The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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Synopsis of Preceeding Chapters.

CHAPTER I—The Sidaa, having among her passengers Iras Deane, daughter of the owner of the ship, and Robert Jenks, who is working as a waiter, is wrecked. II—All are lost save Miss Deane and Jenks, who are cast ashore on an island in the Pacific. III—Jenks recover stores and weapons from the wrecked vessel. He finds the skeleton of a European on the island. IV—A cave on the island is fitted up as a habitation. A chart of the island mysteriously marked, is found on the skeleton. V. Jenks finds a hollow filled with human skeletons, the remains of a mining party. He is rescued from an octopus by Iris while recovering rifles from the wreck of the Sirdar. VI—Jenks tells Iris that his real name is Anstruther and that, through the machinations of Lord Ventnor, he has been unjustly dismissed in disgrace from the English army. Lord Ventnor has been mentioned on the Sirdar as affianced to Iris.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE night closed their third day on the island Jenks managed to construct a roomy tent house, with a framework of sturdy trees selected on account of their location. To these he nailed or tied crossbeams of felled saplings, and the tarpaulins dragged from the beach supplied roof and walls. It required the united strength of Iris and himself to haul into position the heavy sheet that topped the structure, while he was compelled to desist from active building operations in order to fashion a rough ladder. Without some such contrivance he could not get the topmost supports adjusted at a sufficient height.

Although the edifice required at least two more days of hard work before it would be fit for habitation Iris wished to take up her quarters there immediately. This the sailor would not hear of.

"In the cave," he said, "you are absolutely sheltered from all the winds that blow or rain that falls. Our villa, however, is painfully leaky and drafty at present. When asleep, the whole body is relaxed, and you are then most open to the attacks of cold or fever, in which case, Miss Deane, I shall be reluctantly obliged to dose you with a concoction of that tree there."

He pointed to a neighboring cinchona, and Iris naturally asked why he selected that particular brand.

"Because it is quinine, not made up in nice little tabloids, but au naturel. It will not be a bad plan if we prepare a strong infusion and take a small quantity every morning on the excellent principle that prevention is better than cure."

The girl laughed.

Curiously enough, the lifting of the veil upon the man's earlier history made these two much better friends. With more complete acquaintance there was far less tendency toward certain passages which under ordinary conditions could be construed as nothing else than downright flirtation. Thenceforth for ten days they labored unceasingly, starting work at daybreak and stopping only when the light failed, finding the long hours of sunshine all too short for the manifold tasks demanded of them, yet thankful that the night brought rest. The sailor made out a programme to which he rigidly adhered. In the first place, he completed the house, which had two compartments—an inner room, in which Iris slept, and an outer, which served as a shelter for their meals and provided a bedroom for the man.

Then he constructed a gigantic sky sign on Summit rock, the small cluster of bowlders on top of the cliff. His chief difficulty was to hoist into place the tall poles he needed, and for this purpose he had to again visit Palm Tree rock in order to secure the pulley. By exercising much ingenuity in devising shear-legs he at last succeeded in lifting the masts into their allotted receptacles where they were firmly secured. Finally he was able to swing into air, high above the tops of the neighboring trees, the loftiest of which he felled in order to clear the view on all sides, the name of the ship Sirdar,

The name of the ship.

fashioned in six foot letters nailed and spliced together in sections and made from the timbers of that ill fated vessel.

Meanwhile he taught Iris how to weave a net out of the strands of unraveled cordage. With this, weighted by bullets, he contrived a casting net and caught a lot of small fish in the lagoon. Among the fish caught they hit upon two species which most resembled whiting and haddock, and these turned out to be very palatable and wholesome.

Jenks knew a good deal of botany and enough about birds to differentiate between carnivorous species and those fit for human food, while the salt in their most fortunate supply of hams rendered their meals almost epicurean.

From the rusty rifles on the reef Jenks brought away the bayonets and secured all the screws, bolts and other small odds and ends which might be serviceable. From the barrels he built a handy grate to facilitate Iris' cooking operations, and a careful search each morning amid the ashes of any burned wreckage accumulated a store of most useful nails.

