

John L. Sullivan in Realistic Part.
The Academy of Music at Chelsea says a Boston dispatch, was packed to see John L. Sullivan play Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He gave a realistic exhibition of the over-seer's brutality which was not down on the bills or called for by the stage "business." Incidentally he whaled poor Uncle Tom until the old slave fainted dead away. Applause in the earlier parts of the play seemed to have intoxicated the pugilist, for he became more and more enraptured of the part. And when he came to the scene where he whips the old slave he piled the black snake whip, not in stage lashes, not in the air, but on the body and legs of the actor. Dozens of times the whip struck the man. Exclamations were heard behind the scenes, and the slave cried out in agony and finally fainted away.

After the play John L. Sullivan said: "Carried away by me art. Forget myself in de part. Any artist likely to do dat."

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 tenfold 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.

The Northern Pacific Railway company will present to the state of Montana a magnificent oil painting which is to be hung over the grand stairway of the new capitol, says a Helena dispatch. The picture, which will be painted by Amadeo Jonioni, a San Francisco artist, will be 15 by 10 feet in size, and will represent the scene at Gold Creek when the last spike was driven for the Northern Pacific railroad. The painting will contain pictures of President Grant, Mr. Villard and other notables who were present on that occasion.

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.

Stella Bruzis, a bride 17 years old, who endeavored to poison her husband with carbolic acid on the morning after their marriage several months ago, was arraigned and placed in jail at Tacoma. The charge against her is attempted murder. Her husband, Vincent Bruzis, recently secured a divorce, and Stella, thinking the trouble had blown over, returned to Wilkeson, whence she had fled on the day that she poisoned her husband. It came out later that Stella loved another man and had married Bruzis only to please her father.

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 per cent healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, feline, scabs, pain and all skin eruptions. Only infallible cure. 25c a box at Charles Strang's.

Barry Baldwin, Jr., son of former United States Marshal Barry Baldwin died at his home, 2915 Washington street, from gas asphyxiation. Death was evidently the result of accident.

The official board of the Methodist church at Los Gatos, Cal., believing the many who attend church "are greatly annoyed and inconvenienced by having their view of the minister and of the pulpit obstructed by large and spreading hats or bonnets," passed a resolution requesting "that all persons removing their headress during the entire service of the church." The vote in favor of the resolution was unanimous.

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.

Edward H. Hamilton, a well-known San Francisco newspaper man, was held up by three footpads at 2 a. m. while on his way to his home at 1513 Washington street. He was relieved of his money and keys. The following day, however, the keys were returned to Mr. Hamilton's office in a small package which bore the inscription, "For the gentleman who was held up."

The daring daylight burglar who has been operating in the Mission, San Francisco, was arrested and identified as Edward Edminister, alias Morgan alias Stevens, alias Clifton, an ex-convict, who was convicted of burglary in Oakland and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in San Quentin. About a score of burglaries committed in the Mission district during the last three months have been traced to him.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.



Sold everywhere in cans and all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company.

THE STATUE

The marble waits, immaculate and rude; Beside it stands the sculptor, lost in dreams. With vague, chaotic forms, his vision teems. Fair shapes pursue him, only to elude And mock his eager fancy. Lines of grace And heavenly beauty vanish, and behold! Out through the Parian luster, pure and cold, Glances the wild horror of a devil's face. The clay is ready for the modeling. The marble waits; how beautiful, how pure, That gleaming substance, and it shall endure When dynasty and empire, throne and king Have crumbled back to dust. Well may you pause, Oh, sculptor artist! and, before that mute, Unshapen surface, stand irresolute! Awful, indeed, are art's unchanging laws. The thing you fashion out of senseless clay, Transformed to marble, shall outlive your fame; And, when no more is known your race, or name, Men shall be moved by what you mold to-day. We all are sculptors. By each act and thought, We form the model. Time, the artisan, Stands with his chisel, fashioning the Man. And stroke by stroke the masterpiece is wrought. Angel or demon? Choose, and do not err. For time but follows as you shape the mold. And finishes in marble, stern and cold. That statue of the soul, the character. By words we bless, or by silent curse, By act and motive—so do you define The image which time copies line by line. For the great gallery of the Universe, —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

