

Real Estate Transfers.
The following real estate transactions have been recorded since the last issue of this paper.
U S to Edwin Schomfeld, 160 acres in tp 30, S of R 3; Patent.
D G Karas et ux to T H Moore, land on G street in Medford near blk 51; \$500.
Martha A Edsall to Joseph Gelfert, land in tp 33, S of R 2; \$1.
Heirs of Mary E Ward deceased to Samuel F Ward, 2 1/2 acres in tp 30, S of R 1; \$1.
W M Smith to J D Becker, 11.51 acres on Medford-Central Point road; \$1800.
P J Leverlok et ux to J Ehwegen, land in Woodville being in tp 30, S of R 4; \$100.
I G Davidson et ux to G W Lanco, land in tp 33, S of R 2; \$250.
J T Eads et al to W J Morgridge, 145.88 acres in tp 37, S of R 1; \$1400.
U S to Emanuel King, 130 acres in tp 37, S of R 3; Patent.
U S to Chas O King, 160 acres in tp 37, S of R 3; Patent.
J P True et ux to T W Johnson, lot 5, blk 2, Cottage Home add Medford; \$200.
Martin Grace to James A Baird, 160 acres in tp 33, S of R 2; also 160 acres in tp 32, S of R 2; \$3000.
J S Hooker et ux to J A Perry, 8 acres in lot 12, Enoch Walker sub division also 3.67 acres in lot 24, of same sub-division; \$1700.
W H Hanley et ux to O Winter, lot 18, Bellevue tract containing 4.48 acres; \$125.
City of Ashland to Joseph and William Foley, lot 12, blk 20, Mountain View Cemetery; \$10.
J L Arnett et ux to James E Grieco, lot 3, Constant add Central Point; \$1000.
Bon Best and Ann Best to James E Grieco, blk 30, Central Point, 85.
Lucinda Garland to W J Morgridge, land in tp 37, S of R 1; \$1200.
W H Milton et ux to S P Magerle, 5 acres in tp 30, S of R 4; \$50.
W H Milton to Independent Holliness, 1 1/2 acres in tp 30, S of R 4; \$1.
Henry Rhodes et ux to James Gibson, 25 acres in tp 33, S of R 1; \$1900.
Joseph Mayer to Williams E Wheeler, 100 acres in tp 34, S of R 3; \$1000.
Edwin Worman to I L Hamilton, s 1/2 lots 8, 9, 10, all being in blk 2, Medford; \$1400.
C W Palm et ux to I L Hamilton, 1/2 interest in lots 1, 2, Palms add Medford; \$300.
Ella M Sanborn et al to James Laelle, land in tp 30, S of R 4; \$76.

REV. CARLISLE P. B. MARIN, L. L. D.
Of Waverly, Texas, writes: "Of a morning, when first arising, I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble." Chas. Strong Medford Central Point Pharmacy.

Blacklisting Drunkards.
Acting on instruction from the Commercial Association, Mayor Fee and District Attorney Phelps have drafted two bills which will be submitted to the coming legislature. One providing for the punishment of habitual drunkards blacklist and providing for the punishment of persons, selling liquor to those whose names appear on the blacklist, while the other bill is to forbid the selling of liquor to Indians.
There is no state law covering the first point, while the old law forbidding the sale of intoxicants to Indians is vague and out of date—Pendleton Tribune.

Horse Estrayed.
There estrayed from Medford, about November 1, 1906, a brown mare, weight about 650 pounds, four years old. Saddle scar on left side, white spot in forehead. Reward will be paid for information. Leading to her recovery.
F. F. LODER, Medford Oregon.
—Guaranteed Forest Reserve scrip for sale, in large or small quantities, by Frank E Alley, apostate over Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon. Will place same for non-resident purchasers.

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 manufactured at
KANSAS CITY, MO.
HAIR VIGOR.
We have no secret! We publish the formulae of all our medicines.
Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.
Subscribe for The Mail.

