Tell Margery—

Here Jack choked and I was so busy catching a large, warm tear that was chasing toward the end of my nose that I forgot to look at Margery, when to my amazement a little figure in a gray bath robe, with a cloud of coppery hair flying after it, bounded right over me, and as the screen toppled over with a crash I heard Margery's voice cry: "Oh, no, Jack, you mustn't go. I—I love you, Jack."

I had a confused vision of Jack seizing the little figure in his arms, and then I started to run—I don't look so pretty with my hair wet as Margery does. But somehow when I got to the door I met Ned, and as I looked up wrathfully something I saw in his eye made me stop short.

"Ned Tucker," I exclaimed, "you knew we were there all the time."

"Well," he said, not a whit ashamed, "if you will leave the ventilating shaft open—"

"You wretch," I cried, and then something else struck me. "And the uncle," I gasped, "and the beautiful Miss Wilson—"

"Are about as real," said Master Ned, "as civil service reform."—Chicago Herald.

One Woman's Wisdom.

He had proposed to the idol of his heart, but things failed to come his way.

"Do you know," he said, as he was leaving her presence forever, "that you are wringing my heart from my bosom?"

"Possibly," she answered, coldly, "but it's either that or marry you and wring the bosoms from your shirts in after years."

Seeing the case was hopeless, the party of the first part lit a cigarette and wandered hence into the hither.—Chicago Evening News.

True to His Principles.

The exhausted traveler, fainting and half dead from thirst, and all unused to the climate of the tropics, lay gasping. They brought him a cocoanut.

"We will crack this," they said. "The contents will revive you."

"What is inside of it?" he asked.

"Milk."

"I won't touch it!" he said, hoarsely. "I'm a vegetarian!"—Chicago Tribune.

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A new Cigar, long and slim, with Havana filler, Mr. Kurtz's own make. It is a gratifying smoke, and is proving a very popular 5c cigar.

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One horse to hay, 25c per day.

P. H. GRAY, Prop.

IT IS UNFAIR

To send out of town for articles that can be procured at home.

THE MERCHANT
expects all the people of a town to trade with him. And that is quite proper and right, because it is a fair business proposition.

IT IS JUST AS FAIR
for mill men to expect merchants and all builders to buy their Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Flooring, Rustic, and all Mill Products at home.

GRAY & BRADBURY'S PLANING MILL
is a home institution. Why not patronize it?

The Wonderful "Snap Shot"

D. T. LAWTON'S TESTIMONIAL.

MEDFORD, July 7, 1900.

I, D. T. Lawton, being first duly sworn, depose and state that in the spring of 1899, I was jamed against the side of a barn by a colt and my hand doubled nearly back on my arm. It was so badly sprained that for three months it pained me continually and it was with difficulty that I could drive my team. On my way to Kalamath Falls I met Mr. R. K. Sutton at Wagner Springs and told him of my trouble. He took a 25 cent bottle of his "Snap Shot" Liniment and rubbed on about one-half of it and from that time to the present the wrist has been well. It cures immediately—not next week.

D. T. LAWTON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July A. D., 1900, at Medford, Oregon. R. T. LAWTON, Notary Public.

Sutton's Snap Shot, the wonderful destroyer of all forms of inflammation in man or beast. 50c and \$1 per bottle. R. K. SUTTON, Sole Proprietor, Ashland, Ore.

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