## ABNER DANIEL

Georgide, 1902. by HARFER & BROS., Who Faidsh the Work in Book Form. All Highes Reserved

CHAPTER XXI. HE following morning Polerose before daylight and rede to Darley. As he reached the place the first rays of the sun were touching the slate covered spire of the largest church in town He went to a public wagon yard and hitched his horse to one of the long racks. A mountain family he knew slightly had camped in the yard, sleepslightly had camped in the yard, sleep-ing in their canvas covered wagon, and were making coffee over a little fire. Pole wanted a cup of the bever-age, but he passed on into a grocery store across the street and bought a dime's worth of cheese and hardinck crackers. This was his breakfast. He washed it down with a dipper of water from the street well and sat around the store chatting with the clerk, who sprinkling the floor and sweeping dusting the long room. The cleri was a redheaded young man with a short, bristling mustache, and a suit

of clothes that was too large for him.
"Don't Mc, Craig stay around Fincher's warehouse a good deal?" Pole asked as the clerk rested for a moment on his broom near him.

"Mighty nigh all day long," was the reply. "Him an' Fincher's some kin, I think." "On his wife's side," said Pole,

Non in which side, said Pole. It want to see Mr. Craig. I wonder of he'll be down that this mornin!"
"Purty apt," said the clork. "Fincher's his best friend sence his bu'st up, an' they are mighty thick. I reckon he gits the cold shoulder at a lots o' places."

"You don't say!"

"An' of course he wants somewhar to go besides home. In passin' I've seed 'im a-figurin' several times at Fincher's desk. They say he's got some notion o' workin' fer Fincher as his honk-rease." his bookkeeper."
"Well, he'll have to make a livin'

one way," said Pole.
The clerk laughed significantly. "Fit it ain't already made," said he

with a smile Pole stood up. "I don't think that's

right," he said coldly. "Me nur you nur nobody haln't got no right to him at what we don't know nothin' about Mr. Cruig may 'a' lost ever cent he

and."

"In a pig's valise." sneered the red-beeded man. "I'd bet my hat he's got money—an' plenty of it, huh!" "Well, I don't know nothin' about it," said Pole, still coldly. "An' what's more, Dunn, I ain't a-goin' about smirchin' any helpless man's character nuther. Et I knowed he had made by the bu'st, I'd talk different, but I don't

Baker," laughed the clerk, "Folks are about equally divided. Half is fer 'im, an' half agin. But mark my words, Craig will slide out o' this town some day an' be heard of after awhile a git. tin' started agin some'r's else. That racket has been worked to death all

racket has been worked to death all over the country."

Pole carried the discussion no further. Half an hour passed. Customers were coming in from the wagon yard and examining the wares on the counters and making slow purchases. The proprietor came in and let the clerk go to breakfast. Pole stood in the door. breakfast. Pole stood in the door way looking up the street in the direc-tion of Craig's residence. Presently be-saw the ex-banker coming from the postetice reading his mail. Pole stepped linck into the store and let him go y; then he went to the door again and saw Crair so into Fincher's ware-

**Dragging Pains** 

2825 Keeley St., Cuicano, Int., Oct., 2, 1902. Curcaso, Int., Oct., 2, 1902.

I suffered with falling and congestion of the womb, with severe pains through the groins. I suffered terriby at the time of mentruation, had blinding headaches and rushing of blood to the brain. What to try I knew not, for it seemed that I had tried all and failed but I had a tried White of Cardin that I had tried white it of the and soon knew that I had the right modicine. New blood seemed to course through my your seemed to course through my your seemed to course through my your same and after using eleven bottles I was a well woman.