THE PROFESSOR'S FOOTBALL STORY

By Howard C. Warren.
(From the New York Home Journal. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

THE day of the great football game was approaching, and all Kensington was wrought up to fever pitch. On the campus, at the eating clubs, and in the town the talk was of but one thing. "How are the men to-day?" "Is Travers' leg any better?" "Will he be able to play?" "Any signs of over-training?" "Do you know what tricks they are working up?" And as on—generally, be it observed, in the form of questions—for at this season of the year the "inside" is very secretive, and outside gossip varies in detail almost with the number of speakers. In the absence of definite knowledge the suspense was terrific. A spirit of nervous unrest pervaded the university, and serious work was well-nigh impossible. Moreover, this spirit affected not only the student body, but many faculty circles as well. Instructors and younger professors were under its sway, perhaps quite as much as any under-classes.

At "The Cloister," where four of us, trainers of youth, live in contented bachelorhood, the electric tension of the atmosphere was obvious. Our conversation at meals and after was always about football; lectures were prepared without the usual care and thought; and I fear we all spent much time in reading the athletic columns of the daily papers which ought rightly to have been devoted to original research.

"I don't know why it is, fellows," said Mitford, one day at dinner; "I don't care a rap about the smaller games; I don't take interest enough in them, even, to go down to the field when they are played in Kensington. But when it comes to the big ones, I get so nervous it breaks me all up; I can't work and can't sleep for thinking about them. The strain is fearful."

Prof. Mitford has a highly strung temperament, but we all felt that his particular words applied to our own cases, too. But this particular year Mitford had an added source of anxiety in connection with the game, Guild, the great half-back, whom everyone looked to secure the needed touch-down, was conditioned in Mitford's subject, and that condition must be removed before he could play in the championship game. Mitford had sent him notice after notice, with no effect, and he knew the students might attempt to take advantage of the faculty's sympathy with their cause, and get around the condition in some way. Now Mitford was a most conscientious man, and he had sworn by all that was holy that Guild must pass his examination regularly if he were to play in the game; and yet his heart was with the team, and he knew besides the unpopularity he must expect to incur, if anything he did should contribute to the defeat of Kensington in the great event of the year.

"What about Guild, Mit?" we asked him one day at table. Mit looked up with an expression of disgust, and what he said in reply is best represented by dashes and asterisks. After that the subject was dropped, as far as we were concerned. But certain things became plainer as the days passed by and the date of the game drew near. It was evident that the Pembroke team were improving wonderfully, and would give our men a tremendous fight. And it was also evident that our men relied on Guild, practically, to win the game for them. He was champion kicker, and runner, and tackler, all in one.

"If Guild is knocked out during the game we are lost," said some one at the Cloister once. We all agreed with the speaker in our inmost hearts, but as Mit was present we expressed no opinion, and the subject was deftly changed.

It was the second day before the game, and the team were to leave for Pembroke the next morning. Our anxiety could not longer be suppressed.

"Has Guild passed off that condition yet?" I ventured to ask Mit in the course of the day. "Oh, go bury yourself," he answered, and my fears were confirmed. With carte blanche from the faculty as to time, Guild had put off his examination till the last minute, and a failure now would be irreparable. That evening we were to have a party of guests to dinner—Mit's friends, they were—and the talk could be of nothing but the game. About five o'clock the doorbell rang, and a party of students appeared. Mit was out after his guests, and it fell to me to receive the men.

"We have come to see about Mr. Guild's examination with Prof. Mitford," said the spokesman. They were all anxious and nervous, but I thought I detected a certain note of defiance in the speaker's voice. I consulted with my chums, and at last we found the examination paper which Mit had prepared for the occasion. The honor system is in vogue at Kensington, so they were allowed to take the paper to Guild's room.

