



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made with Royal Grapes Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Engle Point Eaglets.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

A. L. Cusick and H. J. Schutte, of Medford, were out one day last week. They were on their way to W. C. Daley's place on Big Butte, and thence into the tall timber.

Mrs. George Daley has gone up to A. H. Peachey on Yankee creek to help care for the stock. Mr. Peachey is down with the grip and three or four of the children have the measles.

H. K. Galahan, of Oakland, was a pleasant caller one day last week. He was looking over our part of the valley, noting our resources and expressed a favorable opinion of this section, and seemed to think that the immediate surroundings of Engle Point was underlaid with valuable deposits.

Monday, Mr. Wilson had a mountain lion skin that he had just taken off of the animal he had killed near his homestead, it measured nine feet and four inches. He took it to Medford to a taxidermist to have it dressed to make a robe. He priced it very highly being as he killed it himself.

J. A. Abbott, one of the old citizens of this place, but now a resident of Elk creek, came out last Monday to have his team about, attend to business and see old friends. He stayed with us Monday and Tuesday night. He is another of the long list of taxpayers who urge the necessity of having a bridge across Rogue river above the old Jackson place.

George Phillips, one of our townsmen, had a fall a few days ago in which he says he got hit all over. He was on an incline and he stepped on a slippery board and he says he fell and tumbled about twenty feet and struck on both legs, both arms his back, head and in fact every part of his body was bruised more or less, but he is around town all right again.

The box social given by the Knights and Ladies of Security last Saturday night was a grand success. The Engle Point orchestra played several nice pieces and there was some speaking but the main feature was the selling of the boxes and voting on the most beautiful lady and the most obery man for a prize. A cake was presented by Mrs. J. W. Grover for the most beautiful lady and a case for the most obery man. Miss Lottis Taylor took the cake, while Leo Ulrich now sports the case. The boxes sold readily and brought a fair price. R. L. Wilson, of the unserved and M. O. Mahony, came out last

Phoenix Items.

By M. U. C.

John Nicewarner and son, Riley, are visiting home folks at Phoenix.

J. E. Roberts and daughter, Lula, made a flying trip to Medford Monday.

Dr. Hargrave came up from Medford Monday on professional business.

Wm. Bramblott died at the county hospital Sunday morning from grip and pneumonia.

A Doctor's Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not a simple cough syrup. It is a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It cures hard cases, severe and desperate cases, chronic cases of asthma, pleurisy, bronchitis, consumption. Ask your doctor about this.

The best kind of a cough medicine—Sold for over sixty years—Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at Sarsaparilla Pills, Fair Violes. We have no agents. We publish the formulas of all our medicines. You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

Pear Blight.

A letter from J. F. Myser, Hilda, Colo., to the "Fruit Grower" in regard to pear blight.

I have received a copy of the March issue of the Fruit Grower, in which I find an article written by an entitled "Planting an Irrigated Orchard," which was read before the Colorado State Horticultural Society, Denver, Colo., during the last week in January. I trust the article will be of some value to the many readers of the Fruit Grower, especially to those who wish to embark in the business on irrigated sections.

The most important subject, however, to horticulture is the disease which is devastating the orchards throughout the entire fruit growing sections of the United States, namely, pear and apple tree blight. I notice quite an extensive article in your paper on the subject written by some of the scientific people of the country, and am sorry to say that their theory of the cause of blight, is absolutely erroneous and misleading to the people of the country. I desire to make a short statement in regard to blight for the benefit of the growers of fruit, so they can study the problem for themselves, and know something of it from their own experience. I have given thirteen years of practical experience, hard and diligent study to the subject of blight, and am familiar with it in all its phases, and know whereof I speak.

