

6TH ANNUAL SALE OF MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

.... DEUEL & KENTNER'S BIG STORE

... Five Day Sale, Commencing January 21, 1908 ...

No Flowery Pictures, But the Best Line of Ladies Underwear on the Market

We have sold this line for six years and the ladies of Medford are thoroughly acquainted with it, and it needs no puffing

You Must Wait for the Big Sale. Good Goods and Prices Talk and we Have Both

Our display will be in our Ladies Suit department and we will take pleasure in showing you the values. All we ask is for you to come. You will certainly Buy

Friday, January 17th

We have our January Remnants Sale, the day we place all remnants in every department at about one-half their value

Don't Forget You can Fit Out the Children in Fine Shape

DEUEL & KENTNER

BIG STORE AND LITTLE PRICES

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Jacksonville Items.

Judge Dunn was in Medford Wednesday on official business.

Sheriff D. H. Jackson went to Sacramento Monday on official business.

George Garrett, road supervisor of district No. 5, was a Jacksonville visitor this week.

County road master Jack True, was in Jacksonville on county court business Tuesday.

The county clerk has issued license to marry to the following: Daniel A. Hoons and Beatrice Grant, Chas. A. Patton and Myrtle Wells.

Jas. Wilson arrived from Oakland, Calif., the first of the week, being called to Jacksonville by the illness of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson.

Mrs. H. A. Norton came out from Wisconsin the first of the week to join her husband and son, who have been occupying the Williamson house on Oregon street since last October.

Jacksonville friends have received news of the death of Miss Kate Lemberger which occurred at Redlands, Calif., the latter part of December, Miss Lemberger was for many years court stenographer for this judicial district.

Messrs. W. R. Coleman, F. W. Mulkey, Jas. Cronmiller, A. V. Houston, W. Willetts and A. Henderson were among those from Jacksonville who attended the Odd fellows installation in Medford Monday evening.

Mrs. M. E. Hinkle, wife of the Jacksonville jeweler, died Friday, January 10, 1908. Mrs. Hinkle was a native of Springfield, Illinois, and had been a resident of Jacksonville or the past four years. The funeral services were conducted from the Presbyterian church, interment being made in the Jacksonville cemetery.

Jacksonville assembly of United Artisans held their semi-annual installation of officers on Tuesday evening. The hall had been very prettily decorated for the occasion and the committee for the evening had planned for enough music, games, singing and dancing to fill in a very moment so that the evening was a most enjoyable one. About one hundred members and invited guests were present. The evening's committee was composed of Mrs. T. J. Kenney, Mrs. B. E. Haney, Mrs.

Orat Orth, Misses Agnes Broad and Mervin Kenney, Messrs. Eppriam Wilson and W. Schultz. The officers installed were: Master artisan, Nellie R. Newbury, superintendent, Tillie Fick, secretary Amy Dow, treasurer, Pauline Hines, Sr. conductor, Lottie Finney, inspector, Oscar Lewis, Jr. conductor, Maude Byrnes, Master of ceremonies, Robt. Finney warden Susie Stansell, instructor, Rose Kenney.

GOLD HILL ITEMS

(BY REPORTER)

Hon. W. A. Carter arrived from Salem Wednesday to look after his business interests here.

Miss Annie Dungan, of San Francisco, arrived here Tuesday to attend the bed side of her father, J. B. Dungan, who is seriously ill at his home in Sams Valley.

Alma Camp No. 4500 of R. N. of A. and Sugar Pine Camp No. 10073 M. W. A. of this place held joint installation of officers for the ensuing year Tuesday evening in the opera house. The following officers were installed by Alma Camp No. 4500: Miss E. A. Murphy, orator, Mrs. E. Sutton, V. O., Mrs. Meninger, recorder, Mrs. Mary Lewis, reevever, Miss Dora Calne, Marshal, Mrs. M. Harrison, O. S., Mrs. J. E. Coffee, I. S., Mrs. A. E. Kellogg, manager, and the following officers were installed by Sugar Pine Camp: E. L. Gurnea, counsel, J. E. Coffee, advisor, W. E. Kellogg, clerk, W. H. Harvey, banker, R. T. Calne, escort, Theo. Kirk, secretary, W. H. Calne, watchman, W. P. Chaholm, physician, G. L. Hoff, manager.

Mrs. James McDougal, of this place, who is visiting in Willamette valley, is very sick at the home of her sister in Oregon City, with an attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. Lucy Blue is in town from the Centennial Mine visiting friends for a few days.

TALENT ITEMS.

Dr. and Mrs. Forbe returned home Saturday from a visit to Medford.

W. D. Holdridge, of Iowa, arrived with his family. Mr. Holdridge was with us in the early fall and at that time purchased the E. C. Foss place. We wish them success in their new home.

Rev. Matlock, of Eugene is conducting protracted meetings in Conway hall. Sermons are excellent and the meetings well attended.

