

THE MEDFORD MAIL

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A. S. BLITON.

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MAN WAS BORN TO MURDER.

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.

CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS.

Three men were killed, one was fatally wounded and three others were slightly wounded in a fight at Ballerillo, Tex. The dead are Raymond White, constable at Wallis; Milam Odum, his half-brother; Henry Dippert, a bystander. The fatally wounded man is Walter Pennington, shot through the bowels. The shooting was started among the witnesses who came from Wallis to attend the trial of Walter Pennington, under indictment for the murder of J. C. Odum, a brother of Milam Odum and half-brother of Raymond White.

The Lost Creek coal mine, near Ocala, Fla., was the scene of a terrible disaster, which cost the lives of 11 miners. Eleven others were seriously injured. The miners had just fired their usual noon shots, one of which proved to be a flake, the powder flame igniting the gas and causing the explosion. Smoke and debris were blown out of the mine in a column 200 feet high. Nearly all the men were married and leave families in poor circumstances.

Alexander Dean Cooper, a St. Louis millionaire, while asleep on a cot at the Vista Turkish bath-house, of which he was proprietor, was assaulted by William Strother, the negro attendant, who took a large hammer and brought it down on Mr. Cooper's head, killing him. He then took a diamond ring from Mr. Cooper's fingers and the diamond stud from his shirt and hid them. He afterwards confessed the crime to the police, and said, "I do not know why I did it. I guess I must have been drunk and mad."

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By the refusal of the banks in Manila to receive deposits of Mexican silver a new phase of the currency question has arisen. The banks say there is no more room in their vaults for such deposits. It is believed that this action is taken with the object of forcing legislation on the whole currency question. There is not sufficient American currency in Manila to transact business, which is being injured by the accumulation of Mexican silver.

Colonel Charles W. Miner of the Sixth Infantry reports the conditions on the island of Negros to be unsatisfactory, and that 400 bolomen armed with rifles, under the command of the fanatic leader Papa Isio, are terrorizing the people.

The American chamber of commerce in Manila will appeal to congress to enact laws to allow Chinese to enter the Philippine islands under such restrictions as the Philippine commission may enact. The country, it is said, cannot be properly developed without Chinese labor.

Two young women, Miss Nannie Ungerman and Mrs. Ollie Gaunt, died at the home of Mrs. Gaunt in McMinnville, Or., as the result of poisoning by arsenic, administered by their own hands. Miss Ungerman telephoned to a doctor that Mrs. Gaunt was sick. When the doctor came they admitted having taken poison. Restoratives were administered, but it was too late, and the women died within three hours of each other. Disappointments in life and despondency are said to be the cause of the women's taking their lives. Mrs. Gaunt had been separated from her husband for several months.

TEARFUL OR CHEERFUL?

Whether a woman is tearful or cheerful depends not on what she has materially, but what she is physically. Many an indulgent husband is driven almost to despair by the tearful outburst of a wife who has "everything she wants." He wants to know what's the matter. But the wife can't tell. She only knows that she is depressed and despondent.

Such a condition is usually related to some form of womanly disease. The mental depression has its corresponding womanly weakness.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription changes tearful women to cheerful women by curing the diseases which cause physical weakness and depression of spirits. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Mrs. Alice Adams, of Laboratory, Washington Co., Pa., says: "With many thanks I write to let you know how I am. I can say by God's help and your help I am well. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and two of his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I can do all my work. I can't praise your medicine too highly. I will recommend your medicine as long as I live. If any one doubts this give them my address."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Keep the bowels healthy by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

The Salvation of Jim

By Garrard Harris.

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THINGS undoubtedly looked equally for Jim. He realized it, as he paced up and down the narrow cell in the Mesquite jail. The seedy-looking young lawyer the court had appointed to defend him on the charge of murder also told him so, and in the clearing him on the charge offered to write him a will for him free. Jim mournfully declined.

"I ain't got nothin' to will away," he said. "All I had was stole from me that night when the trouble happened."

"Well, I reckon you had better pray some, for you're about as good as a gone goner." Shall I send the priest to you?"

"Naw, darn the prayin'. Is Inez bound to swear against me?"

"Sure. You see, when you shot Rafe Mendoza you shot her feller. She was goin' to marry him, and naturally she don't feel kindly to you. He was the best-kept greaser in this whole country. And you know how these greasers are, anyway. They just naturally hate a white man. They will make a big feast of the day when you are hung, and eat tamales and drink pulque, and enjoy themselves hugely."

"I don't mind entertainin' folks generally, but I swear I hate to do so at the end of a rope. Wish I'd left that girl alone."

"It would have been better for you. That girl is the only witness against you, and her testimony will hang you sure. If she wasn't a greaser, I might be able to persuade her to skip out, but now—there ain't a bit of a chance."

