

THE FORBIDDEN PATH

By ISOLA FORRESTER

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"It's a perfect shame. Look at that lawn! Cut right straight across from the house to the sidewalk, as if we kept a little chain gang of elephants trotting over it. I won't have it, Nell! I'll turn the hose on those boys!"

"Don't jabber over it, Kit. You'll only get all red and warm and fussy, and some one may hear you."

Kit scowled defiantly at the broad bay window of the house next door. The shades were lowered and the blinds half closed. On one window sill a plump tortoise shell cat dozed comfortably. Peace evidently reigned within, and it was the habitation of the enemy.

"I don't care who hears me. Who ever hears?" Kit raised her voice ever so little, just enough to carry over the tortoise shell cat. "They must know all about it anyway. How would they like it if we trampled paths all over their lawn day and night?"

"There comes one of them," Nell panned in her sweeping on the little vine covered porch and waited anxiously. "Now, don't be huffy, sis."

Kit sat impovisible in the dandelion started grass and watched the coming boy with disapproving, menacing eyes. He was rather a nice boy to look at, too somewhere around fifteen, and he whisked as he came along the sidewalk in front of the Norton cottage. There was a break in the low bay window, and the girl saw that the vandals, but this vandals disoblained it and added insult to injury by jumping over the hedge and boldly starting across the path.

"How do, Miss Norton?" he called cheerily. "Pretty hot today, isn't it?"

"Say, Dick McLean, we don't want you three boys trampling over our lawn," Kit spoke with dignity and severity. "It makes a regular beaten path all the way to your lawn, and I think you could use your own lawn if you want to make a checkerboard on the grass."

Dick halted midway on the forbidden way and looked at its undulating course of barrenness with interest.

"It does look queer," he said. "I'm awfully sorry we did it. When old Mrs. Tisdale lived here she didn't give a rap about it. It wasn't a lawn then. She just hung up her wash here, and she kept chickens too."

"Well, we don't," retorted Kit most ungraciously. "Ever since we moved here I've been trying to coax a real croquet lawn out of a wilderness of chickweed and plantain. We only had the hedge put in as a gentle hint to our neighbors."

"You mean us, don't you?" Dick smiled down on her good naturedly.

"Yes, I do," granted Kit, "because it really was all the fault of you boys, and you don't care. You even jump right over the hedge."

Dick got over on his own side hastily. "Well, I'm sorry I jumped, Miss Norton," he said contritely. "And I'll tell the other boys to keep off too, Q. A. S. P."

Kit's curly head nodded an unwilling response as she bent over the paneled lawn again.

"The hedge every word," Nell sat down on the top step and laughed.

"How do you know?"

"The cat went indoors, and she never does unless he is at the desk."

"There was a pause, and the pansies suffered from too vigorous treatment."

"Well, I don't care if he did," said Kit lightly, but her tone was lower. "If they don't stop it I'll put up bars, will you?"

It was not an idle threat, though it needed provocation to carry it out. Two days later, just at noon, a happy, leisurely procession passed over the lawn. Even Dick, the traitor, was leading and whistling in sweet forgetfulness, with a baseball bat over his shoulder. Kit said nothing. The point had arrived where mere wrath was futile. Early on Saturday morning she superintended the placing of her outposts of defense, and by the time that the boys appeared a neat array of barb wire strands were stretched along beside the hedge.

"It's all right for the boys," said Nell critically. "But what if Mr. McLean?"

"If he can't make his little brothers behave, then we will. It's bad enough living next door to a perfect old crank, on a four summer vacation anyway, without being on intimate terms with him. Even mother says he's eccentric, and that means crank."

"He doesn't look like one."

"Well, he is, all the same. All writers are cranks, and the more successful they get the crankier they are, so Mr. Kirke Ross McLean must be a terror. And he doesn't write books, either; not real books. He only travels and writes; doesn't make up a thing out of his own head."