C. W. Walters, who has been confined to his bed for the past week with grip is now able to resume his duties.

Tuesday Mrs. Matlock made Medford a visit. Owing to the lateness of

the train he did not return in time for the evening services.

Ralph Sherman has returned to town.

Mr. Holdridge is unloading a carload of furniture this week.

Mr. Lamb's team became frightened at the train and ran away Wednesday. Mr. Lamb was thrown out of the wagon, but not seriously hurt.

Mrs. L. Wimer is quite sick with measles and tonsillitis.

HIS TERRIBLE EYES.

Senator Cass could almost paralyze a man with a look.

Giant heads, bodies and brains were Webster and Cass. All the strength of New Hampshire granite was concentrated in those two souls. To look upon them made the ordinary man feel small. Wonderful eyes they possessed and men have been known to shiver with dread when one or the other allowed his glance to fall upon them. Cass could look through a stranger's mind as if he were a window pane.

No man dared take liberties with Cass. In 1846 the proprietor of the National hotel in Washington was a man who so closely resembled the great senator from Michigan that he was often mistaken for him. An old friend, returning from a journey, entered the lobby and seeing him lean against the desk, slipped up behind and hit him a terrific whack on the shoulder, saying cheerily and simultaneously: "Hello, old man! Here I am back again. How are you?" Senator Cass straightened up his six feet three and, turning upon the assailant his terrible, bloodshot eyes, almost annihilated him with a look. Not a word was spoken. That look was ample. The stranger was so "rattled" that he could not even apologize, but slunk dejectedly out of the hotel.

Later in the day when congress was supposed to be in session the stranger returned to the hotel to shake hands with the proprietor and tell him all about the Cass incident. Walking bravely up, he laid his hand down on his friend's shoulder and, without waiting for a greeting, surprised him with: "See here, old fellow, you got me in a dudge of a scrape this morning. Why, you know, I took old Cass for you, slipped him on the back, nearly taking off a shoulder, and the old fool looked at me as if he wanted to commit murder. The darned old lunatic, why doesn't he stay out of here? He knows!" Again the great senator from Michigan straightened up his six feet three, again he turned his bloodshot eyes, again he looked and again the victim fled. Two minutes of that kind in one day!

I wish to announce that I have bought H. C. McKay's Photograph Studio. As to my work will let it speak for itself, all I ask is a chance to show it. Come in and see me. F. L. Lemmon.

TOMORROW'S BIRTHPLACE.

Line in the Pacific Where it Shakes Man's Wits Yesterday.

Most people who have read Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days" will remember how narrowly the traveler missed his bet, having forgotten that in following the sun from east to west he had gained one day.

When one crosses the Atlantic from London to New York he gains rather more than half an hour each day. From New York to Chicago another hour is gained, another to Denver, another to San Francisco, which is reaching time eight hours later than London and of course the best part of a day later than Shanghai and Yokohama. In crossing the Pacific there comes a time when the day begins, where yesterday and tomorrow shake hands and where the traveler is cheated out of a day in his life.

In mid-Pacific, going west, one skips from Sunday to Tuesday. Going east he has one day of the week repeated—two Sundays or Tuesdays, as the case may be.

The line of the changing day is not a straight one. The islands in the Pacific take their time from the continent with which they trade and from which they were discovered. Thus the line of the change zigzags down the Pacific from south to north, dodging between the islands.

Hence it might easily happen that a ship which has already skipped a day would reach an island which clings to San Francisco time. In such a case it would be Monday on shore and Tuesday on the ship.

If the ship's jolly boat were lying at a wharf, it would be Monday on the wharf and Tuesday on the boat.

And if a person lives somewhere near the line he can get a selfboat and visit yesterday and tomorrow in the most delightful fashion.

Advance Thanks.

The phrase "Thanking you in anticipation" is now becoming common. I think it is one of the most evasive and one of the most insulting, for it implies that, however much pains the worker may take, he will get no thanks for it afterward. Why should he? He has been thanked already. It further implies an imperious and insatiable demand which must and which will have immediate attention on pain of being considered as gentleman. "Thank you very much" respects a contractor's right to employ this term in his own phraseology. Professor Skeat in London Academy.

Success.

Little Tom Smith seems to have a good deal of success in his business. He has a very nice little store in town and is doing very well. He has a very nice little store in town and is doing very well. He has a very nice little store in town and is doing very well.

Where it Doesn't Apply.

"Slow and sure" remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."

"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."

"What's that?" queried the quotation man.

"It's the motto of the Kansas City Independent."

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it. Philadelphia Record.

—\$2500 buys 100 acres, well located, building, two acres of orchard, 40 acres of road. Easy terms. See C. H. Pierce & Son.

COIN MOTTOES.

Inscriptions That Were a Joy to the Coinists and Critics.

A collection of coin mottoes gathered by an Italian student, Amerigo Scariatti, was published in Minerva, an Italian periodical. Scariatti is of the opinion that such inscriptions, though not intended to be cynical, too often admit of such an interpretation through the irresistible habit of the public of ignoring the intention of the designer and applying the motto to the coin itself.