The pressing need for a safe yet accessible bathing place led him and the girl to devote one afternoon to a complete survey of the coast line. By this time they had given names to all the chief localities. The northerly promontory was naturally christened North cape; the western, Europa point; the portion of the reef between their habitation and Palm Tree rock became Filey Brig; the other section Northwest reef. The flat sandy passage across the island, containing the cave, house and well, was named Prospect park, and the extensive stretch of sand on the southeast, with its guard of broken reefs, was at once dubbed Turtle beach when Jenks discovered that an immense number of green turtles were paying their spring visit to the island to bury their eggs in the sand.

The two began their tour of inspection by passing the scene of the first desperate struggle to escape from the clutch of the typhoon. Iris would not be content until the sailor showed her the rock behind which he placed her for shelter while he searched for water. For a moment the recollection of their unfortunate companions on board ship brought a lump into her throat and dimmed her eyes.

"I remember them in my prayers every night," she confided to him. "It seems so unutterably sad that they should be lost while we are alive and happy."

The man distracted her attention by pointing out the embers of their first fire. It was the only way to choke back the tumultuous feelings that suddenly stormed his heart. Happy! Yes, he had never before known such happiness. How long would it last? High up on the cliff swung the signal to anxious searchers of the sea that here would be found the survivors of the Sirdar. And then when rescue came, when Miss Deane became once more the daughter of a wealthy baronet and he a disgraced and nameless outcast! He set his teeth and savagely struck at a full cup of the pitcher plant which had so providentially relieved their killing thirst.

"Oh, why did you do that?" pouted Iris. "Poor thing; it was a true friend in need. I wish I could do something for it to make it the best and leafiest plant of its kind on the island."

"Very well," he answered, "you can gratify your wish. A tinful of fresh water from the well applied daily to its roots will quickly achieve that end."

The moroseness of his tone and manner surprised her. For once her quick intuition failed to divine the source of his irritation.

"You give your advice ungraciously," she said, "but I will adopt it nevertheless."

A harmless incident, a kindly and quite feminine resolve, yet big with fate for both of them.

Jenks' unwonted ill humor—for the passage of days had driven from his face all its harshness and from his tongue all its assumed bitterness—created a passing cloud until the physical exertion of scrambling over the rocks to round the North cape restored their normal relations.

At last they reached the south side, and here they at once found themselves in a delightfully secluded and tiny bay, sandy, tree lined, sheltered on three sides by cliffs and rocks.

"Oh," cried Iris excitedly, "what a lovely spot, a perfect Smugglers' cove!"

"Charming enough to look at," was the answering comment, "but open to the sea. If you look at the smooth riband of water out there you will perceive a passage through the reef. A great place for sharks, Miss Deane, but no place for bathers."

They passed on. While traversing the coral strewn south beach, with its patches of white soft sand baking in the direct rays of the sun, Jenks perceived traces of the turtle which swarmed in the neighboring sea.

"Delicious eggs and turtle soup!" he announced when Iris asked him why he was so intently studying certain marks on the sand, caused by the great sea tortoise during their nocturnal visits to the breeding ground.

"If they are green turtle," he continued, "we are in the lap of luxury. They lard the alderman and inspire the poet. When a ship comes to our assistance I will persuade the captain to freight the vessel with them and make my fortune."

"I suppose, under the circumstances, you were not a rich man, Mr. Jenks," said Iris timidly.

"I possess a wealthy bachelor uncle who made me his heir and allowed me four hundred a year, so I was a sort of Croesus among staff corps officers. When the smash came he disowned me by cable. By selling my ponies and my other belongings I was able to walk out of my quarters penniless, but free from debt."

"And all through a deceitful woman!"

"Yes."

She ventured a further step.

"Was she very bad to you, Mr. Jenks?"

He stopped and laughed—actually roared—at the suggestion.

"Bad to me!" he repeated. "I had nothing to do with her. She was humbugging her husband, not me. Fool that I was, I could not mind my own business."

So Mrs. Costobell was not flirting with the man who suffered on her account. It is a regrettable but true statement that Iris would willingly have hugged Mrs. Costobell at that moment.

Rounding Europa point, the sailor's eyes were fixed on their immediate surroundings, but Iris gazed dreamily ahead. Hence it was that she was the first to cry in amazement:

"A boat! See, there! On the rocks!"

There was no mistake. A ship's boat was perched high and dry on the north side of the cape. Even as they scrambled toward it Jenks understood how it had come there.