Nell did not answer. She was looking over at the cool, darkened bay window and thinking of the figure beyond the tortoise shell cat, a figure that, sitting at the broad, flat top desk near the window, sometimes turned to gaze over the hedge where the pansies grew and the croquet balls clicked.

"Just you wait," said Kit, following her glance. "Some day those boys will forget and take a run over that path and tumble in the wire, and we'll see a double trouble turned."

Sunday evening supper was a matter of individual vagary and caprice so far as the Norton family was concerned. Molly went home after dinner, Mrs. Norton went upstairs for a cosy nap about twilight, and the girls usually took food tea and salad sandwiches out on the porch, where they could lie in the hammocks, a book in one hand and a sandwich in the other, safely screened from prying eyes by the wistaria vines. The Sunday following the putting up of the wire the hammocks were occupied, when some one came along the sidewalk with a quick, firm tread and deliberately walked through the broken place in the hedge and across the path.

Kit gave a smothered exclamation and sat up, but before she could speak there was the sound of a fall at the barb wire guard, and the girls rose with frightened, yet half laughing, faces.

"Hello!" called Kit gently. "Are you hurt?"

There was no response for a minute, then some one answered in a strange voice:

"I beg your pardon, but would you mind ringing our bell and calling the boys? My foot is twisted, and I can't stand up."

An hour later Kit stood guiltily at the head of the steps as her mother and Nell came slowly from the house next door.

"Will he be sick long?"

"About a month before he can walk," said Mrs. Norton. "It is too bad. And he is a very delightful person to meet; not at all eccentric. He takes the blame entirely and says he is worse than the boys and that we were perfectly right in putting up the wire."

"That's what he said to you, mother, darling," interposed Nell disconsolately. "He probably thinks that Kit and I are heathens."

"Barbarous heathens," Kit smiled wickedly.

"This is far from being a joke, Katherine," said Mrs. Norton. "I am afraid you must both do penance by being as kind as possible. Of course he is a—"

"Crank?"

"A celebrity," corrected her mother. "We may find him odd, but after this misfortune we must do our best to make him comfortable. I told him you would take turns in bringing him flowers."

"Well, I won't, motherie," said Kit flatly. "I'm sorry he hurt himself, but I'm not a bit sorry I put up the fence. I don't want to be forgiven."

In the days that followed they could see the strong, patient figure sitting in the shady corner of the veranda next door. Nell carried the first propitiatory bunch of roses over to the enemy's country. She brought back a good report, and after a week of disinterested indifference Kit suddenly announced her intention of being flower bearer to his majesty. She found him a totally disabled, rather sarcastic majesty.

"So you're the young woman who set the trap, are you, Miss Kit? And you're not a bit sorry?"

"I'm sorry I came over to see you," Kit stood erect, very haughty, very sweet and very young. "I only brought the flowers."

"And you didn't expect to be scolded?" She knew he was laughing a bit. "Please sit down. Don't you know I've been hoping every day I have you visit me and beg my pardon?"

"I won't do any such thing." She met his eyes defiantly. "You had the least right to cross there, only—only I meant it for the boys, of course. Her glance fell to his swathed foot. "I'm sorry you were hurt."

"That will do very well." He was laughing openly now. "It covers the personal side for me, you see. You're not sorry you hurt me, but you're sorry I'm hurt. Please sit down and talk to a fellow, won't you?"

Kit hesitated, flushed warmly under his teasing gaze and took a seat on the hickory settee.

Four weeks later McLean took his first walk. It was a slow, tedious one from the veranda to the hedge.

"I came halfway for my roses today," he said to the figure in white beside the rosebushes. "May I come over the hedge?"

Kit did not even turn her head.

"Are you angry?" His voice was low and eager. "After last evening I was afraid you might not come again, Kit."

She turned and walked toward him slowly, the bunch of roses held close to her face. At the hedge she looked up at him, and the merriment had died from her eyes.

"I was just coming," she said softly. "His hands closed over those that held the roses."

