Avoid alum and alum phosphate baking powders. The label law requires that all the ingredients be named on the labels. Look out for the alum compounds.

NOTE.—Safety lies in buying only Royal Baking Powder, which is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and the best that can be made.

Tramp Talks by Hobo Gentleman

Tells a Story of His Life, Though It Was a Very Painful Subject.

[Copyright, 1906, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]

"LATE one afternoon, when I was making a farewell tour of the state of Ohio," began the dilapidated gentleman, after a long inspection of the toe peeping out of a rent in his shoe, "I turned aside to ask for a bite to eat and a lodging at a comfortable farmhouse. I found that the place was owned and occupied by two old maid sisters and run by a hired man. Both females were over forty years old and typical spinsters. To look at them you wouldn't think they had any more romance in their souls than a rail fence. I don't know whether I was the first dilapidated that had come along for a month or whether they thought I had seen better days. At any rate, I was given a good hearty supper by the hired girl and told that I could make myself comfortable on the new mown hay in the barn.

"I helped the hired man to milk and do up the chores, and when I went to roost I did a bit of singing to myself. It was one of the finest moonlight nights you ever saw, with the nightingales whooping it up for all they were worth, and perhaps I became a bit sentimental. I had sung 'Annie Laurie' and two or three other old songs when the hired man came out to the barn and notified me that Tillie and Mary wanted to see me on the veranda. Those were the names of the two old maids. When I appeared before them, hat in hand, Tillie, who was the eldest, said:

"'We heard you singing and didn't know but what you would favor us with something.'

"I replied that I was always happy to oblige and piped up with 'Nellie Gray' and followed it with 'Old Black Joe.' When I had finished my piping, Mary said:

"'Sister and I are agreed that you are not what you seem. We believe

"HE CALLED ME INTO THE LIBRARY ONE EVENING."

you have been a gentleman in your time. Would you mind telling us how you came to be a—a wanderer?'

"It is a painful subject, ladies, but you have been so kind to me and the evening is so full of sentiment that I will relate my story. When I was eighteen years old I met the beautiful daughter of the Countess de Charny at Newport. I was there at my father's villa, and the countess and her daughter were in America on a visit.

"'Tillie, didn't I say that he had been in love some time?' queried Mary.

"'Yes, and I said I rather thought so myself. Let him go on.'

"Marie was the name of the countess' daughter, and I shall not attempt to describe her graces. We fell in love with each other at once, and her mother and my father appeared to encourage the idea. She was but seventeen, and of course we did not think of marriage at that age. We could pledge each other, however, and we did. After two months she sailed for home and carried my heart with her. On the day she sailed I began sending love messages by cable, and she must have found at least fourteen of them when she landed.

"'Had I ever been loved that way?' sighed Mary.

"'There is time for both of us yet,' replied Tillie.

"For two years we corresponded by every steamer and kept the French cables hot with messages. My father had hinted that I could marry when I reached the age of twenty, and I was counting the days when he called me into the library one evening and announced that I alone could save him from a felon's cell. He had forged the name of an iceman to a check for $5,000 and lost the money in Wall street. It was but a trifle to the iceman, but he had a daughter whom he wished to marry into a swagger family. He therefore gave my father his choice of either compelling me to marry the girl or going to state prison himself.

"'Why, it's like a novel!' gasped Mary.

"'I told you he was a hero as soon as he asked for cold victuals,' answered Tillie.

"Think of the situation, ladies! My love was sworn to Marie, and yet unless I married a girl with pale blue eyes, a turned up nose and a chin with a mole on it our family was to be dragged down from its high position and disgraced forever. Father and I talked for hours and hours, but we could see only the one way out of it. Late as was the hour when we got through, I went off to the house of the iceman to see if I could not melt his cold heart. I found it of different material from his ice. It grew colder all the time instead of melting. He utterly refused to recede from his position. When I said that the blow would kill Marie and me he offered to make the price of our ice 30 cents a hundred for the next season, but that was the best he would do.

"'Base villain!' hissed Mary.

"'Sordid wretch!' hissed Tillie.

"It was a terrific struggle between love and duty, but duty finally prevailed. After being in bed for a month with brain fever I sent for the iceman and agreed to his terms. He brought his daughter right over in his ice wagon and we were married, and the forged check was given to father to tear up.

"'What a noble son!' whispered Mary.

"'What a heroic sacrifice!' whispered Tillie.

"A week later, when I was a little stronger, I wrote to Marie. There were 150 pages of foolscap, but I can recall every line and word. I hid nothing from her, but told her the solemn truth. I told her how it wrenched my heart, but that there was hope ahead. In the course of a year I would put rusty nails around where my wife must step on them and meet her death by lockjaw, and then I would fly to France and make my love my own. I received no reply to my letter—not from Marie. Her mother wrote that upon receiving my epistle the dear girl had started for America on a tramp steamer with the object of killing herself on my doorstep and that I should look out for her coming.

"'Tillie, did we ever read anything like it in a novel?' asked Mary.

"'No, dear, we never did,' replied Tillie.

"For three long years I looked for the coming of sweet Marie, but she came not. I had an alarm bell attached to the front steps, so that if she came in the night I would be awakened. But the bell never rang. I hated the woman I had married, and she hated me. I kept house in the hall and she in the parlor, and we never met when we could help it. I realized that my life was wrecked, and father was a broken and penniless man. Driven to desperation at last, I—I—

"'Don't say that you murdered your wife!' pleaded Mary.

"'If he did and did it gently I for one will forgive him,' answered Tillie.

"No, I did not murder her. She was lying ill with the mumps when lightning struck the house and brought her end. What was left of it was seized next day by the sheriff for debt, my father was sent to Blackwell's island for six months for breaking a show window, and in my loneliness and desperation I took to the road.

"'And have you never found your Marie? Didn't she come to America?'

"That is why I grieve and grieve and refuse to be comforted. I learned that she did reach these shores and started for my home and then suddenly turned up missing. No one can tell me tonight where she is. She may be a waitress in a summer hotel, or she may be wandering the highways and byways in the moonlight and calling my name. Some day I may meet her. Some night when the moon rides high and the whippoorwills sing I may clasp her to my breast again. It is as Providence wills. I can only wait.

"The two old maids sighed and wiped the tears from their eyes and insisted that I occupy the parlor bedroom that night and sit with them at breakfast. I thought I was in for a good thing for about a week, but when I went out to the barn the hired man, whose jealousy had been aroused, gave me a thumping and kicked me off the farm, and I have never seen those good ladies since."

M. QUAD.

The Babbler.

Money talks!
At the conversation game it never balks.
You can hear it at the show,
Not particularly low;
At the opera it talks, talks, talks.

Money talks!
It's a chinner throughout all our earthly walks.
At a fashionable affair
You can hear a million air
Its opinion as it talks, talks, talks.

Money talks!
With a megaphone around the town it stalks.
It continually resounds,
Overwhelming other sounds
As unceasingly it talks, talks, talks.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Adventures Of Pilgrim Joe

Plays a Game of Poker With a Human Hyena—Mayor of Dog Hill Welcomes Him.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

I HAD stayed overnight at Dog Hill and sold over fifty bottles of my Pilgrim Pain Alleviator, besides winning $10 at poker and $10 more by betting on my grasshopper against a big tumblebug, when I started out for the town of Desolashun. The early birds were singing their sweetest lays, the summer sun warmed up my back, and in my pocket was a liberal wad of the long green. Under these circumstances I sang and I whistled, and I said to myself:

"He that hath a heart in which there is no guile can overcometh a nation."

And also:

"Honesty is the best policy, but a good sized roll helpeth a critter to be honest."

And further:

"Let us lift up the downtrodden and sorrer with the sorrering as we pass

"HE HAD FOUR ACES TO DO IT ON, BUT—ALAS!"

through life, but at the same time remember that 10 per cent profit is considered a reasonable figger the world over."

Just before reaching the enterprising burg with the desolate name I came across a human hyena lying on his face on the grass, and as I halted my outfit and asked why he sorrered he sat up and wiped the tears from his eyes and answered that a man of innocent look who hailed from Missouri had come along and proposed a game of poker for the outfitting of the heathen of Africa with red flannels for the winter. The hyena had been worrying for two weeks for fear the heathen wouldn't be supplied, and it was with gayety in his soul and thankfulness in his heart that he sat down to play. Finding the other man an amateur at the noble game, he went in to win a hundred bolts of flannel right off the reel. He had four aces to do it on; but, alas, when the showdown took place he found himself scooped on a straight flush. He was cleaned out to a dollar, and hence his sorrer and his tears. I was about to read him a moral lecture on the sin of poker and other games of chance when he appealed to me to get down and give him a show. He felt that Providence might be on his side if he tried it again, and his heart was heavy for those heathens who would have to shiver through a hard winter if nothing was done. Under the circumstances and always having felt to pity the heathens of all countries, including America, when it could be done without too heavy a financial investment, I descended from my wagon, and we were soon engaged in the intricacies of the game.

I soon had cause to believe that the sorrering man had a way of palming the cards, and when I was sure that he had cheated me four or five times I hardened my heart and resorted to the practices of my ungodly days. In my youth a lightning rod man had taught me a few tricks with cards to assist me on life's journey, and I now brought them to bear. I dealt the sorrering critter a flush and myself a full house, and it warmed the cockles of my heart to see the smile that came to his face. He opened the pot, and I raised him. He raised back, and we had $15 in it when we both stood pat. Notwithstanding what he had said about being cleaned out he produced a wad of the needful and defied me until we had $50 up. Then I called him and raked in the pot, at the same time explaining that 90 per cent of the money would be sent to the heathen of Boston and that all the winter flannels should be medicated.

I was going on to express my great gratification that I had been chosen as the humble instrument to bring this flannel occasion about when the old hyena precipitated himself upon me and I had to fight for my life. The struggle was long and fierce, but I finally got in one on the point of his chin, and he slumbered. While he was thus occupied I took my departure, wiping my bleeding nose on a tuft of grass as I went. As I looked back over my shoulder when I was half a mile away and saw that he was still lying where he fell it occurred to me to say to myself:

"The world is made up of those who have no guile, but at the same time every motherless son of them will bear watching."

On proceeding into the town I was welcomed by the mayor in person. He informed me that this was not his usual habit, as he was a critter that felt his dignity; but, seeing that it was me, he had departed from his usual course. I tried to show him that I appreciated the honor, and all went well until he suggested that in selling my pain alleviator I raise the price from 25 to 50 cents and whack up with him. I have no doubt that the people would have purchased at the price, as there had been an epidemic of the measles in town and the patients wanted something to brace up on, but with indignation burning in my face I said the mayor nay. I wish to say right here to the public

The standard price of my Pilgrim Pain Alleviator is 25 cents.

Whenever you find a human hyena asking more for it set him down as a swindler. Look fixedly at the cork of every bottle before buying and see that the initials "P. J." are stamped on it.

Look for the yaller label. Any other sort is a fraud.

My bottles have been emptied of their contents and vinegar and other liquids substituted. Protect yourselves.

There is no graft about the alleviator. It is straight goods first and last.

The druggist who advises you to take Old Crow whisky in place of my alleviator is a horse thief and a swindler and is inviting his own doom.

When the mayor found that I was not on the whack he complimented me as an honest man and said that he had only been testing me. Having eaten a boiled dinner at the tavern, I sought the public square and offered my wares for sale, but when I had sold a dozen bottles the buyer of the first one began to double up and howl with pain and accuse me of selling a rat exterminator in disguise. I knew at once that the mayor was behind the game to get even with me, but I had no show. While I was offering to drink the contents of a whole bottle and forfeit $100 if one single spasm of pain followed I was seized by numerous hands and thrown into a horse pond and became the sport of the populace. I was flung in again and again, and when exhausted at last I was ordered to leave town in a hurry. I went, but as I drove along in the darkness it occurred to me to say to myself:

"He who is honest hath a clear conscience, but now and then it may be just as well to whack up with a grafter and save going in swimming against your will."

That night I slept the sleep of the shivering and the just on the prairies, and an hour after sunrise I came to the cabin of a pioneer and asked for breakfast. The pioneer had taken a skate and left a grass widow. She was searching for another husband, and notwithstanding my dilapidated appearance she looked upon me favorably. I sought to cool her ardor by referring to my old woman back in Indiana, but it was a failure. Finally she came right at me with:

"Sir, do you scorn this loving heart or don't you?"

I told her that I didn't, but mentioned fifteen or twenty difficulties in the way of our getting married even if we were inclined. She said that love conquered all difficulties and that I might drive my outfit into the stable and go to plowing and consider all questions settled. When I declined she charged me with toying with her young heart and appealed to three men who were passing. They didn't render any opinion on the toying business, but proceeded to pitch into me and hammer me until I was an object for commiseration and was laid up for the ensuing fortnight. I seek the betterment of mankind and always have an eye out for the sorrering and downtrodden, but it is no snap. Human nature seems all molasses until you get below the surface. Then you find the guile and the thorns and have to use arnica to restore your pristine beauty. Hic jacet (which means that no square man gets a square deal). M. QUAD.

A Sudden Drop.

Towne—Gee whiz, old man, you're a wreck! What's the matter?

Browne—Fall opening.

Towne—What? Shopping with a mob of women—

Browne—No; coal hole.—Philadelphia Press.

The Only Doubtful Citizen.

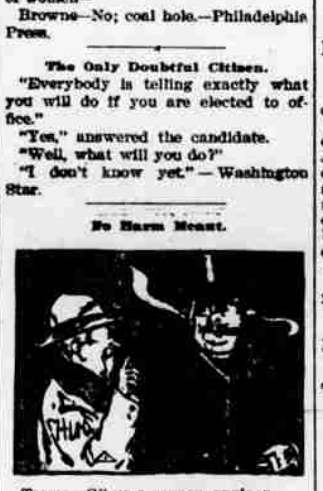
"Everybody is telling exactly what you will do if you are elected to office."

"Yes," answered the candidate.

"Well, what will you do?"

"I don't know yet."—Washington Star.

No Harm Meant.



Tramp—Gi' us a copper, guv'nor.

Heavy Swell—It seems to me you are in want of manners, not money.

Tramp—I asked for what I thought yer 'ad most of, boss.—Once a Week.

Uncharitable.

"Is she a charitable woman? Willing to give relief?"

"No. She's the kind that never gives even a sigh of relief."—New York Times.

The French.

The French were first mentioned as the Franks, a tribe of warlike Germans in the northwestern part of the region now known as Prussia. They came into notice about 240 A. D., and with other German tribes invaded the Roman empire in the fifth century and settled in the country now known as France. The word Frank, or Frankman, means freeman. After their conquest of Gaul they named the country Frankenric, or Frank's kingdom.

Helping His Finish.

"You'll find I'm hard to discourage," said the persistent suitor melodramatically. "Some day I'll make you admit you love me, and then—and not till then—I will die happy."

"I'll say it now," replied the heartless girl. "I don't mind telling a lie for a good end."—Philadelphia Ledger.

More Than Foolish.

He—Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a woman who was my intellectual inferior? She—I don't know that it would be foolish, but it would be a difficult thing for you to do.

Our Language.

M. De France—You wind up ze clock to make him go? English Tutor—Exactly. M. De France—Zen what for you wind up ze business? To make it stop?

CASTORIA.

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

A Theatrical Superstition.

They were rehearsing a new play, and every one was nervous, for the first night was close at hand. The play was a tragedy, yet at its end the dying heroine, as the curtain descended, said:

"Three beers, please."

Those words concluded the play. Yet they were entirely out of keeping. The concluding words should have been, "I die, but, since I have saved you, I die happy," or something to that effect.

A dramatic critic new to the business asked how it was that the tragedy ended with "Three beers, please," and the stage manager said:

"Superstition. It is always thought bad luck in rehearsals of new plays to speak the last sentence before the opening night. He who has the last sentence to speak substitutes some meaningless phrase for it. If he dared to speak the true phrase the prospects of the play would be thought doomed. Some playwrights won't even write the last line of a play. They whisper it to the assembled company on its first reading, and from that day till the actual production the line is never again heard."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Deception of Wild Birds.

Falcons—hawks, the largest species—can compress their features and look very thin if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can hump into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing or standing in front of them that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought to them and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. The ruptures in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage, like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not so often seen when in captivity.

A Train For Tyler.

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the presidential office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son Bob to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president and informed Bob that his road did not run any special trains for the president. "What!" said Bob. "Did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road."

SINGLER'S PIANO HOUSE

We sell the Weber, Chickering and Kimball and forty other makes PIANOS FOR RENT and sold on eary terms. Agent for Wheeler & Wilson and Singer Sewing Machines.

AUG G. SINGLER,
MEDFOSD, OREGON

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administratrix of the estate of Garl T. Jones, deceased, by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and has qualified. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same at the office of M. Purdin, my attorney, in Medford, Oregon, with proper vouchers and duly verified within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published January 25, 1907.

JUDITH A. JONES,
Administratrix.

M. Purdin, Attorney for Estate.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 6, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory, as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

WESLEY C. GREEN,

of Medford, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7460, for the purchase of the NW¼ of section No. 12 in Township No. 38 South, Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Medford, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 12th day of March, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Edgar Hafer, Edgar Walker, Bert H. Harris and Bert Theriot, all of Medford.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 12th day of March, 1906.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Guardian's Sale of Real Property.

Notice it hereby given that the undersigned guardian of the estate of Ethel Taylor, Mabel Taylor and Neva Taylor, minor children of Annie E. Taylor, deceased, under and by virtue of an order of the county court of Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered of record on the 3rd day of December, 1906, authorizing, empowering and licensing him to do so, will on and after the 9th day of January, 1907, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of said named wards right, title and interest in and to the following described premises in Jackson County, Oregon, subject to confirmation by the court.

Undivided one-sixth interest in and to the following: Southeast quarter of section 27, township 37 south, range 1 west; south half of Donation Land Claim, no. 58, in said township and range; west half of southeast quarter and east half of southwest quarter, section 26, township 37 south, range 1 east; northwest quarter of northwest quarter, section 31, township 37 south, range 1 east.

That said sale will be made at private sale at the residence of said guardian three miles east of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon.

Dated December 7, 1906.

W. W. TAYLOR,
Guardian of Ethel Taylor, Mabel Taylor and Neva Taylor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has, by the County Court of the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Henry Meyer, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with the proper vouchers, within six months after the date of this notice, to the undersigned, at Medford, Oregon.

Dated December 18, 1906.

GEORGE S. LINDSEY,
Administrator of the estate of Henry Meyer, deceased.

MISS JULIE FLORENCE WALSH

WOMEN SUFFER

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong?

The cause may be easily traced to some feminine derangement which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, dragging sensations, flatulency, nervousness, and sleeplessness.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded, a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The best remedy for all these symptoms is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs. No other medicine in the country has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female ills.

Miss J. F. Walsh, of 328 W. 36th St., New York City, writes—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been of incalculable value in restoring my health. I suffered from female illness which caused dreadful headaches, dizziness, and dull pains in my back, but your medicine soon brought about a change in my general condition, built me up and made me perfectly well."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures Female Complaints, such as Backache, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and organic diseases. It is invaluable in preparing for child-birth and during the Change of Life. It cures Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, and invigorates the whole system.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, October 11, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory, as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

BERTHA L. MCPHERSON,

of Medford, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn sworn statement No. 7184, for the purchase of the SE¼ of section No. 20, in township No. 38, south, range 3 east, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Medford, Oregon, on Monday, the 11th day of March, 1907.

His names as witnesses: A. Wilmer McPherson of Medford, Oregon; Luther G. Porter of Medford, Oregon; William Wanton Parker of Big Butte, Oregon; Robert L. Parker of Big Butte, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of March, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878, NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Oct. 26, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

EDWARD CRABTREE,

of Prospect, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7326, for the purchase of the SW¼ NE¼, of section No. 32, in township No. 36 south, range No. 2 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Medford, Oregon, on Monday, the 11th day of February, 1907.

He names as witnesses: George Daniel, Ira F. Crabtree and William T. Grieve, all of Prospect, Oregon and John Grieve, of Central Point, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of February, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY Register.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICAT ION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 6, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

GEORGE O. MATZER,

of Moscow, county of Latah, state of Idaho, has filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7458, for the purchase of the W½ SE¼, SW¼ NW¼, of Section No. 11, SE¼, SE¼, of Section No 10, in Township No. 39 South, Range No. 2 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon on Tuesday, the 12th day of March, 1906.

He names as witnesses: Edward Crabtree, Williams T. Grieve, George Daniel, all of Prospect, Oregon, Luther East of Central Point.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 12th day of March, 1906.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

SEMI-ANNUAL AND FINAL REPORT

In the County Court for Jackson County, Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of Levi H. Faucett, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that George T. Faucett, administrator of the estate of Levi H. Faucett, deceased, has filed in the County Court for Jackson County, Oregon, his first semi-annual report which he asks the Court to consider in all respects a final report and in said report he petitions for his discharge as such administrator; that Monday the 18th day of February, 1907, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon has been appointed by Honorable Geo. W. Dunn Judge of the County Court for Jackson County, Oregon, as the time for the hearing of the final report, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear on or before said final hearing in said Court and file their objections if any there be, to said final account and report.

This notice is published in MEDFORD MAIL, a newspaper of general circulation in Jackson County, Oregon, by order of the County Court for Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered on the 7th day of January, 1907.

GEORGE T. FAUCETT,
Administrator of the Estate of Levi H. Faucett, deceased.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of Oregon for Jackson County.

George W. Daley, Plaintiff.
vs.
Belle Daley, Defendant.

To Belle Daley the above named Defendant: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff now on file in the above entitled court and cause within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you if served within Jackson County, Oregon, and if served within any other county of the state of Oregon, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, and if served by publication then within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons which is the 23rd day of November, 1906, and if you fail to answer within the time required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in his complaint, viz: for a decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant and for the care and custody of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant.

This summons is served by publication in the MEDFORD MAIL, published at Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, once a week for six consecutive weeks, the first publication on the 23rd day of November, 1906, and the last on the 4th day of January 1907, by order of the Hon. H. K. Hanna, judge of said court, which order was made od the 20th day of November, 1906, in court. The time within which you are required to appear and answer is the 4th day of January, 1907.

GUS NEWBURY,
Attorney for plaintiff.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Ore., Sept. 27, 1906.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Oscar Tibbetts, contestant, against homestead entry No. 11984, made August 14, 1902, for SW ¼ SW ¼, Section 28, Township 35 South, Range 2 West, by Percy G. Payne, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Percy G Payne has abandoned said land for a period of one year last past; that the improvements which were placed upon the land by the said homesteader have been sold by him and by other parties have been removed from the said homestead; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on February, 13, 1907, before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon (and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 27, 1907, before the Register and Receiver, at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed Sept 27, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, October 16 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timberlands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

MARCUS G. FOSSUM,

of St. James, County of Watonwan State of Minnesota, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7014, for the purchase of the NE¼, of Section No. 24, in Township No. 40 S., Range No. 3 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber and stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, on Monday, the 11th day of February; 1907.

He names as witnesses: Daniel E. Green and Daniel D. Duff of Medford, Oregon. Albert B. Saltmarsh, of Suncom, Oregon, and Samuel Jackson, of St James, Minnesota.

Any or all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of February, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, October 16, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

SAMUEL JACKSON,

of St. James, county of Watonwan, State of Minnesota, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7013, for the purchase of the N½ SE¼, of Section No. 24, Township No. 40 S., Range No. 3 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, on Monday, the 11th day of February, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Marcus G. Fossum, of St. James, Minnesota, Albert B. Saltmarsh, of Suncom, Oregon, and Daniel D Duff and Daniel E. Green, of Medford, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of February, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3. 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBCATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 6 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber land in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

FRED D. HURLBUT,

of Big Butte, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7456, for the purchase of the NW¼, of section No. 18, Township No. 36, south Range No. 3 East and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Medford, Oregon, on Monday, the 11th day of March, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Charles A. Edmondson, Charles A. Obenchain, John A. Obenchain and John Swanson, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of March, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 6, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

SUSIE PERRY,

of Medford, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7461 for the purchase of the SE¼, of Section No. 34, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber and stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 19th day of March, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Andrew J. Stanley, Francis M. Stewart, of Medford, Oregon, Ira Tungate, of Jacksonville, Oregon, George Beal, of Big Butte, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 12th day of March, 1906.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR
Red Clover Blossom and Honey Bee on Every Bottle.