

\$6.95 100 SUITS \$6.95

SPECIAL OFFER

Wednesday morning, January 22, at 8 o'clock, we will offer while they last, 100 Suits of Clothes at \$6.95. These suits range in value from \$10 to \$16.50 and compose what we have left of our popular priced clothing

25 PER CENT DISCOUNT

In addition to this 100 SUIT OFFER we will give 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT on any suit or overcoat in the store. This offer will continue as long as there are any suits left or until the arrival of our spring suits which we expect within 10 days

ONE PRICE = ONE PRICE

ONE PRICE, that first marked on the clothes, will be the only one found on the suit, thus enabling the customer to see the original selling price of the garment and to figure out just what the discount will be. This is done to convince the skeptical buyer that this is not a "marked up to mark down" sham to fool the public, but a boni fide offer.

OUR POLICY

The policy of this store is to give the public a fresh, new and up-to-date stock each season. That we may have no winter clothing left to carry over until next season we have determined to offer the remaining stock at prices that will quickly clean up every suit and overcoat in the store. The ONE PRICE policy of this store will be the same. Prices will be cut only at the ends of the seasons in order to clean up what is left

DANIELS' New Clothing Store

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Jacksonville Items.

M. M. Taylor is in Portland attending a meeting of the grocers' association.

Mrs. Harry Foster, of Medford was in Jacksonville Monday while en route to Stirling to visit friends.

Miles Overholt, of the Jacksonville Post, returned Tuesday from Portland where he attended the session of the Oregon Press Association.

Mrs. C. L. Reames returned Tuesday from north Bend where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. K. G. Gale.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cantrall, of Little Applegate, will become residents of Jacksonville soon, having purchased property on California street.

Sheriff D. H. Jackson returned from Sacramento Saturday having in custody, B. B. Montgomery, who is charged with larceny from a car committed in Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Willits, who recently disposed of their residence property in Jacksonville left Thursday morning for Alameda, California, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Cotchett will leave soon for San Francisco, where Mr. Cotchett has accepted a position. The popular young couple will be socially missed in Jacksonville's social circles.

J. Althorp, who recently purchased a farm one mile south of Medford and Frank Decker, of North Dakota were in Jacksonville Saturday. Mr. Decker is looking over the country with a view to locating. These gentlemen are both old time friends of B. E. Haney, of this city.

Mrs. J. R. Nell, wife of ex county Judge J. R. Nell, died in Jacksonville January 16, 1908, of pneumonia and other complications. Mrs. Nell had been a resident of Jacksonville for about forty years and was held in the highest esteem by neighbors and friends. She is survived by her husband and one son, Frank Nell. The remains were laid to rest in the Jacksonville cemetery. Services being conducted by Rev. Robert Knute of the Presbyterian church.

A number of the young people of the town have organized a whist club, which is to meet regularly at the home of the members of the club. The members are Misses Lelah and Beatha Prim, Lena Ulrich, Anna Wendt, Mervena Kenney, Josephine Dugan, Messrs. Chas. Newman, Ray Sexton, John Wilkinson, Pat Donegan, Ed. Donegan, J. P. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ulrich.

Table Rock Items.

By J. C. P.

Dr. Jones and Chas. Strang were out this way on a business trip the first of last week.

Hittler and Bissell are hauling off their apples and finding a market at the different valley towns.

Our telephone line got out of working order last week and it took Mr. Beebe several hours and a long ride to locate the trouble, which was simply a crossed wire near the residence of Harvey Richardson.

Jonah Dugan went to Jacksonville with a load of apples from the Table Rock Orchard Saturday and found a ready market at satisfactory prices.

A series of protracted meetings are to be held at the school house next week beginning Monday evening. These services will be conducted by Rev. Davis, the traveling preacher and Rev. Green of Ashland. All are invited.

While working in his strawberry patch last week Mr. Adams found berries as large as English walnuts and many smaller ones coming on, it would only take a few days of sunshine to ripen some of the larger berries.

F. S. Green, of Portland, who lately purchased the D. M. Griesham farm, came out and spent a day on his place. He was very much pleased with the outlook for this part of the valley, and is settling his land to fruit as fast as possible. We understand that his parents are coming from the East and after March 1st will make their home with Table Rockers.

Wm. R. Byrum made a trip to Portland the first of last week in answer to a telegram informing him of

the sudden death of the daughter of his niece, Mrs. Brooks. While in the city Mr. B. visited the fruit show and was very much disappointed with the way the prizes were distributed. He said the California spoke very plainly about the injustice toward the Rogue River Valley fruit.

A Shower Wedding.
"And you say when the belle became the wife of the foreign nobleman it was a shower wedding?"
"I should say so. The bride wore a shower bouquet."
"Yes."
"And then there was a shower of rice?"
"My!"
"Followed by a shower of congratulations and old shoes."
"Well, well! And how did it end up?"
"Very embarrassing all round. The nobleman's creditors came around and presented a shower of bills."—Kansas City Independent.