"I don't see why she's so bent on havin' me hanged. I've been nice to her, and she liked me. That's the reason I had to kill Rafe Mendoza—he was jealous as he could be, and tried to slip a knife in my ribs that night when I came to see her."

"But Jim, Inez says she didn't see him with any knife, and when they picked him up, after you had gone out, those greasers say he didn't even have a pocketknife. What do you make of that?" Inez says the first thing she saw was you drawing your gun, and that you proceeded to pump him full of lead without any warning.

"I know it looks bad, colonel, but that greaser did certainly try to knife me. I saw it in his hand, and it looked as big as a sword. Those friends of his made way with the knife when they came to pick him up."

"Well, I'll see you to-morrow in court. Your case will come the first on the docket, and it won't take long to hear the evidence against you. I am sorry, but I can't make testimony, and what that girl will swear will hang you, surely. Good-by." The young lawyer left the dreary little jail thinking deeply.

Jim went to the small window and looked out across the waste of shimmering sand and buffalo grass, relieved here and there by a few stunted mesquite bushes. The heat radiated in wavy zig-zags, and seemed to stifle him in his cell. He longed to be on his broncho, loping across the range after the cattle, and it pained him to think that such pleasure would never again be his. He knew that he had acted foolishly in going about Inez Gonzales—he had been warned that he would have trouble with Rafe Mendoza if he did. Mendoza was a well-to-do ranchero, and the favorite with the parents of the girl. They were urging her to marry him, but she had been putting him off as long as she could.

Old Gonzales, an evil-looking Mexican with one eye, regarded Jim with distinct disfavor. So did his wife. They tried in every way to show him that his presence was unwelcome. Jim saw their game, but was untroubled by it. He was as polite as he knew how to be, and even tried to be friendly with Rafe Mendoza. But one night after he was leaving the adobe of the Gonzales, a Winchester cracked from behind a clump of mesquite bushes, and a ball clipped a piece out of his hat. Then he knew that henceforth it was war between him and Mendoza.

Inez was the prettiest girl in the country. She was small, and had a figure as lithe and graceful as that of a tiger. Her eyes were as bright as stars, and large, and full of expression. Her complexion was the purest olive, and she wore her great mass of hair braided down her back. She was young, too, and she did not like to be forced into a marriage with Mendoza, but her parents were insisting. She could not forget Jim, and his evident admiration of her. She did not understand all he said to her, but she understood enough to know that he loved her, and the thought made her very, very happy indeed. And when Jim went to Los Cruces, he bought her a little gold heart on a chain, to wear about her neck. She wore it under her dress—she was afraid to let Rafe see it, or her father.

She had been threatened and browbeaten by her father since the death of Mendoza, and she had cried her eyes out at the thought of her testimony hanging "El Senor Jim," who had been so good to her, and who got in trouble on her account. But, then, the truth was, she did not see Rafe with the knife. He might have had it in his hand as he started toward Jim, but

she did not see it.

The next day the courtroom was crowded. Old Gonzales was there with all his relatives and friends to get his revenge for the loss of a rich son-in-law, who would have supported him in idleness the rest of his days. Rafe had lots of friends, also, who wanted to see the cursed gringo punished. And Inez was there, also, her eyes red with weeping. She sat in the courtroom and glanced furtively at Jim. Once their gaze met, and she found no anger in the honest blue eyes. Her own fell to the floor.

Jim's lawyer noticed all this. He knew that on the facts there was no power to save Jim. The girl held his life in her hands. There was no plea that he could make that would exculpate the prisoner—not even temporary insanity. Self-defense could not well be pleaded, as there was not a scintilla of evidence to support it.

The minor cases were disposed of, and the noon hour approached. Court was adjourned until two o'clock, and it was announced that the case of the state vs. James Griggs, murder, would be taken up. The sheriff led Jim to his cell, and the gang of Mexicans filed out to exult in the coming downfall of the hated gringo. All except Inez, she sat in the courtroom and refused refreshment and repudiated her people's advances, alone in her sorrow.

Jim's lawyer walked over to the sheriff's office.

"Joe," said he, "in case I wanted to have a little confab with Jim, and were to bring a couple of other parties in, it would be all right, wouldn't it? No trouble—just a little talk."

"Sure," said he. "I'm mighty sorry for Jim. It's a bad case. This here country is mighty high gone to the devil when a white man gets hung for a killin' of a greaser. Next thing they'll be arrestin' us fer killin' coyotes. Yes, I'll let you in any time that you want."

The lawyer walked slowly over to the courtroom. He espied the dejected little figure sitting in the far corner, her head in her hands. He walked softly to her.