When the Sirdar parted amidships the after section fell back into the depths beyond the reef, and this boat must have broken loose from its davits and been driven ashore here by the force of the western current.

Was it intact? Could they escape? Was this ark stranded on the island for their benefit? If it were seaworthy, whither should they steer—to those islands whose blue outlines were visible on the horizon?

These and a hundred other questions coursed through his brain during the race over the rocks, but all such wild speculations were promptly settled when they reached the craft, for the keel and the whole of the lower timbers were smashed into match wood.

But there were stores on board. Jenks remembered that Captain Ross' foresight had secured the provisioning of all the ship's boats soon after the first wild rush to steady the vessel after the propeller was lost. Masts, sails, oars, seats—all save two water casks—had gone, but Jenks, with eager hands, unfastened the lockers, and here he found a good supply of tinned meats and biscuits. They had barely recovered from the excitement of this find when the sailor noticed that behind the rocks on which the craft was firmly lodged lay a small natural basin full of salt water, replenished and freshened by the spray of every gale and completely shut off from all seaward access.

It was not more than four feet deep, beautifully carpeted with sand and secluded by rocks on all sides. Not the tiniest crab or fish was to be seen. It provided an ideal bath.

Iris was overjoyed. She pointed toward their habitation.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, "I will be with you at teatime."

He gathered all the tins he was able to carry and strode off, enjoining her to fire her revolver if for the slightest reason she wanted assistance, and giving a parting warning that if she delayed too long he would come and shout to her.

"I wonder," said the girl to herself, watching his retreating figure, "what he is afraid of. Surely by this time we have exhausted the unpleasant surprises of the island. Anyhow, now for a splash!"

She was hardly in the water before she began to be afraid on account of Jenks. Suppose anything happened to him while she was thoughtlessly enjoying herself here! So strongly did the thought possess her that she hurriedly dressed again and ran off to find him.

He was engaged in fastening a number of bayonets transversely to a long piece of timber.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"Why did you return so soon? Did anything alarm you?"

"I thought you might get into mischief," she confessed.

"No. On the other hand, I am trying to make trouble for any unwelcome visitors," he replied. "I intend to set this up in front of our cave in case we are compelled to defend ourselves against an attack by savages. With this barring the way they cannot rush the position."

On the nineteenth day of their residence on the island the sailor climbed, as was his invariable habit, to the Summit rock while Iris prepared breakfast. At this early hour the horizon was clearly cut as the rim of a sapphire. He examined the whole arc of the sea with his glasses, but not a sail was in sight. According to his calculations the growing anxiety as to the fate of the Sirdar must long ere this have culminated in the dispatch from Hongkong or Singapore of a special search vessel, while British warships in the China sea would be warned to keep a close lookout for any traces of the steamer, to visit all islands on their route and to question fishermen whom they encountered. So help might come any day or it might be long deferred. He could not pierce the future, and it was useless to vex his soul with questionings as to what might happen next week. The great certainty of the hour was Iris—the blue eyed, smiling divinity who had come into his life—waiting for him down there beyond the trees, waiting to welcome him with a sweet voiced greeting, and he knew, with a fierce devouring joy, that her cheek would not pale nor her lip tremble when he announced that at least another sun must set before the expected relief reached them.

He replaced the glasses in their case and dived into the wood, giving a passing thought to the fact that the wind, after blowing steadily from the south for nearly a week, had veered round to the northeast during the night. Did the change portend a storm? Well, they were now prepared for all such eventualities, and he had not forgotten that they possessed, among other treasures, a box of books for rainy days. And a rainy day with Iris for company! What gale that ever blew could offer such compensation for enforced idleness?

The morning sped in uneventful work. Iris did not neglect her cherished pitcher plant. After luncheon it was her custom now to carry a dishful of water to its apparently arid roots, and she rose to fulfill her self imposed task.

"Let me help you," said Jenks. "I am not very busy this afternoon."

"No, thank you. I simply won't allow you to touch that shrub. The dear thing looks quite glad to see me. It drinks up the water as greedily as a thirsty animal."

Iris had been gone perhaps five minutes when he heard a distant shriek, twice repeated, and then there came faintly to his ears his own name, not "Jenks," but "Robert," in the girl's voice. Something terrible had happened. It was a cry of supreme distress. Mortal agony or overwhelming terror alone could wring that name from her lips. Precisely in such moments this man acted with the decision, the unerring judgment, the instantaneous acceptance of great risk to accomplish great results, that marked him out as a born soldier.

