SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

A Pretoria dispatch says the British forces surprised and captured a Boer laager 24 miles west of Ermelo. Forty-two Boers were taken, including Major Wolmarans.

Lord Kitchener cables that the second British gun captured by the Boers at Brankelaagte has been secured. This gun was previously reported to have been destroyed.

The Kimberley column captured a Boer laager near Mokwani, with great numbers of cattle, guarded wholly by women, under the leadership of the wife of Commandant de Beers. Only six men were connected with the camp, and 150 of the women were acting as cowboys.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Captain W. D. Horne, U. S. A, Ninth cavalry, walked into a fruit store at 288 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, and, asking for a knife, which was given him, slashed himself across the throat. He was promptly seized by several people and prevented from doing himself further injury. He was taken to the Receiving hospital. While at Manila the captain suffered from dysentery and fever and has been an invalid for some time. It is said that his home is at Prescott, A. T.

A Cure for Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's pain balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do." Sold by Charles Strang, druggist.

Made desperate by poverty and hunger, L. A. Vanderveide, a man of good family and education, and formerly a lieutenant in the navy of Holland, stole a bicycle from the entrance to the public library at San Francisco. He was arrested and charged with grand larceny. Judge Cabaniss reduced it to petty larceny, of which he was convicted, but sentenced was postponed for a week to enable him to cable to his friends in Holland for money to pay a fine.

It Girdles The Globe.

The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, felons, aches, pains and all skin eruptions. Only infallible pile cure, 25c a box at Charles Strang's.

The case against Captain of Police Perry H. Newberry of San Jose, charging him with criminal libel, was dismissed by Justice of the Peace Wallace, on the ground that no specific charge had been proved and libel had not been committed. The case grew out of an article published in the Los Angeles Times, styling San Jose "the Sodom of the Pacific Coast." Franklin Hichborn was accused of having written the article, and he caused the arrest of Newberry on a charge of criminal libel. Henry E. Miller, an ex-student of the Normal school, wrote the article, but Newberry says that he was informed by The Times people that Hichborn wrote the article in question.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The dates for La Fiesta de los Flores at Los Angeles have been changed. The festival will be held May 1, 2 and 3, and the floral parade, the great feature of the affair, will be held Friday, May 2.

STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901. Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years. NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MAN WITH THE SHOVEL.

Oh, they're strikin' oil in Texas,
They are makin' fortunes there,
And 'most every hour Wall street
Makes another millionaire;
Folks are diggin' up old kettles
Full of gold, the papers say—
Seems that I'm about the only
One that has to work away.

Money's got so nation plenty
That the banker bars the door,
And he won't give no inducement
For deposits any more;
All the folks are speculatin',
Makin' thousands every day,
But I have to keep a-workin'
In the same old-fashioned way.

There are fortunes in the railroads,
There are fortunes in the mills,
There are fortunes in the coal mines
That are underneath the hills;
Nothin' like it ever happened
Since the world began, they say,
But I find I've got to hustle
In the same old toilsome way.

Oh, it's many miles to Texas,
Where they're leasin' out the lands,
And you can't go into Wall street
If you've only willin' hands,
Nor you can't buy shares in fact'ries
If you've nothin' else to pay
Than the little old two dollars
You keep earnin' day by day.

So I've got to work while others
Pick up fortunes here and there;
Every time you turn you nearly
Bump agin a millionaire—
Still I don't intend to holler,
Though I work on day by day,
For there's Maggie and the baby
When I put my tools away.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Pride of a Name

By John Gaston.

(Copyright, 1902, by Author Syndicate.)

WHEN within two weeks after her father's death Helen Parker returned to Bradyville the wife of Millard French, ex-convict, the social fabric of the town certainly was strained. There always was something dreadfully mysterious about the Parkers. The community had whispered about them for half a century.

But heretofore the gossip had been founded upon speculation, inspired chiefly by the exclusiveness maintained by Philip Parker, the owner of the great Parker estate. He had moved along the pathway of life, neither seeking nor giving friendship.

