

OUR COUNTY . . .
Correspondents

Eagle Point Eagles.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

Mrs. E. Pool has been visiting her relatives in Mt. Pitt precinct.

Mrs. J. M. Riddle and daughter, Ada, came out to Joseph Riley's last Saturday on business.

Miss Mattie Taylor came out from Medford last Saturday to visit over Sunday with home folks.

I understand that there are some cases of blackleg among the cattle on the range, but few, however, and the stock generally, is doing fine.

Mrs. W. B. Officer returned from McAllister soda springs last Saturday and Mrs. J. F. Brown went to take her place with the company.

Bradshaw & Co. started their threshing machine last week but broke down and had to lay off for repairs a few days. They have secured the services of O. P. McGee as separator tender and hope for better results.

J. W. Compton and family returned from their outing in the Big Butte country last week, but Mrs. C's health is so poor that she is thinking of starting for a high altitude as soon as possible, as her physician advises her to pursue that course.

I am glad to see that the subject of a road, direct from this valley to Fort Klamath, is being agitated again in THE MAIL. We need the road and from all accounts a much better road can be made over the proposed route than any we now have and a saving of several miles of travel, and it will open up a large tract of country for settlement.

Mrs. N. J. Faury, a sister of Mesdames Sinclair and Thomas and Mr. Pierce, of Forest creek, arrived last week from Indian Territory. She comes as an M. D. and expects to remain here and practice her profession. She had not seen her sister, Mrs. Thomas, for forty-three years, or her brother, Mr. Pierce, for fifteen years.

O. P. McGee and family, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Robt. Coker, and family and Mr. and Mrs. B. Fuller, the two latter families from Sacramento, Calif., returned from rancherie prairie, where Mr. McGee went to put up hay and the rest of the company to have a good time; but the pleasure of the trip was destroyed by an accident.

While a company of the ladies were taking a stroll through the woods, they thought that they might see a bear, so Mrs. Mollie Bays took a Winchester rifle along and after they had gone some distance some one in the company suggested that there might be a bear around a point of timber, so Mrs. Bays threw a shell into the gun and forgot to let the hammer down, and while walking along carrying the gun, it was discharged, the ball striking Mrs. Coker just above the thick part of the heel and coming out near the hollow of the foot, inflicting a severe and painful wound.

R. L. Parker made an examination and decided that no bones were broken, but since then several pieces have worked out. The lady was brought to this place last Friday and started for her home in Sacramento, last Sunday. The above is a correct statement as given by the husband of the lady.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Benick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from rectal fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest cure on earth, and the best salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Big Butte Items.

BY SQUIN.

The weather has been cooler for the past few days.

John Hall went to the valley on business this week.

Chas. Obenchain left last Monday for Klamath County, where he will remain for a few weeks.

Mr. Boardman, who has been visiting his son, Elmer, for the past few days, returned home Saturday.

Wm. Compton, who has been spending a couple of weeks in our district, returned home one day this week.

Measles have broke out in the lower Big Butte district. Wm. McKee's children have been quite ill with them for the past few days.

Miss Mae Millan, who has been teaching the upper Big Butte school, closed a very successful term of three months last Friday and left Wednesday for her home in Ashland. Miss Millan proved herself to be an able teacher and was highly esteemed by all her scholars and patrons here.

The wedding bells were ringing on Big Butte this week. The happy

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

couple are Thos. H. Fredenburg and Miss Emma Coffman. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, on Big Butte, Rev. Conklin, of Leeds, officiating. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only near relatives and a few friends being present. All their friends in this locality extend congratulations.

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.

Brownshoro Items.

BY REBECCA.

Jos. Hall, of Big Butte, was trading in town Saturday.

L. Loveless, of Gold Hill, was in town upon business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mills returned home Friday after a pleasant outing at McAllister springs.

S. B. Archer, of Portland, arrived Monday and is sojourning with friends here and at the springs.

Mr. Eddings, of Gold Hill, spent Saturday night in town on his return from taking a party to Dead Indian.

Richard Stanley, from near Medford, called on friends in town recently, while returning from a visit to his old home on Big Butte.

Messrs. Terrill and Charley have purchased a new J. I. Case threshing machine. They commenced work with it Monday and will doubtless have a good run.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stewart, of Medford, were the guests of their cousin, Mrs. J. K. Bell, and family Friday. They also visited J. D. Culbertson and family, of Lake Creek, returning home Saturday.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stomach and liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful stomach and liver remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25 cents at Chas. Strang's drug store.