Wandy, Bull

Mrs. Bush is now in perfect health because she took Wine of Cardui for menstrual disorders, bearing down pains and blinding failed to bring her relief. Any sufferer may secure health by tak-ing Wine of Cardui in her home. The first bottle convinces the pa-tient she is on the road to health.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, 'The Ladies' Advisory Department,' The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WINE CARDU

been at the end of the next block of straggling, wooden buildings. Pole who would be straight the sidewalk in that lifection making the front door of the warehouse without hooking in. The door at she side of the house had a long platform before it, and on it

long platform before it, and on it fincher, the proprietor, was weighing bales of lang which were being unloaded from several wagons by the countrymen who were disposing of it. "Heilo, Mr. Fincher!" Pole greeted him familiarly, "Want any help unloadin'?" "Hello, Baker!" said Fincher, looking up from the blankbook in which he was recording the weights. "No, I reckon they can handle it all right." Fincher was a short, fat man, very bald and with a round, laughing face. He had known Pole a long time and considered him a most amusing character.

known Pole a long time and considered him a most smusing character. "How do you come on, Pole?"

"Oh, about as common, I jest thought them fellers looked sorter lightweight."

The men on the wagon laughed as they thumped a bale of hay on to the platform. "You'd better dry up," one of them said. "We'll git the mayor to put you to work agin,"

"Well, he'll have to be quicker about it than he was the bar time? said Pole.

It than he was the last time," said Pole

Some one laughed justily from be hind a tail stack of wheat in bags in the warehouse. It was Lawyer Tra-bue. He came round and picked up Fincher's daily paper, as he did every morning, and sat down and began to

"Now you are talkin," he said.
"Than was more rest in that Job, Pole,
than any you ever undertook. They
tell me you didn't crack a rock."
Fincher laughted as he closed his
book and struck Baker with it play-

fully. "Pole was too tired to do that job." he said. "He was born that way." "Say. Mr. Trabue," retailated Pole, "did you ever heer bow I got the best o' Mr. Fincher in a chicken trade?"

"I don't think I ever did, Pole," laughed the lawyer, expectantly. "How

was it?"
"Oh, come off, don't go over that again," said Fincher, flushing.
"It was this away," said Fole, with a broad, wholesome girth. "My cousin, Bart Wilks, was runnin' the restaurant Bart Wilks, was runnin' the restaurant under the cur shed about two yeer ago. He was a new hand at the business, an' one day he had a awful rush. He got a telegram that a train load o' passengers had missed connection at Chattanooga an' would have to eat with him. He was powerful rattled, runnin' round like a dog after its tall. He knowed he'd have to have a lot o' fryin' chickens, an' he couldn't leave the restaurant, so he axed me ef I'd take

restaurant, so he axed me ef I'd take restaurant, so he axed me er in take the money an' go out in town an' buy 'em fer 'im. I consented, an' struck Mr. Fincher, who was sellin' sech truck then: He 'lowed, you know, that I jest wanted one, or two at the outside, fer my own nee, so when I seed a fine coop out in front an axed the price of 'em he kinder drawed on his beerd till his mouth fell open an studied how he could make the most out o' me. After awhile he said, 'Well, Pole, I'll make 'em 10 cents aplece ef I pick 'em, au' 15 ef you pick 'em.' I sorter skeerd the chickens around au' seed thar was

two or three tiny ones hidin' under the big ones, an' I seed what he was up to, but I was ready fer 'lin. 'All right,' ses I, 'you pick 'em.' Thar was two but I was ready fer "im. 'All right,' ses I. 'you pick 'cm.' Thar was two or three loafers standia' round an' they all laughed at me when Mr. Fincher got down over the coop an' finally ketched one about the size of a robin an' hauled it out. 'Keep on a-pickin', 'ses I. an' he made a grab fer one a little bigger an' handed it up to me. Then he stuck his hands down in his beckets, doin' his best to keep from laughin'. The gang yelled then, but I wasn't done. 'Keep on a-pickin', ses I. An' he got down agin. An', sir, I got that coop at about 4 cents apiece less'n he'd paid fer 'cm. He tried to back, but the gang wouldn't let 'im. It was the cheapest lot o' chickens I ever seed. I turned the little ones out to fatten and made Wilks pay me the market price all round fer the bunch.' "I'll be bound you made some'n' out of it," said Trabne. "Fincher, did you ever heer how that scamp tuck in every merchant on this street about two year arc?"