"To say 'Yes,' sweetheart?"

"Look out for the barbed wire, Mr. McLean," called Nell from the sitting room window. "Kit still guards her forbidden path."

"All wires down!" called McLean. "It's the path of roses now. I claim the right of way."

The Hangman's Stone.

There is a large boulder lying in a field near Foremark, England, which is known throughout Derbyshire as "hangman's stone." The exposed portion of the boulder rises about six feet above the surface of the surrounding field and has a narrow ditch or indentation running across the top. The mark, so tradition says, was made in this way: A sheep thief in the dead of night, while leaning against the boulder to rest, placed his body above on the flat surface of the stone. The man had the sheep tied with a rope, and in its effort to escape the creature slipped on the opposite side, and the rope, catching under the thief's chin, choked him to death. The indentation in the rock was made by the friction of the rope while the dying man was engaged in an effort to extricate himself.

Why It Is Pleasant.

"Old Hunk is one of the crankiest and most disagreeable men I ever met, but they say he has a delightful home."

"Well, it's true. He spends three-fourths of his time away from it."—Exchange.

HARD TO IMITATE.

Sounds Beyond the Ability of Our Vocal Organs.

"That man can imitate perfectly the jingle of money," said in a tone of eulogy a young woman.

"Well, what of that?" objected her companion. "That ought not to be hard to do."

"Try to do it,"

The objector, after summoning into his mind the sound of jingling money, tried. "R-r-r-r-r-r-r," he went. "R-r-r-r-r-r-r, chik-chik-chik." Then he smiled apologetically, for he had failed. Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination could it be said that he had uttered a sound that resembled money's jingle in the least degree.

"I knew you couldn't do it," said the young woman. "It is amazing how many simple sounds there are that we can't imitate, try as we will. There is, for instance, the sound of a person walking, the sound of a typewriter, a machine in operation, the sound of running water, the sound of a breaking dish. You can't imitate those commonplace noises, and I doubt if any one in the world can. Our vocal capacity seems to us large, but it is really limited enough—as limited as that of many animals and much more limited than that of certain birds. That is why I honor a man who has extended his vocal capacity sufficiently to imitate the pleasant, silvery sound of money's jingle."—Baltimore Herald.

THE ALBATROSS.

Wonderful Flights of This Great Feathered Wanderer.

Of all the strange creatures seen by travelers not the least interesting is the wandering albatross. This great feathered wanderer, sometimes measuring seventeen feet from tip to tip of his wings, will follow a ship for days at a time. Some travelers and sailors declare that they have seen a particular bird fly for weeks at a time without resting. The albatross has always been a bird of mystery, and in ancient times the people believed that these unwarying sea birds were the companions of the Greek warrior Diomedes, who were said to have been changed into birds at the death of their chief.

Though the superstition about the killing of an albatross bringing bad luck is only a foolish one, it has served a useful purpose for many years in preventing the slaughter of these beautiful and gallant birds—the sailors' friends and the landsmen's wonder. Up in dreary Kamchatka, that outlying part of Siberia which cuts into the north Pacific, the natives, never having heard of the superstition about the albatross, catch him and eat him, but his flesh makes such poor food that, after all, the legend may be said to hold good, for he is indeed in bad luck who has to make a meal of it.—Ottawa Free Press.

SOLOM OF ATHENS.

His Definition of the Most Perfect Form of Government.

"What is the most perfect form of government?" was once propounded at the court of Periander, king of Corinth, one of the seven wise men of Greece. His six fellows were present, and of them Ithas answered first, giving as his opinion, "Where the laws have no power." Thales of Miletus, the great astronomer, declared, "Where the people are neither too rich nor too poor."

In his turn said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "Where virtue is honored and vice detested." Said Pittacus of Mitylene, "Where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the base." Said Cleobolus, "Where the citizens fear blame more than punishment." Said Chilo, the Spartan, "Where the laws are more regarded than the orators."