Now, I wish to say that science is mistaken as to the bacterial germ being the cause of blight or having any significance whatsoever in relation to it. The bacterial germ is the result of blight, instead of the cause, and does not become present in orchards until after the limb is absolutely dead. The presence of the bacterial germ is the result of a natural law after the death of the limb takes place, and is indigenous to the limb, and always originates in the sap and never from any outside source. The bacterial germ is the first evidence in nature's law after the limb is blighted, towards the protrusion of the limb, and is furthermore never transmitted to other trees, and is therefore not contagious in any form by its own agency, and is reproduced except by inoculation. Scientists claim that blight is due to bacteria germs, for the reason that when a limb is taken into their laboratory and a culture is made of it a germ is found, which is a bacterium, and it could not be otherwise, a nature provides for it, and in their profession they are compelled to pronounce it so, for the reason that their verdict must be in accordance with the finding in the limb, and any other verdict would be a denial of the scientific law. In truth and fact, their experiments are always on the result instead of the cause, and they have been working wrong end to, in all their research work in seeking for the cause of blight.

Now, what is blight and how is it produced? I will answer this briefly. All the trouble of this character which we have on trees is due to two causes, namely, blight and its ally, both of which conform to natural laws pure and simple. These two elements in nature are heat and cold. Blight is due to heat, while its ally is due to cold which is frost, and in result they are identical, and no scientific man can tell the difference between the two.

It must be understood that when this trouble originally occurs on trees, the tree is always in active life and sap is flowing freely. Now, when a pear tree is healthy and vigorous and sap is flowing abundantly to the outer ends of the limbs, causing them to become very tender, and at this time we have from 98 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, with an absolute stillness of the atmosphere, so the limb is not fanned in the breeze, the sap becomes thick, and the work is done. Now, reverse this with frost, which occurs most always while the tree is in bloom. The bloom freezes, and you have the same result, but you cannot discover the result until from five to seven days after the frost occurs.

This is commonly called twig, spur, or blossom blight. It matters not whether the death of the limb and blossoms is caused from heat or frost, the result will be identical. The bacterial germ becomes present in both cases just the same.

Now, where does the germ come from and when does it become present in the limb? The answer is this: when the limb is in bloom, and as above stated, the resisting forces in nature cease and of course a reaction takes place in the sap. The sap now sours and the germ becomes present, a natural result. The source of the germ, scientifically speaking, are one and the same thing, neither of which has anything to do with the death of the tree. Fermentation now takes place in the sap which is caused by the germ, the same as in any put or animal death. Now, I will not discuss body blight in this article as it would take too long, but simply want to state the real cause of blight and its ally, so your readers can study the problem for themselves.

I do not say that this is one way, or one method by which blight and its ally are produced and in which the bacterial germ becomes present, but I state positively that it cannot be produced in any other manner than by heat or cold as herein stated. It can produce a genuine case of blight on pear trees in summer when the degree of heat and other conditions are present as herein stated, and it cannot be done in any other manner. I can produce bacterial germs in the tube of any healthy tree in great abundance any time in summer, regardless of weather conditions, and if the scientific theory were correct I could not do that.

If I cannot do this, and if any man in the United States, scientific or otherwise, can disprove any allegation I have made concerning the cause and presence of the bacterial germ, and they want to make a test before an impartial committee, I will present for that purpose, in any crowd anywhere in the United States, I will present him or them, with a \$100 prize or will give it to any charitable institution that the committee may select. This offer is made for the benefit of the fruit growers of the United States and rest of the same will be a gift from me.

For Sale.

Two ponies, sound, and gentle for ladies or children to handle, four and five years old. Also good driving horse, and about 800 bushels of barley inquire of, Jas. Taylor & Sons, Medford.

—Sub. 10 for The Mail.

Public Libraries Worth While.

In an address at the opening of the Salisbury Eng. public library Lord Avebury expressed the opinion that such institutions, instead of increasing the rate of taxation, as is often complained, were important factors in reducing that rate. He cited statistics showing how libraries have multiplied in England during the last thirty years, and (how, during the same period, the rate for pauperism and crime had diminished, leading force to the argument that what the tax payer paid on the one account was more than repaid on the other. Expensive as are the means of education, he says, among which the library has a vital place, it is beyond doubt that ignorance is far more expensive. Estimated even in pounds and shillings, the public library is a public economy. —N. Y. Post.