He rushed into the house and snatched from the rack one of the rifles reposing there in apple pie order, each with a filled magazine attached and a cartridge already in position.

Then he ran with long strides not through the trees, where he could see nothing, but toward the beach, whence in forty yards the place where Iris probably was would become visible.

At once he saw her struggling in the grasp of two ferocious looking Dyaks, one by his garments a person of consequence, the other a half naked savage, hideous and repulsive in appearance. Around them seven men armed with guns and parangs were dancing with excitement.

Iris' captors were endeavoring to tie her arms, but she was a strong and active Englishwoman, with muscles well knit by the constant labor of recent busy days and a frame developed by years of horse riding and tennis playing. The pair evidently found her a tough handful, and the inferior Dyak, either to stop her screams—for she was shrieking, "Robert, come to me!" with all her might—or to stifle her into submission, roughly placed his huge hand over her mouth.

These things the sailor noticed instantly. Some men, brave to rashness, ready as he to give his life to save her, would have raced madly over the intervening ground, scarce a furlong, and attempted a heroic combat of one against nine.

Not so Jenks.

With the methodical exactness of the parade ground he settled down on one knee and leveled the rifle.

None of the Dyaks saw him. All were intent on the sensational prize

In the grasp of two ferocious looking Dyaks.

they had secured, a young and beautiful white woman so contentedly roaming about the shores of this fetish island. With the slow speed advised by the Roman philosopher the back sight and fore sight of the rifle came into line with the breast of the coarse brute clutching the girl's face.

Then something bit him above the heart and simultaneously tore half of his back into fragments. He fell, with a queer sob, and the others turned to face this unexpected danger.

Iris, knowing only that she was free from that hateful grasp, wrenched herself free from the chief's hold and ran with all her might along the beach to Jenks and safety.

Again and yet again the rifle gave its short, sharp snarl, and two more Dyaks collapsed on the sand. Six were left, their leader being still unconsciously preserved from death by the figure of the flying girl.

A fourth Dyak dropped.

The survivors, cruel savages, but not cowards, unslung their guns. The sailor, white faced, grim, with an unpleasant gleam in his deep set eyes and a lower jaw protruding, noticed their preparations.

"To the left!" he shouted. "Run toward the trees!"

Iris heard him and strove to obey, but her strength was failing her, and she staggered blindly. After a few despairing efforts she lurched feebly to her knees and tumbled face downward on the broken coral that had tripped her faltering footsteps.

Jenks was watching her, watching the remaining Dyaks, from whom a spluttering volley came, picking out his quarry with the murderous ease of a terrier in a rat pit. Something like a bee in a violent hurry hummed past his ear, and a rock near his right foot was struck a tremendous blow by an unseen agency. He liked this. It would be a battle, not a battue.

The fifth Dyak crumpled into the distortion of death, and then their leader took deliberate aim at the kneeling marksman who threatened to wipe him and his band out of existence. But his deliberation, though skillful, was too profound. The sailor fired first and was professionally astonished to see the gaudily attired individual tossed violently backward for many yards, finally pitching headlong to the earth. Had he been charged by a bull in full career he could not have been more utterly discomfited. The incident was sensational, but inexplicable.

Yet another member of the band was prostrated ere the two as yet unscathed thought fit to beat a retreat. This they now did with celerity, but they dragged their chief with them. It was no part of Jenks' programme to allow them to escape. He aimed again at the man nearest the trees. There was a sharp click and nothing more. The cartridge was a misfire. He hastily sought to eject it, and the rifle jammed.

Springing to his feet, with a yell, he ran forward. The flying men caught a glimpse of him and accelerated their movements. Just as he reached Iris they vanished among the trees.

Slinging the rifle over his shoulder, he picked up the girl in his arms. She was conscious, but breathless.

"You are not hurt?" he gasped, his eyes blazing into her face with an intensity that she afterward remembered as appalling.

"No," she whispered.

"Listen," he continued in labored jerks. "Try and obey me—exactly. I will carry you—to the cave. Stop there. Shoot any one you see—till I come."