Now the action of the daughter in leaving the parental estate and returning a few days later, the wife of the man who had been convicted of embezzling from her father after enjoying his full trust and confidence, gave an edge to the gossip which Bradyville was not slow to grasp. Speculation was easy but facts difficult to obtain, for the newly married pair had secluded themselves provokingly in the privacy of their estate. Whereupon Bradyville gave full vent to its imagination and its tongues.

But if Bradyville had only known the truth it would have realized what puerile fancies these whispered tales were. For back of the incidents upon which the people were trying to construct a scandal was a series of the most thrilling of tragedies. I tell of them now, knowing that the recital can do no living person any harm.

Parker was the son of an English gentleman—a second son—and he came to America to enjoy possibilities his unfortunate sequence in birth denied him in his own country. He acquired a landed estate, the value of which increased with the years. Upon his father's death he was a well-educated, handsome, proud-spirited youth, with an ample income, an inherited self-esteem and pride of ancestry and a consuming passion (born, perhaps, of his father's long repression of the pride of birth) to keep his name above and beyond the familiarity of the common people about him. He despised and disdained the simple folk of the community. He fulfilled his duties as a citizen and was prodigal in his charity, but he kept his fellows at a distance. He married when well along in years, and before his wife's death she presented him with a daughter. For many years these two, with the servants, were the only members of the great house.

One day in 1884, when Philip Parker was 45 years of age, he was in Bradyville attending to some business when the first incident in this series of tragedies took place. It was the week of the county fair and the town was thronged with people. Late in the afternoon Parker entered the tavern, as was his custom, to drink a mug of ale before returning to his home. The room was filled with a roistering crowd. Among them was Peter Mack, a cattle buyer, who prided himself on his shrewdness in driving a bargain and on his personal strength. Catching sight of Parker, who was always immaculately dressed and whose aristocratic face betrayed indifference to the crowd, Mack lurched toward him and greeted him with offensive familiarity. Referring to a recent purchase of cattle, Mack with a sneer told Parker how he had bettered him.

"Ye think ye are the whole thing with yer white face and woman's hands and yer money," said he, with an oath, "but ye ain't man enough to deal with Peter Mack."

Parker's face never changed expression as he replied in an even voice: "Being in the habit of dealing with honest people, I do not watch the person with whom I trade. However, I am [illegible] congratulations to you for informing me that you are a thief, and I shall give orders to set the dogs on you should you ever enter my premises again."

The crowd stood aghast. Mack was the "bully" of the county, was always looking for trouble and his voice and stature were terrors to timid souls. The cool insult of Parker made him frantic. He stepped forward and yelled:

"What's that ye say? What's—d'ye know who ye are talking to?"

Without glancing at him Parker pocketed the change handed him by the barkeeper and started toward the door. But Mack, by this time beside himself with rage, leaped forward and struck him in the face. In an instant all the aristocratic calm vanished from Parker's features. His face grew purple and his veins stood out like whipcords as he turned on his adversary. A dozen men leaped between them, and it was all they could do to prevent Parker from hurling himself upon his foe. Presently, however, he calmed down and walked deliberately to the door and went home.

Some weeks later Peter Mack was found dead on the highway, killed by a knife which had reached his heart. Instantly the name of Philip Parker was connected with the affair, but investigation developed the fact that Mack had a large sum of money with him at the time he was murdered and that it was gone when the body was found. This served to dissipate the theory that Parker was involved. A tramp named Tim Maloney was apprehended near the scene of the murder, having on his person more money than seemed to the authorities compatible with his dress. Philip Parker did not deign to make any statement regarding the affair, nor did he evince the slightest interest in it. Maloney was convicted and hanged.

About this time Parker took into his employ Millard French and made him his business agent. He called him his private secretary, but gave into his hands nearly all the details of his estate. Never sociable with his neighbors, he became, after the murder of Mack, more taciturn than ever. He spent most of his time in his library—even avoiding his daughter, who formerly had been his one companion.

French took hold of the Parker estate with an energy which soon produced good results. The revenues were increased, the place put in good condition and Parker was relieved of all business details excepting that of signing bank checks. He was highly pleased with his acquisition and in his silent, distant way came to like and to trust him.

