



"THE SPOT"

Santa Claus' Headquarters

Everything in Xmas Goods

In Crockery we have the largest stock ever brought to Medford. DOLLS of all kinds and sizes and all prices. CHINESE GOODS, IRON TOYS, WOOD TOYS, and all kinds of toys and other things that Santa Claus brings—Neckties, handkerchiefs etc.

INSPECT OUR **5, 10, 15, 25 CENT COUNTER**

Countless bargains await you there

Our Christmas Goods will be on display Monday, Nov. 26
Watch our Window. LARGE LIFE-SIZE DOLL TO BE GIVEN AWAY. Ask About It.

"The SPOT" In the old First National Bank building
Cor. Seventh and B Sts.

A Drop of Ink!

MAKES PEOPLE THINK

WATCH THIS SPOT--And Think

West Side Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.

R. O. DUNCAN, Prop.

First-class Rigs—always in best repair. Horses Board-ed by Day, Week or Month. Horses bought and Sold.

Moore's Brick Stables, West Side
Medford, Oregon

New Era Paint

It's pure paint—every atom of it

There are more square feet of covering surface—better covering surface—in a dollar's worth of New Era Paint than in a dollar's worth of any other paint made.

Buy New Era Paint as you buy glass, by the square foot, instead of by the gallon. That's real economy. New Era Paint always looks best, defies weather and endures longest. We will give you color card and proofs of what we say about New Era quality.

Made by
Acme White Lead & Color Works, Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE BY
Olmstead & Weisser
Medford, Oregon

CRIMINALS IN INDIA

WHOLE TRIBES WHOSE HEREDITARY PROFESSION IS THEFT.

Robbers Born and Kept So by Caste. They Are Polite and Modest Until the "Profession" Requires Them to Become Cruel and Ferocious.

India is usually spoken of as a land where life and property have become safe under British rule. True, the bands of thugs have been broken up, the Pindari hordes have been suppressed, and the British police system is spread over the whole country, but the criminal tribes or castes, those whose hereditary "profession" is robbery and nothing else, remain, their instincts strong, wanting only opportunity to practice their traditional calling, which the Indian caste system forbids them to abandon.

These tribes are most numerous and most wayward in the united provinces, in which are Cawnpur and Lucknow, the cities associated forever with the Indian mutiny.

Half of the division is Oudh, the native province last annexed by Britain, many of whose old men vividly remember when every "talookdar," or feudal chief, lived in a fortified castle and retained a swarm of armed men, who received no pay, but lived on the country. They were official robbers, and their example gave free scope to the "professional" robbers, or, as they have always been known in India, the criminal tribes.

These tribes are the Santhalis, the Barwars, the Santhals, the Doms, the Habarhis, the Aheris, the Banaris, the Bhatias. Each tribe has its own dialect, dress and customs.

A singular feature of Indian life is that persons who would be considered depraved characters in a European country and would bear the stamp of their nature on their faces are not deprived in their own estimation or in that of the people at large. A casual murderer is not ashamed of himself nor abhorred by his neighbors, who welcome him back among them if he escapes the gallows and is released after a term in jail. The universal belief that all things are decreed by fate accounts for this amazing state of feeling. Much more, then, are men regarded with indifference or even respect whose time honored, hereditary and natural profession is robbery with murder.

So the members of these tribes go in and out of the towns and villages without misgivings, and there is not a sign in their faces or manner to indicate that their business is robbery and murder.

When a gang encamps outside of a town the inhabitants feel uncomfortable and take precautions, but cherish no ill will against the strangers. And when robberies and murders occur almost immediately within a radius of twenty miles they take more precautions, but regard the whole affair as a visitation of Providence, like a flood or a fire.

These habitual criminals are not deplored in any sense understood by the people. They simply have the misfortune to belong to a trade which is unpleasant for the neighborhood—like a dyer's or a tanner's.

They are well satisfied with themselves and are as careful as other people of their respectability. They have no unusual vices; they do not get drunk or riotous; they are civil, courteous and unassuming. Cruelty and ferocity are with them neither habits nor pleasures, but simply methods of business.

During the excitement of a sudden attack the people if they do not run away will turn out and aid the police in repelling or capturing the robbers. But if a police inquiry begins two or three days after the robbers have done their work unmolested the people will usually do nothing to help in tracing them and will even deny that they have lost anything.

For many years past the government of India has worked to induce these criminal tribes to settle down to a peaceful and industrious life.