Thus when Charles II, king of the two Sicilies, had engraved on his silver ducat the Latin words "Unus non Sufficit," meaning "One is not enough," all the world insisted on forgetting that the king referred to a single scepter and enthusiastically agreed with him that one ducat wasn't enough for any one.

On the contrary, a storm of ironical opposition was aroused when Louis de Bourbon, king of Brabant, in the early part of the last century inscribed "Virtus Patris et Lactantis" on his coins. The words mean "Let the poor see and rejoice," and of course every one wanted to know why a poor man should rejoice at merely seeing a piece of money.

On the papal coinage of 1573 bearing the arms of Gregory XIII are the words "Et Super Hanc Petram" (And upon this rock). Of course the pope and the artist who designed the coin meant the words to refer to the papacy, but the evil minded applied them so maliciously to the coin itself that the issue was speedily stopped. A similar opportunity for evil tongues was afforded when the Knights of Malta coined an issue of dollars with the sign of their order, the Maltese cross and these motto, "In Hoc Signo Millitamus" (In this sign we combat). The ribald affected to take it as a confession that with them money was truly the sinew of war.

A Venetian lira dated 1474 has the somewhat ambiguous motto "In Tibi Solo Gloria" (To thee alone the glory). A sequin coined by Cardinal Beagonico in 1744 bears the words "Veni Lumen Cordium," or "Come, thou light of hearts." Clement XI issued a coin with an image of the Madonna, with the legend "Causa Nostrae Laetitiae" (Cause of our joy), and a Venetian piece with an allegorical figure of Justice, with the words "Nostra in hac obliata" (Our happiness in this). All of these inscriptions were irreverently diverted by contemporaries from their true object to the money itself.

A Judge of Land.

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's Son—Yes father. Proud Father—Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that fat medder there, for instance? Farmer's Son—Cracky, what a piece for a ball game!—Kansas City Independent.

—Blue prints of township maps showing all vacant land, fifty cents each. For reliable information concerning Government land write to Frank E. Alley, Abstractor, Roseburg, Oregon.

Disinterested Professional Advice.

"Bring me that beefsteak potpie!"

"Yassah," said the dining car waiter, listening near by.

"And bring me some of those French peas!"

"Yassah; but boss, maybe you all don't know dey's French peas in dat pie?"

"No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And—ah—and—ah, then bring me some potatoes."

"Yassah, boss; but maybe you all didn't know dey's tatebs, too, in dat pie?"

"No, I didn't. Thanks again, George. It's mighty nice of you to keep me from buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want."

"Yassah. Ah reckon it's mighty nice of me t' do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many me-e-ty people—nice gammers, lak you all—waste money fo' vegetables dat might jus' as well 'a' been handed over to th' wintah. Yassah, Ah sho' has!"—Judge.

AN AERIAL HORROR.

The Very Dreadful Thing That Stroh-schneider Did.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Strohschneider?" asked a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it."

"Strohschneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon."

"Though the landlord's wife made a sick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Strohschneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began."

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost and that his arm was thrown around Strohschneider's neck as if in terror. And, noting these things, the people nodded ominously to one another."

"Up and up, went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarreling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, kicked."

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head."

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes."

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Perils of Crinolines.

The dangers of the historic crinoline are illustrated by a story told by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences." Going too near the fireplace, her voluminous skirt caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. There were no men present, and the women could not help her, because if they had gone near her they would have been ignited. Fortunately Lady Dorothy had sufficient presence of mind to roll herself in the hearth rug and thus subdue the flames.

Lee and McClellan.

An incident of the First Meeting of the Two Soldiers.

The first meeting between General George B. McClellan and General Robert E. Lee happened in Mexico during the war with that country. McClellan was a lieutenant of engineers, and Lee was a major on the staff of General Winfield Scott.

One day McClellan was walking across a field when he saw General Scott and his staff approaching on horseback. As they drew near Major Lee reined up his horse and asked the lieutenant if he did not know that he was disobeying orders. His tone was sharp and angry. McClellan answered that he was not aware of any disobedience and asked for an explanation. Lee replied that all officers had been told to remain in their quarters, awaiting orders, and asked for the lieutenant's name.

McClellan gave his name and said that no order of that kind had reached him. But Lee in a peremptory tone ordered him to go to his quarters and remain there. Then he rode off and rejoined General Scott and the staff, who had not stopped. McClellan went to his quarters, as he had been directed to do, but was quite indignant at the way in which Lee had treated him, for he had not knowingly committed a breach of discipline.

He had just finished telling his brother officers the incident when he was informed that an officer was outside the tent asking for him. On going out he was much surprised to see Major Lee, who saluted him with respect.

"Lieutenant McClellan," the major said, "I am afraid that I was not courteous in my manner to you a little while ago, and I have called to apologize."

"I assured him that it was all right," said General McClellan in telling the story, "and he rode off after making a low bow, leaving me in admiration of a superior officer who so promptly and generously repaired an error."—Chicago News.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.