

PURELY PERSONAL.

Mrs. C. R. Ray, of Gold Hill, was in the city Wednesday.
W. H. Bostwick, of Applegate, was in the city Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Austin, of Talent, was in the city this week.
Mrs. G. E. Fox, of Central Point, was a Medford visitor Tuesday.
I. O. Daley, of Eagle Point, was a Medford visitor one day this week.
Louis Bolle came over from Yreka, Calif., Monday evening, on a business trip.
George F. King, the timber locator, is in Portland this week upon business.
Z. Maxey, of Big Butte, was in the city a few days this week, visiting friends.
Merchant C. W. Wolters, of Talent, was in Medford Monday evening upon business.
County Judge Prim and Recorder Applegate were Medford visitors a few days ago.
Geo. M. Fox has taken a position as assistant book-keeper in the Jackson County Bank.
Mrs. E. D. Rose left Tuesday for a couple of weeks' stay with her daughter, at Ashland.
George Porter, clerk in Hotel Oregon, at Ashland was visiting his many friends this week.
A. W. Shearer and D. W. Knutzen, of Applegate, were registered at The Nash Tuesday night.

Merchant and Mrs. J. F. Brown, of Eagle Point, were registered at The Nash Monday evening.
John McCallister, of Eagle Point, he of McCallister springs fame, was in the city Monday and Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pendleton, of Table Rock, are in Medford for a few days—registered at the Nash.
Mrs. Fred Miller was up from Grants Pass this week for a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Little.

Rev. Crandall was at Ashland Tuesday evening in attendance at the revival meetings which are being held at that place by Rev. Petty.
W. U. Haller, of Council Bluffs, Iowa arrived in Medford last week, and today is making proof on a timber claim, which he filed upon a few weeks ago.
T. E. Ratliff, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Edward Anderson, of Madrid, Iowa, were in Medford last week, making timber land proofs before U. S. Commissioner Bliton.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Bale of Ashland were in Medford Monday making proofs on timber claims before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner. There witnesses were S. K. Adams and E. Jones, both of Ashland.
A. A. Davis returned Tuesday from a four weeks' stay in San Francisco. He tells that during all of the time he was in the city he only saw three half days of sunshine. Says we have better reasons for congratulations here than elsewhere, even though we imagine we had a pretty severe winter.

C. A. Dickison, of Table Rock, was in Medford this week arranging to move his family from Medford to their home in Table Rock. Mrs. Dickison, and daughter, Miss Grace, have been living in Medford this winter, the latter attending our public schools, but her eyes having become so troublesome she has been compelled to give up school for the remainder of the term.
Mrs. D. H. Van Antwerp returned to Medford from Portland last week and will reside here for sometime. Her son, Earl, who has been solicitor for the Portland Oregonian and San Francisco Examiner for a few years past, has taken up the profession of Scientific Massage and Osteopathy. He is studying in Portland and is said to be doing finely in his work.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Poindexter, and children, left Saturday night for Seattle, Washington, where they will remain until transportation opens in the spring and they can go on to Alaska. Wallie's friends here would like to see him coming this way one of these fine days weighted down with gold nuggets—just that he forgot to remember any whom he left but just because he serves a streak of the very best kind of luck.

A. C. Burnell, of Klamath Falls, spent Monday in Medford, on his way to Seattle, Wash., whence he goes to Cape Nome, Alaska. Mr. Burnell was among the first miners who located at Nome and had some pretty serious experiences in the land of snow and ice. He is of the opinion that the Nome district will ultimately produce more gold than any other part of the Alaskan country. The diggings are not so rich as on the upper Yukon, but the gold is scattered more evenly over the whole section. "Whenever you can get below the tundra," said Mr. Burnell, "you find gravel carrying gold. Many of the claims are worked in winter by means of 'steam-thawers'—that is, pipes carrying steam from a boiler to the claim being worked. Then the live steam from the pipes is forced against the frozen earth, thawing it out so that it

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may be washed and the gold it carries recovered. The whole country there is gold-bearing, but, owing to its situation and the short mining season, it is almost impossible for a man with small capital to operate effectually. The mining in the Nome district must be done by large corporations, as the initial expense of opening a claim is most too much for the ordinary miner.