ery merchant on this street about two

ery merchant on this street about two yeer ago?"
"Never heerd anything except his owin' 'em all," said Flucher, with a laugh.
"I could put 'im in the penitentiary fer it," affirmed the lawyer. "You know about that time that was a pow-erful rivairy goin' on among the store-keepers. They was movin' heaven an

keepers. They was movin' heaven an earth to sell the'r big stocks. Well, one of the survest in the lot, Joe Gaylord, noticed that Pole was powerful popular with mountain folks, an' he made 'im a proposition, bindin' im down to secrecy. He proceed to give Pole in per cent commission on all the goods he'd he'p sell by bringh' customers in the store. Pole hestisted beca'se, he said, they might flud it out, an' Joe flually agreed that all tole would have to do was to feith 'em' in, give the to do was to fetch 'em in, give the wink, an' bim are his clerks would do the rest. It worked mighty slick for awhile, but Pole net'red that very of ten the folks he'd fetch in wouldn't be pleased with the goods an' prices an' ud go trade some'r's else. Then what do you think the seamp did? He went to every store in town an made a se-cret contract to git 10 per cent on all sales, an' he had the softest snap you ever heard of. He'd simply hang on to a gang from the country, whether he knowed 'em or not, an' toller 'em around till they bought; then be'd walk

up an' rake in his part."
"I got left once," said Pole, laughing with the others. "One gang that I stuck to all day went over to Melton

Well, the merchants caught on after awhile an' stopped him," said Trabuc, "but he made good money while he was at it. They'd 'a' sent 'im up fer it



'Is that thar little lump gold or not? Pole thoughtfully. "I was doin' all I agreed, an' ef they could afford to pay 10 per cent to anybody they mought as well 'a' paid it to me. I drawed trade to the whole town. The clears an' whisky I give away amounted to a lot. I've set up many a night tellin' them mossbacks tales to make 'em laugh."

"Well, et you ever git into any to-ble let me know," sald Trabue as he rose to go. "I'll defend you at half price. You'd be a sight o' help to a lawyer. I'll be hanged if I ever seed a better case 'an you made out in the

mnyor's court, an' you hadn't a thing to back it up with uuther."

The hay was unloaded and the wag-ons driven away. Fincher stood eying Pole with admiration. "It's a fact." he said. "You could 'a' made some!"

he said. "You could 'a' made some-nout o' yor'se'f if you'd 'a' been educated an' had a showin'."

Pole jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Craig, who was standing in the front door looking out into the street. "Everybody don't git a fair showin' in this world, Mr. Fincher." he said. "That man Craig bain't been treated right.

The jovisi expression died out of the merchant's face, and he leaned agains

the door jamb. "You are right thar," he said—"dead right. He's been mighty unlucky and

bad treated."
Pole grasped the brim of his massive hat and drew it from his shingsy head "It makes me so all fired and some times, Mr. Fincher, to heer folks a run-nin' that man down that I want to fight. I ain't no religious man myse'f. but I respect one, an' I've aiways put bim down in my book as a good man."

"So've I," said the merchant, and he looked toward the subject of their conversation and called out, "Craig. oh, Craig, come back heer a minute.

Pole put on his hat and stared at the ground. He made a gesture as if of protest, but refrained from speaking

What's wanted?" Craig came down to them. He was smoking a cigar and

to them. He was smoking a cigar and wore a comfortable look, as if he had been fighting a hard but successful fight and now heard only random shots from a fleeing enemy.

"You aln't a candidate fer office." laughed Fincher, "but nearly all men like to know they've got friends. This chap heer's been standin' up fer you. He says it makes him mad to hear folks talk acin you."

rie says it makes min mad to hear folks talk agin you."

"Oh, it's Baker!" exclaimed the ex-banker, shaking hands with Pole and beaming on him. "Well, I don't know a man I'd rather have for a friend,"

he said smoothly.