The last to reply was the youngest but wisest of them all, Solon of Athens, who said, "Where an injury done to the poorest subject is an insult to the whole community."—London Telegraph.

His Glasses.

He was wearing his first pair of glasses, and at first they afforded great relief, but at the end of a month there was a retrogression. Somehow, polish the lens as he would, the vision appeared to be weaker. So he went back to his oculist and said he thought the glasses "weren't strong enough."

The oculist stepped aside for a minute, then handed his customer what apparently was another pair. Trying them drew forth the exclamation:

"Why, those are much better! I can see now as well as when I first wore my glasses."

Then he was initiated into one of the little secrets of the trade. The oculist had merely cleaned each lens with a little soap and water.—New York Post.

No More Stomach Trouble

All stomach trouble is removed by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia cure. It gives the stomach perfect rest by digesting what you eat without the stomach's aid. The food builds up the body, the rest restores the stomach to health. You don't have to diet your self when taking Kodol Dyspepsia cure. J. D. Erskine, of Allenville, Mich., says, "I suffered Heartburn and Stomach trouble for some time. My sister-in-law has had the same trouble and was not able to eat for six weeks. She lived entirely on warm water. After taking two bottles of Kodol dyspepsia cure she was entirely cured. She now eats heartily and is in good health. I am glad to say Kodol gave me instant relief." Sold by Chas. Strang.

Developed Genius.

Lady—Do you think that your inventive genius was hereditary or developed? Inventor—I owe it all to my dear wife. When we were first married I used to stay late at the club, and my wife cross questioned me severely whenever I came home late. The necessity of inventing fresh excuses taxed me to the utmost, and this faculty became so abnormally developed that as soon as I turned it to business account I made a fortune with ease.

A Grim Tragedy

is daily enacted, in thousands of homes as death claims, in each one, another victim of Consumption or Pneumonia, but when coughs and colds are properly treated, the tragedy is averted. F. G. Huntley, of Oakland, Ind., writes: "My wife had the consumption, and three doctors gave her up. Finally she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds, which cured her, and to-day she is well and strong." It kills the germs of all diseases. One dose relieves. Guaranteed at 50 cents and \$1 by Chas. Strang, druggist. Trial bottle free.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a year" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."

Age and Work.

Sir Walter Scott began to write his celebrated novels at forty. Milton began "Paradise Lost" at fifty. When "East Lynne" appeared its author, Mrs. Henry Wood, was forty-five. Cromwell was forty-one when he began his public career. The year of the hebra was the fifty-third of Mohammed, and Marlborough reached his independent command at the same age. In spiritual examples Abraham was seventy-five when called of Charan, and Moses was eighty when he stood before Pharaoh as the champion of Israel.

The Leading Hand.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white winged angels now, but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, and the hand may be a little child's.—George Elliot.

Men's Ways.

"I assure you I'm always willing to acknowledge my faults when I see them."

"That's all right, but I'll bet you never acknowledge them when your neighbor sees them."—Philadelphia Press.

Ayer's Pills

Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. Lowell, Mass.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

W. L. ORR

Successor to J. G. TAYLOR, The Harness Maker

Fine Line of Hand Made Harness, Blankets, Robes and Whips.—Repairing Neatly Done.

W. L. ORR

Medford, Oregon



"It's a bad time to swap horses when you are crossing a stream."

That was Lincoln's famous reply to those who urged him to make a change in generals at a critical period of the Civil war.

Lincoln's saying is worth remembering, especially when you are asked to "swap" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a bootless bargain, described as "just as good," at the critical time when health is at stake.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine which has a record of ninety-eight per cent. of cures. It is an absolutely reliable family medicine, non-alcoholic and non-narcotic. It always helps; it almost always cures. Why should any one who is seeking a cure for sickness, and is persuaded that the "Discovery" will cure him, "swap" the substance for the shadow at the risk of health?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. What is popularly termed "weak" stomach is the common cause of various forms of physical weakness, such as "weak" heart, "weak" lungs, "weak" or sluggish liver, "weak" nerves, etc. The entire body and its several organs are dependent for strength upon the food prepared in the stomach. The "weak" stomach cannot provide the food-strength for the various organs, which in their turn become "weak" and unable to accomplish the work for which they were designed. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures through the stomach diseases which have their cause in a diseased condition of the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food by which the body is built up into a condition of sound health. It purifies the blood, driving out the poisons which breed and feed disease.

