Fun For *the* Staff.

By WILL S. GIDLEY.

[Copyright, 1907, by Will S. Gidley.]

ON that day the Argus staff had had an unusually trying time of it. To begin with, the press dispatches had consisted chiefly of Russian war news, which had been pouring in steadily all day, filled with an unusual and most discouraging quantity of unpronounceable and unspellable names—that is, to any one except an expert in Russian and Asiatic nomenclature. To an ordinary editor, proofreader or typesetter they were simply so many jagged mountain chains of consonants, with an occasional vowel thrown in for good measure. To cap the climax one of the hand set columns got knocked into pi just as the paper was about ready for the press, which made a great improvement in the spelling of some of the names, but ruined the article in other respects, so that it was necessary to reset it, which was done, putting all hands on the work and rushing it through at race horse speed in order not to delay the edition more than could be helped.

The result was—well, the Argus got out about on time, but as managing editor of the paper Barney Blake had no reason to feel proud of that particular column of war news as it appeared in print. Some of it was still pi, but it came out all right in the second edition, also in the third and fourth. Blake saw to that personally, as he expected Colonel Starbuck, the proprietor of the Daily Argus, in some time during the afternoon, and, knowing him to be of an excitable temperament—the colonel often swore the Argus with its blunders would be the death of him—he did not care particularly to have him see that dispatch as originally printed.

The colonel failed to show up at the usual hour, however, and Barney was rather glad than otherwise that he didn't.

What he needed—in fact, what the entire Argus staff needed just then—was a little wholesome recreation instead of an interview with or a lecture from Colonel Starbuck—something to take off the tension instead of screwing it up tighter.

It is no wonder, then, that when an unexpected opportunity for innocent fun presented itself Barney joyfully and eagerly seized upon it and made the most of it.

The opportunity in question came in the shape of a caller—one of the oddest looking fish that had drifted into the Argus office in many moons.

One quick glance at the linen duster which hung loosely about his robust form and the last year's straw hat

"RECKON YOU MUST BE THE—ER—ASSISTY EDITOR, EH?"

perched on the back of his head, and Barney had sized him up for a horny handed agriculturist—probably one of the country subscribers coming in, as they frequently did, to look over the Argus establishment and see the modus operandi of getting out a daily newspaper.

"Hello, Uncle Horace! Looking for any one in particular?" saluted Blake as the man with airy toga and out of date headgear paused inside the doorway and glanced inquiringly around the room.

"How did you happen to light on to my cog-no-men before I even opened my trapdoor?" queried the caller whimsically. "I always heard the Argus had a mighty smart staff, and now I know it. Reckon you must be the—er—sassiety editor, eh?"

"No; I'm only the managing editor," explained Barney. "The society editor is the chap in the corner with the chrysanthemum hair and a rose in his buttonhole. You will also recognize him by the diamond ring that flashes on his 'write' hand as he dashes off his eloquent and sparkling society bonmots and his fascinating descriptions of Mrs. Brown's colonial ball, Mrs. O'Rafferty's French fete, Mrs. Robinson's Italian musicale or Mrs. John Q. Smith's Japanese lawn party. Oh, he's a genius—our society editor."

"You don't say!"

"Yes. The paper simply couldn't exist without him."

"That so? Queer Colonel Starbuck never told me anything about him," mused the caller.

"Oh, you know the colonel, do you?" asked Blake.

"Yes, we're what I might call slightly acquainted. I had a little business transaction with him the other day."

"Sold you a gold brick, I suppose," said Barney winked humorously at the rest of the staff.

"Don't know yet whether it will turn out to be a gold brick or not. Reckon I shan't worry any if it does. I've invested in gold bricks before, and the way I figure it it's nobody's business but my own if I do it again."

"Oh, I see," said Barney smoothly. "A trifle touchy on the gold brick question, eh, Mr.—er—Hayseed, is it?"

"Not quite. Hayden happens to be my name. Didn't make quite as slick a guess as you did on the Horace. But go ahead and call me Hayseed if you like. You can remember that name better than Hayden probably, and I guess it fits me about as well as the other, anyhow. Don't it strike you that way?"

"Oh, no, you're no hayseed! You're right from Chicago or New York city—anybody could tell that from the cut of your jib!" And Barney again passed the wink to the others, who all felt in duty bound to roar at the managing editor's wit.

"Wha, genial staff you've got. Chuck full of fun, ain't they? I hope they're not laughing at me. Hain't got a 'Please Kick Me' sign pinned to my back, have I?"