Pole tossed his head and looked straight into the speaker's eye. "I'm fer human justice, Mr. Craig," he said, "an' I don't think folks has treated you right. What man is that that don't now an' then make mistakes, sir? You've always had means, an' I never was anything but a pore mountain boy, but I've always looked on you as a good man, a law abidin' man, an' I don't like to heer folks try to blame you fer what another man done. When you had plenty, I never come nigh you been'se I knowed you belonged to one life an' me another, but now you are flat o' yore back, sir, I'm yore friend. Craig's face beamed. He pulled bis beard; his eyes dauced.

"I'm glad there are men in the world

like you, Baker," he said. "I say I'm glad, and I mean it." Fincher had begun to look over the figures in his book and walked to the

front.
"Oh, my friendship ain't wuth noth-in'," said Pole. "I know that. I never was in the shape to he'p nobody, but I know when a man's treated right or wrong."

"Well, if you ever need assistance and I can help you, don't fail to call on me." Craig spoke with a tone of

incerity.

Pole took a deep breath and lowered his voice, glancing cautiously into the house, as if fearful of being overheard. "Well, I do need advice, Mr. Craig. he said—"not money nor nothin' ex pensive. But I've laid awake nigh after night wishin' 'at I could run on some man of experience that I could an' that I could trust, be blamed of I don't you some'n' that never ax fer advice an' Mr. Craig, I'll be blamed feel like tellin' you some'n'

has passed my lips. Craig stared in interested astonish-ment, "Well, you can trust me, Ba-ker," he said, "and, if I can advise you, why, I'll do it with pleasure."

There was a cotton compress near by, with its vast sheds and platforms, and Pole looked at it steadily. He thrust his hand into his pants pocket was at it. They'd 'a' sent 'im up fer it and kept it there for a full minute; of it hadn't been sech a good joke on then he shook his head, drew out his "I don't know about that" replied or rou today, Mr. Crais. Some day

Pole looked at the son. "I recool to better be goin."
"Hold on!" Craig caught Pole's arm. The exchanker was a natural man. Despite his recent troubles he had his share of curiosity, and Pole's manner and words had aroused it to unwonted activity. "Hold on," he said. "What's your burry? I've got time to spare if you have."

you have."

Fole hung his head for a moment in silence; then be looked the old man in the face. "Mr. Craig." he began in even a lower voice, "do you reckon thar's any gold in them mountains?" Fole nodded to the blue wave in the east. Craig was standing near a bale of cotton, and he sat down on it, first parting the tails of his long, black coat.

"I don't know; there might be," he said, deeply interested and yet trying to appear indifferent. "There is plenty of it in the same range farther down

of it in the same range further down about Dalonega."

Pole had his hand in the right pocket

of his rough Jean trousers.
"Is that anybody in this town that could tell a piece o' gold of they seed it?" he asked.

"Oh, a good many, I recken," said Craig, a steely beam of excitement in his unsteady eye. "I can myself, I spent two years in the gold mines of California when I was a young man."
"You don't say! I never knowed that." Pole had really heard of that fact, but his face was straight. He had managed to throw into it a most won-

managed to throw into it a most won derful blending of fear and overcau tiousness,
"Oh, yes; I've had a good deal of ex-

"You don't say!" Pole was looking toward the compress again.
Craig laughed out suddenly and put his hand on Pole's shoulder with a friendly, downward stroke.

friendly, downward stroke.

"You can trust me, Baker," be said persussively, "and it may be that I could be of assistance to you."

There was something like an actual tremor of agitation in Pole's rough hand as he drew his little augget from its resting place at the bottom of his pocket. With a deep, Indrawn breath he handed it to Craig. "Is that that little lump gold or not?" he asked.

Craig started visibly as his eyes fell on the plece of gold. But he took it indifferently and examined it closely. "Where did you run across that?" be

"Where did you run across that?" asked.