After French had been there some five years Parker was taken violently ill. One night when the Dread Messenger was expected every moment and the doctor had informed him that the chances were he would not see another day, Parker sent everyone from the room except French and there, in the shadow of eternity, he told the story; how, crazed with rage at the blow he had received, he had watched his opportunity and met Mack in the lonely road. Leaping from his horse he had struck him in the fact with his whip, whereupon Mack had drawn a knife and a terrific battle ensued, which ended in his driving his blade into the heart of his antagonist. Then came the thought of the consequences, scandal, arrest, the possible blemishing of the Parker name. This last thought was unendurable and he had hastily rifled the dead man's pockets and thrown the contents into a stream. Then came the apprehension of the tramp.

"My God! if you knew how I suffered," cried the sick man, fixing his horror-stricken eyes on French's face, "and how I prayed that he would not be convicted! And when he was executed I nearly went mad. But I held my tongue. I could not bear the thought of having the Parker name buffeted about in a criminal court, and of making myself the center of the vulgar curiosity of the county. So I kept still and let the innocent man be hanged. I have never known a moment's peace since then, and I cannot go into eternity alone with my guilty secret. I trust you to keep it, and I will leave in your hands a fund which I want you sacredly to devote to the defense of friendless men arrested for murder."

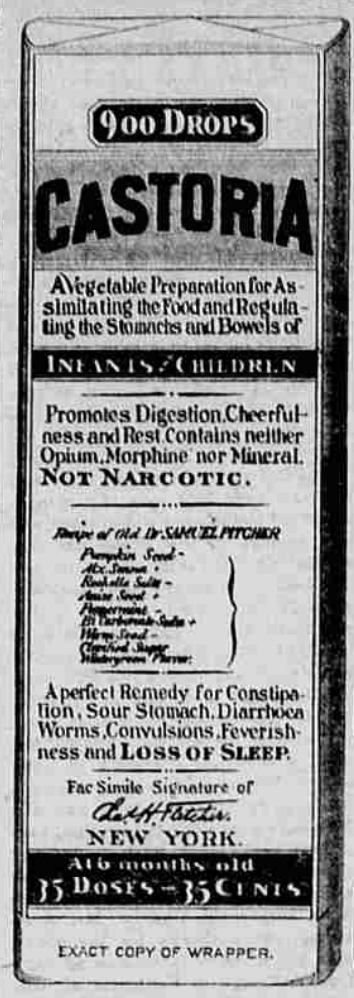
But Philip Parker did not die and when he recovered his health his suspicious mind turned upon French. The fear that he would tell his guilty secret preyed upon him until it became a mania and he finally resolved to take desperate action to forestall any word his manager might drop. With infinite cunning he arranged a series of situations which seemed to point to an embezzlement by French. Then he had him arrested, and, with remorseless energy, pushed the prosecution until the bewildered secretary found himself in the penitentiary. The hardest blow was the letter from Helen Parker, to whom he had avowed his love and plighted his troth. She upbraided him for his deception and said she would never see him again.

Five years later French left the penitentiary with the stern determination to be revenged. He wrote Parker that he was coming to Bradyville and tear the mask from his life of supposed respectability. Half way to Bradyville he relented at the thought of the grief he would bring to Helen. Leaving the train he wrote another letter to Parker stating that he would leave his punishment with God and his own conscience.

But Phillip Parker never received that letter. The first one came as a death warrant upon the fears and apprehensions of the years; something gave way and he never spoke afterward. He was found by a servant after he was stricken, alive but helpless. Before he died he indicated that he wanted a paper and pencil and wrote in scrawling letters the message to his daughter that French was innocent.

How much Helen Parker suspected she only knows, but the moment the funeral was over she took a journey and returned with a husband.

California state is 850 miles long, and contains 158,360 square miles.



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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE SOBERING MACHINE.

The Odd Institution That Characterized a Sleepy Old Pennsylvania Town.