She heard him wonderingly. Was he going to leave her, now that he had her safely clasped to his breast? Impossible! Ah, she understood. Those men must have landed in a boat. He intended to attack them again. He was going to fight them single handed, and she would not know what happened to him until it was all over. Gradually her vitality returned. She almost smiled at the fantastic conceit that she would desert him.

Jenks placed her on her feet at the entrance to the cave.

"You understand," he cried, and without waiting for an answer ran to the house for another rifle. This time, to her amazement, he darted back through Prospect park toward the south beach. The sailor knew that the Dyaks had landed at the sandy bay Iris had christened Smugglers' cove. They were acquainted with the passage through the reef and came from the distant islands. Now they would endeavor to escape by the same channel. They must be prevented at all costs.

He was right. As they came out into the open he saw three men, not two, pushing off a large sampan. One of them was the chief. Then Jenks understood that his bullet had hit the lock of the Dyak's uplifted weapon, with the result already described. By a miracle he had escaped.

He coolly prepared to slay the three of them with the same calm purpose that distinguished the opening phase of this singularly one sided conflict. The distance was much greater, perhaps 800 yards from the point where the boat came into view. He knelt and fired. He judged that the missile struck the craft between the trio.

"I didn't allow for the sun on the side of the fore sight," he said, "or perhaps I am a bit shaky after the run. In any event they can't go far."

A hurrying step on the coral behind him caught his ear. Instantly he sprang up and faced about—to see Iris.

"They are escaping," she said.

"No fear of that," he replied, turning away from her.

"Where are the others?"

"Dead!"

"Do you mean that you killed nearly all those men?"

"Six of them. There were nine in all."

He knelt again, lifting the rifle. Iris threw herself on her knees by his side. There was something awful to her in this chill and businesslike declaration of a fixed purpose.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty, "do not kill more men for my sake!"

"For my own sake, then," he growled, annoyed at the interruption, as the sampan was afloat.

"Then I ask you for God's sake not to take another life. What you have already done was unavoidable, perhaps right. This is murder!"

He lowered his weapon and looked at her.

"If those men get away they will bring back a host to avenge their comrades—and secure you," he added.

"It may be the will of Providence for such a thing to happen. Yet I implore you to spare them."

He placed the rifle on the sand and raised her tenderly, for she had yielded to a paroxysm of tears. Not another word did either of them speak in that hour. The large triangular sail of the sampan was now bellying out in the south wind. A figure stood up in the stern of the boat and shook a menacing arm at the couple on the beach.

It was the Malay chief, cursing them with the rude eloquence of his barbarous tongue. And Jenks well knew what he was saying.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE)

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Political Friendships.

A few months before he died Horatio Seymour said to one of his friends, Dwight Lawrence of New York: "Dwight, I feel that I am near the end of my career, and I want to tell you something. I have had a great deal to do with politics and with politicians in my time, and as I look back over the past I can clearly see that the best friendships of my life have been formed in politics. It is in politics that I have met the manliest men, the most generosity. These friendships have been enduring too. Many of them have continued throughout life. I believe politics brings out the best there is in man. It teaches the narrow man to be broad, the selfish one to be generous. This is true because friendships are essential to success. In that field of activity one must have friends or he can't get on, and if he wants friendships he must deserve them. I would not advise any young man to stay out of politics because of the danger of being demoralized. If he is the right kind of man, it will do him good."

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If you are languid, depressed and incapable for work, it indicates that your liver is out of order. Herbine will assist nature to throw off headaches, rheumatism and ailments akin to nervousness and restores the energies and vitality of sound and perfect health. J. J. Hubbard, Temple, Texas writes, March 22, 1902: "I have used Herbine for the past two years. It has done me more good than all the doctors. When I feel bad and have that tired feeling, I take a dose of Herbine. It is the best medicine ever made for chills and fever." 50c a bottle. Sold by Chas. Strang.

The Kangaroo at Bay.

When pursued the kangaroo, if possible, directs his flight toward the river. If he reaches it, he enters and, thanks to his great height, is able to go on foot to a depth where the dogs are obliged to swim. There he plants himself on his two hind legs and his tail, and, up to his shoulders in the water, he waits the attack of the dogs. With his fore paws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches him, and, as he is more solidly balanced than his assailants, he holds the dog's nose under water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is sure to be drowned. If a companion arrives and by his attacks on the kangaroo manages to set the captive free the half drowned brute is glad to regain the shore as quickly as possible. In this way a strong and courageous male kangaroo will hold his own against twenty or thirty dogs, drowning some and frightening others, and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.