But progress is very slow. Vagabondage is bred in the bone and marrow of the tribes, and marauding is their chosen occupation. From time to time men will suddenly disappear, perpetrate several daring dacoities in another district and escape over the border into one of the independent native states which cluster round three sides of the united provinces.

The word "dakkaiti," also spelled "dacoity," means robbery by a gang of armed men, and a dakkait, or dacoit, is a member of such a gang.

An assault by robbers in India differs from one in Europe or America in that it always takes place at night and is accompanied by a tremendous amount of noise. The Indians are a noisy people at all times, and in a robbery with violence the robbers' object is to terrify their victims into a panic; hence whether travelers be waylaid on a lonely road or a wealthy man's house be attacked in a village the assault is always made suddenly, with loud shouts and yells and in the case of a village with beating of drums and waving of lighted torches.

The persons attacked below for all they are worth, but rarely offer resistance, and the general effect is so terrifying to the cowardly people that the neighbors either fly or else barricade their doors and lie still till the robbers have got at least a mile away with their plunder. Even the shrieking of women under torture does not put heart into one of them, for the men of a house that is attacked try to bolt for their lives if they can and leave the women to the mercy of the robbers, who apply fire to them and torture them in more atrocious ways to make them tell where the valuables are kept.—New York World.

For Sale.
I have for sale 1200 sacks of good Burbank potatoes at \$1 per hundred. Call on or address
MILDEN M. PATTON,
Tolo, Oregon

Daisy's Trunk

By GEORGE STAIR

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

"You should have sent your trunk on in the train ahead," said Compton. "Just now there is a press of baggage, and you cannot get your trunk out in time to get the other train."

"But I must," insisted Daisy, with pretty impetuosity. "If I lose that trunk the yacht will have left and I shall miss the trip. She will be sent south next month, and I shall not have another chance."

"I'll see what I can do," he volunteered. "But I am afraid that it looks very much like a hopeless case."

"You can do it," said Daisy confidently as she settled back in her seat with the air of one who dismisses discussion. Somehow Compton gave one confidence in his powers of accomplishment. Ever since she had been a child she had let him do things for her. He had always seemed a handy man, and precisely because he was so handy he had urged his suit on her in vain.

Just now Dick Tomlin was the favored suitor. Dick was to meet her at the station and take her over to the other railroad, where she would connect with the train for the shore where her brother was waiting for her on his yacht.

In spite of her liking for Tomlin she was glad when Frank Compton's form loomed up in the aisle of the car. Dick was not a good manager. With Frank along she knew that her trunk would be assured.

Compton sank into the seat beside her. "I suppose there is some favored swain waiting for you," he suggested. Daisy blushed.

"Dick Tomlin said he might be there," she admitted.

Compton smiled.

"If he said that he might be there, he assured that he will," he said gravely. "Will he be the one, Daisy?"

"You are always thinking about my getting married," she pouted. "I don't



"LET ME HAVE YOUR CHECK," HE SAID QUIETLY.

see why we can't just be good friends, Frank."

"Because I want to be something better than good friends," he explained. "I want you for my wife and you merely laugh at the idea."

"I've known you ages," she explained. "You seem more like a big brother."

"So a newcomer wins the prize," he sighed.

"Please don't speak about it," pleaded Daisy. "You know I hate to hurt you."

Compton settled back in his seat with a sigh. That was the explanation of it all. Daisy had known him all her life. It was the new face that won her attention. There was no hope for him. The train was pulling into the station before he roused himself.

"Let me have your check," he said quietly. "Tomlin will look after you. I will try to get the trunk."

She gave him a grateful look as she handed him the square of brass.

"You're an awful comfort, Frank," she said softly. "I'm sorry I can't—"

"It's all right," he said, as he gathered up her belongings.

"Tell Tomlin to get a hansom and send the driver after me. I'll have the trunk for him."

He helped her down the steps and, after seeing that Tomlin was there, went in search of the trunk. Truck after truck was run down the platform, and at last he recognized the little steamer trunk with its big red D.

Quickly he explained to the helper the necessity for having the trunk immediately, but the baggage handlers were tired and cross and not disposed to extend any favors.

"Can't do it," he said sharply. "The trunks have got to be checked up before they can go out. That will take half an hour."

Compton passed the man a bill, "Suppose you transfer the check to me," he said. "You can check me up instead of the trunk. Then if there's any trouble you have me to answer for."

For a moment the man stood still as the idea sank in; then, with a laugh, he jerked off the trunk, slipped off the strap and fastened it to Compton's arm. The cabman stepped up to shout-

THE MEDFORD MAIL

DANGER IN HIGH SPEEDS.