"That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun—been working under steam pressure today—but none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Please Kick Me,' it says 'We're From the Farm.' And if I only knew the deep dyed villain who pinned it on you I'd discharge him this instant—yes, sir, this very instant—and I'd tell him not to come around again until tomorrow morning," he added in a stage whisper as he stepped around behind the rural looking visitor and removed the offending sign, deftly replacing it by another handed him by one of the crowd, reading, "Turnips For Sale!"

"There; that looks better," observed Barney, at which everybody roared promptly once more.

"Not quite so much levity, boys," said Barney reprovingly. "I am going to show our friend here through the Argus establishment, and I want to see how well you can behave while"—

BAT!

A big wad of paper came sailing across the office and caromed on the ear of the caller.

"That was our baseball editor who did that," explained Barney coolly. "Force of habit, I suppose. He probably imagined he was throwing a ball at first base. Don't let that happen again, Higgins."

"All right, sir," glibly responded the young man who had thrown the paper. "Mistake, anyhow. I was aiming at the wastebasket."

"Well, seeing you've apologized, it is all right," said Barney, with mock solemnity.

"Now, Mr. Hayseed—I should say Hayden—you have already been introduced to our baseball and society editors, and if you will cast your optics over the rest of the collection of geniuses before you I will enlighten you as to their duties, so that when you go back to the farm you will understand the secret of the Argus' success in gathering and disseminating the daily news of the entire world, including the city and county of Boomopolis.

"The exceedingly tall, thin young man with the short hair and prominent ears is Mr. Perkins, our secret service reporter and war correspondent. His build, as you will notice, fits him admirably for the position. He is so thin he can crawl over a transom without the slightest difficulty."

"You don't say!"

"Fact, I assure you. And that is why a thin man has a marked advantage over a 200 pounder. It requires less gas to carry him, and if he falls from a balloon it doesn't muss him up so much as it would a fat man, thereby effecting a big saving in doctors' bills for repairing broken ribs, etc."

"I see. Quite an idea, that."

"Yes, and, besides, a thin man occupies less space and leaves more room in the basket of the balloon for the wireless message apparatus. You see, as fast as the war correspondent in a balloon gets a message ready to send in to the paper he grinds it out on a wireless sending machine, something like a phonograph, and it goes flying off into space until it strikes the Aerial Wireless Telegraph line, over which it whizzes through the air with almost lightning speed until it reaches the Argus office. It would do you good to see our office boy catching the messages in a wire basket as they come flying in at the window."

"Well, well!"

"Oh, I tell you there is a pile to learn about the newspaper business when a fellow once sets about it. Now, I rather imagine you've learned a few things in that line today, Mr. Hayseed—I mean Hayden—that you never knew before."

"I reckon I have picked up just a few stray hints about the newspaper business," drawled the man in the linen duster, and then he suddenly straightened up, and the awkward countryman of a moment before was transformed into something quite different as he went on in crisp, business like tones: "Exceedingly valuable ones, too, most of them. Now, seeing I have been running a newspaper myself for the past fifteen years, I had a glimmering sort of an idea when I drifted in here today that possibly I knew something about the business, but I find I was mistaken. I'm only a jibbering idiot in the newspaper business, from the Argus standpoint, and, having bought the paper, I've got to start in at the bottom and learn the trade all over again from its highly accomplished and courteous staff. Good joke on me, Mr. Blake, isn't it?"

Barney—not to mention the rest of the Argus staff—looked as if it would be a great relief to him at that moment if the earth were to open and swallow up the entire establishment.

"Why—er—who—who are you?" he stammered uneasily.

"I? Oh, I'm nobody much. I'm only Uncle Horace, the old hayseed that dropped in on you a few minutes ago to take lessons in journalism and the art of entertaining callers. But here comes Colonel Starbuck. Perhaps I can get him to introduce me. How are you, colonel? A trifle late in keeping your appointment, aren't you?"

"Why, how d'ye do, major?" exclaimed Colonel Starbuck cordially. "I am sorry I've kept you waiting, but it has given you a chance to learn something about the Argus establishment and the staff."

"Yes, it has," interposed the caller dryly.

"Pretty bright looking crowd, major, aren't they? Boys, this is Major Hayden, the former owner and editor of the Centerville Courier. He has bought out my interests in the Argus, taking possession at once, and I trust the new relationship between you as employer and—"

"Hello! What has been going on here? What is that sign you are carrying around on your back, major? Here, let me remove it. 'Turnips For Sale,' eh? I surely hope that miserable attempt at wit was not placed on your back by any one connected with this establishment."