As Good as the Zoo.
"Will you come with me to the zoo this afternoon?"
"No, thank you; I would rather stay at home. My eldest daughter jumps like a wild goat, my youngest shrieks like a parrot, my son is as sturdy as a bear, my wife snags like a dog, and my mother-in-law, who is a veritable thorn, says I am exactly like an orange. So, you see, I have no need to go to the zoo to see strange creatures."
A Difference.
Young Aspirant—Sir, may I count on your supporting me? Practical Citizen—That depends, young man. Are you going to run for office or do you want to marry my daughter?—Philadelphia Ledger.

He conquers twice who restrains himself in victory.—Syria.

C. WHEELER N. C. SORENSON H. L. GETCHELL
Medford Realty and Rental Co.
LOANS REAL ESTATE INSURANCE

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

We, the undersigned, having opened a real estate office here in Medford, DESIRE TO SAY, that those having property to sell or rent would do well to see us at once, as we are in touch with a large number of home-seekers. Also, if we can get a large tract of land in one location, we have a colony who will come when we say things are ready. Promising every one a square deal, and the best of attention to any business offered us, we are yours to serve.

Cor. 7th and C Sts

C. Wheeler,
N. C. Sorenson,
H. L. Getchell.

A BURGLAR'S STORY.

Told by an English Thief in the Language of Thieves.

Some time ago there appeared a somewhat curious book, "The Autobiography of a Thief in Thieves' Language." A glossary is provided for the benefit of those whose unfortunate ignorance of the predatory classes may render such aid necessary.

From one of the anecdotes related it appears that honor among thieves is not always to be found.

"One day," says the writer, "I went to Croynod and touched for a red toy (gold watch) and red tackle (gold chain) with a large locket. So I took the rattle home at once. When I got late Shoreditch I met one of two of the mob, who said: 'Hello! Been out today? Did you touch?'"

"So I said 'Usher' (yes). So I took them in, and we all got cañon. When I went to the fence he started (cheated) me because I was drunk and only gave 18 10s. for the lot. So the next day I went to him, and I asked him if he was not a-going to grease my duke (put money into my hand)."

"So he said 'No.' Then he said, 'I will give you another half a quid,' and said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'"

"So I thought to myself, 'All right, my lad, you will find me as good as my master,' and left him. Some time after that affair with the fence one of the mob said to me: "I have got a place cut and dried. Will you come and do it?"

"So I said: 'Yes. What tools will you want?'

"And he said, 'We shall want some twigs and the stick (crowbar), and bring a Neddle (life preserver) with you.' And he said, 'Now don't stick me up (disappoint); meet me at night.'"

"At 6 I was at the meet (trying place), and while waiting for my pal I had my daisies cleaned, and I piped the fence that bested me go along with his old woman (wife) and his two kids (children), so I thought of his own words, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'"

"He was going to the Lyceum theater, so when my pal came up I told him all about it. So we went and screwed (broke into) his place and got thirty-two quid and a toy and tackle which he had bought on the crook (dishonesty). A day or two after this I met the fence who I'd done, so he said to me, 'We have met at last.'"

"So I said, 'Well, what of that?'"
"So he said, 'What do you want to do for?'"
"So I said, 'You must remember you done me, and when I spoke to you about it you said, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you." That shut him up.'—London Tit-Bits.

A Witty Irish Judge.
Mr. Doherty, who is chief justice of the Irish court of common pleas from 1830 till his death in 1864, was famed for his wit. The gossip in the hall of the four courts, which of course reached the bench, was that one of the judges had been somewhat excited by wine at an entertainment in Dublin castle on the previous evening. "Is it true," the chief justice was asked, "that Judge ——— asked at the castle ball last night?" "Well," replied Do-

herty, "I certainly can say that I saw him in a reel."

"As I came along the quay," remarked one of the officers of the court whose face was remarkably hatched shaped, "the wind was cutting my face." "Upon my honor," replied the chief justice, "I think the wind had the worst of it."—London Law Notes.

Swiss Naval Wars.
References to the Swiss navy are usually facetious, but it is none the less a fact that ships of war once floated and even fought on the waters of the lake of Geneva. The great deed was that of the Duke of Savoy, who at the beginning of the fourteenth century maintained a number of war galleys armed with rams and protected by turrets and propelled by a crew of oarsmen varying in number from forty to seventy-two. These vessels besieged Verole and even blockaded Geneva. But Geneva also had a fleet which helped in the capture of Chillon in 1538, and when the Bernese annexed the canton of Vaud they, too, had their galleys. Their largest vessel was the Great Bear, with 64 oarsmen, 8 guns and 150 fighting men.—Westminster Gazette.