Mrs. J. M. Keene left Sunday for Salem.
J. A. Whitman is at Salem and Portland this week.
A. C. Howland left Wednesday evening for Grants Pass.

Miss Marie Gray, a teacher in the Talent public schools, was in Medford Wednesday evening.
Mark Armstrong and his daughter, Miss Minerva, of Grants Pass, were visiting in Medford Wednesday.

J. S. Howard left Tuesday evening on the northbound train—presumably headed for the legislative finish at Salem.
J. W. Ling returned from Talent Tuesday evening. He has been at work on orchardist Pellet's fine farm residence.

Merchant F. W. Hollis left Thursday evening for Salem—to see how United States senators are manufactured—we don't think.
Prof. and Mrs. P. H. Daily left for Salem Tuesday. Mr. Daily sort of wanted to be in at the legislative finish—which will be today—Friday.

Misses Clara and Emma Delander, who have been stopping in Medford for several weeks, will leave tomorrow for their home in Madrid, Iowa. They will make proofs on timber claims today.
Attorney and Mrs. C. P. Snell, and the children, left Wednesday evening for the north. Mrs. Snell and the children will visit friends at Myrtle creek and Mr. Snell will go on to Roseburg and Portland.

W. A. Bolton and family arrived in Medford Tuesday evening from Tempe, Arizona. They brought with them a carload of stock and household goods and expect to make Medford their future home. Their coming is a result of a little missionary work done by Mr. Mills, a telegraph operator, who formerly resided in Medford but who is now at Tempe.

Willis Harold, an old-time North Dakota friend of W. T. York and A. S. Bliton, stopped off in Medford Thursday for a few hours visit and to look the country over. The kind of weather we are having here strikes him favorably—when compared with the forty below zero sort now being experienced in North Dakota. Mr. Harold left Thursday evening for Southern California.

C. C. Taylor returned Tuesday from a visit to his sister at Corvallis, Oregon. He also visited Portland and Salem. While at Corvallis he was through the agricultural college by Dr. Withycombe, president of the institution. Mr. Taylor is very complimentary in his narration of the workings of the college. Says the faculty—those whom he met—are very fine gentlemen, and that the institution is a grand one and in his estimation is of unmeasurable value to the state, and is not appreciated to the extent it should be. There are now upwards of 500 students in attendance at the college.

S. H. Harnish, of Eagle Point, was a Medford visitor Tuesday. The gentleman is an enthusiast upon matters appertaining to dairying and is anxiously awaiting the time when there shall be a creamery established in Medford. He has ten or twelve cows, the milk from which he would like to supply to a Medford creamery. During the month

of January he milked two cows and the cream from these he shipped to an outside creamery and in return for same he received a draft for \$16. This, he says, compared with the product of two cows in the East, North Dakota, where he formerly lived, is very nearly doubled. There from four to five dollars a month per cow is considered a good average.
Cemetery Deeds Now Ready.
Persons who have bought and paid for lots in the Odd Fellows cemetery can now secure deeds to same by applying to F. M. Wilson, at the Vienna bakery. Those who have lots in the cemetery and have not paid for them can secure deeds by leaving the purchase price with Mr. Wilson.

"The Poetry of the Orange."
"It appeals 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 Siskiyou and Shasta Mountains, to Southern California. Complete information about the trip, and descriptive matter, telling about California, may be had from any Southern Pacific Agent or Gen. Pass. Agt. S. P. Co. Lines in Oregon, Portland, Oregon.

Farm Implement
I have for sale a mower, hay rake, one horse, eight shovel corn cultivator. The above nearly new. One good sulky plow, one fanning mill, hack and harness. Also have a variety of smaller implements. Call at my residence in Medford.
D. B. SOLISS.

