Real Estate Transfers

The following real estate transactions have been recorded since the last issue of this paper.

Albert Simms to Carrol C Barnes, part of lots 2 and 3 blk 15 Ashland, $1

John R Cook to Alice V Cook, 6 acres in tp 36 S of R 1 W, $1.

John Kavanaugh et ux to Joseph F Kelley, lots 14, 15, tp blk 22, $175

Elsie Randles et ux to Euclid Corliss, 2 37-100 acres in tp 37S of R 2 W being lot 2 Holman's add to Jacksonville, $300.

Elsie Randles et ux to Euclid S Corliss, lot 24 Holman add to Jacksonville, $300.

City of Ashland to Mrs Carrie P Foster, lots 1 and 2 Mountain View Cemetery Ashland, $10

Delonia Bryant et el to Chas Bateman et ux, 10 acres in tp 39 S of R 1 E, $200.

James M Wilson et ux to Edith A Wells, .510 acres in tp 39 S of R 1 E, $150.

Edith A Wells to Mrs H M Hanson 5.10 acres in tp 39 S of R 1 E, $175.

William H Breese et ux to J E Wright et ux land in tp 38 S of R 1 W, $250, 11 acres.

H G Mathes to M H Wheeler et ux Bond for deed to D L C No. 5 in tp 37 S of R 1 W, $250.

E Calhoun et ux to Andrew Calhoun, 29 acres in tp 38 of R 1 W $200

J F Towne et ux to Mrs Josephine Calhoun water lots 22, 23, 24, Phoenix, $350.

Huldah Colver to Mrs Josephine Calhoun water lots 25, 26, Phoenix, $80.

Clarence Farnham to Fredie D Mass, lot 8 blk 11 Ashland, $1000.

Clarence Farnham to Fredie I Mass 18 acres in tp 38 S of R 1 E, $1000.

R L Boon et ux to Howison Crouch et ux, part of lot 68 Prachts add to Ashland and lot 62 Highland Park add Ashland, $10.

Frank Olwell to John Kearny, part of 15, blk 49 Pine street, Central Point, $100.

Edward Kendall to Louisa Coffman, lot 9 blk 2 Kendall add to Medford, $60.

Chas S Emery et ux to Sterling C Merrickl, acres in tp 37 S of R 2 W, $1125.

J T Eads et ux to C Emerick lots 5 and 6 part of lot 4 blk 15 Medford, $1500.

C W Palm et al to Robert M Slewing, lot 5 blk 3 Palm's add Medford, $100

G P Lindley to D W Pence, bond for deed to land in tp 33 S of R 1 E, $250.

R S DeArmond et el to H G Kesterson, 147.60 acres in tp 40 S of R 4 E $60.0.

Chas O King et el to C Emerick lots 13, 14, 15 blk 46 Medford, $800.

Chas O King et ux to C Emerick lots 13, 14, 15 blk 46 Medford, $1800.

Geo H Patrick et ux to W Shaffer et el Ella Mining claim in Blackwell Mining dist, $25.

Julius Hart et ux to F Durkee land in tp 39 S of R 1 E, $10.

P H Daily adm. to P J Ryan, land in tp 38 S of R 2 W, $200.

J W Gilmore et ux to C N Gilmore et ux 5 acres in tp 37 S of R 2 W $100.

F M Stewart et ux to Homer H Harvey lots 7 and 8 blk 3 Park add Medford $1400.

Belle Nickell to Frank R Bellinger lot 8 blk 81 Medford $10.

C W Palm to Herman King lot 5 blk 2 Palm's add Medford, $1000.

Noramn L Buck to William E Wheeler, 160 acres in tp 36 S of R 3 E, $10.

William Converse to William Wheeler, 160 acres in tp 36 S of R 3 E, $1.

F K Deuel et ux to Public, certain land near premises deeded by A Dorfman and A Rosnthal to F K Deuel, $1000.

A Dorfman et al to Public same propetry described above, $1.

Howard M Shaw to Mattie B Shaw, lot 20 blk "O" R R add Ashland, $10.

H M Shaw to Mattie B Shaw, lot 2 blk 23 Chitwood tract Ashland, $2250.

Adella Palethorpe et ux to Allen Davis et al N ½ lot 7 blk 6 Ashland, $700.

Oliver Helms et ux to M L Pellett lot 16 blk "L" Talent, $25.