"I want to know of it's the puot thing," answered Pole.

Craig made another examination, obviously to decide on the method be would apply to a situation that claimed all his interest. "I think it is," be said—"in fact, 1

know it is."

know it is."

Pole took it eagerly, thrust it back into his pocket and said:

"Mr. Craig, I know whar thar's a vein o' that stuff twenty yards thick, runnin' clean through a mountain."

"You do?" Craig actually paled under his suppressed excitement.

"Yes, sir, an' I kin buy it, lock, stock and barrel for the house of dollars.

and barrel, fer five hundred dollars.
The feller that owns it ud jump at it
like a duck on a June bug. That's my
secret, Mr. Craig. I hain't one dollar
to my name, but from this day on I'm goin' to work hard an' save my money till I own that property. I'm a goin down to Atlanta next week, whar peo ple don't know me, an' have a lump o

it bigger 'n this examined, an' ef it's gold I'll own the land sooner or later." Craig glanced to the rear. "Come back here," he sald. Opening a door at the end of the warehouse, he led Pole into a more retired spot, where they would be free from possible inter-ruption. Then in a most persuasive voice he continued: "Baker, you need a man of experience with you in this. Besides, if there is as much of—of that stuff as you say there is, you wouldn't be able to use all you could make out of it. Now, it might take you a long time to get up the money to buy the land, and there is no teiling what might happen in the meantime. I'm in a close place, but I could rais; five hundred dollars or even a thousand. My friends still stick to me, you i now The truth is, Baker, I'd like the best in the worl to be able to make n oney to pay back what some of my friends

have lost through me." Pole hung his head. He seemed to be speaking half to himself and on the verge of a smile when he replied "I'd like to see con pay back some of 'em-too, Mr. C. ig."

Craig laid his hand gently on Pole's

shoulder.

"How about lettin" me see the place

Baker?" he said.
Pole hesitated, and then he met the ex-banker's look with the expression of a num who has resigned himself to

a passion my way step in, an 'PH' "How far is it?" broke in Craig, pull-ing his beard with unsteady flagers.
"A good officen miles from heer." said Pole. Craig smiled, "Nothin' but an easy

ride," he declared. "I've got a horse doin' nothing in the stable. What's to hinder us from coing today—this morn-lug—as soon as I can go for my horse?" "I don't keer," said Pole resignedly
"But could you manage to go withou
anybody knowin' whar you was bound

"Easy enough." Craig laughed. He was really pleased with Pole's extreme eautiousness.

"Then you mought meet me out than

"A good idea, a good idea, Baker."
"De you know whar the Ducktown read crosses Holly creek at the foot o' Old Pine mountain?"

"As well as I know where my house Pole looked at the sun, shading his eyes with his hand,

pyes with his hand.

Could you be than by 11 o'clock?"

"Kasy enough, Baker."

"Well, I'll meet you. I'm a goin' to trust you. Mr. Cring, an' when you see the vain of you think than's enough."



A prominent Southern lady, Mrs. Blanchard, of Nashville, Tenn., tells how she was cured of backache, dizziness, painful and irregular periods by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound.

"Dean Miss. Pineham: — Gratitude compels me to acknowledge the great merit of your Vegetable Compound. I have suffered for four years with irregular and painful menstruation, also diziness, pains in the back and lower limbs, and fitful sleep. I dreaded the time to come which would only mean suffering to me.

"Better health is all I wanted, and cure if possible. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me health and happiness in a few short months. I feel like another person now. My sches and pains have left me. Life seems new and sweet to me, and everything seems pleasant and easy.

"Six bottles brought me health, and was worth more than months under the doctor's care, which really did not benefit me at all. I am satisfied there is no medicine so good for sick women as your Vegetable Compound, and I advocate it to my lady friends in need of medical help." — Mas. B. A. BLANCHARD, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.

—#8000 ferfeit if original of documents produce gominances cannel be preduced.

