

# THE MEDFORD MAIL

Published Every Friday Morning.

A. S. BLITON.

MEDFORD, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1901.

WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.  
He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 PER YEAR

Entered in the Postoffice at Medford, Oregon as Second-Class Mail Matter.

## NEWS OF THE STATE.

The Eugene cannery commenced operations last week.

A contract for a fine new school building at Hiddle has just been awarded to W. W. Welch, of Salem, for \$2500. Work of laying the concrete foundation has already been commenced.

John D. Rockefeller has offered to contribute \$10,000 for the future endowment of the McMinnville college, provided that double the amount is raised from other sources for the same purpose.

J. H. Gates, the state house janitor who got away with \$1500 during the last legislature, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for forging the name of H. W. Corbett to a draft on the First National bank at Eugene, last week.

Mrs. William Jennings was injured recently by the explosion of a can of grapes, says a Lakeview paper. The fruit was on the stove and in a can with the lid tightly screwed on. The can burst and the hot grapes and liquid splurted out and burned Mrs. Jennings about the face.

Thursday afternoon of last week Edwin Vestel, aged 10 years, while riding with his father on a load of hay near Walker Young's place, across the river from Eugene, fell off the load onto a ditchfork which he had been holding, the three times piercing the boy's body clear through, two holes being made in the intestines, the times coming out at his back, one of them barely missing his right kidney.

During last May an infant child of our neighbor was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctors had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered. The child is now vigorous and healthy. I have recommended this remedy frequently and have never known it to fail.—Mrs. Curtis Baker, Bookwalter, Ohio. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

**Popularity of Name Washington.**  
Not counting the national capital there are 44 towns and cities bearing the name of Washington. No doubt more communities would have thus honored the memory of the father of his country but for the prohibition of the post office department of more than one post office of the same name in a state. There is in nearly every state a county called Washington. But the most popular use of the name has come to light in the pension bureau. In certain parts of the country a rushing business is being done by attorneys in applications for pensions on behalf of colored soldiers who served during the civil war. The attention of the bureau has been called to one regiment in which, according to the rolls, 28 colored George Washingtons served. A single company shows a membership of 13 George Washingtons by the applications filed.



### AFTER

The guests are gone the smile slips from the face of the hostess and she gives up to the pain which racks her body. Many a woman entertains and wears a smile while her back aches and her nerves quiver with pain. Surely any medicine which offers relief to women would be worth a trial under such conditions. But when the woman's medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is offered with the proof of efficacy in thousands of well attested cures, what excuse can then be offered for suffering longer?

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It dries encrusted drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

## Col. Brodie's Two Wounds

Famous though Baker's story of two thrilling episodes in his military career.

"IT WAS a strange coincidence," said Col. Brodie, the second in command of the famous rough riders, the other day, as he with a few of that scattered band of famous fighters were waiting for a train to Williams. "It's a strange coincidence that I was wounded when I was a lieutenant, just fresh from West Point, on the 24th day of June, by Apaches out here, and it was the 24th day of June, over 20 years later, I was wounded at Los Guaymas, in Cuba, and nearly in the same place."

"It was nothing but a kid then, and was stationed at Fort Grant. A short time afterward I was sent to Fort Apache during the outbreak in '73, built up the place, and was helping to keep the red cubs in shape there with a few men. I rode into the country on horseback, over 700 miles, and you'd have to ride 750 more miles to get to the nearest point on the railroad to the north.

"We had been cooped up at Fort Apache for over four months without any mail; the men were getting restless—guess it was enough to make them restless, too, for we expected the whole herd of Apaches down on us at any time. You never could tell what old Geronimo would do. One day the captain gave me a detail of 15 men and told me to go to Fort Grant for mail and a few supplies. It was over 100 miles and through the Indian country all the way, hills and desert where a jackrabbit would have trouble to keep on a trail. About half way out, eight of my troopers deserted. There was no use in my trying to get them back again, for you couldn't find them in the first place to get them back again, and I couldn't have took 'em back with me if I had found them, because I didn't have enough men to do it.