C Kleinhammer et ux to Ethler Coleman, 40 acres in tp 38 S of R 2 W $650.

Here is the Opportunity.

Wm. Ross has from 2½ to 10 acre tracts of land for sale at his residence near G. W. Priddy's brickyard. Also lo s in the Ross addition to the city of Medford, on the installment plan—$10 down and $5 per month—price f om $60 to $150. 443-m

Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

Subscribe for The Mail.

The Tone of the Neighborhood

.....By.....

W. Crawford Sherlock

"It's simply outrageous," declared Mrs. Bagby emphatically. "To think that such people should have moved to West Park is just awful!"

"It's worse when you live opposite them," moaned Mrs. Pratt. "I saw that detestable man sitting on his porch last night in his shirt sleeves, smoking a miserable clay pipe."

"That isn't all," chimed in Mrs. Waters, who managed to gain more information about her neighbors' doings than any one else in West Park. "His wife actually scrubbed the porch this afternoon in full view of every one. I saw this Mr. Smith—I believe that's his name—grooming his own horse this morning. They're just common people, that's all they are, not to have servants to do such things."

"I wish Mr. Elder had not sold them his cottage," deplored Mrs. Bagby. "I

AT THIS MOMENT MR. JOHN SMITH DROVE PAST.

didn't think he would let any but nice people have it. It's a shame to ruin our property this way."

"Much Mr. Elder cared," retorted Mrs. Waters scorfully. "He got his price for the cottage; that's all he wanted. Something must be done or the tone of the neighborhood will be lowered."

Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Bagby were of the same opinion, but they could make no suggestion as to how relief could be afforded. At this moment the topic of conversation, James Smith, who had recently occupied a cottage in the fashionable suburb of West Park, drove past the house of Mrs. Bagby in a runabout. He was a short, stout, red faced man, wearing an exceedingly loud suit of clothes and an air of indifference to the opinion of the world.

"He looks like a gambler," sniffed Mrs. Waters contemptuously. "He'll have all sorts of low companions down here, and West Park will be exclusive no longer."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," remarked Mrs. Pratt, who, on account of her proximity to the objectionable neighbor, was more anxious for his removal from West Park. "We'll buy the Elder cottage from this man and sell it to some desirable person. We will have to pay more than it's worth and sell it at a loss, but it's better to lose a little than to have our homes ruined. We'll get some of the other residents to join with us, and the share of each will not be much."

"But it will take a great deal of money," objected Mrs. Waters. "Who will advance such a sum?"

"I will," declared Mrs. Pratt, who was a widow of ample means. "All I want is for every one to stand by me and pay a proportion of whatever loss we have. It won't be much if it is divided among so many. The men shan't have anything to do with it. They'd get some one to buy the cottage who wouldn't be any better than this Smith is."

Having been promised the required support, Mrs. Pratt, accompanied by Mrs. Bagby and Mrs. Waters, waited upon Mr. James Smith with the purpose of purchasing the Elder cottage. As the ladies approached the house Mr. Smith, who was sitting upon the porch in his shirt sleeves, arose and greeted them cordially as he knocked the ashes from his clay pipe.

"Just take seats on the porch. It's cooler out here. Wait a minute, and I'll call Marthy."

"Horrid creature!" murmured Mrs. Waters as Mr. Smith disappeared in search of his wife. "He thinks we have come to pay a social call."

Marthy, in response to her husband's vigorous calls, speedily made her appearance, and the party were soon comfortably seated upon the porch.

"Ahem! Mr. Smith," began Mrs. Pratt somewhat awkwardly, after politely declining Mrs. Smith's urgent request for the removal of the visitors' hats, "we've come upon a matter of business."

"Jim 'll be glad to do anything he can for you," observed Marthy assuringly. "He's the most accommodatingest man in the world. Always likes to be friendly-like."

"That's so, mem," assented Mr. Smith affably. "Let's hear what your business is, mem."

"You're very comfortably fixed here Mr. Smith," continued Mrs. Pratt, "and I don't know just how to tell you. There are some people very anxious to buy this house, and they would be willing to pay you something over what was paid for it. It won't make much difference to you, as you have no children and one place is as good as another."

"As to children, mem," responded Mr. Smith thoughtfully, "there will be five of them down here next week. 'Twasn't right to bring 'em till we got things fixed up a bit."

Consternation reigned in the breasts of the visitors. Five little Smiths running wild in West Park! There would not be a whole pane of glass in the place in two weeks. The necessity for getting rid of the Smith family was greater than before.