Klamath County Items.

From the Klamath Falls Express.

Bud Obenchain, of Rogue river valley, was in town Friday on his way to Sprague river.

W. C. Meyer, of Ashland, arrived last Saturday, having driven a team of Shetland ponies over the mountain.

Dr. E. Shearer, of Medford, was in town Monday, returning from Merrill, where he had been called to see Mrs. A. E. Austin.

George Coulter and "Doc" Danielson arrived Sunday from Medford by way of Ft. Klamath. They are putting up signs for the Medford merchants.

Mr. Walter Purdy, of Tule Lake, and Miss Fannie Haynes, of Lorella, were married at Klamath Falls, Saturday, July 28, 1900. R. B. Hutton, J. P., officiating. The bride has been a resident of the county several years, and formerly was employed as a compositor on both of the county papers. The groom is an employee at the Hartley ranch, where they will reside.

Mr. Jas. H. Driscoll, of Klamath Falls, and Miss Lola Parker, of Sprague river, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Parker, Wednesday, August 1, 1900. The bride is the pretty and accomplished daughter of J. A. Parker, a well known stockman of Sprague river valley, and the groom is one of Klamath County's most popular young men and is the present county clerk, having commenced his term of office last month.

From the Republican.

It is said that Sunday was the hottest day of the season, the thermometer indicating 98 in the shade. But on the same day at Agor it was 109 degrees in the shade, and at Red Bluff 114 in the shade. Thus it grew hotter as one went south, and at the above rate of increase it must have been a second edition of Hades down in Sacramento.

Jos. Conger has on his place near the river, timothy and red top 4 1/2 feet high. He has, also, about everything else on his place to show his

success as a grower of fruit and vegetables. A fine orchard of apple trees loaded down with excellent varieties, and pears, peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines are all doing well, excepting peaches—still he has some peaches. Then he has blackberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries, and did have strawberries.

OUR FIRST SALUTE TO SPAIN.

The sun o'er the hills took its last loving peep
At the folds of Old Glory, ere sinking to sleep
And our Jack, pacing slow o'er the deck of the Maine,
With thought of his birthplace, its mountain and plain,
Complained to himself and the gathering night,
"No letter to-day—oh, why don't Alice write?"

Held his pipe o'er the rail, knocked the ash from its bowl,
Gazed pensively down at the dark billows' roll
Then, suddenly kissing a fair golden hair,
Said, "Good-night, little sweetheart, I go to my rest.
Oh, God, keep her safe till her lover gets back,
And may the cherub aloft look out for her Jack!"

His simple prayer said, in his hammock he swung;
His thoughts, flying far on slumber's soft wing,
Took him back to their tryst, beneath the tall pine,
He again clasped her close, sees her bonnie eyes
With a murmured endearment he turns in his rest
And his sweetheart's soft ringlet clasps close to his breast.

"Little girl, you've got a letter," the gruff old postman said,
And as he raised her happy face he turned away his head,
When she reached up for the missive on her hand there dropped a tear—
"What is this? Oh, what does this mean?"
—In her face a deadly fear—
"This is mine, I wrote this letter! This is mine, I wrote to Jack!"

And she tremblingly turned the missive—
"Dead" was written on its back.
By that act of Spanish villainess, deed that needs might well be deemed,
Spain achieves a fitting climax to her centuries of shame.

'Tis a history pregnant moment, when a mighty nation weeps
And a mighty growing war cry grumbles out across the deeps,
And a cry for vengeance rises o'er the spot where Jack has died,
And o'er the grave beneath the pine where sleeps his promised bride.

Mid the hills of Chickamauga there has been a mighty throng;
They have tossed aloft Old Glory, they're ten hundred thousand strong
O'er the wires burns a message, crossing mountain, stream and plain:
"They have got good news from Dewey; he's remembering the Maine!"
Our brave tars are after vengeance, they were comrades of the slain.
And six hundred dead Castilians mark our first salute to Spain!"
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

LOST.

By FRANCIS KNOWLES.