The Force Developed by Swiftly Moving Automobiles.

Danger to drivers of automobiles grows rapidly greater with each new burst of speed. A correspondent of the Scientific American develops the theme as follows: "The danger in all cases increases as the square of the speed. Take three machines of the same make, one going five miles an hour, one twenty miles an hour and one forty miles an hour. The second has stored up in it, due to its rapidity of motion, sixteen times as much energy as the first, and if it leaves the road and runs into an obstacle, such as a tree, a stone wall or a ditch, it will strike with sixteen times as great force. In going around a curve or turning a corner it is sixteen times as likely to upset, slide into the ditch or strip a tire. When the power is shut off and the brakes applied it will go sixteen times as far before it can be brought to a stop. If it comes upon a pedestrian suddenly the latter will have to exert sixteen times as much energy to get out of the way in time and if struck will be struck with sixteen times the force. The third machine will be sixty-four times as likely to get into trouble in going around a curve as the first.

"An object going five miles an hour is moving with the same speed as it would have attained in falling ten inches. In moving ten miles an hour it is going as fast as though it had fallen three and a half feet. Twenty miles an hour is generally considered a very conservative speed. Now, twenty miles an hour is the same speed that would be obtained were the machine to fall thirteen feet through the air, thirty miles an hour is equivalent to a fall of thirty feet, forty miles an hour to a fall of fifty-two feet, sixty miles an hour to a fall of 120 feet and 120 miles an hour to a fall of 480 feet.

"A person struck by an automobile going twenty-five miles an hour receives the same jar as though he himself had fallen from a height of twenty-one feet, or, say, from a second story window; by one going thirty miles an hour, as though he had fallen fifty-two feet, or, say, from the top of a lofty tree; by one going 120 miles an hour, as though he himself had fallen from the top of the Washington monument."

BUYING VOTES.

When British Electors Get News.

Vote!

less! ele- ur w e r w y w pe fr t' ask. He: thr thr flec mood ed t' A' all l l l t' ol. ol. A tur abo did ashu lla y the p five p bury a in the guinea News.

There was a great sensation. Teachers exchanged glances; pupils fidgeted round, averted and frightened. The principal, holding himself very erect, faced them solemnly.

"I am waiting," said he.

Then the janitor stepped forward and relieved the situation.

"It's up to me," he said. "The roof was leakin' mighty bad, an' the boost of Mr. Washin'ton were in the drip, an' I thought it proper to move it to keep the rain from sp'illin' it. An' I meant no insult by turnin' his face to the wall, sir."

"The school is dismissed," said the principal.

WHEN NOT TO KICK.

When you get a bad shave or hair cut. Neither lasts long.

When you find you're going to die poor. They haven't begun making pockets in shrouds yet.

When your health goes back on you. Life isn't very long, anyway, and a healthy man dies just as dead as a sick one.

When you discover a mean streak in your neighbor. He has to stay with that mean streak day and night, and you don't.

When you can't pay all your debts at once. Your creditors would a great deal rather get the money in dribbles than not at all.

When you have had a bad meal set before you. You may get over it before the next meal even if you eat it, and you don't have to eat it.

When your wife isn't in good humor. She is partially balancing the books against some of your numerous disagreeable apoplexies that you never make note of.—Chicago News.

Beautiful Ch

Handsome designs in STAMPED LINN DOILIES, TABLE COVERS, ETC.

ARTISTIC DESIGNS IN HAND-MADE CHINA FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

NO more useful or appropriate Christmas gift could be suggested than the Art Novelties exhibited at the Medford Furniture Co.'s week. These goods and a large number of signs in stamped work can be seen at the Miss Cameron at any time before Christmas.

Residence, North C street, Medford

Medford Cement Construction

Manufacturers of

ARTIFICIAL STONE, SIDE WALKS

Garden Walks, Walls, Copings, Curbs, Drives, Etc., Concrete Foundations, Basement Foundations, Vaults, Fences, Etc. All Work Guaranteed

For information call at factory on creek bottom back of Osenbruge residence, or see

REINHART & ATWELL

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Care of the Dog.
Dogs vary greatly in their appetites and occasionally we find a dainty feeder who will nose over a mixed dish of food, picking out a bit here and there and showing but little relish for what he does eat. This is an evident sign that something is wrong. Changing his teeth, if a puppy, thus disturbs his system, may be the cause, and in this case a little cooling medicine should be given.