Ranch for Sale.
Eight hundred acres on upper Sterling creek, fine stock range and heavy belt of timber, 150 acres in cultivation, rich placer all patented carrying mineral rights. For information apply to BARFOOT & MONROE, 233 Stark St., Portland.

Settle up Notice.
All persons owing the undersigned are requested to call at the store of Brown & Owen, and settle same at once. All accounts must be settled without delay.
H. H. HOWARD & CO.

Land for Sale.
Two tracts of land, 16 and 20 acres each, for sale at a bargain. Land is part of the Harvey ranch, near Talent.
H. D. FINCH, Talent.

For Sale.
Twenty-five head stock cattle, 40 head hogs and 12 head of work and driving horses. Address C. C. GILCHRIST, Sams Valley, Ore.

Wanted—
Sixty head of shoats that will weigh from 50 to 100 lbs. See M. Bellinger.
A Scriptural Weapon.
Children tumble into strange morasses when they grapple with theology. They trip over words. For example, the other day a teacher at Steppney took for the Bible lesson the story of Samson. At the end of the lesson questions were put to test the understanding of the scholars. "With what weapon did Samson slay a thousand Philistines?" was the question. For a space there was silence. Then a little girl spoke up. "With the ax of the apostles," she said.—London Chronicle.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

—Willie Warner:—"You had an item in your paper a few weeks ago, telling that someone had sold a box of apples to someone for \$2.50. I can beat that. I sold a box of Red Cheeked Pippins to W. S. Barnum for \$3. What did he do with them? I do not know, but I think he sent them to Mr. Koehler, or some of his other railroad friends."
—Look out for "The Toggery Man." He will be ready for business in a short time in the Palm-Bodge block with the finest line of everything in correct "togs" for gentlemen.
—These frosty nights are said to be very injurious to the wheat crop. The acreage of wheat sown is also said to be far below the average. This condition is due to the fact that the bad weather set in last fall before the farmers had time to seed their usual acreage.
—Last week these columns said that Claud Jones, the gentleman who had purchased an interest in the City Market, was a son of Carl T. Jones. The identity of the young man was all wrong. He is a son of Gilbert Jones and a brother of Dr. W. S. Jones.
—There is much sickness at the home of Contractor E. W. Starr. Mrs. Starr is just recovering from an attack of la grippe and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Drisko, are similarly afflicted.
—Mr. and Mrs. Roseco Cantrall, of Klamath Falls, formerly residents of this county, are the happy parents of a bouncing baby boy, who came to their home on February 10th.
—Mrs. Bliton, who has been at San Diego, Calif., since the first of last December, writes that her health is very much improved.
—The W. C. T. U. will meet on Thursday of each week at Free Methodist hall. All are invited. Mrs. C. P. Beck, President.

Among the Churches.
FIRST M. E. CHURCH.
Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30. Sunday school, 10 a. m. The revival meetings will continue. A good interest is manifested. The preaching of Rev. J. W. McDougall is full of thought and large congregations wait upon his ministry. We will receive any who desire to unite with the church Sunday morning. W. B. MOORE, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Sunday February, 22, Quinquagesima morning prayer, litany and sermon, 11 a. m., Sunday school 10 a. m. All are welcome.
L. M. IDELMAN, Presbyterian-in-charge.

Advertised Letter List.
Following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed for at the Medford postoffice on Feb. 18, 1903.
Angle, Mrs. Ensign, Chas B
Kling, Thos Kirk, Edward
Mitchell, Lewis Parker, C F
Smith, J Woods Truett, Jessie
Valet, S H Wilcox, I C
A charge of one cent will be made upon delivery of each of the above letters.
Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "Advertised."
G. F. MURKIN, Postmaster

Hebrew Proverbs.
The daily talk of the Hebrews has a shrewd picturesqueness. "Let the loan go laughing home," they say. "That is, 'Be careful of whatever you have borrowed.'"
If a person were to be met coldly on going to a friend's house, he would say:
"The shore is the same, but the shellfish is not the same."
The impossible is denoted by "blackberries in midwinter and sea gulls' eggs in autumn."
"Better thin kneading than to be empty." That is, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."
"The man who is idle will put the cats on the fire."
"He that does not look before him will look behind him."
"A house without a dog, without a cat, without a little child, is a house without pleasure and without laughter."