"All right, Baker. I'll be there. But say," as Pole was moving away, "you are a drinking man and get a little off sometimes. You haven't said anything about this where anybody"—
Pole laughed reassuringly. "I never have been drunk enough to do that, Mr. Craig, an', what's more, I never will be."

CHAPTER XXII.

BOUT noon that day as Pole
Baker sat on a fallen tree
near the roadside in the loneliest spot of that rugged coun-try, his horse grazing behind him, he

saw Craig coming up the gradual in-cline from the creek. Pole stood up and caught the bridle relu of his horse and muttered:
"Now, Pole Baker, durn yore hide,
you've got brains—at least some folks
say you have—an' so has he. Ef you
don't git the best of that scalawag.

don't git the best of that scalawag, yo're done fer. You've put purty big things through. Now put this un through or shet up."

"Well, here you are," merrily cried out the ex-banker as he came up. He was smiling expectantly, "Your secret's safe with me. I haven't met a soul that I know since I left town."

"I'm glad you didn't, Mr. Craig," Pole said, "I don't want anybody a-meddlin' with my business." He pointed up the rather steep and rocky road that led gradually up the mountain. "We've got two or three mile furder to go. Have you had any din mer?"

ham in my pocket," said Craig. "It'll do ne till supper."

Pole mounted and led the way up the infrequented road.
"I may as well tell you, Mr. Craig.

CONTINUED ON PAGE BEVEN.

## TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3 1878 — NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, May 24, 1994.
Notice is hereby given that in compilance
with the provisions of the set of Congress of
June 3, 1878, entitled "An set for the sale of
June 2, 1878, entitled "An set for the sale of
June Jand in the States of California, Oregon,
Kevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of
August 4, 1892,
LEWIN 1, 1889. LEWIS B. BROWN.

August 4, 1892.

LEWIS B, BROWN,
of Medford, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, has his day filled in this office his sworn,
statement No. 6176, for the purchase of lots i
and 2 and the 8 1/8, Nr. 8/4, of Section No. 6, in
Township No. 34 South, Rames No. 3 East, and
will offer proof to show that the land sought is
more valuable for its timber or stone than for
gricultural purposes, and S. Billond, T. R.
Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, or Manday, the 8th day of August, 1994.

He names as witnesses: George F. King, of
Medford, Oregon; Charles H. King, of Derby,
Oregon; George King, of Medlord, Oregon;
Zack Maxy, of Big Butte, Oregon

Any and all persons claiming adversely the
above described lands are requested to Big
their claims in this office on or before said
Sth day of August, 1994.

J. T. Buydges, Register.

## CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office,
Roseburg, Orecon, May 20, 1984
A sofficient contest affidavit having been
filed in this office by Goorge King, contestant, arasinst Homestead entry No. 11755,
made June 20, 1982, for them e 16, Section 20,
Then 35 Hange 3 e, by George C. Rees, contestee, in which it is alleged that the entryman has never established, his residence on
dwelling on the land; that the small cabin
contained no cooking utensils, sieve or bed,
that the land is not agricultura), but lies in a
deep guleh and is covered with timber and
rock ledges, and is valuable for the timber.
Baid parties are hereby notified to appear
respond and offer evidence touching said
1904, before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner,
at his office in Medford, Oregon, and that
final hearing will be held at 10 cycleck a. m.
on August 30, 1904, before the Register and
Roceiver at the United States Land Office in
Roy-burg Orecon.
The said collected that here had to
the said collected that such notice
be given by due and proper publication.

Societies of Medford.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 85, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at a p. m. Visiting broth-ers always welcome. J. E. Day, N. G. J. W. Lawron, Rec. Sec.

1 O. O. P.—Rogue R v.r Encampment, No. 20; meets in I. O. O. P. hall the second and fourth Wednesday of tach month at 8 p. m.

H. H. HARVET, Scribe

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 2 m. ets in I. O. D. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each nonth. Visiting sisters invector attend GERTRUDE VILEON, N. G. FANNIE HARRING, Mcc. Sec.

