

Jackson County Jury List for the Year 1907.

The following list of jurors to serve the circuit court of Jackson county was drawn at the January meeting of the county court last week:

Antioch—Theodore Glass, farmer; Monroe H Gordon, farmer.

Appletoe—George Hoffman, farmer; Emmett O'Brien, farmer; C M Rexford, farmer; C H Elmore, farmer.

Ashland—D L Minkler, merchant; Wm Mitchell, merchant; J R Wick, undertaker; C H Vamp, merchant; J D Stewart, electrician; C C Millon, farmer; Alex McLeod, capitalist; R L Burdick, capitalist; A O Spencer, farmer; F C Homes, Sr, farmer; E M McIntyre, farmer; J D Bolton, fruit-grower; L J Brannon, brickmaker; Geo Irwin, machinist; E E Philippe, contractor; Geo Owen, farmer; Frank Potter, laborer; Jacob Caspbeer, retired; I N Shook, capitalist; S B Stoner, merchant; P M Drake, capitalist; C A Eliason, capitalist; H S Evans, merchant; P E Fitzwater, painter; L George, fruit-grower; U H Gillette, real estate; J W Hatcher, farmer; R A Payne, plasterer; C E Lane, confectioner; F L Nelson, electrician; W A Patrick, fruit-grower; Emil Pitt, merchant; Jos Polay, fruit-grower; Julian Provost, merchant; Wm Addison, capitalist; C K Rose, merchant; Wm Shoble, farmer; U F Shepherd, merchant; T H Simpson, merchant; B K Stevens, mechanic; Ed Sutton, merchant; G S Butler, capitalist; B F Wagner, miner; Otto Winter, merchant.

Barron—J D Williams, farmer; A B Chapman, farmer; D W Klinead, farmer; John Grubb, farmer; Henry Appletoe, farmer.

Big Butte—E Watson, farmer; John Allen, farmer.

Central Point—Geo Perkins, farmer; W J Freeman, merchant; B F Port, blacksmith; J W Merritt, merchant; J W Jacobs, stone cutter; L W Franks, confectioner; Tyson Beal, farmer; F H Hopkins, orchardist.

Climax—John S Owens, farmer.

Eagle Point—Neil Walsh, farmer; Gus Nichols, farmer; John Rader, farmer; Thos Riley, farmer; O E Sheldon, farmer; A H Peachy, farmer; Jas Owens, farmer; R R Minter, farmer; Peter E Betz, farmer; J Grover, farmer; S A Carlton, farmer; Geo Stephens, farmer; Thos Coy, farmer; Geo Givans, farmer; Thos Young, farmer.

Flourence Rock—Nelson Nye, farmer.

Foots Creek—Marion Lance, miner; Grant Orme, engineer.

Gold Hill—Fred Peninger, liveryman; George Lyman, farmer; W M Hunter, capitalist; P A Knotts, capitalist; Joseph Perry, capitalist; L C Applegate, laborer; J E Coffee, farmer; J H Crawford, miller; Isaac Householder, farmer; W H Hunter, architect.

Ground—W H Norcross, farmer; J P Hoagland, farmer; A W Beebe, farmer; J W Myers, orchardist; L L Love, farmer; Henry Gregory, farmer; Lee Watkins, farmer.

Jacksonville—C T Davidson, merchant; E Britt, capitalist; F E Bybee, farmer; C L Carr, miner; C W Conklin, merchant; Adam Schmidt, cooper; Ed Scott, farmer.

Lake Creek—H G Myer, farmer; J W Slinger, farmer; Arthur Nichols, farmer.

Medford—T E Pottinger, butcher; W F Isaacs, merchant; A C Hubbard, merchant; Wm Garrett, farmer; J E Olson, millman; B F Hemstreet, farmer; Wallace Woods, lumberman; F K Muel, merchant; C B Boeck, merchant; F L Cranfill, merchant; E E Gore, butcher; C K Hay, capitalist; J W Wiley, farmer; H N Nicholson, merchant; W H McGowan, merchant; C I Hutchinson, merchant; E L Bundy, dentist; L B Warner, salesman; J A Perry, merchant; J R Wilson, blacksmith; W S Clay, capitalist; A A Davis, miller; J E Day, mechanic; Charles W Fraley, farmer; H C Garne, merchant; M M Gault, merchant; Polk Hull, farmer; Thomas P Kahler, capitalist; D T Lawton, merchant; D S Miller, capitalist; A W McPherson, farmer; C C Taylor, capitalist; C C Parker, farmer; Edwin Russ, miller; H G Shearer, drayman; A O Taylor, merchant; Henry Griffin, farmer; D R Hill, farmer.

Phoenix—Joel Hartley, farmer; G A Hoover, farmer; Theodore Fish, farmer; A S Ferry, farmer; James Allen, farmer; Dan Anderson, farmer; J G Gore, farmer; Wm Fern, farmer; George Morse, farmer; J W Dodge, farmer.

Rock Point—R L Cook.

Rox—W Broad, farmer; R H Praett, farmer; F A Piel, farmer; Otto Castor, farmer; Jas Hartman, farmer.

Talent—Emmett Beeson, farmer; P B Parson, farmer; J L Garvin, farmer; J R Robinson, farmer; Sam Murphy, farmer; Nathan Firestone, farmer; Marion Yount, farmer; E E Foss, farmer; Ed Robinson, farmer; A Widner, farmer.

Wimer—Joseph Burkhardt, farmer; E Wickstrom, miner; J B Hillis, farmer.

Sams Valley—Horace Pelton, farmer; W B Eddington, farmer; S K Adams, farmer; C C Glicker, farmer.

Sterling—A S Kilenhammer, farmer; Henry Harneburg, farmer.

Trail—A S Hall, farmer; Fred Inou, farmer.

Union—William Cameron, farmer; C C Parrell, millman; Benton Pool, farmer; Floyd Pearce, miner.

Willow Springs—W W Scott, farmer; Geo Clark, farmer.

Woodville—Geo W Magerly, farmer; Samuel Mathis, farmer; J M Whip-farmer; T H B Taylor, farmer.

Mr. Bowser Buys a Hog

Planned to Have a Real Crispy Bacon of His Own Raising in Winter.

PORKER UPSETS SCHEME

Animal Doesn't Like Its Quarters in the Back Yard and Finally Escapes.

(Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

M R. BOWSER had been humble and nice and sweet and courteous for five long days, and Mrs. Bowser was beginning to hope that the cure would be permanent, when a carpenter appeared in the back yard after noon with a load of lumber and two workmen. The cook was told to ask Mrs. Bowser to please step to the back door, and when she appeared the carpenter asked:

"Madam, where will you have the pigpen located?"

"The—what?" she gasped.

"The pigpen. I received instructions from Mr. Bowser by telephone an hour ago to come up here and build one. I suppose you want it against the back fence?"

"He—he telephoned you, did he?"

"He did, and he said he didn't want any delay over it."

"And he's bought a pig?"

"He probably has or he wouldn't want a pigpen."

Mr. Bowser had not dropped the slightest hint of his intentions around the house. He had departed for the office that morning as meek as a rabbit, and now all of a sudden he had broken loose and was telephoning to have a pigpen rushed to completion. Mrs. Bowser's first idea was to protest to the carpenter and get her foot right down, but she realized that he would have thoughts and do more or less talking. She therefore pointed out a place for the pen and retired into the house.

Cook Was Anxious.

"Is it a grizzly bear that he is going to pen up here to be thrashing for me blood?" asked the cook in anxious tones.

"It's only a pig, I believe."

"And what do we want of a pig? Is it a grunting, squealing pig of a pig?"

"How many years do you think it will take you to get bacon out of that?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "He's like a plank, with four wooden legs under him."

"But that's the way with all Wild-shires, my dear. Four weeks of wild and contentment will make a really pig out of him. I want to kill him along about Thanksgiving time. I'll make the sweetest, nicest bacon out of him you ever tasted. Think of sitting at our own table and eating bacon of our own raising!"

"And think of those squeals lasting night and day for two months!" she replied as she put her fingers in her ears.

"Yes. He wants sour milk."

Mrs. Bowser went to the dairy and got sour milk. He went to the feed store and got corn. He went to the grocery and got meat. He would notice none of them. He simply stood and squealed and squealed, interrupting himself now and then in an effort to spring high enough to bite Mr. Bowser. Seven or eight boys gathered on the alley fence. Four tramps entered by an alley gate and proffered advice. A policeman came along and observed that what the pig was doing for was about 17,000 whacks with a club.

The Bowsers went in to dinner. They didn't have much by the hand as they ate, but music from the pig. An African savage would have found sweet melody in those squeals. They were as monotonous as a deaf and dumb boy pounding on the bottom of a dishpan.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Bowser after half an hour of it.

Needed Petting.

"When we have finished dinner I shall go out and scratch his back with a chip. It has just occurred to me that he has been raised a pet and is squealing because he misses the little attentions he is used to. The minute that what the pig is doing for is about 17,000 whacks with a club. The Bowsers went in to dinner. They didn't have much by the hand as they ate, but music from the pig. An African savage would have found sweet melody in those squeals. They were as monotonous as a deaf and dumb boy pounding on the bottom of a dishpan.

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Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00



Squeals Attract Attention.

Two hours later Mr. Bowser dropped off the car half a block from home. Pedestrians were looking and listening. There was a sound in the air like a bad boy drawing the teeth of a saw across iron. The nearer he got to home the louder and more chilling the sounds. As he went up the front steps his teeth were fairly on edge, and he said to Mrs. Bowser at the door:

"For heaven's sake, why haven't you telephoned for a policeman to stop that noise?"

She beckoned him to follow her down the hall and to a back window in the sitting room. She threw it up and pointed to the pigpen and said:

"Your pig is there, and he has kept this noise up for three long hours without a break."

"Oh, it's the pig, eh? Well, why didn't you feed him?"

"We have carried out everything we could think of, but he won't even look at food. Why on earth did you go and buy a pig?"

"Come, now, my dear woman, don't get excited. I was offered a Wilshire pig at a bargain. You know we have quit buying bacon at the butcher shops. If we have any for the winter we must raise it for ourselves."

She beckoned him to come out and look at the pig. Their presence was greeted with a shriller edge to the squeals, and the animal began leaping up and gnashing its teeth.

Animal Was Lame.

"How many years do you think it will take you to get bacon out of that?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "He's like a plank, with four wooden legs under him."

"But that's the way with all Wild-shires, my dear. Four weeks of wild and contentment will make a really pig out of him. I want to kill him along about Thanksgiving time. I'll make the sweetest, nicest bacon out of him you ever tasted. Think of sitting at our own table and eating bacon of our own raising!"

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Garden Tools