Homes in Italy.
Speaking of homes and ways of living, Mr. Luigi Villari in "Italian Life in Town and Country" reveals a curious state of affairs. In Italian cities there are no slum districts. The poorest of the poor may be lodged in the same palace with people whose income runs over \$25,000 annually. The poor are packed away in the garrets or in the cellars, to be sure, and their misery must be rendered all the more acute by the sight and scent of such lavish living. High class Italians have no objections whatever to dwelling over a shop or place of business.

Too Valuable to Lose.
Mr. Grogan—Sure, Molke, an' what did you do wit' yuz dorg?
Mike—Oh, he wuz wort' \$10 an' Ol kep' t'inkin' if some wan sh'd stiale us Ol could ill afford t' loss, so Ol gave um away, b'gorral!—Chicago News.

Awfully Beighted.
Dasherly—Is he so very ignorant? Flashierly—Ignorant? Why, actually, he doesn't even know a cure for colds!—Kansas City Independent.

After the Sunshine.
"What became of that Sunshine club which Daisy started?"
"Oh, it's under a cloud. After the first annual election of officers it was impossible to get a quorum owing to the fact that no two members of the club were on speaking terms."—Chicago Record-Herald.

STEEERAGE PASSENGERS.

Immigrants For America Are Looked Upon as Cargo.

One of the biggest liners sailing out of France, with 800 steerage passengers aboard, was selected for observing the manner of handling steerage passengers bound for America.

A firm conclusion reached after the experience of that trip is that an immigrant of this class has to put up with much unnecessarily unpleasant treatment—first, simply because he is an immigrant and therefore in judgment meriting it, and, secondly, because, being what he is, he has not yet learned to protect himself. The picture conjured up by the term "immigrant" in the minds of those who have their care on route is not at all the color of the vision that arises before us with the word. Here in America we have a notion of a band of earnest and, it may be, if we are uncharitable, worn and unwashed men and women with families, though the family and the washing are really outside for the moment, hurrying from hard conditions of life—sweat, underpaid labor, ignorance, oppression, misrule—pressing on to what they must conceive to be a bright land of promise or they would not be rushing here; to a glorious young country, where all men are free and equal and all that sort of thing. But the man who has to see that these immigrants are given food and bunk and that they do not fall sick below has no such fancies. His sympathy, he will tell you, is not for the immigrants, but for the country that is to get them.

Those in charge of the immigrant from southern Europe will tell you that he is not a desirable creature. They have handled many, many thousands of his kind, and they should know something of him now. The company transports him, it is true, but as to that, he is freight, freight of good profit. The company would take freight to the highest degree distasteful if he be the rates were paid. Indeed, yes, it is a business. There is a large profit in the immigrant—oh, yes—but as a fellow passenger he is—oh, well, repulsive, repugnant or whatever you say in your language.—James B. Connolly in Scribner's.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.
A German Hotel Keeper's Opinions on Heated Peoples.

"I think that the Americans are altogether too quick to pick a quarrel," said a German hotel keeper in Harlem who had just had a petty tussle in putting out an unwelcome customer.

"They are not to be compared with the French," said an American lawyer who happened to drop in. "Why, you know about those French apprentices, how they are always ready to fight and often lose their lives over a few words."

"I've heard about these apprentices," said the German. "We have them in our country. They roam around the country. But what of that?"