While we were at dinner the bell rang at least a dozen times. The maid returned each time with the announcement: "Some students to see Mr. Mitford." She had told them, of course, that Mr. Mitford was at dinner, and they had left. It was a different party each time, come to inquire whether Guild had passed, and all this time Guild was in his room, presumably scribbling away for dear life. During the evening the bell-ringing kept up, and Mitford each time refused to see the callers. Our guests, who were out-of-town people, and, of course, deeply interested in the game, had been told of the circumstances, and plainly showed signs of curiosity.

"Why, you simply must pass him, Mr. Mitford," said the bewitching Mrs. Alton, the chaperon of the party, in her most enticing voice. "Just suppose we should lose the game on that account!"

"Madam," said Mitford, putting on a dignity which is unusual with him at home, whatever he be in the classroom—"Madam, if he gets 50 per cent. I shall pass him;" and the fair visitor saw at once that she had tried to carry her tyranny beyond its proper domain.

At length our guests departed, and Mit went with them to escort them to the inn. Soon after they had gone, a student came around with Guild's paper. He wanted to remain and hear the result, but we told him that Prof. Mitford was out and might not be back till late. He left in a state of obvious perturbation. As for us, words cannot describe our anxiety. We talked and talked, and walked restlessly about the room and waited; but Mitford still failed to appear. At last we went upstairs. Though I seldom read in bed, that night I thought I might profit by a few hours, which would not in any case be claimed by Morpheus. But what I read made no impression on me whatever. My thoughts were on the game, and Guild, and Mitford.

Finally the outer door rattled, and Mitford's step was heard in the hall below. "Mit," shouted Jim, "the paper's on the desk in your study!"

"You mustn't come up till you've read it," chimed in George from his room. "Right!" I added, involuntarily, and kicked myself immediately afterward for doing so. A loud "hmm" was his only answer, as he stalked into his study. There was silence above and below for about half an hour. And I know now that Mit spent most of that time with his eyes closed and his face in his hands, in agony. He had read the paper, and given liberal credit for all that was in it, and the figures summed up to a total of exactly 45. Should he waive his scruples and let the man through? If he did not, what would be his future in Kensington? He saw the sudden end of his popularity—the game lost and his fault! The conflict was long and terrible.

"No, I must do it, whatever the consequences," he muttered at last, and turned to write the fatal number on the paper. The room seemed suddenly dark and cold. As he turned the pages, suddenly his eye fell on a sheet of paper on the floor which he had overlooked. It was the answer to another question—and it was right! He jumped up like a flash. Our ears had been straining to catch some sound below. He rushed into the hall and shouted triumphantly: "He's passed; he's passed!" "Yes-a," was the yell of three voices from above, and the agony was over. Two days later Guild made a 40-yard run through the entire Pembroke team for a touch-down, and kicked the goal himself. And that run gave Kensington the championship.

A Pretty Japanese Story.
One of the prettiest of all the stories relating to mirrors is that which comes from the far east. In this a man brings as a gift to his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. Then she, having seen nothing of the kind before, asks in the innocence of her heart whose was the pretty face smiling back at her. And when, laughing, he tells her it is none other than her own, she wonders still more, but is ashamed to ask further questions. But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter and gives her the treasure she has long kept hidden away as a sacred thing, telling her: "After I am dead you must look in this mirror morning and evening, and you will see me. Do not grieve." So when the mother is dead the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there talks face to face with the dead woman, and never guessing it is but her own shadow she sees. And it is added by the Japanese narrator, that when the girl's father learned the meaning of this strange conduct of hers, "thinking it to be a very pitiful thing, his eyes grew dark with tears."—Troy Times.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the name of **CASTORIA** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children. Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AGE LIMIT FOR CARRIERS.

End of the Period of Activity as Set by the Post Office Authorities.

We notice with interest and satisfaction that it has been decided to raise the age limit established by the civil service rules for the admission of applicants for employment in the postal department as clerks and letter carriers. Heretofore no applicant for employment as a letter carrier who had passed the age of 40 years has been received, but this will not be the case hereafter. It was the opinion of the postmaster general, an opinion in which his associates in the cabinet concurred, that it was not reasonable to restrict admission to the service in the capacity of letter carrier to persons of 40 years of age or less, and it was accordingly decided that both for clerks and letter carriers the age limit should be extended to 45 years, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

It was a judicious and discriminating conclusion. There has of late years been a marked tendency to close the door of employment against men who had just reached or who had barely passed what is considered middle age. There are many corporations who will not take into their employment anyone who has passed his fortieth year, and this disposition threatened to extend until the middle-aged man who for any reason found himself obliged to secure work in some fresh field of activity would be unable to get anything to do. The step which has just been taken in the case of post office clerks and letter carriers indicates the inception of a reaction against this movement. We hope that it will extend. A man who is in the forties is still in the prime of life, and in most cases he continues capable of valuable service for at least a decade longer.

HOW TO JUDGE OF TOBACCO.

A Hard White or Light Gray Ash Said to Be the Sign of a Good Cigar.

Color, burn and texture are the three things which the grower of tobacco has chiefly to consider. At present the trade calls for a light cinnamon-brown shade, which must be uniform, not mottled. The leaf when rolled on a cigar and smoked must leave a white or light ash, which does not flake off and fall into one's bosom or over his waistcoat, and it must not "coal"—i. e., have a black, charred ring just behind the ash on the burning cigar. This is sure to give a bad flavor and taste. The leaf also must burn freely, and when lighted hold firm for a reasonable time. It must have a soft, silvery texture, glossy surface and the elasticity of a piece of kid, so that it may be drawn smoothly and closely about the cigar. Flavor is not wanted in Connecticut tobacco, for if there be much of it it is sure to be bad. Perfect burn, color and texture can be got in the northern climate, but a delicate and agreeable flavor has not yet been obtained. Flavor is conditional upon soil and fertilizers. It is desirable, therefore, that the leaf be neutral, without taste, as far as may be. We get the flavor wholly in the Cuban filler. To obtain these qualities of leaf is the problem of the grower—a much more complicated one than meets the ordinary farmer.

Don't Live Together.
Constipation and health never go together. Dr. Williams' Little Early Risers promote easy action of the bowels without distress. "I have been troubled with constipation nine years," says J. O. Greene, Depue, Ind. "I have tried many remedies but Little Early Risers give best results."—Chas. Strang.

GREAT BEAUTIES.

Many Handsome Faces Are Found Among the Women of Cashmere, India.

Many of the women of India, and especially those of Cashmere, are beautiful. In a typical Hindu beauty the skin is just dark enough to give a rich, soft appearance to the complexion, says a London journal. The features are regular, the eyes mild and black and shaded by long silken lashes, the hands and feet are small and well formed, the demeanor is modest, the manner is gentle, the voice low and sweet. There are fine-looking women among the middle class Hindus, as well as among the upper ten, and even among the lower class the faces are often very pleasing. Many a Hindu woman who has, perhaps, little pretensions to beauty of face, has, nevertheless, the step and carriage of a princess, and if one is not too fastidious about perfection of eyes and mouth and nose her figure as she walks down the street with her head on her head is truly a beautiful sight.

You Know What You Are Taking
When you take Groves' Tasteless Chili Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply iron and Gula-sine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, Jan. 14, 1902.
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 timberlands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.
LESLIE M. WALLACE, of Albany, county of Linn, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1909, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 26, Township 32 South, of Range 2 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday, the 3rd day of April, 1902. He names as witnesses: J. Linsey Hill, of Albany, Oregon; R. W. Gray, W. T. Greive and J. A. Perry, of Prospect, Oregon.

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 April, 1902.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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J. LINSEY HILL, of Albany, county of Linn, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1907, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 26, Township 32 South, of Range 2 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday, the 3rd day of April, 1902. He names as witnesses: Leslie M. Wallace, of Albany, Oregon; James A. Perry, R. W. Gray and W. T. Greive, of Prospect, Oregon.