"We had been dodging hostile bands of Indians for some time before we had a brush with them. Coming up through a long draw we jumped up a band of about 15 or 20 and the music commenced. There was no way of getting in any fancy moves on them—we were in the bottom of a long draw, or canyon, just about wide enough for an ordinary road. It was either go ahead, retreat or climb a side of the canyon. There wasn't much to hesitate over; we would have had a long retreat down that draw and been potted if we attempted to climb the sides of the canyon. My sergeant was an old-timer, as were a number of my little band. They knew as well as I did that the only thing that would save us was a quick dash right into them—something that the Indian can't stand a little bit unless they outnumber you ten to one. We gave them a volley to stir them up, and let them know we were coming, and had the satisfaction of seeing three or four of them drop, then, yelling like a lot of hyenas, we started down the draw on a dead run, headed straight into them. Each trooper swung out his six-shooter ready for a snap-shot at the first Indian he could reach. The old sergeant was close at my heels, with every fellow hugging down close to the saddle. I turned half around in my saddle just before we struck them, and as I did so a bullet broke through my saddle horn and another cut through my vest and ripped me across the stomach about a half-inch deep.

"The 'Paches couldn't stand the rush. We run them up the canyon about a mile before they could find any side breaks to get out of and scatter. We lost three troopers in the fight. After it was over we went back to where they were, rolled them in their blankets and buried them among the rocks as best we could. There wasn't much ceremony or tears for the poor fellows—we hadn't time for it; we all expected the same thing at the time; besides there was a splendid possibility of the whole bunch of us going the same way before we got through, without anyone left to roll us in a blanket. If the poor Indian gathered in a band of blue coats, he also gathered up their hair, and left a flock of buzzards to do the rest.

"After burying the troopers we struck a trail up the canyon side and camped in a clearing where we could command a view of the country surrounding, and doctored up our wounds as best we could; mine was painful, but only a flesh wound. I think I was sorer over my ruined new coat and vest than from the wound.

"The band of Indians circled around our camp again that afternoon, and we exchanged long shots with them, without doing any damage to either side. As soon as night came we struck out for Fort Grant as fast as we could make it through the night, and eluded them. An Indian won't fight at night, anyway, unless you force him to.

"We reached the fort late the next day. The closer we came to it the less danger there was, for troops from the fort kept the country round pretty well cleaned up and quiet.

"We stayed at the fort for several days, until our wounds healed, before making a return trip. The colonel in command of the fort insisted on my staying there for a time, as there were over 200 hostile Indians on the warpath scattered all over that country. He told me that it was foolish to make the attempt, and never expected to see me alive again, but I was young, and had told the captain I'd be back as soon as I could make the trip with the mail and supplies, and wouldn't stay.

"I didn't know it at the time, but learned afterward, that the Indians I had the running fight with coming over belonged to a sub-chief and a relative of old Geronimo, but I found it out coming back. We hadn't been out two days when they sighted us; luckily, it happened just about sundown. They

took a few shots at us, then went into camp just over a hill from where we were camped. We could hear them holding powwows and singing while making preparations to dangle our scalps in their belts the next day.

"I remember I sat looking into the campfire that night, wishing I was back home and wondering what in thunder to do, when the old sergeant came over to me and asked:

"Lieutenant, you don't think we can lick that hull outfit, do you?"

"No, sergeant; I don't. What do you think we'd better do?"

"Well, I think we had better build up a big fire, so they kin see it, then drift out of this."

"And we did. We struck a trail and followed it all that night. About daylight we found ourselves on a hill top and right in the center of an old, deserted Indian village. It was that night's trip that first gave me my high appreciation of the much maligned old government mule. Every mule in that pack train seemed to understand the situation and there wasn't a whimper or a Bray from any one of the lot until we had put a good night's travel between us and that gang of redskins.

"We didn't have any more trouble in getting back to the fort, though we crossed a number of warm trails of bands. I met the chief when he came into the fort a long time after to make peace, and he told me how many times he had shot at me on that trip and couldn't understand how it was that he never got me.

"The wound that I got at Los Guaymas, in Cuba, was another lucky one, too. You remember, Sellers, how A and B troops of the regiment were lined up that day at the foot of the hill, and we were getting a perfect hell of fire from the Spanish entrenched up on top of the hill? Well, I was walking up and down before my battalion, and had orders to hold them fast to protect our right flank from the explosive fire on the right. I had just turned around and waved my glove at them to hold fast, and dropped my hand to my side again, when a Minner struck me in the arm. If I hadn't dropped my arm just as I did, the ball would have cut me straight through the center. It turned me around and knocked me down, but in a short time I gathered myself up, went to the rear to see how badly I was hit, and found that the bone was badly shattered. It was three days before I had the wound attended to. There was a lump on the inside of my arm, and when the surgeon examined it he said it was a piece of bone sticking out, and that he would have to cut it out. He made a cut across the lump and out popped the bullet, wrong end first. If it had come straight, as most of them do, it would never have stopped in the arm, but went on straight through me.