"Yes," was the answer. "A party of them, with a leader and representing some craft, will, for instance, meet another party of apprentices. They are organized into different societies, each intensely jealous of the other, and if two such bands are different societies there is a fight in an instant. First the leaders come to blows, and then the melee becomes general. They fight with fists and sticks until the road is littered with the wounded and sometimes the dead."

The German, not to be outdone by the French, said before he had thought twice: "That's nothing. Why, our students in the universities have fights. They belong to different societies and fight with sabers. Because of some little insult often one will have his head fairly cut open."

"And yet you complain about the Americans!" said the lawyer as he laughed to see how the German had stepped into his own trap.—New York Tribune.

A True Friend.
It takes a great soul to be a true friend—a large, catholic, steadfast and loving spirit. One must forgive much, forget much, forbear much. It costs to be a friend or to have a friend. There is nothing else in life except motherhood that costs so much. It not only costs time, affection, strength, patience, love—sometimes a man must even lay down his life for his friends. There is no true friendship without self abnegation, self sacrifice.

Synonym.
"What's it? It's cents a box for those pills" said the customer. "Why, it's robbery."
"I wouldn't say that," returned the druggist coolly.
"No?"
"No, those pills are under dispensation. I'd try to be generous and call it 'pilgrimage'."—Philadelphia Press.

What's Not Been Put Up There.
"My boy Josh writes me that he is stoppin' at the best hotels," remarked Mrs. Cornstossel.
"Is he a commercial traveler?"
"No. He's drivin' a transfer wagon."
—Washington Star.

When Dame Fortune goes calling she utterly disregards "at home" days.
—Chicago News.

There is neither thunder nor lightning within the arctic circle.

Largely Supplied.
"Are you a man of family, sir?"
"Yes, sir. My third son-in-law moves in today."—Detroit Free Press.

There is no case on record of a man having committed a crime with a pipe or cigar in his mouth.

This is the best day the world has ever seen. Tomorrow will be better.
—R. A. Campbell.



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

HER FRENCH FAILURE.

The Tragedy of a Blacking Bottle in the Latin Quarter.

She was spending her first month in the Latin quarter of Paris. She spoke English fluently, with a Boston accent; also she spoke German, could make a fair stammer at Italian and knew a few words of Hindostanee, but of French not a syllable.

One morning she found herself in a wrestling match with a bottle of French shoe blacking. The pesky bottle, understanding that it had to deal with an alien, refused to give up its cork. She had no corkscrew of her own and did not know how to ask for one, even if she dared suspect that her next door neighbor might be possessed of the luxury. The time of her pet fork she had bent on the obstinate plug, the point of her best penknife she had broken off short, and nothing remained except to throw the bottle out of a window to get at its contents. She decided as a last resort to try breaking the neck off the bottle. With a "stove lid lifter" she administered several cautious taps in the region of the jugular of the obstinate neck. "Nothin' doin'." Then she tapped harder still, and the blacking came. All over her fingers it came, all over her light woolen skirt and over much of the floor and window sill.

She decided to have the skirt cleaned and, packing it into a bundle, tripped off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "ould" and "ould" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week, it was dyed black.—New York Tribune.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.
Breton sheep are not much larger than a fair sized hare.
The mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.
The queen is always at the mercy of the bees and is a slave instead of a ruler.
A beetle one-third the size of a horse would be able to pull against more than a dozen horses.
The greyhound, which can cover a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds, is the fastest of quadrupeds.
The giraffe, armadillo and porcupine have no vocal cords and are therefore mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.
The glowworm lays eggs which are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.
To escape from dangers which menace them starfishes commit suicide. This instinct of self destruction is found only in the highest and lowest scales of animal life.

He Feels It.
"Doesn't draft give you cold chills down your back?" asked the philosopher.
"It does," replied the wise guy, "when my bank account is overdrawn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Bobby's Comment.
Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:
"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."
—Tit-Bits.

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.

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 a day. 25 cents. Write to S. C. WATKINS & Co., Le Roy, N. Y., for free trial bottle.
Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood