JOSEPHINE COUNTY . . .

# Correspondents

### Jacksonville News

Miss Lulu Jones has resumed her position as telephone operator. She was a visitor at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ankeny and daughters, Dollie and Gladys, have returned to their home in Eugene.

Harry Miller, who has been visiting with relatives in Jacksonville, returned to his home in San Jose yesterday morning. His mother, Mrs. Mary Miller, accompanied him to Medford.

James Mitchell, an old resident of this county, was found in a very critical condition on the road leading from Jacksonville to Ruch. It is supposed that the old man fell over the bank at the Pierce mine.

A very pretty wedding took place at the Catholic church, of this city, Wednesday morning, at 8:30, August 16th, when Miss Francis E. Donegan became the wife of Mr. Frank W. Welcome, of Burns, Oregon. Rev. Father Mattingly performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Jo Donegan, and Patrick Donegan, Jr., acted as best man. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white silk organdy and carried a bouquet of white carnations. After the wedding breakfast was served at the family residence of the bride. The bride was the recipient of many valuable and beautiful presents, consisting largely of cut glass and silverware. Mr. Welcome is a prominent business man of Burns, where the couple will make their future home. Those present besides the family were: J. D. Buckley and family, S. P. DeRoboam and wife, Miss Eleanor J. Orth and Miss Margaret McClellon, of Roseburg. The happy couple, accompanied by the bride's sister, Miss Jo Donegan, left on last night's train for Portland, where they will take in the Lewis and Clark fair and from there they will go to their home in Burns.


**$100 Reward, $100**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo

Sold by all druggists, 75c

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


### Central Point Items.

Miss Lizzie Gibson is spending the week at the fair.

Wm. Stockham is very ill at the home of W. E. Perkins.

James Ringer is painting the Christian church this week.

Dr. J. R. Cameron made a professional visit to Table Rock last week.

Harry Nealon, of Sams Valley, was trading with our merchants Saturday.

J. J. Fryer, of Eagle Point, left for Portland Saturday, to visit the exposition.

J. B. Pipes is doing carpenter work at W. H. Norcross' farm home this week.

W. A. Owen and wife have returned from their outing on upper Rogue river.

Mrs. Emma Bebb, of Applegate, is visiting her sister, Miss Mary A. Moe, this week.

Glenn Owen has charge of the barber shop during J. E. Boswell's absence.

I. C. Robinett, who has been spending days at the fair, returned home this week.

J. E. Boswell and J. H. Downing and their wives are camping, near Prospect.

Mrs. Ann Thomas, of Eagle Point, visited her sister, Mrs. Esther Sinclair, last week.

G. B. Ross has his new home finished and the family are now occupying the same.

R. M. Mack left for Portland a few days ago and J. N. Ross is now station agent at this place.

Mrs. D. Grisham was in from Sams Valley Monday to get medical aid for her husband, who is quite ill.

Mrs. Ellen Edington and Miss Francis Shields are visiting W. W. Edington's family, in Sams Valley this week.

Thomas Ross and Dr. E. E. Emerson and their families are spending a few weeks at their homesteads in Big Butte.

John Jacobs has just finished two beautiful monuments for the late Mr. and Mrs. James Pankey, of Antioch district.

Merritt Elliott and W. E. Perkins, two veterans of the civil war, who have been dangerously ill, are convalescing, we are glad to say.

Mrs. Alice Starkey and daughter, Miss Irma, of Oakland, Calif., who have been visiting relatives of this city the past month, left for Portland Tuesday, after visiting the exposition, will return home by water.

The two oldest children of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Thompson, of Condon, Oregon, died last week at that place from that dread disease, diptheria, and Mrs. Thompson was dangerously ill with the disease at last reports. The family spent several months here last year and the many friends here sympathize with the greif-stricken relatives in this their hour of trouble.

BY J. C. P

Hay balers are at work on the Ray farm and will do considerable work in this section.

Anthony Blais, a young man from Eugene, has spent several days canvassing in this section.

Ed. Van Dyke and sister, Edith, drove out from Medford early Sunday morning and spent the day resting at "The Oaks."

Thos. Pankey, foreman of the Hopkins orchard at Central Point, was out this week, looking for hogs, but made his visit too short to suit his friends.

Prof. Davis and the Porter boys returned from their Crater lake trip Saturday, well pleased with what they saw. Mr. Davis left Monday for a visit at the Lewis and Clark fair.

Found—August 11, 1905, gentleman's purse, on main road, near Tolo. Owner can recover property by applying to Miss Nancy Duggan at Sams Valley, either by letter or in person.

Richard Jennings began hauling lumber from Welch's mill Tuesday, which will be used in constructing a flume to carry water onto the young orchard on the east side of the Washburn place.

Arthur Shields was thrown from a wagon last week and had a narrow escape from serious injuries, but with all the good luck he is quite badly bruised about the back.

Glenn and Earl May and Verne Pendleton started for the mountains Monday morning, for a ten days' hunting and fishing trip. They count on having all kinds of good meat to use, but we think that woodchuck or ground squirrel will taste good to them about the third or fourth day out.

A party consisting of Miss Aileen Webber, Miss Hoyt, Sam'l Richardson and his friend, W. H. Jones, lately from Missouri, spent Sunday on the river, going up on lower Table Rock in the afternoon and home by moonlight. They reported a very delightful outing.

### East Medford Items.

Born—Sunday, August 13, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hodge, a daughter.

Mrs. Rilla Angle, of Jacksonville, was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Angle Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Jones returned Friday from a few days' stay at the Lewis and Clark exposition.

Miss Clarice White, of Klamath county, is visiting East Medford friends for a few weeks.

Misses Prue and Bernice Angle returned Friday from Portland, where they spent several days at the fair.

Mrs. Ruth Sherwood, of Southern California, who is spending the summer with her cousin, Mrs. H. Tripp, left Wednesday for a two weeks' visit with Portland relatives.

Wm. Cook has enlarged his residence and Painters Toft and Lares have just completed a neat job of painting the same throughout.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Porter, Misses Lula Porter, Inez Hoyt and Clarice White are sojourning at Mr. Porter's homestead on Big Butte.

### Enforce Child Labor Law.

Child labor law passed by the last legislature was invoked for the first time today, when John F. Shorey, manager of the City Messenger & Delivery Company, with offices at 106 Sixth street, between Washington and Stark streets, was arrested on a charge of employing a boy under sixteen years of age for more than ten hours a day. The arrest was made on a warrant issued by Special Deputy District Attorney Robert Galloway, prosecting officer of the juvenile court. Shorey was released on bail and will not be arraigned until August 21st, when Judge Frazer, who left this morning for the coast, will return to convene court for the purpose of hearing arraignments and motions and making orders.

### Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing by and between J. W. Kinney and W. T. Kinney, engaged in the stock business, is by mutual consent this day dissolved, J. W. Kinney having purchased the interests of W. T. Kinney.

Dated at Lake creek, Oregon, this 1st day of August, 1905.

J. W. KINNEY,
W. T. KINNEY.

33-3t

### Southern Pacific Reduced Rates.

On account of the Lewis and Clark Fair at Portland the Southern Pacific Company will sell tickets to Portland and return, daily, from May 28th to October 15th, 1905, as follows:

Individual tickets, limited to 30 days, for one and a third fare—$13.20.

Party tickets, ten or more, (must travel together both ways) one fair for the round trip—$9.90; limited to ten days.

Parties of 100, or more, moving on same date; individual tickets at one fare for round trip—$9.90; limited to ten days.

### Lewis and Clark Exposition.

During the Lewis and Clark Exposition the Souther Pacific Company will sell round trip tickets to Portland, limit thirty days, at one and one-third fare for the round trip. For parties of ten or more traveling on one ticket, one fare for the round trip. For organized parties of one hundred or more, individual tickets, a one fare for round trip.

Stopover of ten days will be given at Portland on all one way tickets reading through that point during the Exposition. Tickets must be deposited with Joint Agent at Portland and charge of fifty cents will be made or extension of time.

W S Clay et ux to W M Smith; w½ of d l c No 49, tp 38, 1 w, 80 acres, $2370.

O B Gaines to T C Gaines; sw¼ of nw¼, n½ of sw¼, se¼ of sw¼, sec 18, 35, 3 e, $1.

J J Houck et ux to Gold Hill Canal Co; all Houck mill property, water rights, franchises, etc, in Gold Hill, $1.

T E Hills et ux to E L Clute; lot 2, blk 33, Coolidge add to Ashland, $5.

M L Clute and husband to T E Hills; 5 acres, tp 39, 1 e, $5.

Wm Ulrich et ux to L B Kincaid; lots 9, 10, 11, 12, blk 18, Medford, $950.

Nancy Carter to C Vroman; se¼ of nw¼ of sw¼, tp 10-35, 4 w; $375.

Heirs of Johanna Houck to Geo H Mitchell; lots 7 and 8, blk L, R R add, Ashland, $134.

Kate Galloher to J F White; 18.98 acres, tp 38, 1 w, $1250.

Sophia Stewart and husband to S J Day; 1-6 part blk 41-42, Jacksonville, $50.

T C Gaines et ux to Rhoda A Rowson; sw¼ nw¼, n½ sw¼, se¼ sw¼, tp 18, sec 35, 3 e, $600.

S C Hamaker et ux to First National Bank of Ashland; lots in Ashland, $3500.

O & C R R Co to Ashland Mfg Co; ne¼ ne¼, sec 1, se¼ se¼, nw¼ se¼, sec 1, w½ nw¼, se¼ nw¼, sw¼, sec 7, tp 40 2 e, se¼, sec 11, n½ nw¼, ne¼, sec 13, sw¼ se¼, s½ sw¼, ne¼ w¼, sec 1, tp 40, 1 e, 978.73 acres, $241.83.

Rebecca Eggleston to J B Sells et ux; lot in Ashland, $300.

Effie L Reives to H W Hansen; lots 23 and 24, blk G, R R add to Ashland, $10.

N N Jones et al to Fee Bros; all of sec 36, tp 32 s, r 1 w, $2750.

Wm W Kakoschka to A Walsh; se¼ of sec 6, tp 34, 3 w, $1.

Mary E Roberts to J T Eads; 12.5 acres, tp 37, 1 w, $3250.

J L Wilson to J T Eads; lots 111.49 by 176 ft in Medford, $650.

F D Hale to E B Hall; 105.61 acres, tp 37, 1 and 2 w, $2123.13.

S V McFarlene t ux to J A Lanham; lots 8, 9, 10, blk 24, Gold Hill, $1200.

### Reduced Rate to Visiting Easterners.

The Southern Pacific Co. will make a rate of one fare for the round trip from Portland to all points in Oregon, Ashland and north for visitors from the east to the Exposition at Portland, to enable them to look over Western Oregon with the view of settling or investing. These tickets will be good for 15 days limit with stop over at all intermediate points, and will be sold to holders of the Exposition round trip tickets from points east of the Rocky mountains.

This will afford the various counties and communities that will maintain exhibits and advertise in other ways at the Exposition, every inducement to have Eastern people visit their section.

### Advertised Letter List.

Following is a list of letters remaing uncalled for at the Medford postoffice on Aug. 16, 1905.

| | |
|---|---|
| Allen, I Y (2) | Bowen, Mr William |
| Bashaw, Mr | Coatney, Mr J W |
| Creede, Mrs T J | Henry, Mrs |
| Moore, Mr S S | Myers, Mr Geo |
| Owens, Mr James | Robinson, Mr E E |
| Smith, Mr J B | Smith, Chas C |
| Totten, J J | Wahn, Mr W |

A charge of one cent will be made upon delivery of each of the above letters.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "Advertised."

A. M WOODFORD, Postmaster

## JAPANESE WHALERS.

**The Curious Way They Do Their Work With Nets and Knives.**

Whales are captured in nets by the Japanese. The whalers put off from the shore as quietly as possible, and when they come within the proper distance of their objective the boats, which have hitherto worked in couples, separate and, dropping their nets as they go, work around to the rear and flanks of their expected kill. The nets are made in large squares, each side being about forty feet long. One net is composed of six squares in line, and the squares are fastened to each other lightly. When all is ready the boats which have been worked around to the rear of the whale then commence to drive him gently toward the nets. Moving along lazily at first, the whale soon realizes that something untoward is happening and, hurrying forward, dashes on to one of the nets. This is the critical moment, and when the fishermen see that the whale is well in the center of one of the squares they raise a great shout and charge in upon him.

When the whale is about spent a man chosen for his strength, activity, pluck, coolness and general fitness for his work then leaps upon his back and with a great triangular shaped knife proceeds to cut two great gashes in his body just back of his head. Through the underlying blubber and these two gashes he passes a rope and, knotting it, makes a loop of it. He then repeats the same operation as far back on his body as he can. When the fight has been completely knocked out of the whale, boats range alongside of him, and by the help of the loops already mentioned the hapless cetacean is slung between them in such a manner as to minimize the danger of his carcass sinking.

Then the boats form in procession, and, making for the shore, there commences the most curious part of the whole affair. The whalers, with real fervor and in the most solemn manner possible, begin a chanting prayer for the ease of the departing spirit by calling out "Joraku! Joraku! Joraku!" in low, deep tones. Upon the third day after the kill a memorial service is held in the village temple, and prayers are offered for the repose of the dead whale's soul.—Chicago News.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

How many men work too hard? How many do you know?

Every good husband is henpecked. That's all there is to it.

Classical music is like some people—very hard to understand.

It is said that a farmer gets the best work out of a farm hand who is aspiring to be his son-in-law.

Perhaps one reason why a poor man lives longer than a rich one is that the doctors don't take so much interest in him.

When an economical man suffers a ten dollar loss he cuts off expenditures reaching to $50 before he feels right about it.

If you have faults the idea is not to luminate yourself by acknowledging them to your enemies, but to get over them if possible for your own good.—Atchison Globe.

# The Bowsers Cat Again

## She Is the Innocent Cause of Another Spirited Family Disturbance.

## TWO VIEWS ON CATNIP

### Mrs. Bowser Declares That Feline Creatures Love It, While Mr. Bowser Scoffs.

[Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure.]

DINNER had been finished half an hour, and Mr. Bowser was enjoying his evening paper and cigar, when the family cat wandered up from the basement, looked around for a moment, and then rolled over and over on the floor and set up a wauling.

"Now, then, what in thunder ails that old cat?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he laid down his paper.

"He acted like that this afternoon when Mrs. White was in here, and she said he wanted catnip," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Wanted catnip?"

"Yes. You know what catnip is, don't you?"

"I've heard of a plant called catnip, but what has it to do with cats?"

"A good deal. At certain seasons of the year, particularly in the summer, cats are crazy for it. I've heard it said that they would die if they didn't get it."

MR. BOWSER PUT HIS FIST UNDER THE OTHER'S NOSE.

"Bosh! What our old cat wants is a blamed good thumping with a club, and he'll get it if he tries any funny business around this house."

"I meant to have got some catnip of the old man who comes along here every week selling it," said Mrs. Bowser, "but he passed yesterday before I could call him. I'll be on the watch for him next Wednesday."

"Are you an idiot, or do you take me for one?"

"I don't know what you mean. What is there to call for such vigorous language?"

"Our old cat comes upstairs and rolls around and meows, and you tell me he wants catnip."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Are you trying to make me believe that because some idiot named a certain plant catnip cats like it or must have it? Don't attempt to get funny, Mrs. Bowser."

"Cats love catnip, and everybody knows it," she replied. "Your mother used to raise it for her cats, and you ought to remember that she did. Would a man come along here selling the plant every week if cats didn't love it?"

"And I say that catnip is a medicinal plant and is used to make poultices of. No human being ever saw a cat taste of it or ever will. You might as well look for them to eat thistles or hay. When a woman of your age will believe such stuff and nonsense it's no wonder I find clothespins scattered all over the place and have to figure on how long I can keep out of the poor house. Catnip! Catnip! I'll catnip that old cat if he gives another yell."

Mrs. Bowser realized that argument would be of no avail, and she had read a page or two in a magazine when Mr. Bowser returned to the attack. He wanted that catnip question settled then and there, and he wanted it settled in his favor.

"You have made certain statements about cats and catnip," he continued, "and I want you to either back them up or admit that you were guying me. I want your authority for saying that catnip is grown for cats."

"There may be other uses for it as well, but everybody knows that cats love catnip. If a cat is sick, it is better after eating of the plant."

"That won't do, Mrs. Bowser; that won't do at all. I have only your unsupported word. I must have more than that."

"Then go over and ask the druggist, the butcher—ask people on the street. It's a funny thing. You were born on a farm and lived on one until you were fifteen years old and you must have been as familiar with catnip as with burdocks or mayweed. Didn't you ever see a cat eating catnip?"

"I may have, but that proves nothing. I have also seen cats eating hay and corn and oats and fish bones. I never make a positive statement to you without being able to back it up. Can you find in the encyclopedia that cats must have catnip or perish? Is there anything bearing on the subject in the history of America? Did Columbus discover cats eating catnip when he landed on these shores? Did the pilgrim fathers bring their cats and catnip along to Plymouth rock? Woman, answer me, or admit that you were trying to belittle your own husband in his own house?"

"All I can say is that cats love catnip," she replied.

"You make that as a plain statement of fact, do you?"

"I do."

"Then I will prove that you don't know what you are talking about and

Mr. Bowser clapped on his hat and took a walk. He knew his family butcher to be an ex-farmer, and he called at his shop and looked around, and then in a casual way inquired:

"Jones, did you use to raise catnip on your farm?"

"The old woman raised a few bunches—just enough for her cats," was the reply.

"How for her cats?"

"Why, cats eat it like fun, particularly about this time o' year. If you have a cat over home and she is ailing just let her get at a bunch of catnip."

"And you stand there and tell me that catnip is so called because cats nip at it?"

"I never heard any other reason."

"Then you don't know enough to come in when it rains! Cats and catnip have no more to do with each other than bulls and bulrushes. No wonder you can't tell bones from beef!"

"I can tell a jackass when I see one," exclaimed the butcher, and, after glaring at him for a minute, Mr. Bowser snorted in contempt and walked out.

A farmer who had been selling potatoes to the grocer on the corner was just about starting for home, and Mr. Bowser walked up and asked him:

"Say, friend, do you grow any catnip on your farm?"

"Not as a crop," smiled the man.

"Then how do you grow it?"

"A few bunches in the garden for the cats."

"But what has it got to do with cats?"

"Everything. You could have found that out by asking your wife."

Mr. Bowser felt like calling him names and getting up a row, but the agriculturist was in a hurry and was soon driving away. An old man who was leaning against a barrel had overheard the conversation and he now butted in with:

"You must have lived in a catless country not to have heard about catnip."

"Did I ask for your opinion, sir?"

"No, but when I find a man who don't know catnip I feel it my duty to post him. I wouldn't wander very far from home if I were you. You might get lost."

"You old villain! But for your gray hairs I'd—I'd"— And Mr. Bowser put his fist under the other's nose and held it there for a few seconds and then passed on. His family druggist was a proper man to appeal to, but it was ten minutes before the searcher after information entered the store. It was another ten before he asked:

"Doc, do cats eat catnip?"

"Do cows eat grass?" answered the druggist.

"But is it really true that they do?"

"They love it. Catnip is for cats; cats are for catnip. They are one and indivisible. You can bet your last dollar on that."

"But I never heard of such a thing."

"Probably not. I believe there are several things you never heard of. However, you can settle this thing very quickly. Here's a bunch of the stuff I bought for my cat today. She's wandered off somewhere, and you may take it along."

Mr. Bowser took the bunch and walked off. He hadn't got ten feet from the door when a stray cat meowed at his heels. Before reaching the other end of the block he was being followed by two more. Another block and the number was six. When within a hundred feet of his gate, it seemed as if there were twenty wauling, meowing felines around him, all making threats against his life if he did not give up that bunch, and he suddenly became panic stricken and fled.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Bowser as she opened the front door and found him on the steps and breathing heavily.

But he gazed steadily at the rising moon and made no answer. He had been defeated, but he meant to save his honor.

M. QUAD.

**Mean of Her.**

He—That's Lady Passeh. She's got an action on in the courts asking for $5,000 damages.

She—Damages! I should have thought she'd have asked for repairs.—Punch.

**Quite Likely.**

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does this paper mean by "ties of blood?"

Pa—Must be a new shade of red neckties, my son.—Chicago News.

**Butter in Slices.**

From time immemorial in Cambridge, England, the dairymen roll the butter so as to form a long stick weighing a pound, which they sell in slices, as if it were sausage. In the market the butter merchants do not need to use either weights or scales. A simple glance is sufficient for these people accustomed to the time honored practice. A very neat cut with the knife divides the yard into halves, quarters or eighths very exactly, and it appears that the customer is never given short measure.

**The Last Word.**

Bobby—Is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckley—Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckley—Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word.

**Loved and Lost.**

Nell—Love doesn't seem to agree with Maud. She is thinner by twenty pounds than she used to be. Belle—She has loved and lost, eh?

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—Shakespeare.

## NEW YORK HARBOR.

**Some of the Wonders of This Vessel Crowded Port.**

To present to the mind an easily conjured picture of New York harbor one might make the comparison of the upturned right hand, with the long, straight forefinger for the lower stretch of the Hudson, with the thumb, joint turned out, standing for the bent East river and the palm of the hand representing upper New York bay. The three together make up the harbor of New York. As Hudson river shelters most of the north Atlantic liners while in port, so does East river harbor those that go to make up the truly foreign fleets. Here they are, pier after pier of them—the steamers that go to the far countries. Mind the roll—Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, west coast of Africa, Australia, India, China, Japan! And bark again to the call of the ports—Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, St. Paul de Loanda, Cape Town, Tamatave, Sydney, Singapore, Hongkong, Yokohama! And the strange stuff of their cargoes! Rubber from the Amazon swamps—see the naked Indians tapping the trees and the slimy reptiles in the shadowy ooze; horn and tallow from the pampas—mark the centaur-like vaquero and his whirling riata; gold dust, ivory, palm oil from the west coast. Dreams for you there! Palm oil and gold dust and ivory; elephants and sacrificial fires and trains of captive slaves; hemp, tea, silks and smuggled opium—and do not believe that opium is not smuggled into New York harbor to this day. You think of all that, and your imagination flames.

The gentlemen in the pilot houses are not always in placid moods. Wild eyed men glare out from pilot houses aloft, like eagles from their eyries, and pass the time of day. Says one: "Where d' y' think you're going? Back, will you?" And the other: "Back? Me back? Me?"

"You? Yes, you, you slop eyed, slack mouthed, spine twisted fresh water goob, you square headed, fatherless"—And so on, detailing irremediable flaws in the genealogy, after which both back down and avert the impending collision.—James B. Connolly in Harper's Magazine.

## A PAINTER'S DREAM.

**Pope's Story of the Sleep Vision of Sir Godfrey Kneller.**

I dreamed I was dead, said the painter. Before me I saw a door and a great number of people about it. As I drew nearer I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys with some other of the apostles. They were admitting the people as they came next to the door. As the first after my coming up approached for admittance St. Peter asked his name and then his religion. "I am a Roman Catholic," replied the spirit. "Go in then," says St. Peter, "and sit down in those seats on the right hand." The next was a Presbyterian. He was admitted, too, after the usual questions and ordered to sit down on the seat opposite the other.

My turn came next, and as I approached St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing just by, turned toward me and said, with a great deal of earnestness, "What, the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller of England?" "The very same, sir," says I, "at your service." On this St. Luke embraced me and made a great many compliments on the art we both of us had followed in this world and entered so far into the subject that he seemed almost to have forgotten the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself and said: "I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey. I was so much taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But, apropos, pray, sir, what religion may you be of?" "Why, truly, sir," says I, "I am of no religion." "Oh, sir," says he, "you will be so good then as to go in and take your seat where you please."—Pope.

**Origin of the Derby.**

The twelfth Earl of Derby is unknown to the reader of the ordinary history book. Lovers of art know him vaguely as the peer who married the pretty and popular actress Eliza Farren, whom the young Lawrence painted so brilliantly. But the earl yearly has his revenge when all the world and his wife flock to Epsom to see the race for the Derby stakes, for that race, in its institution in 1780, was named after the jovial young peer who was one of the leading patrons of the Georgian turf.—London Standard.


# About Those Shoes The Question is Solved.

Our Shoes are what you want, they are waiting at our Store to give you comfort, and to prove to you, that they are Shoes made in these days, which combine good looks, durability and reasonable price.

## Let Us Please Your Feet

With a Pair of Our Shoes. They will take you through life easy.

## Come and See Our Red Box Plan

. . . It may be worth $20 to you. . . .

# MEDFORD SHOE PARLOR,

**SMITH & MOLONY, Proprietors**

K. of P. Building, 7th Street



# "PUBLIC NOTICE"

**Our Electric Transmission Line** is now copmleted to Central Point, Medford and Jacksedville.

We are now ready to furnish **Power, Light and Water** to those desiring it.

We will devote special attention to the **Irrigation of Land** by a system of Electric pumps, so successfully used in California and other arid regions.

Our rates are fair and reasonable.

Correspondence solicited. All inquiries will receive prompt attention.

**Condor Water & Power Company**

**Tolo - - Oregon**



# J. L. HELMS,

**Veterinary Surgeon**

Graduate S. F. Veterinary College

LATELY OF QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT U. S. A., ALSO VETERINARIAN FOR HAGGIN RANCH, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

All Classes of Veterinary Work. Calls answered day or night

**OFICE AT NASH STABLES**

**Phone 441 Medford, Ore.**


## M'KINLEY'S DEATH.

**How the Associated Press Worked to Get and Give the News.**

On the afternoon of Sept. 6, 1901, worn out by a long period of exacting labor, I set out for Philadelphia with the purpose of spending a few days at Atlantic City. When I reached the Broad street station in the Quaker City I was startled by a number of policemen crying my name. I stepped up to one, who pointed to a boy with an urgent message for me. President McKinley had been shot at Buffalo, and my presence was required at our Philadelphia office at once. A message had been sent to me at Trenton, but my train had left the station precisely two minutes ahead of its arrival. Handing my baggage to a hotel porter, I jumped into a cab and dashed away to our office. I remained there until dawn of the following morning.

The opening pages of the story of the assassination were badly written, and I ordered a substitute prepared. An inexperienced reporter stood beside President McKinley in the Music hall at Buffalo when Czolgosz fired the fatal shot. He seized a neighboring telephone and notified our Buffalo correspondent and then pulled out the wires in order to render the telephone a wreck, so that it was a full half hour before any additional details could be secured.

I ordered competent men and expert telegraph operators from Washington, Albany, New York and Boston to hurry to Buffalo by the fastest trains. All that night the Buffalo office was pouring forth a hastily written but faithful and complete account of the tragedy, and by daybreak a relief force was on the ground. Day by day through the long vigil while the president's life hung in the balance each incident was truthfully and graphically reported. In the closing hours of the great tragedy false reports of the president's death were circulated for the purpose of influencing the stock market, and to counteract them Secretary Cortelyou wrote frequent signed statements giving the facts to the Associated Press.—Melville E. Stone in Century.

**Ardent Lover.**

Kloseman—I'm looking for another girl. Object, matrimony. Ascum—Why, I thought Miss Pechis had accepted you. Kloseman—So she did, but the ring I had didn't fit her, so I've got to find somebody else.—Catholic Standard and Times.

best and safest laxative for the use of delicate women.

"Then," said Anstruther, "I call up

out his hand.