"I am afraid it was, colonel," was the calm reply. "You see, the boys mistook me for one of your rural subscribers, and they have been having some amusement at my expense. But I see they are pretty well worked up over it, so perhaps we had better finish our interview in your private office and give our humorous friends a chance to think the matter over quietly by themselves."

Half an hour later, when the new

"WHY, HOW D'YE DO, MAJOR?" EXCLAIMED THE COLONEL.

proprietor of the Argus emerged from the inner sanctum he found a rather solemn looking crowd awaiting his appearance, and Barney Blake's erstwhile smiling countenance was the most sepulchrally solemn of them all as he stepped forward and gravely handed him a folded document.

Opening it, Mr. Hayden read as follows:

Major Hayden:

Dear Sir—We have had our innings, and it is now your turn. As the future proprietor of the Daily Argus you doubtless will not care to retain in your employ the staff of long eared, unmitigated donkeys now connected with the paper, and we herewith hand you our resignations, to take effect immediately, together with our apologies for the unpardonable treatment received by you at our hands this afternoon.

This note was signed by Managing Editor Blake and the other members of the Argus staff, and below the six natures was the following postscript:

P. S.—The boys were bound to share the blame equally with myself and hand in their resignations with mine, but as I was the head of the office and the others took their cue from me I feel that I alone should shoulder the responsibility for what occurred, and as an act of justice to my fellow employees I ask that my resignation alone be accepted and that no one else shall be made to suffer for my fault. The rest of the boys are a jolly good lot. They will serve you faithfully and redeem themselves in your eyes, I am sure, if you will give them a chance. Yours respectfully,

BARNEY BLAKE.

"Resignations declined with thanks! You are all going to stick right to your jobs until I tell you different," announced Major Hayden bluntly as he finished reading the above communication and, tearing it into strips, dropped it into the wastebasket. "You've had your lesson, boys, and I guess there isn't much danger of any more such exhibitions as we have had here this afternoon. I'm willing to try you anyhow.

"But I'm glad you added that postscript, Mr. Blake," he concluded, reaching over and giving Barney's hand a hearty shake. "It has a manly ring to it, and I reckon we'll get along together all right."

What He Left.

A man wrote to a lawyer in another town for information touching the financial standing of a man there who owed him a considerable sum of money.

"What property has he that I can attach?" he asked.

The reply was as follows:

"The person to whom you refer died a year ago. He has left nothing liable to attachment except a widow."—New York Times.

Insuring Remembrance in the Will.

Little Willie (to his chum, who has fallen down the well)—George, I say, if you don't come up after the third time can I have your black and white terrier pup?—Sketch.

On the Jump.

"Hello, Cassidy!" said Casey. "An how's things wid you?"

"Busy," replied Cassidy; "very busy indade."

"Is it so?"

"Aye, that, ty'ry time I'm at laysure I have somethin' to do."—Philadelphia Press.

The Girl Across the Aisle.

By E. H. HOUGH.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. H. Hough.]

RETURNING to my car as the train started, I noticed that I had neighbors across the aisle, apparently a well dressed, gray haired and bearded man, his wife and their daughter, the latter so lovely that I stared at her until my persistency provoked a keen, fierce glance from her father, whereupon I withdrew my gaze, and he resumed his newspaper. Immediately the girl across the aisle glanced around, and I intercepted a flash from a pair of dark eyes instinct with what seemed like fear or entreaty.

But not even the beauty of my fair vis-a-vis could successfully divert my mind from the painful theme upon which it was dwelling with a consciousness of humiliating failure.

The cashier and confidential man of a large business house had absconded with half a million dollars in cash and negotiable securities, and simultaneously the only daughter of the firm's senior member had eloped with a worthless suitor.

My firm was not professionally interested in this branch of the case. We were to trace the absconding cashier, described as twenty-seven years of age, tall, slender and dudish, heavy black mustache, smooth shaven cheeks, while certain memoranda evidently forgotten and discovered in a secret compartment of his desk seemed to render the task of overtaking him a matter of little time and ordinary skill.

My assignment on the case was a high compliment, and I had been sanguine of success. But most of the clews I followed ended in a "pocket;" my carefully formulated theories and hypotheses proved fruitless, and while debating as to what I should do next I received a peremptory telegram directing my immediate return to headquarters.

While ruminating thus I fell to drumming with my fingers on the arm of the seat. Instantly the girl across the aisle looked up, darting a keen, inquiring glance at me. Her lips moved as though repeating some formula, and as I kept on drumming her excitement visibly increased. Just then her father, looking up from his paper, frowned at her and, glancing over at me, tapped his forehead, waving his other hand toward the girl.