A Hundred Yard Dash

By HONORE WILLISIE
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Harwell looked along the lake shore path. The spring wind beat in his face. A mating blackbird grided in the greenish marsh. Harwell in his running pants and jersey, with his bare legs and sandaled feet, with his fine head toward back and the muscles of his back rippling beneath his jersey, was as beautiful in his perfection of youth as the spring landscape through which he ran.
It was getting a little warm for the daily cross country trot, but the spring meets would be on in another week, and after that cap and gown in exchange for jersey during commencement week.
Until then Harwell had only three things to remember. First, he was not to overdo. He was so near the perfect point now that with the least



TO HIS ARMPITS IN HAND, WITH HIS FACE WHITE AND NECK RED.

extra work he would be stale. Second, he must be careful of that right thigh muscle. He had strained it the fall as quarterback. And, lastly, this third necessity being unknown to the trainer, he must win the hundred yard dash in the Colwell-Wilton meet. The rivalry between Harwell and Small had become more than physical. To win first place in the meet was to win first place in Alice Summer's eyes—at least, this was the conclusion reached by Harwell.
He hurried the pasture bars into the meadow. It was rather wet, and the smell of bruised cowslips and tender new sprouts mingled followed the soft pad of his sandals. At the sand pits Harwell halted at the sound of his name shouted at the top of lusty lungs. Small, in knickerbockers, was pounding away with his geological hammer at a huge boulder.
"I'll chill if I stop!" called Harwell. "Why aren't you running?"
"Got this boulder five-fifths geology to make up this week."
"Too bad!" shouted Harwell, bounding with his long strides toward the far side of the pits.
Small looked after him, then a malicious look crossed his eyes. If Harwell should get chilled! He sprang to his feet.
"Wait! Wait!" he roared. "I want—then 'Groot heavens!' he cried. There was silence.
Harwell did not turn his head at Small's call. He grined appreciatively to himself. "Can't work me that way," he thought. "A chill for me would be very valuable to Small, and he crossed the little meadow brook with a careless bound. Then a vague sense of apprehension entered his mind. Small's roar had stopped very suddenly. He wondered why. Perhaps he ought to go back, yet he kept on.
But the sense of apprehension grew and would not go. Finally, with a little groan at his own foolishness, Harwell turned and retraced his course to the sand pits, his stride never breaking. At the brow of the slope he gave a startled ejaculation. In springing to his feet Small had dislodged a great slice of the sand pit wall. To his arm pits in hand, with face white and some less and the sand creeping constantly down to sift higher and higher above him, was Small.
Harwell dashed toward him. As he ran he snatched up an old tin can half full of rain water and dashed it at Small's face. Small opened his eyes.
"I'm suffocating, Harwell," he said.
"Oh, no, you're not; not by a long chalk. Here, take this can and dig it out of the sand. I'll use this piece of shovel, and we'll have you out in a jiffy."
He set to work feverishly. The bit of shovel proved very efficient wielded by Harwell's shrewd arm, and the tin can in Small's hands was not to be despised. Harwell worked with one eye on the edge of the pit. The sand layers, one by one, were loosening. If he did not get Small free before they fell—well, there was no use in thinking of that. Now Small was free to his waist line, now to his thighs, now—suddenly, a great wedge of sand gave way, and Small was again buried to his shoulders.
Harwell looked on. The pits had been so long deserted that there was not a board in sight. Yes, half buried and black with age, there was one. He pelted across the pit, gave a great wrench and was back again with the board, which he placed as a bulwark against further sand slides. Then to work again with the broken shovel, feverishly, for Small was growing faint and limp.
At last, putting Harwell helped the half unconscious Small to his feet. Then he was suddenly conscious that his hands were blistered, that his feet dragged, that his right thigh muscle ached wearily. But he put his arm about Small and led him slowly from

the sand pit down to the turnpike road that was the straightest course to the college dormitory. It was nearing sunset, and a damp, cool wind blew from the marshes. Harwell shivered, but he closed his lips firmly and hurried Small on as best he could.
There was the sound of hoof beats behind them. The two weary figures drew to the roadside and waited for the smart little dogcart to pass them. But it stopped, and its solitary occupant gave an exclamation of surprise.
"What in the world is the matter?" asked Alice Summers.
"Small got caught in the sand pit," replied Harwell, both men staring up in to the beautiful, sensitive face. The girl gave a little cry of sympathy. "Oh, get in here, Mr. Small, and I'll drive you to the doctor."
In a few moments Harwell was watching the gay painted back of the trap, now occupied by two figures, retreating into the dusk.
His lip quivered a little sensitively. "They never thought of me," he muttered. "Small has not got, and I—I've got the chill he wanted me to have." Then he limped on through the twilight toward the dormitory a mile away.
That evening Harwell sat in the living room of his fraternity house nursing his aching muscles and giving an occasional sneeze. The hundred yard dash was lost; but, since Alice, too, was lost, he was strangely indifferent. Then he was called to the telephone. Miss Alice Summers, who was staying at the hotel with her mother, would be glad to have him call.
As Harwell, very cold and dignified, stalked into the reception room Alice, her winsome face eager, led him to a quiet corner. "Dick," she said heartily, "did I not say very brutal this afternoon?"
Dick thought for a moment. "Yes," he replied firmly.
Alice caught her breath. "But how could I know that you had been so fine? You said nothing."
"There was nothing to say. It was Small's fault."
"Small!" sniffed Alice. "Don't mention Billy Small to me! I think you are fine, but I could get that from what Billy said only by inference. Dick, did you get a chill?"
Dick nodded, and Alice's face filled with dismay. With two brothers in college, she understood all the shadings of training.
"Oh, Dick!" she said. "Oh, Dick!" Something in her tone made Dick look up. "But you don't care," he said bitterly.
"Don't!" she replied. "Well, perhaps I do care, more that you were brave and fine enough to give up all chances in the meet to help a man who was not worth it."
The room swam around giddily. Dick clutched the arms of his chair, and then both the girl's slender hands were in his.
"Dick," she whispered, "don't you see that what you have done is better than winning ten dashes?"
"I am sure of it," said Dick. And there was a thrill of joy in his voice that left no doubt as to his meaning.