A RODA, M.—Meets first Friday and or ce for all moon at 8 p. m., in Maximic hall. J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. W. I. VAWTER, C. C. MAILON PUWDIN, K. of R. and S.

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

A. O. U. W., Dogree of Honor—Esther lodge No. 56, meets every lat and 3d Wednesday evening of each month, at A. O. U. W. hall. CLABRAGE MCPHERSON, Rec.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, meets every first and third Wendesday in the mouth at 8 p. m., in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. W. A. STEWART, M. W. ASHAEL HUSBARD, Recorder.

P. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 42, meets every Tuesday evening in A. O. U. W. ball. Vising Fraiers luvited to attend. Vising Fraiers luvited to attend. L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

Woodmen of the World-Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall, Medford Oregon. W. R. JACKSON, Clerk.

Chrysunthemum Circle No. 84, Women of Woodsra(t—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of P. hail. Visiting sisters invited.

PRUE ANGLE, Clerk. W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur corps No. 34 meets first and third Wednesday of each month at 20-clook p.m., in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. MIS. IVAN HUMASON, Pree-MRS. HESTER HANTEELI, Soc.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's ball every first and third Wednesday aight in each month at 7:50 Visiting Comrades cordinally invited to attend. B. R. ANDRUS, Com. F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Presbyterian oburch. Mrs. Buck, President. Mrs. J. Morgan, Secretary.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Priday evenings at 7:50 p. m., in their hall in K. of P. building, M. dford, Oregon, Vesting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited. A. E. Eans, Pres.

O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second ard fourth Wednesday's of each month at Masonie India, Medicad, Oregon, Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome.

NELLE WHITMAN, W. M.
MRS. MATTIE PICKEL Secretary.

A. O. F.—Meeta every Monday night at 7:80 5. m. in A. O. U. W. halt. Visiting Foresters respondibly welcomed. R. L. Gunna, C. R. Jas. Stewart, Rec. Secy.

Methodist Episcopal Churen—W. B. Moore, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 8:50 p.m. Sunday school at 10 a.m., D. T. Lawton, supt. Class meeting follows preaching see: Power B. Committee, Julie George Fox, president. Regular prever meetings every Thursday evening at 5:50 p. m. Ludles Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon Mrs. C. W. Conklin, president. Junior Epworth Legular place over young a committee of the president of the past of the president of

lotte Hubbard, president.

Presbytorian Church—Rev. W. F. Shleids partor. Presching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. m. and the partor. Presching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. m. and the partor. Presching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. m. and the partor. Presching the partor. Presching Martin, Supt. Christian Endeavor, 3 p. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every menth, 2:50 p. m., Mission society. Piris and third Tuesdays every month, 2:50 p. m., Ald seciety, Rev. W. F. R. S. Miss Edith Van Dyke Superintendent I. G. E.; David M. Day, Pres. S. C. E.; Mrs. J. G. Van Dyke, Pres. Aid society, Mrs. J. W. Cox, Pres. Mission Society.

Christian church—Corner of Sirth and I streets, Preaching every Lord's Day at II a, m, and 8, m, Bunday school at 10 a, m, Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. The people Welcome E. A. Culids, paster. Resides at the church.

Methodist Episcopai Church South—Rev. M.
L. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday &
11 a. m. and evening; Sunday sector of at 10a. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock
Woman's Home Mission Society meets first
Wednesday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Every
one is cortilally lavited to all our services

Christian Science services are hold every sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the res-lence of E. H. Dunham, of Talent, All are relcome.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY





The NEW IDEA Woman's Madazine

-Bine prints of township maps, showing all vacant land, fifty cents each. For reliable infermation con-cerning Government land write to Frank E. Alley, Abstractor, Roseburg,





Compound.

about that later."
"All right, Baker. I'll be there. But

O. W. MURPHY, Secretary.

Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meet at the call of the captain in K. of P. hall. H. H. Howarn, Captain, E. L. El.wood, Recorder.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.