Preferred to Dio.

"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it did me more good than anything could get," writes Mrs. Julia A. Wilcox, of Cuyahoga, Ohio, Box 25. "I doctored with three different doctors for weak heart, but they did me no good. I was tired and discouraged if I had had my choice to live or die I would have preferred to die. My husband heard of Golden Medical Discovery and he bought me a bottle. I took that and the first half seemed to help me. I took six bottles before I stopped. I am perfectly well and am cooking for boarders (I have six), and am taking in washing besides. I will truly say I think your medicine will do all it is recommended to do, and more. It has been a God-send to me. I will be willing to answer any letters of inquiry that any one wishes me to. If you think this will be the means of helping any poor suffering woman to obtain relief, you may print it and make any honest use of it you wish to."

Was Bodfast.

"I had been sick for more than a year with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. L. W. Hayer, Jacksonboro, Jack Co., Texas. "Several different doctors treated me, but none did me any good. One doctor said I never could be cured, that I had Bright's Disease. I suffered nearly death at times; had spells the doctor called spasms. Was bedfast most of the time for six months. My mother begged me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. With but little hope I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he said he could cure me. I began to take his Golden Medical Discovery, and although I had given up to die, I began to improve from the start, and by the time I had taken twenty-two bottles I was entirely cured. I thank God for the Golden Medical Discovery. I weigh more than ever before in my life, and believe I am entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

Containing 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing, only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper cover, or 31 cents for the book in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Tramp's Problem.

A tramp having found a hen's feather in his travels about the city kept it until night, when he carefully placed it on the pavement in a back alley and slept upon it. Awakening next morning and looking scornfully upon the bit of down, he exclaimed: "Gee whiz! If one feather is as hard to sleep on as that, what must a whole beaful be?"

What's in a Name.

"Maybe I have an ugly color, as you say," said the carrot to the beet, "but when I am gone I hope some one may say a good word for me. It seems to me a dead carrot has a better chance for respect than a dead beet." And the beet turned even redder in the face and had nothing more to say.

A Man is never happy until he has ceased to care whether he is or not.

Chicago Tribune.

Societies of Medford.

- I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 88, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. J. E. DAY, N. G.; J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.
- I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 60, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. D. E. DAY, C. P.
- H. H. HARVEY, Scribe.
- Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. GRACE WILSON, N. G.; FANNIE HASKIN, Rec. Sec.
- A. F. M. A. M.—Meets first Friday of each month at 8 p. m. in Masonic hall. W. M. PERDIN, W. M.; J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.
- K. of P.—Tallman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. W. I. VANSTEN, C. C.; MAHLON FURDIN, K. of R. and S.
- Knights of the Macabees—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. A. H. ELLIOTT, Commander; W. T. YORK, R. W.
- A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 22, meet every first and third Wednesday of the mo. 1st at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. W. A. STAWART, W. M.; ABRAHAM HUBBARD, Recorder.
- F. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 42, meets every Tuesday evening in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting Fraters invited to attend. FRANCIS JORDAN, P. M.; L. A. JORDAN, Sec.
- Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall, Medford Oregon. FRANK JORDAN C. C.; W. R. JACKSON, Clerk.
- Chrysanthemum Circle No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of G. hall. Visiting sisters invited. MRS. ADA MILLS, G. N.; PRUE ANGLE, Clerk.
- W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur corps No. 34, meets first and third Wednesday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. MRS. IVAN HUMASON, Pres.; MRS. HESTER HARTZELL, Sec.
- G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Wednesday night in each month at 7:30 Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend. D. R. ANDRUS, Com. F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.
- W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Presbyterian church. MRS. BUCK, President; MRS. J. MORGAN, Secretary.
- Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evenings at 7:30 p. m. in their hall in K. of P. building, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Brothers and Sisters cordially invited. Z. E. EADS, Pres.; O. W. MURPHY, Secretary.
- O. E. S.—Reagan Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome. NELLIE WYTHMAN, W. M.; MRS. MATTIE PICKEL, Secretary.
- A. O. F.—Meets every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed. CLAS L. GUNNBA, C. R.; JAS. STEWART, Rec. Secy.
- Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meet at the call of the captain in K. of P. hall. H. E. HOWARD, Captain. E. L. ELWOOD, Recorder.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