Side by side in the wilderness our forefathers planted the church and the school; and on these two supports the nation has stood firm and grown great. But a tripod is necessary for stable equilibrium. As the country has grown, its industrial, economic and political problems have grown more numerous and more complex, and the nation required a broader base of intelligence and morality for its security and perpetuity. The third support for a wider and higher national life has been found in the public library, which, cooperating with the school, doubles the value of the education the child receives in school and there incites him to continue his education after leaving school and furnishes him with facilities for doing so. It also enables the adult to make up for the opportunities he neglected, or, more often, did not have in early life. It does this, too, at an expense to the community of not more than one tenth of the cost per capita of school education. Therefore, as the last Saturday Jevons said: "on omitting that small expenditure in a universal system of libraries which would enable young men and women to continue their education, we spend the £97 and slightly decline the £3 really needed to make the best of the £100 effective." Or, I may say, in homelier phrase it is like giving \$19.50 for an overcoat and refusing another half dollar for buttons to make it thoroughly serviceable.—F. M. Crunden in the "Exponent."

A library is not a luxury, it is not for the cultured few, it is not merely for the scientific, it is not for any intellectual cult or exclusive literary set. It is a great, broad, universal public benefaction. It lifts the entire community, it is the right arm of the intellectual development of the people, ministering to the wants of those who are already educated and spreading a universal desire for education. It is the upper story of the public school system, while it is a broad field wherein ripe scholars may find a fuller training for their already highly developed faculties. It is above all a splendid instrument for the education and culture of those vast masses of boys and girls that are denied the high privilege of the systematic training of the schools.—C. E. Thach in Mobile "Register."

Mr. Harriman Again.

From Portland Oregonian: The power to create and destroy railroad facilities in this part of the world lies absolutely in Mr. Harriman's hands. With this power goes a similar control of the fortunes, and indirectly, of the lives of our population. His authority in all essential particulars surpasses that of any European sovereign over his subjects and, like the most abject servants of a feudal monarch, the people of Oregon are compelled to approach Mr. Harriman in humble submission and beg of him that he will graciously save them from commercial ruin.

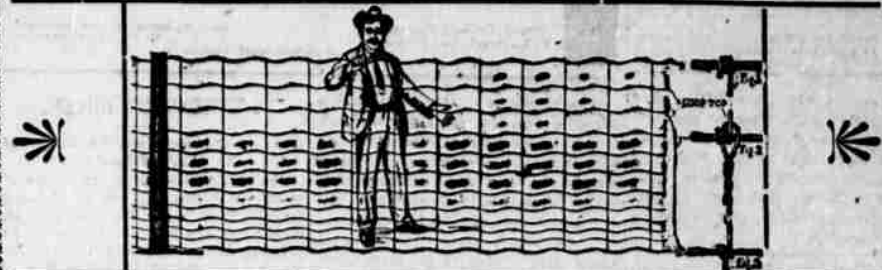
If their prayers were granted the case would not be without its consolations. It is bad enough to crawl at the feet of power and beg for favors even when they are finally received; but to crawl and beg and receive in return nothing but scornful neglect goes to the heart of the most patient victim of Mr. Harriman's autocracy.

What is the remedy for this systematic neglect of the interests of Oregon by our railroad autocrat? Prayers have been tried and nauseated, and they have been useless. Is there anything besides prayers which the outraged commercial interests of the state can now resort to? Can Mr. Harriman be forced to fulfill those duties which he has driven every other man from performing and which he refuses to perform himself? His attitude is precisely that of the traditional dog in the manger. He has, by fraud and force, driven every competitor from the railroad business in this state. The whole system of our transportation is his. Having done that, he now declines to make those improvements without which the system is comparatively useless. He hinders the development of the state, prevents the growth of population and virtually forbids the cultivation of great areas of fertile land. That should be done with a man who thus stifles the life of a whole state? Is there a limit beyond which the abuse of power cannot be tolerated? When a man makes such use as Mr. Harriman does of his authority over the lives and fortunes of his fellow men, has not the time arrived for the authority to be taken from him? How long will the people

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Means the very best woven wire fence made: a fence that has stood the test of actual service for over twenty years and has been improved till now it is

The Perfection of Woven Wire Fences



Page Standard Farm Fence has been in use in Southern Oregon for several years and your most conservative neighbors who have used it in the past are buying it in greater quantities today than ever before, and this fence has established beyond successful contradiction its title as the best fence in the world.

Page fence wire, made in the company's own mills, is more than twice as strong as common fence wire and is of the finest high-carbon spring steel. No other factory in the world makes such fence wire.

Page fence is woven on a loom like a gigantic piece of cloth and is one solid fabric from end to end, every horizontal wire being a coiled steel spring.

Page standard farm fence is the only fence made that does not require a barbed wire over the fence to protect it. Just look at that fence you erected and see if you haven't a barbed wire over it to injure your stock in your attempt to protect your fence—the barbed wire is there for no other purpose.

Page standard farm fence has the sliding loop top and is able to protect itself, will not bag or sag or become deformed by being used over uneven ground and is the standard of excellence.

Page standard farm fence requires less posts and is by far the cheapest fence complete, quality considered, of any make of fence today, and is a fence guaranteed in every way.

Page standard farm fence is a credit to the man who uses it, and increases the value of the land it is put upon, because it is a handsome, permanent investment.

When you get a Page standard farm fence you have the best that money can buy or modern science produce. Remember we have many styles of Page fence for all purposes, that there is more Page fence sold in Southern Oregon than all other makes combined; that we furnish man and tools and assist in the erection of all Page fence without extra cost.

It is a pleasure to show you the merits of the Page, why it's the best, why it's the cheapest.

Write

Gaddis & Dixon

"The Page Fence Men"

Agents Southern Oregon and Northern California

MAIN OFFICE

MEDFORD, OREGON

of Oregon bend the 2 knees in humble supplication to Overlord Harriman before they discover that in some cases compulsory measures far exceed the efficacy of prayers? When a great public servant utterly neglects his duties, common justice and common sense alike require that he should be replaced by somebody whose conscience is less clouded to the sense of obligation. Can Mr. Harriman be deposed, or is he not only an absolute monarch, but also a perpetual one?

CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Traits Which Are Readily Disclosed by One's Gait.

"There's a conceited man coming down the street," said the girl in the green on a corner. "How do I know?" By his walk. I can tell the chief trait of any person's character by watching him or her walk. For instance, if a man walks with a heavy lift to his hips he's sure to be obstinate. If he sinks down a little on his heels he has a comfortable attitude toward life and the world in general—in fact, he's a bit lazy. That woman coming down the street now is a gossip. Any one could tell that because of her mincing, fussy gait. Indecision is the chief characteristic of that woman's character across the street. Don't you see how she swings her foot rather hesitatingly in the air before she puts it down?

"The man who walks with his knees leading is sure to be of the pious type—the disagreeable pious type, I mean. You see how the old codger who is crossing the road with his stomach seeming to lead the rest of him—well, of course it is evident that feeding is his chief delight. When an intellectual man walks his head leads. That girl who sways so is self-conscious. Yes, that girl going down the street has a pretty walk, gliding and quiet, but watch out for her; she is treacherous in the extreme.

"The man who puts his feet down especially solidly is heavy and somewhat stupid. That little person crossing the road with a quick, clean step is energy personified, but he has the sort of energy which has no regard for the rights or feelings of others. The girl coming out of that store has an ugly count in her nature. Don't you see how she puts her foot down unwillingly as if she were saying: 'I won't! I won't! I shouldn't advise any man to marry her.'"

