

PURELY PERSONAL.

Will White was visiting his father in Ashland this week.

Horace Pelton, of Gold Hill, was a Medford visitor on Saturday.

D. A. Fitzgerald, of Grants Pass, was among Medford friends last week.

Hon. and Mrs. W. A. Carter, of Gold Hill, were Medford visitors Monday.

B. F. C. Edmundson, of Butte Creek, was in Medford this week upon business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pierce, of Ashland, spent Saturday and Sunday in Medford.

Miss Inez Kitchen, of Ashland, visited friends in Jacksonville several days this week.

H. W. Jackson returned Sunday from a visit to Josephine county, looking after his mining interests.

Mrs. W. H. Simmons returned Monday evening from a stay of some length with friends in San Francisco.

J. H. Dollarhide, of Klamath, has been visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity during the past few days.

J. W. Thomason, of Jacksonville, left Wednesday morning for Riddle, Douglas county, where he expects to invest in farming property.

N. H. Spencer, who came up from California several days ago to settle up some of his business affairs here, returned to Oroville on Tuesday.

J. C. Brown left Tuesday for his home at Bonaparte, Iowa. The gentleman is a nephew of N. S. Bennett and has been in Southern Oregon for the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Eisenhart, of Selinton, Oregon, are in Medford upon a visit to their nephew, Al. Eisenhart, the miller. They may decide to locate some place in the valley.

C. H. Larrabee, of Colorado, with his family registered at the Hotel Nash Sunday. Mr. Larrabee is a prominent mining operator and is in this section looking after investments he has here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Earl, of Quincy, Ill., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stewart, left Tuesday noon for Oakland, Calif., and other southern points, which they will visit before returning to their eastern home.

M. P. Williams, of Tolo, was in the Saturday. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, F. G. Merriman, who arrived in Southern Oregon recently from Seattle. Mr. Merriman intends making Southern Oregon his home.

Miss Bertha McPherson, who has been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and J. Mrs. McPherson, of Griffin creek, left Saturday evening for Sedro-Woolly, Washington, where she is engaged in the millinery business.

The famous Meneley Quartette, of Chicago, which is to pass through Oregon in March, has been engaged by the temperance people of Medford for an evening's entertainment, during the first week in March. It will be a rare treat to hear this renowned company, whose annual tour is yearly attracting increased attention. The Daily Review, of Redlands, Calif., where they recently gave an entertainment, says: "Such universal satisfaction was expressed by those who heard the quartette on Saturday at the Auditorium that when it was discovered they could be had again the club jumped at the chance. Another opportunity will be had to hear them in an entirely new program Tuesday evening, February 4th, at the same place." W. Eugene Knox, who is with them, is generally acknowledged as "the king of impersonators."

For Sale—Good milch cow. Loren Damon, on Barneburg place, east of Medford.

D. B. Russell, proprietor of Russell's Confectionery, is now manufacturing all the best grades of candies he sells. Many people prefer the home-made article, because of the fact it is usually put up with greater care and is intended almost exclusively for the best local trade—which is a trade the confectioner is always catering to. Mr. Russell's candies are unquestionably the best ever put on the market, and



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Outings, Vicunas
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W. H. Meeker & Co.
We Sell GILBERT'S CELEBRATED Dress Linings

his trade on this particular line of goods is increasing daily. His cream chocolates are delicious. He is supplying a goodly number of dealers in other towns of the valley with his homemade goods.

—Bert Brown:—"I have given up the notion of going on the road again, for the next year, at least. I shall remain in Medford and will give my whole attention to work required in the dry-goods store of W. H. Meeker & Co., in which my mother is a part owner. We have decided upon some radical changes in the arrangement of our store; that is, in the general arrangement of the goods and fixtures and in the display of the different articles we sell. Yes, we are doing a good business, and we look forward to the year 1903 as a record breaker in our lines. The business is surely starting out in that direction."

—On Thursday of last week, Frank Kepner, one of the pioneers of Southern Oregon of the 1850 period, was in Medford, transacting business, and apparently in his usual health. By Friday noon the news had come from his home in the Big Sticky country, that he had suddenly died from heart disease. Mr. Kepner was over seventy-four years of age and unmarried. His only surviving relatives, so far as known, are an aunt, Mrs. Susan Evans, who resided with him, and a brother and sister in Iowa.

—An appeal from the decision of Judge Price in the probate court, in which he decided against the claims of H. O. Bliss, et al, as heirs at law of the late Henry Ammeiman, for participation in the distribution of the funds of the estate. The matter will now be tried in the circuit court, and, as the estate is a large one, will probably be continued still higher.