Just What Every One Should Do.

Mr. J. T. Barber of Irwinville, Ga., always keeps a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy at hand ready for instant use. Attacks of colic, cholera morbus and diarrhœa comes on so suddenly that there is no time to hunt a doctor or go to the store for medicine. Mr. Barber says: "I have tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy which is one of the best medicines I ever saw. I keep a bottle of it in my room as I have had several attacks of colic and it has proved to be the best medicine I ever used." Sold by Charles Strang.

Realism in Art.

Little Visitor (pointing to a large oil portrait)—Whose picture is that? Little Hostess—She was my mamma's great-aunt. I never heard much about her, but guess she was a schoolteacher. Little Visitor—Why? Little Hostess—See how her eyes follow us about.

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Societies of Medford.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No 85, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
MARK BAKER, N. G
J. L. DEMMER, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8. p. m.
J. L. DEMMER, C. P.
H. H. HARVEY, Scribe.

Redmen—Medford Wesionka No. 30, meets every Thursday in Redmen's Hall, Angle blk.
LEE JONES, Chief of Records.
C. C. SANDERS, Scribe.

Modern Woodmen—Meets first and third Fridays of every month, Garnett Committeeman, Duncan Secretary. Meets in Redmen's hall.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend
FANNIE HASKINS, N. G.
BIRDIE HALL Rec. Sec.

A. F. and A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall.
M. PURDIN, W. M
J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
FRED LUY, C. C.
MAHLON PURDIN, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees.—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 invited to attend. A. B. ELLISON, Commander.
W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 53, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
LOREN DAMON, M. W.
ASHAEL HUBBARD, Recorder.

F. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 427, meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in the Redmens hall. Visiting Foresters invited to attend.
FRANCIS JORDAN, F. M.
L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 99, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall, Medford Oregon.
H. G. SHEARER C. C.
W. B. 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 P. 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.
GEO. WEINSHAMMER, 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 Sisters and Brothers cordially invited.
O. W. MURPHY Pres.
W. J. HOCKENYOS Secretary.

O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome.
MATTIE HUTCHISON, W. M.
HATTIE WHITE Secretary.

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

A. O. F.—Court Medford, No. 8985, meets every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, Angle block, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed.
L. E. HOOVER, C. R.
FRANK H. HULL, Rec. Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church R. C. Blackwel pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., D. T. Lawton, supt. Class meeting follows preaching service Sunday morning. Julius Mecker, leader. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m., Stella Duclos president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 Mrs. E. J. Pratt, president. W. F. M. S. meets 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 Endeavor, 3 p. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every month church social. Second Tuesday every month, 2:30 p. m., Mission society. First and third Tuesdays every month, 2:30 p. m., Aid society. Rev. W. F. Shields, Pastor; Miss Beulah Warner, Supt. S. S.; Miss Edith Van Dyke Superintendent C. 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 Sixth and streets. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school and Christian Endeavor at usual hours every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Thursday 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. Every one 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.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Joseph W. Murphy, deceased, by the County Court of Jackson County, State of Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, with proper vouchers attached, to me at the office of W. S. Caswell, in Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 18th day of June, 1903.

W. G. MURPHY,
Administrator of the estate of Joseph W Murphy, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator with the will annexed to the Estate of James Harvey, late of Jackson county, Oregon, deceased:

All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned at his office at the First National Bank, in Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated this First day of June, A. D. 1903.

M. L. ALFORD,
Administrator of the Estate of James Harvey, deceased.

To the Unfortunate.

Dr. Gibbon

This old reliable and the most successful Specialist in San Francisco, still continues to cure all **Sexual and Seminal Diseases**, such as **Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis** in all its forms, **Skin Diseases, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Seminal Weakness** and **Loss of Manhood**, the consequence of self abuse and excesses producing the following symptoms: Sallow complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of memory, pimples on the face, coughs, consumption, etc. **Dr. Gibbon** has practiced in San Francisco 46 years and those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures when others fail. Try him. **Cures guaranteed.** Persons cured at home. Charges reasonable. Call or write. **Dr. J. F. Gibbon, 809 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.**