"The following day I wandered around back of the firing line trying to help the poor fellows that were worse off than I was, and I remember seeing one of the A troop boys—Buck O'Neill's company, coming down the road with tears running down his cheeks and I thought he must be wounded badly. He saw me and yelled:

"Hello, major, where is the firing line?" I told him it was away on ahead in the other direction, but the fight was over.

"Then he seemed to feel worse than ever, and broke out with as choice a lot of ornamental cuss words as I ever heard a mule driver get rid of, and wound up by saying:

"It's a shame that a feller comes all the way here from Arizona to fight and then gets knocked out by the climate within a few yards of the firing line."

"That forced march was the hardest I ever saw. Packed down with about 50 pounds of blankets, rations and other stuff in that hot country, we double-quickened right by the regulars, that were coming up at a good stiff gait, too, right straight into trouble. Fellows would drop out of the ranks along the line of march like they were shot, some of 'em wouldn't come to for a day or two after and some never were right afterwards.

"Teddy Roosevelt came over to my tent at four o'clock in the morning after the fight and woke me up to tell me that the Arizona boys made his regiment. He said he knew that I knew it, but wanted to tell me that he knew it and wanted to tell it first.

"There's a fellow, that Teddy, full of life, vigor and energy, that enjoys living and fighting. I was in New York after he was elected governor and went over to Albany to call on him at the capitol. I hardly expected to see him, as he was busy, but thought I'd just send in my card to let him know I was in town. I met the secretary at the door and asked him to take in my card to the governor. He told me there was no use, the governor was busy on some important case or other, and there were several delegations of lawyers arguing something before him. I insisted that he take in the card, anyway, and handed it to him. He took a look at it and went in. In a minute he came back with a smile on his face and said that the governor wanted me to come right in.

"When I went in he inquired across the room to see who it was, held up his hands at the fellows talking, and rushed across the room to me with both hands stuck out—the same old Teddy I knew in Cuba. After he talked a few minutes he turned, waved his hand at the waiting lawyers with a look on his face as much as to say: 'See what rot I have to stand all the time,' then said: 'It's fun being governor, though, and I rather like it.'"

"A third shot I guess would get me, but I've got enough of it. All I want now is for that mine of mine near Wickesburg to pan out and I'll be satisfied."—Globe-Democrat.

Big Trainload of Oranges. Recently a train carried 50 carloads of oranges from California east. There were in all 21,712 boxes.

## An Astonishing But True Story

"My home is in Sidney, Ohio. I have been nearer death with consumption than any other living person in the world, and I want you to read this, so you can tell others. I took a severe cold and neglected it, I grow worse all the time, and at the end of two years I had run into consumption. I coughed terribly, lost flesh, could not sleep, and became so dreadfully weak that I had to take to bed. In the following eighteen months I gradually reached the last stages of consumption. No less than seven physicians treated me and all gave me up saying I was incurable. I was absolutely helpless. The whole family wore themselves out caring for me. One day mother and sister came to my bedside, and said I had but a day or two more to live. Tears rolled down their cheeks as they sobbed the news. The doctors had declared I was in the last stage, and no human being could save me. I was willing to die, but before going to the grave, I wanted to go out and see my dearly beloved town of Sidney once more. They told me such a thing was impossible—that I would surely die before I got back. But I insisted, and to gratify my dying wish, a carriage was fitted up with a bed of pillows, and to this I was carried and slowly driven around Court House Square. I got home more dead than alive. Through the mercy of Providence, someone brought a trial bottle of medicine, said to be a consumption cure. No one imagined for an instant it was worth trying. But as a drowning person grasps at a straw, so I tried this medicine, and I was better after taking two doses. Mother got more of the medicine and I took it, improving all the time. Today I am as well as any reader of this paper, and the medicine that cured me was Acker's English Remedy for Consumption. I declare before God and man that every word here printed is true."

This remarkable testimonial, on file in the office of Messrs. W. H. Hooker & Co., New York, proprietors of Dr. Acker's Celebrated English Remedy, is vouched for by them, as well as by prominent druggists of Sidney, Ohio.

Acker's English Remedy is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee that your money will be refunded in case of failure. See, too, and get a bottle in U. S. and Canada.