—Miss Louise E. Hollister, national organizer of the W. C. T. U., will be in Medford Saturday and Sunday and will deliver an address under the auspices of the local W. C. T. U., at the Presbyterian church on Saturday evening. Miss Hollister has a reputation as a fluent and interesting speaker and should be greeted by a large audience.

—Will Prall:—"Four or five families, friends of ours, will leave this week for Southern Oregon from Minnesota. The only way I can figure it, is that the woods hereabouts will be full of new people during March, April and May."

—The Eads second hand store was entered last Saturday or Sunday night by burglars and five Smith & Wesson revolvers and three watches were stolen.

—THE MAIL is compelled to carry over several good local items this week, because of the fact that one of our printers looked too often upon the wine when it was red, early in the week—and every day since—and we were unable to secure help in his place. Printers with this affliction are a vexation.

—J. A. Lyons has sold his 20-acre tract of land near Phoenix to S. C. Hunter for a consideration of \$800. The tract is partly set to orchard and is a bargain at the price. The deal was made through the agency of F. M. Stewart.

—Found.—In the gallery in Wilson's Opera House on Friday evening, Jan. 23, a fur collar. Owner can recover by proving property and paying for this notice.

—J. G. Martin, by letter from Beagle—"Take out that stray cow notice. She has found an owner through the old, always welcome journal—THE MAIL."

—J. W. Ling is up at Talent painting and papering M. L. Pellett's residence. Mr. Pellett is fitting up one of the finest homes there to be found in all Southern Oregon.

—The W. C. T. U. will give an entertainment at Wilson's Opera House on the evening of February 25th. Full particulars and program next week.

In the City Recorder's Court.

Jake Williams, an Indian, said to be from Klamath, was arrested Wednesday for being drunk and was fined \$5, by Recorder Toft. In default of payment he is "lying" it out in the city bastille.

Dale Hazel was also before the recorder on the same day, charged with disorderly conduct. He was fined \$12, which was paid.

L. E. Hoover was before the recorder Thursday, charged with disorderly conduct. A fine of \$8 was imposed, which was paid.

The American Iron "Plant." The Englishman was being properly surprised at the rapidity with which the skyscraper was going up. "Death me!" he exclaimed, "It seems as if your buildings grow as rapidly as your maize."

"Yes, replied the westerner unblushingly, "and the process of raising them is much the same."

"Fawncy! Won't you explain further?"

"Well, you see, we just get an iron plant, put it in the ground, have the street sprinklers water it, and in a month or six weeks the skyscraper is full grown."

And, taking another breath, the cousin from overseas managed to believe it.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Bedford the Foundation. The Celestial City is clearly the fabric of Bunyan's own imagination, an elaboration most probably of the town of Bedford, which, though not a walled city, had its gates fixed here and there to guard the town in troublesome times. The gateways on the old Bedford bridge, within which Bunyan was imprisoned for so long and through which he passed times out of number, must have been foremost in the mind of the great dreamer.—Bookman.

Effective. Bjenks—Do you believe in the possibility of the cure of disease by suggestion? Bjenks—Why, certainly. I was feeling pretty sick last week and my wife suggested that I go to a doctor, and it cured me right away.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

The Only Way to Prove It. "Which do you think should be more highly esteemed, money or brains?" "Brains," answered Senator Sorghum. "But nowadays the only way a man can convince people that he has brains is to get money."

SOME POINTS ON LAW.

The Man to Whom They Were Given Expected to Ret on Them.

"I was standin' down here by the river," began a man who sauntered into the police station, "when a feller comes up to me and says he's a good mind to knock my chin off. Was that ag'in the law?"

"It was assault, technically speaking," replied the sergeant.

"That's what I told him, but he said he could lick all the law in this town and me on top of it. Then he takes me by the goatee, this way, and jerks my head to the right and to the left and says he's a good mind to jerk my jaw off. Was that ag'in the law?"

"Certainly it was."

"That's what I told him, but he sneers and sneers and says he owns half the police force and two judges and has a soft snap. Then he grabs my hat and jumps on it and hits me a slap on the ear and says he'll make my head ache for a week. Was that ag'in the law?"

"That was both assault and battery."

"That's what I told him, but he said he also owned the other half of the police force and could buy up any jury. Then he spit on top of my head and slapped my mouth and says that if he didn't have to go to the bank to draw \$10,000 he'd make a knothole of me. Was that ag'in the law?"

"Of course."

"Was it ag'in the law when he twisted my nose, punched me in the ribs and then turned me around and booted me five times?"

"To be sure."

"Well, that's what I told him, and I'm glad to find out that I was correct. Much obliged to you. If I see him ag'in, I'll try and get a bet that he was wrong about it. Goodbye. Nice day outdoors."