"We will give you $250 more than you paid for the property," offered Mrs. Pratt in a businesslike tone. "That will be a good profit in so short a time. Will you take it?"

"Couldn't think of it, mem," returned the affable Mr. Smith. "'Twouldn't pay for the expenses of moving both ways."

"Will you take $500?"

Mr. Smith had never moved in good society, but he was nevertheless a man of keen judgment. A faint smile appeared around the corners of his rather large mouth, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily.

"This place was for sale a long time before Mr. Elder sold it, warn't it, mem?" he questioned, eying Mrs. Pratt closely. "It's a pity your folks didn't buy then."

"They didn't want the house then," replied Mrs. Pratt evasively. "Will you take the $500, Mr. Smith?"

"Then there's two or three houses in West Park, just as good as this one, that can be bought for the price this 'ere cottage cost," continued Mr. Smith, not heeding Mrs. Pratt's question. "I can't quite make it out, mem, unless"—

"Unless what?" demanded Mrs. Pratt, not relishing the searching glance Mr. Smith fixed upon her.

"Unless, mem," continued Mr. Smith slowly, "you don't sorter think me and Marthy good enough for West Park and want to get rid of us."

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" demurred the three visitors in chorus, but the telltale flushes on their cheeks betrayed the consternation that had been wrought by the unexpected words. "What makes you think such a thing?"

"Well, ladies," returned Mr. Smith, without the slightest trace of ill feeling, "I saw one of you pass the other evening when I was a-settin' here in my shirt sleeves, and that one's nose was turned up so far that I was 'fraid it would get out of j'int. Then, when another of you folks saw Marthy a-washin' off this 'ere porch, that one's mouth got all puckered up as if she had been eatin' persimmons. I guess you think we ain't good enough for you, don't you?"

"We look at it this way, Mr. Smith," stammered Mrs. Pratt nervously, feeling devoutly sorry that she had undertaken the plan of purchasing the cottage, "we don't think you are—ahem—well, accustomed to such society as there is in West Park. We don't mean any disrespect, Mr. Smith, but every one likes to mingle with those who are congenial. You don't keep any servants and you won't enjoy it down here, so we thought we'd make you this offer. What do you say?"

"It's very kind of you to think of me," returned Mr. Smith, in no way offended. "I'm sorry, mem, but I must say that we're goin' to stay in West Park."

"Good evening," chorused the visitors, indignant at the failure of their plan and crestfallen at Mr. Smith's correct surmise of their view regarding him.

"One moment, ladies," called Mr Smith as his visitors descended the steps. "Me and Marthy won't lower the tone of this neighborhood. We don't own this house—not much! Marthy she's the cook, and I'm the gardener. We just come down to fix up the place for Mr. Norwood, who's comin' down next week with his wife and children and three more servants."

The Gamy Bluefish.

Along the Atlantic shore the devastating bluefish has terrorized the menhaden schools and delighted the spray swept yachtsmen for generations. His personal prowess "needs no bush." It has been the relish and crowning touch of excitement to many a vacation. The peculiar charm of the churning waters, riotous gulls, swift trolling—a contagious atmosphere of motion that sets the veins aglow—has cast its spell upon many. But despite the thrill and exhilaration no form of handling can justly be termed sport on the same basis as rod and reel angling, it being too nearly akin to the methods employed in strictly market fishing. The bluefish, taken from a stationary vessel on a light rod and fifteen strand line, furnishes magnificent sport, but as this is often accompanied by the nauseating stench of "chumming" with menhaden, it is somewhat marred by the discomfort involved. The vast school of myriad individuals of this tribe have an indefinite migration and a wide distribution. In a general way they move north and south with the birds, though at all season they have been seen at many points between Key West and Halifax.—Field and Stream.

Paternal Provocation.

I.

It is 10 p. m. They are seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head. "Pa says I am too young to become engaged."

II.

It is just 1:30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor.

Suddenly from somewhere upstairs a gruff voice shouts, "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal."—Woman's Home Companion.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Middle Class In Novels.

Is it true that the modern English novel reader insists upon hearing about the rich or the great? I can hardly think so when I remember the many successful works of fiction dealing with costers and Scottish ministers, journalists and tyrists, actresses and novelists. The Disraeli type of novel seems almost extinct, and the great bulk of works of fiction deals with the middle classes.—London Lady.