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JAMES A. PERRY, of Prospect, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1909, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Section No. 36, Township 32 North, of Range 2 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday, the 3rd day of April, 1902. He names as witnesses: Leslie M. Wallace, of Albany, Oregon; R. W. Gray, of Prospect, Oregon; J. Linsey Hill, of Albany, Oregon; and W. T. Greive, of Prospect, Oregon.

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J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

F. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 421 meets every Saturday evening in A. O. U. hall. Visiting Fraters invited to attend.
G. W. STEPHENSON, P. M.
L. A. JORDAN, Sec.
P. of A.—Court Mt. Pitt No. 24, meets in Porters' Hall every Wednesday at 8 p. m.
G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger.
I. L. FURMAN, Financial Secretary.
I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 81, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
E. W. CALKINS, N. O.
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.
W. T. YORK, Bertho.
Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
ETNA SHAFER, Rec. Sec.
A. F. & A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m. in Masons hall. Always welcome.
E. D. KILWOOD, O. O.
J. H. DUTLER, K. of H. and N.
Knights of the Maccores.—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in A. O. U. hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend.
A. B. KILLIS, Commander.
W. T. YORK, K. K.
A. O. U. W.—Degree of Honor—Rother lodge No. 56, meets every 2d and 4th Wednesday evening of each month, at A. O. U. hall.
A. C. STANWOOD, Recorder.
A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, meets every first and third Wednesday night at 8 p. m. in their hall in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
J. 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. O.
HORACE MANN, Clerk.
Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 81, Women of Woodcraft, meets in their hall on the 1st Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of P. hall. Visiting sisters invited.
SARAH WELLS, G. N.
KATHARINE WAIT, Clerk.
W. H. C.—Chautau. A. Arthur Post No. 31 meets second and fourth Wednesday evening of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MRS. ADRIAN VAN ANSWER, Pres.
MARY E. REEVES, Sec.
G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 41 meets in Woodman's hall every second and fourth Monday night in each month at 7:30. Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend.
D. R. ANTHUS, Adjutant.
W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Friday in the Christian Church.
MRS. N. MCCAIN, Pres.
MRS. O. J. GUY, Sec.
Paternal 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.
W. L. ORR, Secretary.
O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Thursday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome.
MRS. MARY E. REEVES, W. M.
MATTIE E. PICKEL, Secretary.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church—W. H. Moore, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. H. L. K. K. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. at close of sermon, Levi Fausett, leader. A worth league every Sabbath evening at 8:30 a. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Ladies' sewing circle every week. Missionary society meets the first Friday in each month.
Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. Haberly, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. David Day, Supr. Christian Endeavor meeting every hour before the evening service. Ladies' Aid Society every Thursday afternoon. Mrs. E. C. Wait, Pres. Ladies' Auxiliary to C. W. H. East, meets every Friday at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. L. T. Pierce, Pres.
Baptist Church—Rev. T. L. Grandall, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school 10 a. m.; H. Y. P. U. 8:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; covenant meeting at 3:30 p. m. on Saturday preceding Sabbath. Strangers and friends always welcome.
Christian Church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. H. Y. P. U. 8:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; Women's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Every one is cordially invited to all our services.
O. J. Gist pastor. Resides at the church.

CONTEST NOTICE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Oregon, December 18, 1901.
A sufficient contest affecting the land listed in this office by Job T. Wilder, contestant, against the homestead entry, No. 9278, made September 28, 1900, for the NE 1/4, NW 1/4, Sec. 8, Township 31 S., Range 2 E., 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 contestant has entirely abandoned the land, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching the allegations at 10 o'clock a. m., on February 15, 1902, before the Register and Receiver 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 15, 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 Malvina Clayton, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them at my home, 215 miles south of Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 26th day of December, 1901.
JOHN G. JOHN, Administrator.

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