THROUGH the car window the emperor nodded reassuringly to his mother on the elevated railroad platform. Then he turned and smiled genially upon the row of interested faces across the car. The emperor's smile was all-compelling, and was reflected from wherever it fell. The guard, who came in closing the door with a bang, meeting it grained in friendly reply, and forgot to hurl at the passengers an unintelligible announcement of the next stop. It is a short run between stations from Fourteenth street to Eighth, and on the Eighth street platform the emperor's father was waiting for him. The elevated railroad guard who can at once smile delightedly and do his whole duty besides is not and never will be. Austere demeanor is, we know, the price of faithful labor in these upper regions of travel. To this particular guard the emperor's merry glances were irresistible. Answering them he winked, he even laughed aloud, and, thus absorbed, he forgot to let his charge off at Eighth street. At Bleeker street station he carried the emperor from the cars, and as the train moved away quickly, he shouted an explanation and a request to the man at the ticket box; but it was unheard in the din of wheels and gong.

The emperor looked up and down the platform, and then slowly followed the crowd downstairs. His reign, by the way, had not been lengthy. It scarcely numbered five years. His was the wisdom of innocence, but not of experience. He reasoned that there were streets that led to where his father was, and people to tell him the way, but he did not know that the silver piece in his pocket would carry him back to Eighth street if he mounted the opposite platform. So, in the late afternoon, there fell upon the gloom of Bleeker street and West Broadway a bit of human sunshine the like of which is rare in those forbidding purlieus.

Although he did not know it, the emperor was quite the fairest thing that is God's handiwork. Over his white forehead tumbled some golden curls escaping his three-cornered Napoleon hat. On the collar of his pearl-buttoned military cape coat other golden curls rioted. Past the sweep of their lashes his big blue eyes looked fearlessly and trustingly, and, below, his lips curved in sweet perfection. His gloved right hand held a tiny silver-mounted cane with which he tapped his plump leather-

covered legs as they cramped forward sturdily. The military cape coat fell back from his soft white throat and dimpled chin, and on the lapel of the coat was a jeweled band of gold which held his mother's picture. There was nothing timid in the poise of his graceful figure as he went down the street where shadows were lengthening. The true heart knew no fear because it knew no evil, and it did not occur to him that he was an object of unusual interest.

A Chinaman turned his opium-glazed eyes curiously upon the erect little personage. A coal heaver stopped shoveling to clear the sidewalk for the emperor, rubbed his black fingers across his forehead, and muttered admiringly: "Well, I'll be blowed!" Two very dirty, youthful denizens of the gutter ceased profane hostilities and gazed in silent wonder. At an Italian fruit stand the emperor in baby tongue and with mature demeanor inquired the way to Eighth street. But the proprietor seemed incapable of giving even the shrug and the negative grunt with which Italian street merchants usually answer such questions.

The emperor grew a trifle disturbed. These people were different from what by experience he knew people to be—and darkness was getting to him faster than he to his father. There are puzzling twists and curves in the streets that neighbor Washington square, and the alleys and courts end blindly. In them he heard unpleasant voices and words better unspoken, and saw blows given to which drunk lent force. Sometimes at dark cruel and evil things happen there. But history does not say that the emperor's courage failed. For just when it might have begun to weaken the least bit, a woman stepped out of the shadow into the flare of electric light shining from a saloon, and asked him if he knew where he was.

Now, the emperor was first of all a gentleman. As he gravely lifted his hat and made courteous inclination of his golden head, he forgot his own troubles. Here was a lady seeking information about the way she had missed. His blue eyes, full of sympathy, looked up at her painted face, and his clear voice repeated that he was not sure where he was, but he was on his way to his father and was bound to find him. Then, in tones of genuine regret, he said: "But I am very afraid you are lost too. Is your lost?"

Stilled memory is apt to wake at the call of a childish voice. Here woke, and traveled swiftly through the years to where pure memories ended. "Yes, dear little one," she sobbed, "I am lost." The emperor's firm little hand clasped hers. "Don't cry. Empire will take us both home." And so these two, humanly far apart, brought near by a touch of the Divine, went from the gloomy alleyway to the lighted thoroughfare together.

Suddenly, not 50 paces away, appeared a tall man, his lips pale and tightly shut, his eyes strained in eager quest of something he could not see. His rapid stride had left behind another man, who glanced keenly right and left, and let no person pass unnoticed. He was cool because he knew how to look for what he lost, and he was confident because the telephone at his precinct had put on watch every policeman on duty below Union square and between the two rivers. The tall man with pale lips was neither cool nor confident—he had lost his boy.