For awhile I kept up my drumming, and while the girl did not appear to notice me I could see that she was listening intently; her lips moved, and her expression varied from one of hope to the deepest depression. For the want of better occupation I continued the experiment awhile, finally ceasing altogether, whereupon she sank back against the seat, pale and inert.

By and by the cars stopped again, and my attention was attracted to a boy on the platform jerking a rosined string through a drum shaped piece of cardboard—a sample of the basketful he carried and which he was demonstrating with a zeal and volume of discordant sounds that rivaled pandemonium. Instantly the girl across the aisle—that was the side nearest the station platform—became violently ex-

INSTANTLY THE GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE LOOKED UP.

cited. The blood rushed to her cheeks and tears to her eyes. Touching her father's arm, she exclaimed eagerly:

"Papa, papa, buy me one of those pretty, noisy playthings!"

I fancied I detected a sinister gleam in the man's eye, but he answered roughly:

"No; that thing is only for boys and children!"

"Oh, please, please, papa!" she persisted, clapping her hands. "I must have it! I want to see if it will sing for me. Quick, quick, before he is gone!"

As she would not be pacified and some of the passengers were looking at her, her father smiled grimly and thrust one hand into his pocket.

"Anything to please a fool!" he muttered. Opening the window, he bade the boy outside toss up one of his infernal machines, snatched it from him, threw out a quarter and shut the window.

"There!" He tossed it in the girl's lap. "See how long that will amuse you." As he resumed his paper I watched the girl across the aisle with a new interest, coupled with growing mystification.

She turned the toy over and over, held it to her cheek and lips, her face instinct with passionate yearning, then slowly and timidly drew the string back and forth, producing a succession of short, jerky, rasping sounds, which she gradually tempered and softened. Finally, tiring of watching her, I resumed my pastime of drumming with my fingers. Instantly she stopped. It

SHOT IT OUT TOWARD MISS OSGOOD.

whom requested me to await their arrival. That evening I heard Miss Osgood's story.

"Saunders was my father's confidential man," she said, "and a secret suitor for my hand. I disliked and distrusted him. The day of the robbery he seized me on a bystreet, put me in a carriage and kept me somewhere, right in the city, for several days. I overheard him when he thought I slept telling that he had written father that I had eloped with a man I had long before dismissed. Finally we left Cincinnati, and he has passed me off as his crazy daughter and declared that when safe from pursuit he would force me to marry him to prevent father from prosecuting him."

"Tell no more if it pains you!" I urged as her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"It relieves me," she replied. "You were the first friend I found, and by that time I was nearly in despair. But from the moment I looked into your face I felt that I could trust you. I had studied telegraphy as a pastime, so of course I recognized your tappings immediately. How I thanked heaven for that knowledge!"

"And I thank heaven that I took up the study when a lad, intending at that time to fit myself for an expert telegrapher," I answered fervently. "When I am thinking deeply I fall instinctively into the habit of keeping tally, as it were, with my fingers. But why did you not try to open communication with me in the same way?"

"I was afraid to risk it for fear Saunders would notice me and suspect what I was doing."

"What would he have done in that case?" I asked.

"Nothing that any one would be likely to notice. He would simply have pressed a tiny needle point into my arm, and I should have fallen back dead, while, as he took care to warn me beforehand, the only verdict would be heart disease. But when I caught sight of that boy with his wares I believed I could find the way, while inducing Saunders to believe that I was temporarily demented—as he evidently did—to catch and fix your attention until you discovered what I was really about."

"You certainly kept me guessing a good while," I said, smiling.

"But it took you so long to guess right!" she rejoined, with a sigh. "But, really, the greatest risk was when you began to reply," said Miss Osgood after a pause. "I feared that one of us might make some unlucky slip or gesture that would betray us and ruin all."

I stayed with Miss Osgood as late as her hostess would permit ere I bade her good night. When the various interested parties arrived the following day I was lauded to the skies. Mr. Osgood declared I had made him my debtor for life. Morning brought the news that the prisoners had made a simultaneous and almost successful attempt at suicide, but they were discovered in time and subsequently tried, convicted and sent to long terms of imprisonment.

When I bade Miss Osgood farewell two days later as she left Rochester with her father her sweet eyes confirmed his cordial invitation that I should be his guest at the first opportunity, and my chief very kindly made that opportunity an early one.

A Delicate Task.

"The newspapers," said the orator solemnly, "do not tell the truth."

"Perhaps not," answered the editor regretfully. "We do our best; but, you know, there is nothing more difficult than to tell the truth in a way that won't put it up to some one to challenge your veracity."—Washington Star.