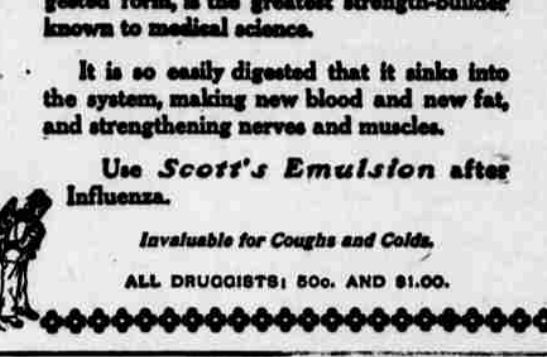
The Java Python.
No creature of the jungles of Java is more feared than the terrible python. A hunter tells of his experience with one of these huge snakes. "One day near the Wast river, in the interior of the island," he says, "I watched a number of wild boys coming to the water to drink. Suddenly the head of a snake rose above the grass and a hog squealed. A python had seized a full grown one, easily three feet high at the shoulder, and thrown two coils around the body. Under the tremendous pressure the hog seemed to lengthen, and when the snake uncoiled I saw only a strip of meat, nothing distinguishable but the head. I shot the snake. It was twelve feet long and seven inches thick, and its coils had crushed the bones of its prey like chips. There is no doubt that hidden away in vast swamps of the interior are many anacondas of enormous size. Parties have been made up to hunt them, but the malarious climate drives them back."

Science and Manufacture.
In the Zeiss glass works at Jena four teen doctors of science are employed, and these include mathematicians as well as physicists. The great German optician color works employ more "scientists" than "technicians." At one of them, for instance, fifty-five scientific and thirty-one technical chemists are engaged, at a second 145 scientific chemists and 175 technicians, at a third 148 scientific chemists for seventy-five technicians. The research laboratories of these works are lavishly equipped. One of them possesses a library of 14,000 volumes. A second spends 150,000 francs a year on glass wares. These things are no doubt expensive, but these great factories still manage to pay a dividend of from 20 to 30 per cent. Every newly discovered substance which is usable is patented, and in this way Germany has managed to establish a monopoly. The house of Beyer possesses a thousand patents at home and 1,200 in foreign countries—London Graphic.

Built of Burushes.
The first place of worship in Western Australia was unique in two respects—the materials of which it was built and also the sacred purposes to which it was devoted. This remarkable building was made at Perth by soldiers shortly after their first arrival in 1820 and was composed almost entirely of burushes. In addition to its use as a Sunday school it was occasionally used as an amateur theater in the week and during the whole time as a barracks.
A Money Question.
Jack—What's the difference between the color of a rose and a counterfeit copper? Dick—I hate to give up anything with money in it, but I do. What is the answer? Jack—One is a good scent, and the other isn't—Bohemian Magazine.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Solely by
J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Small's and his slowly from

Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known.
Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.
It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.
Use Scott's Emulsion after Influenza.
Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



The Bedouin of Socotra.
The Bedouin is decidedly a handsome individual, little of him like his goats and with a cafe au lait colored skin. He has a sharp profile, excellent teeth. He often wears a stubby black beard and has beautifully penciled eyebrows, and, though differing entirely in language, in physique and type, he closely resembles the Bedouin found in the Mahri and Gara mountains. Furthermore, the mode of life is the same—dwelling in caves when necessary, but having permanent abodes on the lower lands—and they have several other striking points in common. Greetings take place between the Arabian Bedouins and the Socotran Bedouins in similar fashion—by touching each cheek and then rubbing the nose. "We found the Bedouin of Mount Hachier fond of dancing and playing his tobrane, and also peculiarly lax in his religious observances, and, though ostensibly conforming to Mohammedan practice, he observes next to none of their precepts, and it is precisely the same with the Bedouins whom we met in the Gara mountains. There is certainly nothing African about the Socotran Bedouin. Therefore I am inclined to consider him as a branch of that aboriginal race which inhabited Arabia, with a language of its own—Nineteenth Century.