Laying For Him.

"There's a new young man calling on Miss Maud this evening," said the fox terrier, "and he seems real nice."

"Yes, I heard her say he was nice enough to eat," replied the bulldog on the lawn. "That's what I'm waiting for."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Girlhood and *Scott's Emulsion* are linked together.

The girl who takes *Scott's Emulsion* has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, *Scott's Emulsion* provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

WOOD RAT TYPIFIES MAN.

He Is Small, but His Acquisitiveness is Insatiable.

Too many Americans have the "wood rat instinct." The wood rat, the animal, is a native of southern Oregon, but the wood rat typified in man is not restricted to any small section of a state or nation, but is well nigh universal.

The wood rat is small, no larger than a common rat, but his ambition and acquisitiveness are insatiable. His one insane desire seems to be to increase the size of his pile of sticks. The neighboring field is placed under tribute. First, all the nearby sticks are gathered into the pile. Then, as these are cleaned up, he goes farther and farther away from home, and every twig is eagerly seized upon to increase the size of his pile of sticks.

The wood rat regards his pile of sticks as a refuge in time of trouble. On the first sound of alarm he rushes for the pile and crawls underneath. It is here that he often finds his destruction, for a summer fire sometimes sweeps through the woods, and the wood rat's pile of sticks makes a veritable furnace. The larger the pile the hotter the fire, and thus he has piled up the means of his own agony.

We do not need to carry the comparison any further. The lesson is obvious, but still many of us do not appear to realize that we are like the wood rat, worshiping a pile of sticks. We marry a man because of the size of his pile of sticks and not from an innate attractiveness. We call this man a success because he can gather sticks faster than any of his companions. We call this man "sharp" and "shrewd" because, after a fellow worker has laboriously made a huge pile, he steps in and ousts his fellow from the pile and appropriates all the sticks for his own.

Let us take warning from the wood rat and the summer fire—the larger the pile of sticks the fiercer burns the fire when the time of destruction finally arrives.—Montreal Star.

FACTS ABOUT YOURSELF.

The average number of teeth is thirty-two.

The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds 6 ounces.

The weight of the circulating blood is twenty-nine pounds.

The brain of a man is more than twice that of any other animal.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1,200 times an hour.

Over 540 pounds, or one hogshead and one and one-fourth pints, of blood pass through the heart in an hour.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and one-half pounds, that of a woman two pounds eleven ounces.

There are 175,000,000 cells in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The average height of an American is five feet nine inches, of a Frenchman five feet four inches, of a German five feet seven inches.

Fishes as Barometers.

"In their way," said the old fisherman, "fishes are not such bad weather prophets. If a storm is approaching the fish stop biting, and they won't bite again until the storm is well over. They appear to know when a storm is coming and when it has really passed. And to fishermen and farmers living along the shore fish foretell the near approach of cold weather. Hours before it comes fishes leave the shallow waters inshore and seek deeper water which in its depths will stay warm and keep an equable temperature after the shallower and surface waters have turned cold. Oh, yes, fishes know a thing or two about the weather."—Washington Post.

Sighs For the Old Days.

What stopped the old housewife hails it of taking the tablecloth out after each meal and shaking it on the ground to the edification of the dog, cat, chickens and birds? As a boy we used to delight in that shake, especially if a comely matron or a pretty girl had hold of the cloth gracefully swayed so gracefully as she handled it. No other motion, not even the rhythmic dance, set off her figure to better advantage, and the minxes knew it and always managed to give those flirts when admirers were handy by. But some one invented a brush and a pretty receiver, and a new fashion was set.—Washington (Ia.) Press.

The American Girl.

The American girl is a most interesting contradiction. She is regarded as the world's greatest representative of feminine freedom, and yet at the root of her character she is the most prudish of girls. She makes the best friend for a man, and yet his worst lover. She cannot deny that she is a flirt, and yet she is at heart hard and selfish. She will do the most unconventional things, and yet in no part of the world is etiquette more insisted on than in American society.—Madame of London.

The Simple Mother.

"I'M wearied of the whirl," quoth she.
"Henceforth the simple life for me.
Methinks it would be very wise
To take my breakfast ere I rise—
Of coffee just a single cup."
(N. B.—Her mother brought it up.)

"And when I'm dressed"—thus spoke the maid—
"I'll hie my to the elm tree's shade,
And with a book there I will find
Sweet rest and comfort for the mind."
And so in sylvan shade she read.
(N. B.—Her mother made her bed.)