His Ambition.

"To think," said the visitor, "that you will have to go through life an ex-convict!"

"Well, miss," replied Crowbar Claude, "to tell you the truth, just at present there ain't nothing I'd like more to be."—Exchange.

Her Generosity.

He—I wish that you were poor, so that you would be willing to marry me. She—Evidently I am far more generous than you. I wish you were rich, so that I might be willing to marry you.—Exchange.

The man who is driven to drink by bad luck would probably have been ruined by prosperity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Cure for Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a billious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at Chas. Strang's drug store.

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

Trimmings.

The other day at a golf club in Scotland a minister of the kirk was reproved by an elder in his church for using high flown words respecting a bad stroke he had made, and the minister replied:

"Weel, Dauvid, I was nae sae mich swearing as merely embellishing my feelings."

Shaky Logic.

"You certainly told me to embrace my privileges."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No. But to embrace your daughter is a privilege."—London Express.

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

FORM NO. 179.

COMBINED NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE DISTRICT OF OREGON.

In the matter of Butte Falls Sugar Pine Lumber Company, a corporation Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy No. 1154.

To the creditors of the Butte Falls Sugar Pine Lumber Company a corporation, of Butte Falls, Oregon in the County of Jackson, and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock A. M., there will be a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt at the Commercial Club Rooms in the City of Medford, in said district, for the following purposes:

1. To consider a proposed sale of the following described property viz:
200M feet of lumber appraised at $8.00 per M.
1000 feet of lumber appraised at $10.00.
13 boxes of giant powder appraised at $18.25.
One saw mill at the Caster place appraised at $1000.00.
50,000 feet of logs appraised at $2.00 and, if objection to said sale is not made, or if objected to, it is ordered forthwith to attend a sale of such property at private sale, on such terms as may then fixed.

11. To attend an examination of the bankrupt.

111. To transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated December 2nd, 1907.

JOHN S. ORTH,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

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

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, November 6, 1907.

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,

MATTIE L. GRIDLEY,

of Vancouver, County of Clarke, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 8874, for the purchase of the South West Quarter of section No. 12, in Township No. 36 south, Range No. 2, East W. M., 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 Register and Receiver at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 29th day of January, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Mrs. Lou C Miller, of Vancouver, Washington; Wm. Loughlin, D. M. McDonald, Wm. Entwerp, all 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 29th day of January, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 12, 1907.

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,

JOHN A. TROEH,

of Vancouver, county of Clarke, state of Washington, filed in this office on December 29, 1906, his sworn statement No. 8604, for the purchase of the S W ¼ of Section No. 2, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 2 East, W. M., Ore., 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 the Register and Receiver of this office, at Roseburg, Oregon on Saturday, the 15th day of February, 1908.

He names as witnesses: D. N. McDonald, John Lowe, E. P. Yeomans, Martin Parks, all of Vancouver, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of Febuary, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

W. H. Bradshaw, Plaintiff, vs. Ann V. Owens, Defendant.

To Ann V. Owens, defendant.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you if served within this County, or if served within any other county of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you; and if you fail to answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will take a default against you, and will apply to the court for relief prayed for in his Complaint towit: That it be decreed that plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of lots 5 and 6 in block No. 9 of the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon; and that the defendant has no interest therein; and that she be forever enjoined from asserting any interest therein.

This summons is published in THE MEDFORD MAIL in pursuance of an order made by the Hon. H. K. Hanna, Judge of the above entitled court, said order having been made on the 26th day of June 1907, and which order requires the publication thereof once a week for six consecutive weeks. The first publication of this summons under said order is made on Friday, November 1st 1907, and the last on Friday, December 13th 1907. You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint on or before the last named date.

Dated November 1st 1907.

COLVIG & DURHAM,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

J. D. Van Dyke, Plaintiff, vs. Nettie Van Dyke, Defendant. } Divorce

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you if served within this County, or if served within any other County of this State, then within twenty days of the service of this Summons upon you; and if you fail to answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will take a default against you and will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint towit: For a decree of the court forever dissolving the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant; and further decreeing to plaintiff the care and custody of Ruby Van Dyke the minor child of said parties.

This summons is published in the MEDFORD MAIL by order of the Hon H. K. Hanna, Judge of the above entitled court, made and entered October 26th 1907, and to be published for six consecutive weeks, the first day of Publication thereof being Friday, November 1st 1907, and the last day being Friday, December 13th, 1907. And the defendant is hereby required to appear in said cause and answer the complaint on or before said last named date.

COLVIG & DURHAM,
Attorneys for Plaintiff