Chas. Strang, Druggist



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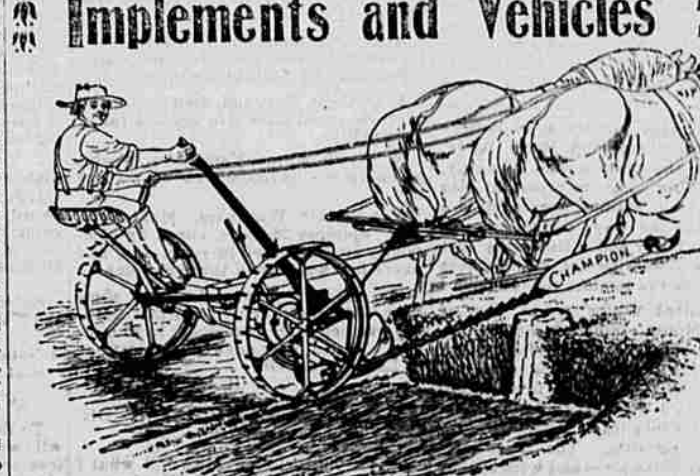
Acker's English Remedy is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee that your money will be refunded in case of failure. See, too, and get a bottle in U. S. and Canada.

Chas. Strang, Druggist

## Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.

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## Implements and Vehicles



Champion mowers, Reapers and Binders, Champion and Mitchell all Steel Rakes; in both hand and self-dump. Harpoon and Jackson style California Forks. Hay cars, etc. Smooth and Barb wire, Binding Twine, Bale Ties, Etc.

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MACHINE AND GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

Machine repairing a specialty

Hand Engines and Steam Pumps Brought and Sold

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Smoke the La Flor de Alfonso

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 60 cigar.

Have You Ever Tried ...

KURTZ'S BOUQUET,

The popular 10c cigar? It is hand made, with clear Havana filler.

LEADING BRANDS OF KEY WEST AND IMPORTED GOODS.

THE MEDFORD MAIL for Fine Job Work.

## NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF PROPERTY BID IN FOR TAXES BY JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON

WHEREAS, Jackson County, Oregon, acting through the county judge of said county, at various sales of property for delinquent taxes, bid in property at tax sales for the years 1894, 1895, 1896 and 1897.

And whereas, the legislature of the State of Oregon at the regular session thereof in the year 1901 enacted that the property so bid in by counties and other public corporations at such tax sales, and which has not been redeemed, shall be sold on the first Monday after the first day of July, 1901.

Therefore, I, Alex. Orme, Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon, in pursuance of the law as passed at the said legislative assembly, which is entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to authorize county judges and clerks of school districts to bid in property sold for taxes,' approved February 20, 1892, and to provide for the sale of the same," will offer for sale and will sell at the front door of the court house in the Town of Jacksonville, in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, on

Monday, the 8th day of July, 1901,

to the highest bidder for cash in hand, lawful money of the United States of America, all of Jackson County's right, title and interest in and to the lands for which said Jackson County holds tax certificates by virtue of sales of property made for delinquent taxes for the years 1894, 1895, 1896 and 1897.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 5th day of June, 1901.

ALEX. ORME, Sheriff.

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, June 10, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

MRS. ADA M. MILLS, of Medford, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 1685, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 32 in Township No. 33 S., Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday, the 22nd day of August, 1901. She names as witnesses: C. P. Snell, L. G. Porter, M. E. Daugherty and Mrs. Nannie Barr, all of Medford, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22nd day of August, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, June 10, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

MRS. MILLE R. MURRAY, of Bayfield, county of Bayfield, State of Wisconsin, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 1681, for the purchase of the E 1/2 SW 1/4 of Section No. 22 in Township No. 34 S., Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of September, 1901. She names as witnesses: George Bateman, of Roseburg, Ore., Albert Willis, of Roseburg, Ore., Frank Murray, of Bayfield, Wis., Henry E. Roach, of Bayfield, Wis. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3rd day of September, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, June 14, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

LEWIS STRoup, of Kelso, county of Cowlitz, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Section No. 21 in Township No. 33 S., Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 20th day of August, 1901. He names as witnesses: Frank Rosehart, of Roseburg, Ore., Samuel Ross, of Medford, Ore., and James F. Brown and Charles B. Stroup, of Kelso, Wash. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 20th day of August, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Ore., May 25, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

of Medford, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1686, for the purchase of the N 1/2 of Section No. 10 in Township No. 38 S., Range No. 4 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Saturday, the 10th day of August, 1901. He names as witnesses: Henry L. Grimm, M. B. Clark, C. P. Snell and George F. Merriman, all of Medford, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of August, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.