"Inez," he said, "do you want Senor Jim hanged?"

"No, no," she exclaimed. "I no want him hang—Senor Jim, he been good to me—I like heem mucho heap. See?" She drew from about her neck a little heart.

"Did you want to marry Rafe Mendoza?"

"No, no. He too ole, en he all time drunk, en oosa, en he not nice—lak Senor Jim."

"Well, would you save Jim, if you could? If you could do so and not have your folks bother you?"

"Si, senor, yes, yes—I no want to hurt him—I like Senor Jim."

"All right, you just wait here, and when I come after you, you follow me. I will fix things so your folks won't know about it, until it is too late."

The lawyer went into the office of the clerk of the court. "Where's Judge Smith, the justice of the peace?" he asked. He found the justice, and in a few words explained to him. The justice's eyes twinkled, and he, too, assented. Back to the clerk's office went the lawyer, and this time he came out with a piece of legal-looking paper in his pocket, bearing the signature of the clerk. He went upstairs and got Inez—she came willingly. Together the three made their way rapidly to the jail. The girl's father and his friends were in the shade of the courthouse on the other side.

Together they went in the jail to Jim's cell. A few minutes later they emerged again, all their faces wreathed in smiles.

Court reassembled, and the case of the state vs. Griggs was called. Defendant pleaded not guilty.

"Call the first witness for the state," said the court.

"Inez Gonzales, Inez Gonzales, come inter court!" bawled the bailiff. The prosecuting attorney settled himself in his chair. There was a breathless silence.

Inez came slowly down the aisle and seated herself. She was sworn, and the attorney commanded:

"Tell the jury now, what you know about Jim Griggs murdering Rafe Mendoza." Inez looked appealingly at Jim's lawyer. He unfolded his long length from his chair and arose.

"If the court please, we object to the witness testifying."

"What ground?" snapped the district attorney.

"There's no rule of law, common, civil or statute, that can make a wife testify against her husband. The witness is the wife of the prisoner."

"This is a trick," cried the district attorney.

"It may be a trick," grinned Jim's lawyer, "but it's the trick that wins the game. Here's the license, issued in due form, and here's the certificate of Hon. Lumpkin Smith, justice of the peace, who performed the ceremony an hour ago. I move for a discharge of the accused."

"Motion sustained," said the judge with alacrity. "Enter the case as nolle prossed, Mr. Clerk."

That evening, under a safe escort of cowboys to protect them from the Mexicans, Jim and his bride were safely conducted to Los Cruces, where they took the train back to the states, and where they could live in peace and happiness on the old farm in faraway Illinois.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, fainting and dizzy spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phoebe Cherley, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and, although 73 years old, I am able to do all my housework." It overcomes constipation, improves appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c at Charles Strang's drug store.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Prince Henry's Visit—Interesting Election at Dawson—Severe Blizzard in the East—Four Large Steamers For the Oriental Trade.

Miss Vivian Sartoris, the granddaughter of General Grant, has written from Paris to her friends and relatives in Washington that she intends to fit herself for a musical and artistic career. She is a daily attendant at Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Judge Tuley decided that the annual legal rate for telephones in Chicago shall not exceed \$125, which is a cut of \$50 a year. This is a result of the war against the company by the Illinois Manufacturers' association.

The Hotel Cecil at Ottawa, Ont., was burned, causing a loss of \$50,000. Guests on the fifth floor had to leave the building in their night-clothes, and some of them had to be taken out of windows with ladders.

A severe blizzard prevailed in the upper Missouri and Mississippi valleys, and railroad traffic over a large section of country was disarranged. In Chicago the storm was so blinding that pedestrians were soon driven from the streets and business was generally suspended.

Mrs. Isabelle Evans, wife of Dr. Paul W. Evans, a wealthy dentist of Washington, left a curt note for her husband, telling him she had decided to go on the stage, and had joined the "Florodora" company at New York. Mrs. Evans is 22 years of age and the daughter of John Whitlock, who was for 15 years president of the Brooklyn board of education. She is wealthy.

Lewis Nixon, the temporary leader of Tammany Hall, is about to organize in Texas a corporation with a capital of \$10,000,000, which is expected to revolutionize the present conditions in the oil trade. Oil pipe lines will be laid at a cash outlay of \$5,000,000 from Beaumont, Tex., to Houston, from Houston to Fort Worth, and probably from Fort Worth on to New Orleans. The lines will strike all the principal cities in Texas, and will be from 500 to 750 miles in length.