The emperor was a robust, sturdy youth, but his efforts to moderate the over-vigorous hugs of a father who went from despair to joy in 50 paces were ineffectual. At length the found one gasped:

"Papa! Listen, papa! The lost lady—Empire promised to get her found again!"

But there are dark byways where the Emperor's father found him, and into one of these the girl ran swiftly.

"I am not tired, and I am not sleepy," he said to his mother, "and I wonder who will show her the way home, and if it is so very far."—N. Y. Outlook.

WOMEN AND EATING.

When Properly Fed the Worries and Hardships of Life Are More Easily Borne.

Women are notoriously careless about their own food, says the Philadelphia Ledger. One could wish that those who neglect their duty of properly and efficiently nourishing their own bodies would study the statistics of insanity and its increase among us. The old Latin proverb tells us that our aim should be to keep a sound mind in a sound body.

"Drink and hurry and worry send most of the men to an asylum," says a doctor, "while love affairs, combined with a lack of food, throw most of the women off their balance." The love affairs would have but little influence over them if they were properly fed, but among the illusions in which girls and women indulge is that, as they care very little about their food, so the lack of it cannot have much effect upon them. They rather despise men for being careful to have regular meals, whether business presses or not, and are inclined to vaunt their own superiority in such respects. But if this disregard of the natural instincts of hunger leads us in the same path as "drink and hurry and worry" lead men, and if we are to be humiliated by hypersensitiveness in love affairs, how preeminently does meal common sense stand out in the matter.

We so often exult our weakness into something to be proud of. And if we go without lunch some day, an avenging headache swoops down and makes us irritable. Surely, that is nothing to be proud of! Or, if the men of the family are dining out, the women have tea and toast and scrambled eggs, and next morning wonder why they feel so limp and as if everything to be done were dreadfully troublesome and impossible.

All About Fence Posts.

NOTION 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 I can avoid it. Coasting 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 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 mine direct from Fisher, Thomsen & Co., at Portland, Oregon, who represent the German manufacturers.

PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

Market Report.

The following are the prices paid by our merchants this week for farm produce. This list will be changed each week as the prices change:

Wheat	47 1/2
Oats	50
Flour	\$1.30 per 100 lbs
Barley	\$1.10 "
Mill Feed	90c "
Potatoes	\$1 "
Eggs	12c per doz
Butter	17c per lb
Beans, dry	33c "
Bacon	10 "
Hams	15 "
Shoulders	9c "
Lard	10 "
Hogs live	44c "

—Read THE MAIL for all the news.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm is now paying the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1899.

A. W. GLASSBORO, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Pills are the best.

Real Estate Transfers.

Antoinette Martin and husband to Martha E. Dunnington, part of lots 4, 7 and 8, blk 24, Jacksonville	175
Chas. Dora and wife to E. T. Green, 160 acres, sec 1, tp 28 s, r 3 w	600
J. S. Hargy and wife to Jackson Brown, lot 12, blk 1, Cottage Home addition Medford	150
Mary J. Lawrence to N. B. Nye, 6.00 acres, sec 23, tp 28 s, r 3 w	600
Gold Hill Development Co to A. C. Cowing, lots 1, 2, 3, blk 5, sec 1, tp 28 s, r 3 w	250
16, Dekum's addition Gold Hill; also small parcel of land on or near blk 15	250
J. R. Higgins to Ella E. Kitchin, 80 acres, sec 1, tp 28 s, r 3 w	360
Jos Taylor and wife to Hattie L. Ray, land in tp 28 s, r 1 w	700
Ar. A. Andrews and wife to Cora B. O'Grady, lots 10, 11, blk 27, Gold Hill	700
A. R. Grievie and wife to Ashbrook Timber Land Co, 80 acres, sec 34, tp 40 s, r 4 e	700
J. M. Hagan and wife to C. Vroman, lot 1, blk 25, Gold Hill	500
Jackson County Land Association to Jas McDougal, 70 acres, tp 36 s, r 3 w	70

For the Seashore.

Newport and Yaquina bay continue to offer for the summer vacation, greater variety of attractions than can be found on any other north Pacific coast. Excellent beaches and safe bathing, enticing rides and rambles, good food, the gathering and unequalled profusion of pebbles and shells and agates. Add to this cheerful and obliging hosts, who are providing at very reasonable rates, home-like quarters, and most liberal fare. They want let one get hungry at Newport.