Order of British Titles.
They had been talking about an English marquis and the position he held among his titled aristocracy. "I didn't know a marquis ranked so high," said the girl in white.
"Dear me!" said an Englishman. "Didn't you? Why, a marquis ranks next to a duke."
He paused to sip his tea and take a fole grass sandwich.
"Marquess, not marquis," he went on. "It is the more accurate use of the word. It is as spelled and pronounced in Burke. Shall I tell you the degrees of the English aristocracy? The knowledge may be useful to you when you come to contract an international alliance, eh?"
"After royalty come dukes. After dukes come marquesses, then earls, viscounts, barons, baronets and knights. I don't mention lords. A lord is an earl—the Earl of Craven, for instance, is often called Lord Craven—or else the title is only the courtesy one accorded to the younger sons of dukes—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Forest Fish.
There are water parrots as well as land parrots. The parrot fish come from the tropics, are brilliantly colored and have beaks something like those of the parrot, for use in breaking of the coral shell in order to get at the living polyp. Not all of them, however, live on animal food, some species being herbivorous. One species is found in the Mediterranean sea, where it has been known for thousands of years. The Greeks and Romans regarded it for a time as the first of fishes, and Pliny tells us how it was introduced into the Italian sea in the course of the reign of Claudius. It was known as the "serpent" by the ancients, who told some wonderful stories about its love, its wisdom and its ruminations. Some having a length of sixteen inches have been captured alive.

Dubouche's Seal.
On the city seal of Dubouche, Ia., appear the words "La petite nuit," and strangers are always puzzled by them. Why should Dubouche be called "the little night?" It is explained that the place originally was settled by an old miner named Dubouche. When the Indiana granted certain lands in Dubouche the document was drawn up in French in Prairie du Chien. The clerk who did the work believed that "la petite nuit" meant "the old miner," and his mistake has perpetuated a phrase which, however pretty, has no significance in its present connection.

Blew His Own Horn.
A certain colonel who was in command of the Perthshire yeomanry was at an evening party in Edinburgh complaining loudly of his distress, alleging that all the duties of the regiment devolved upon him. "I am," he said, "to all intents and purposes my own major, my own adjutant, my own quartermaster, my own cornet." "To say nothing of being your own trumpeter too," remarked a grin old Scottish lady, sotto voce.

Quick Wit.
There is no more effective weapon to defend us from impertinence or rudeness than quick, sharp wit. But few men have it, and it is born with them. If we try to imitate it we end in ill nature and scurrility. Wit cannot be forced into growth. But courtesy and good temper can. These weapons are sure and grow brighter and stronger with age.
Didn't Like Taxes.
Cassius against George Washington appeared here and there in old documents. No less than three claims were entered against him during the year 1757 to compel him to pay taxes. The humorous clerk, commenting on these actions, remarked, "George Washington, Esq., appeareth not to like taxes."

Garden Tools

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IT'S THE MAN BEHIND THE SHEARS
Who Creates the Nobby Fit. Eifert's 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.
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Suits Pressed and Cleaned.
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The City Tailor, Medford.
We Guaranteed the Fit.
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J. G. TAYLOR, The Harness Maker
Fine Line of Hand Made Harness, Blankets, Robes and Whips.—Repairing Neatly Done.
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Medford, Oregon

\$900 House and four lots.
\$1400 House and three lots.
\$1000 House and lot.
—All well located and are snags.
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,
We should the Responsibility
of what we say. When we serve you with bread, rolls, cakes, pies, etc., you're as sure of getting the best bakery products obtainable. Our goods are made in the most cleanly surroundings and strictly pure. Fresh daily, and always toothsome and wholesome. We also bake special cakes for weddings and other occasions to order on short notice.
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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*
Taken Up Notice.
There came to our place on the De Bar ranch, 2 1/2 miles north of Medford, about Nov. 1st, one red, muley cow, branded IB on right hip, also brand on left hip, not legible. Crop off each ear. Owner can recover property by calling or addressing us at Central Point, Ore. Yocom & Welch.