M. QUAD.

He Took No Risks.

"If you're suffering from insomnia," said the doctor to the patient, "just lie down, prop your head on a pillow and get some one to take hold of your throat thus, pressing gently with the fingers on each side, and you'll soon fall asleep."

But the next day when he asked the patient if he had followed instructions the latter replied gloomily:

"No, I didn't. There was nobody at home but me and the mother-in-law, and I couldn't quite make up my mind to let her get that hold on me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Woman's Vow.

"Think of it, my dear," said Mr. Closest, laying down his newspaper, "there are more than \$2,000,000,000 in circulation in this country!"

"Is that so?" replied his wife cheerfully. "Well, judging from the difficulty I always experience in getting you to give me a quarter I thought there wasn't more than \$1.50 in the whole world!"—Comfort.

Coarsely Practical.

"I'm afraid you will not make a pecuniary success of your profession," said the physician's friend.

"Why not?"

"You tell people what's the matter with them in ordinary language. You can't give a man thoroughly unless you give him a little Latin and Greek."

—Washington Star.

Quite Appropriate.

Oh!—What an inappropriate name the Popleys have given their baby! Oldbabe—Oh, I don't know!

Childs—What? Why, they've called him Miguel Patrick Ebenezer Popley. That's ridiculous!

Oldbabe—Well, but it's a ridiculous looking baby.—Philadelphia Press.

Fate.

"They say she fell in love with him because of his beautiful hair."

"And it was understood that her splendid form was what appealed to him."

"Ah, too bad! He's bald, and she's getting stout!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Energy With a Purpose.

"Young Digger is the hardest worker in the store," observed the old man. "To see him one would not think he was working for a salary."

"He isn't," responded the bookkeeper. "He's working for a raise!"—Indianapolis News.

Local Color.

Oswald—I tell you, I made a great hit out in the far west.

Gerald—What did you do?

Oswald—Why, I played Hamlet wrapped up in a Navajo blanket!—Detroit Free Press.

That's the Idea.

"How energetically they play!" said Mrs. Hojack, who was watching a football game with her husband.

"Yes," added Mr. Hojack. "They kick while the gridiron is hot."

Sympathy.

"Ah," said Mr. Chollyboy after sneezing. "I have a terrible cold in my head."

"How you must suffer," she answered, "not being used to having anything there!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I have a terrible cold in my head."

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WISDOM OF THE WIDOW.

Views of a Man Who Does Not Agree With Tenny's Widow.

The man who marries a girl just out of school has need of much shrewdness, tact and fortitude, for the first year of matrimony will produce a violent revolution in her mind. As she learns to know her husband—she who has never seen him except when he had his best coat on—she will deem him a brute and will be disappointed and disgusted, for she will compare him with that impossible ideal of manhood which every girl has in her mind and of which he, of course, falls short. But with experience will come wisdom. In time she will understand that her girlhood's ideal, if she were to have him in the flesh, would be an unbearable prig, and that her husband is about as good as men go and even—if she loves him—a little better than the next man.

A widow has all this knowledge of men and of the world, which a spinster lacks. A man talks to a widow freely as to one who has found him out. She is expert in the arts of pleasing him, and if a bright young widow sets her cap for a man he can escape her only by flight. A widow has no illusions and no ideals. She is well trained and used to going double, while the spinster is an unbroken filly and is bound to kick up a good deal when she first feels a tug at the snaffle.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Fashionable Life in Italy.

The fashionable season in Italy, says Luigi Villari in "Italian Life in Town and Country," is from Christmas to Easter, the time generally known as the carnival. At Naples, Messina and some other places there is also a summer season. Commenting on the peculiarities of life among the upper classes, Mr. Villari says:

"Italians, even in the grandest establishments, do not wear evening dress for dinner unless there is a party. A black coat is enough for ordinary purposes. A few men who wish to be particularly fashionable wear a smoking coat with a black tie, which garment is sufficient for all save very large dinner parties and balls. On the other hand, there are occasions when a man dons his dress clothes by day. It is de rigueur at court functions, even in mornings, and at weddings. Ladies wear hats at the theaters except on gala nights. They display more jewelry by day than English ladies. The Italian aristocracy have magnificent jewels, and even in quite small towns, where there is no great wealth, the old families can make a fine display. The tall hat is only necessary at marriages, funerals and at court. Young men of fashion wear it also when paying calls during the season. Among the bourgeoisie evening clothes are hardly ever worn at all."

Two Clever Statesmen.