"A dainty lunch will suit me best—
Salad with oil of Lucca dressed;
No steaming soup nor heavy roast,
But broiled spring chicken served on toast."
She ate it all and found it good.
(N. B.—Her mother cooked the food.)

Then when the day at last was spent
Her mind was filled with sweet content;
She donned a dainty gown of white
With rosy ribbons all delight
And looked as fair as any rose.
(N. B.—Her mother ironed her clothes.)

"I love the simple life," quoth she.
"My heart from care is ever free.
A good night's rest I'll have, I know,
For prompt at nine to bed I go."
True to her word, retired she then.
(N. B.—Her mother worked till ten.)
—Woman's Home Companion.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

The Worst Part.

A professor of Trinity college, Dublin, overhearing an undergraduate making use of profane language, rushed at him frantically, exclaiming, "Are you aware sir, that you are imperiling your immortal soul and, what is worse, incurring a fine of 5 shillings?"

Proof.

Edie—Were you taken by surprise when he proposed, dear? Ella—Goodness, yes! Why, I hadn't even looked up his financial standing!—Ally Sloper.

Thunder and Lightning.

Here is a Georgia youngster's definition of thunder and lightning:

"The thunder is maw readin' a lecture to paw, an' the lightnin' is paw—runnin' to git away from it. But I doubt if lightnin' kin beat him when he jumps the garden fence an' hits the grit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

All In the Point of View.

"It seems a terrible thing to lead a dog's life," panted the cur with the tin can attachment, crawling into a corner to rest himself.

"Oh, I don't know!" contentedly answered the lap dog.—Chicago Tribune.

Self Esteem.

Druggist—Huh! You seem to think you are the boss of this establishment New Clerk—Oh, no, sir. Druggist—Then why do you talk like a blooming idiot?—Exchange.

A Certain Advantage.

"A woman can always get the better of a man in an argument," said the visitor.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But we should remember that in an argument a woman always has a certain advantage. She is not expected to be a gentleman."—Washington Star.

During the Rush Hour.

She—Were you ever in a street car accident? He—Yes. The car was completely wrecked, but the passengers were packed so tight that only the outside layers were injured.—Chicago Tribune.

THE NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Has many rivals but no peers. Those who are using it are unanimous in their praise of its superiority. It has no intricate adjustments to annoy the uninitiated, no fragile parts to break and makes ehe prettiest stitch of any machine in use. Just give it a trial

Come over to our store and we will demonstrate it to you.

John White

White-Thomas Blk. West Side.

Subscribe for The Mail.

Garden Tools

AT

AT NICHOLSON & PLATT'S

The Place to Buy Your Hardware

Eifert's MADE TO ORDER GARMENTS

IT'S THE MAN BEHIND THE SHEARS

Who Creates the Nobby Fit. EIFERT Garments are Cut and Draped by Artistic Workman, who devote their time and ability to please his customers.

Orders taken for Suits, from $14.00 and up.
Orders taken for Over Coats, $14.00 and up.
Suits Pressed and Cleaned.

Eifert Will Scientifically measure you, who has the . . . Knowledge of Measurements.

W. W. EIFERT

The City Tailor, Medford.

We Guaranteed the Fit.

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

$900 House and four lots.
$1400 House and three lots.
$1000 House and lot.
—All well located and are snaps.

I also have lots for sale and party will build house; same sold on good terms. $4000 100-acre farm four miles from Medford; a snap. First-class orchard land close to town, at $100 per acre. I have the plat of Butte Falls and am prepared to sell lots at reasonable prices. Come and see me before the rush begins.

W. T. YORK

Old Cast Iron Wanted $1 per hundred

MEDFORD IRON WORKS.

West Side Livery, Feed and Sale Stables,

R. O. DUNCAN, Prop.

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

Moore's Brick Stables, West Side
Medford, Oregon

...VIENNA BAKERY...

For Good, Wholesome Baked Stuffs.

Goods on Sale at the Grocery Stores of E. N. Warner, Crystal & Morey and W. Stringer.

GEO. H. CHURCH, Proprietor

Medford, Oregon

Nash Livery Stables

WALKER & ELMHIRST, Props.

The Stables has been newly refitted, and New Rigs and Good Horses added. All Night Telephone Service. Orders filled at anytime.

Reasonable Rates. Efficient Service

MEDFORD, OREGON