"The Tattler," of the Philadelphia Ledger, recently met a quaint and amusing old gentleman, who said: "A portion of my life was spent in a sleepy Pennsylvania town, which has grown little in the course of a half-century, and still preserves many of the quaint customs of its earliest days. You will find in this idyllic retreat counterparts of all the celebrities who figure so delightfully in Miss Mitford's 'Our Village.' In my boyhood it had an institution which distinguished it from all sister villages—an institution quite unknown to modern communities. It was called the sobering machine. This consisted of a rude, springless, two-wheeled vehicle, with a board body, drawn by a motley assembly of bummers and roysterers, old and young, who can always be summoned in a country place on the slightest signal when anything exciting is in the wind.

"When one of the rather numerous town drunkards was discovered in a favorable position, the sobering machine was slyly backed up to the curb, the victim was quickly pushed into the cart, and then pulled through the streets, over every possible obstacle, by the jeering mob that manned the ropes. The victim, it was assumed, was jolted, jerked and thumped into semi-sobriety by this rough riding. At any rate, few of the town loafers who had tested the tonic virtues of the sobering machine yearned for a second dose. Many of the noisy, ragged crowd who helped to drag the sobering machine over its devious route had themselves taken similar trips.

The rude apparatus, I suspect, did more for the cause of temperance in its day than the more gentle and respectable methods of promoting the reform. The appliance was carefully housed, and all the bloods in the town knew where it was to be found. Sometimes it figured in parades, and, when bedecked and bedizened with flowers, flags and ribbons, it attracted almost as much notice as the little, sputtering hand engine which was supposed to do duty at haystack fires."

YELLOWPLUSH AT NEWPORT.

Eastern Seaside Resorts Attract Many Domestic Employes in Summer.

At such a place as Newport there is, of course, much driftwood, and queer social flotsam and jetsam find their way there. A curious instance is the number of waiters, butlers, second men and domestics of all kinds who are not regularly employed. These do not go to Newport in the hope of securing a permanent position. They do not need it. They give up good positions for the advantages of the summer.

The caterers and other providers are always in need of extra men, and a first-class butler for a luncheon or a dinner commands a very high price. There are many of these who take these transient positions and who find Newport very profitable in the summer. It is the bohemia of the domestic employe, and there is not a butler in one of the large houses who has not a list of men available for any emergency.

A barroom near Bellevue avenue, says the New York Times, is really the waiters' club of the place, and as the rooms upstairs are not innocent of the green cloth or the turn of the roulette wheel this resort corresponds to the Gentlemen's club of Thackeray.

GIVEN CITIZENSHIP PAPERS.

Question of Legality Comes Up When a New York Chinaman Gets the First Document.

In New York the other day Lee Hong, a Chinaman who had been in this country 26 years, was given his first citizenship papers. This is thought to be a precedent of doubtful legality. At any rate the federal authorities in other cities have invariably refused similar requests by Chinamen.

Of course a Chinaman born in this country becomes an American citizen without the aid of the courts, and in the west, particularly in San Francisco, there are many such. Very few of them, however, attempt to exercise the right of suffrage.

The New York Chinaman who took out his first papers did so in order that, should the exclusion act ever be repealed, he might get his full citizenship papers immediately. At least he gave that reason. On the other hand the authorities here contend, says the Philadelphia Record, that the government has entered into a contract which it cannot consummate.

London's Unique Slot Machines.

Slot machines providing meals have been introduced in London. The refreshments are arranged on a long buffet behind a glass screen. On putting four pennies one after another into the slot the screen rises and a tray holding a teapot, milk jug, sugar bowl and cup and saucer comes within reach. The teapot contains tea leaves and hot water can be drawn from a public tank. Two pennies produce a roll with butter, or sandwiches, or bath buns, and other slots yield temperance drinks and confectionery.

Origin of the Term.

Jovial once meant the type of character supposed to belong to all persons who were born when the planet Jupiter, or Jove, was in the ascendant. They were supposed to possess more of the cheerful elements of character than others and hence to partake of the benign qualities attributed to the father of the gods.

Deep Mines.