One crisis in Lord Palmerston's life illustrates the absolute good humor which may prevail even when political enmity is at its worst. Lord Derby had made an attack upon him in the upper house with such energy and eloquence that the odds against him seemed overwhelming. But he defended himself and his policy from the dusk of one day to the dawn of another with such tact, dexterity and force of appeal to the national sense of honor that he was acquitted of all blame by a majority of four.

Next day he passed through the corridor leading from an anteroom to the upper house one swing door opened to his hand and at the same moment the other to that of Lord Derby. They were opponents, but they were also manly and sweet natured men. They smiled.

"I was just thinking," said Palmerston, "what a clever fellow he was who so nearly put me in a hole!"

"Ah," was the rejoinder, "but nothing like the cleverness of the fellow who got you out of it!"

A Touch of Sarcasm.

Mr. Skinfint (on receiving a deputation from his employees)—Well, what's the matter now?

Clerk (spokesman)—We want to be paid every week instead of every month.

"Ugh! You get all that's due to you don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And promptly to a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you want to be paid weekly instead of monthly?"

"Please, sir, it's so we won't be gottin' the lumbago carryin' home our wages!"—London Answers.

To Market on Pictures.

An interesting and picturesque custom in southwestern France is that of going to market on stilts. Groups of young men and women mounted on high stilts may be seen daily crossing the marshy plains known as "the Landes." The "Landes" are cut up in small ditches, pools and hummocks and stilts are in consequence almost necessary to those who desire to traverse them.

His Insomnia Completely Cured.

"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia."

"Yes, I'm completely cured."

"It must be a great relief!"

"Relief! I should say it was! Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Our Aristocracy.

"She claims, I believe, to be descended from a king."

"Yes. Before her grandfather struck it rich he was known as the poker king of White Horse Flats!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Granite is the only common rock which shows no traces of animal or vegetable life.



Nothing from Nothing

Leaves Nothing

Something from no good thing leaves worse than nothing. Hence, the attempt to make good flour out of bad wheat is useless. The makers of Medford flour start right with the finest valley wheat that grows, mill it right, sack and barrel it right and sell it right. Davis' flour makes white bread.

A. A. DAVIS

Smith's Dandruff Pomade

Stops itching scalp upon one application, three to six removes all dandruff and will stop falling hair. Price 50c., at all druggists. Sample free. Address Smith Bros., Fresno, Calif. For sale by Medford Drug Company.

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was Not Served For Breakfast.

It is within the memory of many people that the custom of schoolteachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts. Although a custom which teachers seldom liked, it is doubtful if many of them had as hard a time as a young schoolmaster who described his experience in the New England Galaxy for 1817. The article was written by Leonard Appothorp, then an undergraduate of Howdoin college. The young schoolmaster was to receive \$15 a month and his board.

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrank to the size of pipestems. There were five of us at table.

A few days afterward, on my return from school, my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph. When skinned, he seemed to be one entire mass of fat and of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed and went to bed early to dream of delicious steaks which the morrow would bring.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked.

"Gone to market," said they.

"Market? What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to—about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?"

"He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."

What He Realized.

Judge—You do not seem to realize the enormity of the charge against you.

Prisoner—No; I ain't got my lawyer's bill yet, but I'm expectin' the charge'll be enormous, all right.—Philadelphia Record.

Don't worry if your associates push you to the wall. You will find the wall handy as a brace when you get ready to push back.—Vicksburg Herald.

"The Poetry of the Orange."

"It appends to you, when the fruit hangs ripe and sweet on the tree late in February, or early in March. Then the blossoms break out, and the trees are yellow with golden globes, and white with orange flowers. It may be that a flurry of snow has whitened the mountain tops, and then you have an artistic background for a tropical forest. The air is full of sunshine, and heavy with fragrance as night comes on, and then, if the moon be shining, you may hear at midnight through open windows, the song of the mocking-bird in the scented grove, and it never seemed so melodious before.

An experience like this is possible any winter, and it is worth a journey of a thousand miles, while you can have it, by taking the scenic Shasta Route through the grand and picturesque Shasta and Shasta Mountains, to Southern California. Complete information about the trip, all descriptive matter, talking about California, may be had from any Southern Pacific Agent or Gen. Pass. Agt. S. P. Co. Lines in Oregon, Portland, Oregon."

If You Could Look

into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in days. 25 cents. Write to S. C. Wills & Co., Le Roy, N. Y., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

OREGON
NURSERY
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C. O. RAMSEY,
Agent for Jackson County

The Oregon Nursery Co., which is located at Salem, is one of the oldest nursery companies on the coast. It was established in 1867

The company has branch nurseries at Hood River, North Yakima, Los Angeles and Missoula.

Trees Replaced—All trees that fail to grow within one year replaced at half price.

Write Mr. Ramsey at Medford for free catalogue