Office Boy's Little Coup.
The office boy in a downtown office has framed up the following schedule of the firm's office hours, which is displayed in a prominent place on the wall: "9-10 reserved for book agents and people with various things to sell, 10-11 for insurance agents, 11-12 for church and charitable institutions, 12-1 o'clock miscellaneous social visitors. N. B.—We transact our own business at night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Financier.
"Father," asked Hella, "what is a financier?"
"A financier, my son, differs from the ordinary business man in being able to make the government sit on and worry when his affairs do not go right."—Washington Star.

The Only Fault.
Guest—Walter, bring me some rice pudding. Waiter—Er, 'I said I can't just recommend the rice pudding today, sir. Guest—What's the matter with it? Waiter—Nothing, sir, 'cept there ain't none!—London Terms.

Sheffan on Being Asked How he came to sell "The Sun," answered: "I sold 'em!"

Conversations in German.
An Englishman and a Frenchman and a German sitting together in the smoking room of an ocean liner, the conversation turned on their nationality, and one of them asked what one of the three would choose to be if he were not of his own nation. The Frenchman said, "If I were not a Frenchman, I would be an Englishman." The Englishman said, "If I were not an Englishman, I would wish to be one." The German said, "If I were a German I would wish not to be a German."—Carl Peters in Deutsche Monatschrift.

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.—O. W. Holmes.

FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD.

Esquimaux Provide Food and Clothes For Returning Ghosts.

The natives of the Yukon river region hold a festival of the dead every year shortly before Christmas and a greater festival at intervals of several years. At these seasons food, drink and clothes are provided for the returning ghosts in the clubhouse of the village, which is illuminated for the occasion with oil lamps. Every man or woman who wishes to honor a dead friend sets up a lamp on a stand in front of the place which the dead one used to occupy in the clubhouse. These lamps, filled with seal oil, are kept burning day and night until the festival is over. They are believed to light the shades on their return to their old home and back again to the land of the dead. If any one fails to put up a lamp in the clubhouse and to keep it burning, the shade whom he or she desires to honor could not find its way to the place and so would miss the feast. When a person has been much disliked his ghost is sometimes purposely ignored, and that is deemed the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon him. After the songs of invitation to the dead have been sung the guests of the feast take a small portion of food from every dish and cast it down as an offering to the shades. Then each pours a little water on the floor so that it runs through the cracks. In this way they believed the spiritual essence of all the food and water is conveyed to the souls. With songs and dances the feast comes to an end and the ghosts are dismissed to their own place. The dancers dance, not only in the clubhouse, but also at the graves and on the ice if the dead met their deaths by drowning. On the eve of the festival the nearest male relative goes to the grave and summons the ghost by planting there a small model of a seal spear or of a wooden dish, according as the dead was a man or a woman. The totems of the dead are marked on these implements. The dead who have none to make offerings to them are believed to suffer great destitution; hence the Esquimaux fear to die without leaving behind them some one who will sacrifice to their spirit, and childless people generally adopt children lest their shades be forgotten at the festival.—New York Tribune.

A QUEER TREE
The Tumbo is a Monstrosity of the African Desert.

The mature tumbo is a tree with a trunk about two feet long, shaped much like an inverted cone. Almost all the trunk is below the surface of the ground, the white part rarely exceeding a few inches. But the remarkable feature of the stem is that it is often fourteen feet in circumference and becomes more or less a two lobed figure. The stem looks more like a loaf of bread, to quote Dr. Weitsch's letter, than the trunk of a tree. The underground portion becomes greatly elongated, and its continuation is the top root of the plant. This goes down several feet in its effort to get the few drops of water that the arid conditions of the country permit.

There are never more than two leaves after the seed leaves drop off,

and they fall as leaves they are, starting from a groove on opposite sides of the depressed mass, they stand straight out on both sides of the plant. They are often six feet long and two feet wide and usually split into ribbons that undulate over the ground in a way strikingly suggestive of the tentacles of an octopus. With its great ugly body and its tentacle-like leaves it is no wonder that it has been the most remarkable plant novelty of the last century. The flowers are borne in scarlet cones on a cymose inflorescence coming from the crown of the trunk.

Tumbo belongs to the joint fir family, or gnetaceae, and is known only from Portuguese West Africa to Damaraland. This is a region that seldom gets any rain, and desert conditions prevail almost completely, except for the sea fogs. The tumbo is thus a desert plant par excellence, and it is only by a close approximation of these very arid conditions that we can cultivate it.—New York Botanic Garden.

Gorton's Minstrels
PRESENTING
WELBY & PEARL
RAYCROFT & LYNCH
CAMERON & TOLEDO
VONDER & GRIFFIN
FCGG. & ALGER

Crescent City Quintet
SAM LEE, JAKE WELBY
EDDIE FLOOM, CALUETTE,
L. BRIGGS, W. SCHERTZINGER
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And 20 Others

Monday January 27
Gorton's - Celebrated
Concert Band
Solos and Selections
NOON AND EVENING
Grand - Street - Parade