Some of the Rand mines in the Transvaal are worked at a depth of 12,000 feet.

Illiterate Italian Conscripts.

The percentage of illiterates among army conscripts in Italy is 36.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

F. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 42, meets every Saturday evening in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting Friars invited to attend.
G. W. STEPHENSON, F. M.
L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

F. of A.—Court Mt. Pitt No. 24, meets in Foresters' Hall every Wednesday at 8 p. m.
G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger.
I. L. PURDIN, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 85, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
E. W. CALKINS, N. G.
A. D. NAYLOR, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m.
H. H. HARVEY, C. P.
W. T. YORK, Scribe.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 98, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
PRUDENCE ANGLE, N. G.
ETTA SHAERER, Rec. Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall.
J. A. WHITMAN, W. M.
W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
E. D. ELWOOD, C. C.
J. H. BUTLER, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees.—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend.
A. B. ELLISON, Commander.
W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W., Degree of Honor—Esther lodge No. 56, meets every 2d and 4th Wednesday evening of each month, at A. O. U. W. hall.
LILLIAN KIRCHGESSNER, C. of H.
A. C. STANWOOD, Rec.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m in their hall in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
F. HUBBARD, M. W.
O. C. STANWOOD, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall Medford, Oregon.
J. W. WILEY, C. C.
HORACE MANN, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of P. hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MARTHA WELLS, G. N.
KATHERINE WAIT, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 84 meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MRS. ADDIE VAN ANTWERP, Pres.
MARY E. REEVES, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47 meets in Woodman's hall every second and fourth Monday night in each month at 7:30. Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend.
FRANK KASSHAFER, Com.
D. R. ANDRUS, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Friday in the Christian Church.
MRS. N. MCCAIN, Pres.
MRS. O. J. GIST, Sec.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 p. m., in their hall in the K. of P. building, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited.
H. A. FRENNA, Pres.
W. L. ORR, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Thursday's of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome.
MRS. MARY E. REEVES, W. M.
MATTIE E. PICKEL, Secretary.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church—W. B. Moore, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., H. L. Gilkey, supt. Class meeting every Sabbath at close of sermon, Levi Faucett, leader. Epworth league every Sabbath evening at 6:30, O. Faucett, prest. Regular weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Ladies' sewing circle every week. Missionary society meets the first Friday in each month.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. Haberly, pastor. Residence at the manse in the rear of the church. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., David Day, Supt. Christian Endeavor meeting one hour before the evening service, Miss Ella Dodge, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society every other Thursday afternoon, Mrs. E. C. Wall, Pres. Ladies' Missionary Society 2d Tuesday of each month at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. L. T. Pierce, Pres.

Baptist church—Rev. T. L. Crandall, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school 10 a. m.; B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; covenant meeting at 3:30 p. m. on Saturday preceding first sabbath. Strangers and friends always welcome.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7. p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Junoir Endeavor at 3 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday evening. Ladies Missionary Auxiliary to C. W. B. M. first Thursday 7:30 P. M. each month. Choral Union every Friday at 7:30 p. m. The people welcome. O. J. Gist pastor. Resides at the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. M. L. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening; Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock; Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited to all our services.

CONTEST NOTICE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Roseburg, Oregon, December 18, 1901.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Job T. Wilder, contestant, against the homestead entry, No. 9575, made September 26, 1899, for the 8½ NE¼, N½ SE¼, Section 8, Township 34 S, Range 2 East, by James Brennan, contestee, in which it is alleged that the said entry man has been absent from the land for a period exceeding six months, and that this absence has not been caused by reason of his service in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, seaman, officer or marine, during the war with Spain or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged, but that in fact the entry man has entirely abandoned the land, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m., on February 5, 1902, before Gus Newbury, county clerk, at Jacksonville, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 2 o'clock p. m., on February 15, 1902, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed December 18, 1901, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.
J. H. BOOTH, Receiver.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Melvina Clayton, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them at my home, 2½ miles south of Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 20th day of December, 1901.

JOHN G. GOHR, Administrator.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day