- Methodist Episcopal Church N. C.—Bible school pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. D. F. LAWTON, supt. Class, L. W. HAYES. Every Thursday morning, Julius Meeker, leader. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Stella Dicus president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. E. J. Pratt, president. W. F. M. E. News is first Friday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.
- Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. F. Shields pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Jas. Martin, Supt. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. Junior Christian, 4:30 p. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every month church social. Second Tuesday evening, 2:30 p. m. Mission society. First and third Thursdays every month, 2:30 p. m. Aid society. Rev. W. F. Shields, Pastor; Miss Beulah Warner, Supt. S. S. Miss Edith E. Brown, Superintendent. T. C. E. David M. Day, Pres. S. S. E. Mrs. J. G. Van Dyke, Pres. Aid society; Mrs. J. W. Cox, Pres. Mission Society.
- Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school and Christian Endeavor at usual hours, every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. The people welcome. Rev. Jones, Pastor.
- Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. M. L. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening Sunday school at 10 a. 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. Everyone is cordially invited to all our services.
- Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of E. H. Dunham, of Talent. All are welcome.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
December 6, 1904.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make Final Commutation Proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before A. S. Blifton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon on February 21, 1905, viz:

HIRAM DOUBLEDAY,
on H. E. No. 11063, for the SE 1/4, Section 2, in Township 34 North, Range 2 East, B. E. No. 10107, for the SW 1/4, Section 6, Township 34 South, Range 2 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Joseph T. Currie, Robert B. Powell, and William Watson Parker, of Big Butte, Oregon; Henry E. Hayden, of Medford, Oregon.

J. T. BARROWS, Register.

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GEORGE D. COLE,
by Harry G. Cole heir to estate of said George Cole deceased homestead entryman, B. E. No. 10107, for the SW 1/4, Section 6, Township 34 South, Range 2 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

John E. Olson, F. Allen Olson, William F. Heffer and George F. Wilson, all of Derby, Oregon.

J. T. BARROWS Register.

Newtown Trees for Sale.

I have a goodly number of Newtown apple trees for sale. These are all good, hardy trees, and of good size. They are at my home just north of Medford.

L. E. HOOVER.

BILIOUSNESS AND CONSTIPATION CURED BY THE DORFORD'S BLACK DRAUGHT

Because the liver is neglected people suffer with constipation, biliousness, headaches and fevers. Colds attack the lungs and contagious diseases take hold of the system. It is safe to say that if the liver were always kept in proper working order, illness would be almost unknown.

Theford's Black-Draught is so successful in curing such sickness because it is without a rival as a liver regulator. This great family medicine is not a strong and drastic drug, but a mild and beneficial laxative that cures constipation and may be taken by a mere child without possible harm.

The healthful action on the liver cures biliousness. It has an invigorating effect on the kidneys. Because the liver and kidneys do not work regularly, the poisonous acids along with the waste from the bowels get back into the blood and virulent contagion results.

Timely treatment with Theford's Black-Draught removes the poisons which lurk in constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and will positively forestall the inroads of Bright's disease, for which disease in advanced stages there is no cure. Ask your dealer for a 25c. package of Theford's Black-Draught.