A year and a half ago the British bark Manchester, with a crew of 30 men, sailed from New York for Manila. The first authentic news of the disaster that befell her was brought to Vancouver by the Canadian-Australian liner Moana. On one of the smaller of the Marshall islands a trading schooner found hundreds of cans of oil—which formed part of the Manchester's cargo—scattered along the beach. The bodies of two men—they were little more than skeletons—were found on the shore. Letters found in a pocket showed that the owner was Julius P. Schwartz. A letter was signed by S. Pope of New York.

Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, says a Berlin dispatch, selected at the court jeweler's about 50 presents for Americans with whom he will come especially in contact during his visit to the United States. The presents include several gold and silver boxes set with diamonds with the emperor's monogram, encircled with diamonds, enameled on the lids beautiful silver cups with "Hohenzoelnern" enameled on them, besides larger and more valuable gifts. It is said that the emperor will send Miss Roosevelt a jeweled bracelet, and that Prince Henry will probably offer the president a fine hunting gun.

A hotly contested election was held at Dawson to determine whether the city should be governed by an elective mayor or council or by a commission to be named by Territorial Governor Ross. Out of 687 votes cast there was a majority of 79 in favor of an elective government. The result was greatly influenced by Americans, many of whom took the oath of allegiance to the British crown in order to enable them to vote.



Headache

kills, not necessarily suddenly, but SURELY. It preys upon the intellectual power more than we realize. It consumes the vitality faster than nature can replenish it, and we cannot tell just what moment a temporary or complete aberration of the mind will result. Headache and pain should be promptly removed—but properly. Many pain cures are more harmful than the pain. Beware. If you would be safe, take

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

"As a result of neuralgia I lost the sight of my right eye, and the pain I have suffered is incomprehensible, being obliged to take opiates almost continually. A friend gave me one of Dr. Miles' Pain Pills and it promptly relieved me. I then purchased a box and now my trouble is gone. They have also cured my daughter of nervous headache, and I heartily recommend them to others."—W. J. CORLEY, Bremond, Texas.

Sold by Druggists. 25 Doses, 25c. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS

Many of Them Unnecessary. Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine Have Saved Many Women From the Surgeon's Knife.

Hospitals in our great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case? Because they have neglected themselves.

Every one of these patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at the left or right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back. All these things are indications of an unhealthy condition of the ovaries or womb.

What a terrifying thought! these poor souls are lying there on those hospital beds awaiting a fearful operation.

Do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an examination and possible operation. Build up the female system, cure the derangements which have signified themselves by danger signals, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from the hospital. Read the letter here published with the full consent of the writer, and see how she escaped the knife by a faithful reliance on Mrs. Pinkham's advice and treatment by her medicines.

If in doubt write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for free advice; her experience covers twenty years.



Here is Proof, Undeniable Proof, That Many Operations May Be Avoided.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—As I am a great sufferer of female trouble I thought I would write to you to see if you thought there was any positive help for me. I am very sore through my bowels, especially over the womb, and on the left side low down I will be taken with a dull sore pain, and in an hour will be so sore that I cannot move myself, and will have to be poulticed, and will be unable to walk for two or three weeks. I have a bad discharge at times. The doctor says I will have to go through an operation and have the left ovary removed. If you can help me let me hear from you soon."—Mrs. M. G. SHIPLEY, Upson, Wis. (Nov. 12, 1900.)

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you last fall in regard to my health, death would have been a welcome visitor to me, but I followed your advice and am now well. I had tried everything I could hear of, went to every doctor far and near, spent a great deal of money and received no benefit. At the time I wrote you I was saving up money to go to Chicago to have an operation upon the womb and ovaries which the doctor said unless I had I would die, but thanks to your remedies, I avoided this. I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, two of your Blood Purifier, and used four packages of Sanative, and am a well woman. I advise every woman suffering as I did to take Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies."—Mrs. M. G. SHIPLEY, Upson, Wis. (March 20, 1901.)

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

MACHINE AND GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

Machine repairing a specialty. Second Hand Engines and Steam Pumps Bought and Sold. Bicycle Cones and Axles Made to Order.

M. M. GAULT, Proprietor

"Some time ago my daughter caught a severe cold. She complained of pains in her chest and had a bad cough. I gave her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy according to directions and in two days she was well and able to go to school. I have used this remedy in my family for the past seven years and have never known it to fail."—James Prendergast, merchant, Annapolis, Bay, Jamaica, West India Islands. The pains in the chest indicated an approaching attack of pneumonia, which in this instance was undoubtedly ward off by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It counteracts any tendency of a cold toward pneumonia. Sold by Charles Strang, druggist.

The coldest weather of the winter is reported from Los Angeles, the temperature being as low as 32 degrees.

Elna Darch, the little Los Angeles singer whom Mme. Calve took east in December, has returned to her home in Los Angeles, as the eastern climate was too severe for her.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP. A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold. A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold. A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough. Sold by all Druggists.