See Southern Pacific agent for tickets and time tables, or correspond with C. H. Markham, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land office at Roseburg, Oregon, August 2, 1900. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Gus Newberry, county clerk of Jackson County, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on September 22, 1900, viz:

RASMUS RASMUSSEN.
On H. E. No. 7394, for the SE 1/4, Sec. 32, R. 3, S. 34, SW 1/4, Sec. 33, Tp. 31 S., R. 3 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Ervin McCall, Charles Knighten, H. A. Boothby and O. R. Beyerrogaard, all of Prospect, Jackson County, Oregon.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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 12th day of April, 1898, wherein C. A. Junker and A. E. Junker, partners as Junker Brothers, plaintiffs, recovered a judgment against S. T. Sanger, Joseph Dame and M. S. McConnell, defendants, for the sum of eight hundred seventy 24-100 dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 13th day of April, 1898, and the further sum of twenty-two dollars and costs, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the office of the county clerk of said Jackson County, Oregon, on the 12th day of April, 1898, therefore, in obedience to the command of said execution, I did on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1900, levy upon and will sell as the law directs, at the front door of the court house in the Town of Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, on

Saturday, August 11, 1900,

At the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described real property, to-wit:
Lots 12, 13, 14 and 15, block Q, in Ashland, Jackson County, Oregon;
Also lots 11 and 12, block 89, Medford, Jackson County, State of Oregon.
ALEX. ORME, Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, July 16, 1900.

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures, have made it a great favorite with the people everywhere. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

During the civil war, as well as in our late war with Spain, diphtheria was one of the most troublesome diseases the army had to contend with. In many instances it became chronic and the old soldiers still suffer from it. Mr. David Taylor, of Wind Ridge, Greene Co., Pa., is one of these. He was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and says he never found anything that would give him such quick relief. It is for sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

A Mother Tells How She Saved Her Little Daughter's Life.

I am the mother of eight children and have had a great deal of experience with medicines. Last summer my little daughter had the croup in its worst form. We thought she would die. I tried everything I could think of, but nothing seemed to do her any good. I saw by an advertisement in our paper that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was highly recommended and sent and got a bottle at once. It proved to be one of the very best medicines we ever had in the house. It saved my little daughter's life. I am anxious for every mother to know what an excellent medicine it is. Had I known it at first it would have saved me a great deal of anxiety and my little daughter much suffering. Yours truly, Mrs. Geo. F. Burdick, Liberty, N. I. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

In matters of final proof THE MAIL will make out all papers necessary for the commencement of proof free of charge.

CHICKEN LICE CONQUERED.

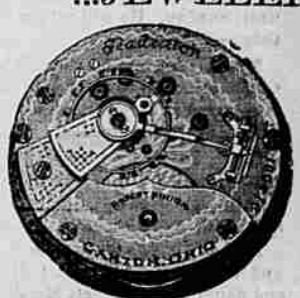
USE ..

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.

For Catarrh Hay-Fever Cold in Head

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents a tin. Sold by Druggists or by mail; samples 10c by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 54 Warren St., New York City.

EAST AND SOUTH

—BY THE—

The - Shasta - Route

OF THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY.

South			
8:30 a. m.	Lv. Portland	Lv. Portland	8:15 a. m.
11:30 a. m.	Lv. Medford	Lv. Medford	11:45 a. m.
10:45 a. m.	Lv. Medford	Lv. Medford	8:35 p. m.
7:45 a. m.	Ar. San Francisco	Ar. San Francisco	11:45 a. m.
8:45 a. m.	Ar. Ogdun	Ar. Ogdun	9:00 a. m.
9:00 a. m.	Ar. Denver	Ar. Denver	7:35 a. m.
7:25 a. m.	Ar. Kansas City	Ar. Kansas City	7:35 a. m.
8:45 a. m.	Ar. Chicago	Ar. Chicago	8:30 a. m.
1:20 p. m.	Ar. Los Angeles	Ar. Los Angeles	7:00 a. m.
6:00 p. m.	Ar. El Paso	Ar. El Paso	8:00 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	Ar. Fort Worth	Ar. Fort Worth	8:30 p. m.
8:35 a. m.	Ar. New Orleans	Ar. New Orleans	8:35 p. m.

Dining Cars

Observ