"Of course I don't pretend to know thoroughly a person's character by his walk, but I do discover his predominant characteristic."

The Quality of Mercy. A notorious mountain moonshiner, familiarly known as Wild Bill, was tried before a federal court in Georgia and was adjudged guilty. Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record and at last, informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him, but felt only unmitigated pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill stolidly shifted the end of tobacco in his mouth and turned to leave the courtroom with the marshal. Once outside the only thing he said was this: "Well, I s'pose am glad he wa'n't mad at me!"

Proving It. "Keep up your courage, old man," said the passenger who was a good sailor to another who was leaning over the railing and paying tribute to Neptune. "Never mind me," came the answer between gasps. "I've always heard that it took travel to bring out what there is in a man."

Painfully Natural. Playwright—Is her acting natural? Manager (enthusiastically)—Natural! Why, when she appeared at the dining mother last night an insurance agent who has her life insured for \$25,000 and who was in the audience actually fainted.—London Globe.

J. H. DOTY & CO.

New Fish Market on West Side

Oyster Cocktails and Shelled Fish a specialty. Crabs, Salt Water Fish, Columbia and Rogue River Salmon.

Twenty Years Experience in the Fish Business

Claus Shears and Scissors

AT

NICHOLSON HARDWARE Co.

The Place to Buy Your Hardware

CHOICE SEED WHEAT

Eastern Oregon Club and Blue Stem

Also No. 1 Seed Barley.

At MEDFORD FLOUR MILL

AN ILL FATED SHIP.

Mystery and Tragedy That Encompassed the Great Eastern.

There was a mystery about that ill fated ship. Nothing went right with her. She struck at the launch, and it cost an extra \$350,000 over and above the sum set aside for the purpose to get her into the water. On her trial trip her boilers burst, killing some of the stokers. Then she ran aground and carried on so outrageously that her crew thought her surely bewitched. She had started badly. While she was building a pay check sent by one of the contractors with \$5,500 in wages for the men disappeared. It was not unaccountably assumed that he had bolted with the money. His wife and family were left unprotected, with the stigma of his supposed crime upon them.

Thirty years after her launch the Great Eastern went into the cemetery at Birkenhead to be broken up. While she was being taken to pieces the shipbreakers discovered between her inner and outer casings of steel the skeleton of a man. Papers which had fallen from his clothes enabled his identity to be traced. It was the skeleton of the pay clerk who thirty years before had disappeared. There was no money; that was never recovered.

The supposition is that the poor fellow on going on to the ship was pounced upon by workmen who knew that he had the money with him. They strangled him and, having a small piece in the side of the vessel to complete, examined his body in and built him up in it. The reward would have induced a man to sail in that vessel had he known of the terrible secret sealed up in his ribs.—Chicago News.

Bacteria in Butter.

"Bacteriologists have shown us that ordinary butter is swarming with germs," declares Good Health. "A single teaspoonful of milk generally contains from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000 germs. The number may even be much larger than this. In the removal of cream from the milk the germs are taken with it, and in the process of churning the germs are collected with the fat, so in the butter we have the concentration of a large part of the germs contained in the milk from which the butter was derived. So in a pound of butter derived from twenty pints of milk the number of bacteria must be almost beyond estimate. A brief computation will show that the number of bacteria contained in a pound of butter might easily reach the enormous sum of five to ten billions."

A Touch of Vanity.

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of blue gauze, the symbol of maidenhood. As the day approaches the millinery shows these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maids; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maids.

A sure cure, one you can depend upon. Hickory Bark Cough Remedy. A sure cure, and its name! Use it for all lung trouble, coughs, colds, hoarse ness and sore throat. For sale by Haskins Drug Store and first-class dealers everywhere.

—Dr. St. Johnsen examines eyes free.