

Absolutely Pure

From Grapes, the most healthful of fruits, comes the chief ingredient of

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar



Costs a little more than the injurious alum or phosphate of lime powders, but with Royal you are sure of pure, healthful food.

begin some time ago, but owing to the inclemency of the weather had to be postponed.

Messrs. Pennington and Mead from the Big Butte county made a trip to Medford last Saturday where they interviewed that city's enterprising business men and took back a wagon load of household goods. They stopped over night at Mrs. E. J. Robie's and the next morning continued their way to the tall timber where they have erected neat little cottages on their homesteads. Both gentlemen are comparatively new comers, the former having arrived in Medford from Minnesota last October and the latter from Portland in July. Both are well pleased with our genial climate and productive soil and especially satisfied with their own section of the country. They expect to purchase several more loads of household goods and farming utensils this winter, and of course will call on Medford merchants to furnish them.

He Always Remembered.
A smile lurked at the corners of Mrs. Lombard's mouth as she listened to the plaint of the school friend whom she had not seen for more than ten years. "I'm afraid, dear," she said, "you'll have to reconstruct some of your plans. You see, I married a forgetful man too."

"Why, you told me not ten minutes ago that your husband had never yet forgotten your birthday or your wedding anniversary," cried her friend. "and you told me you'd been married nearly eleven years! That's ever since the year after father took us all abroad."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lombard demurely. "I have. That's a long time, isn't it? But, you see, one thing was in my favor—I was born on the Fourth of July. Mr. Lombard couldn't very well forget the national holiday. And as soon as I'd found out how forgetful he was I decided to be married on another holiday."

"I suppose you were abroad you didn't realize the date of my wedding was unusual—people aren't often married on the 22d of February, I think. But, you see, by a little judicious planning I've been saved the necessity of reminding him about our anniversary."—Youth's Companion.

Real Estate Transfers.

J M Dew et ux to H H Stephenson et ux, land in twp 40 s r 3 w; \$2000.

L A Houck et ux to Alfred Lewis, 1 acre in twp 36, s r 3 w; \$1.

Rebecca Engleton to C W Banta, lots 81-82, block "P" R R add Ashland; \$810.

D S Powell et ux to Allen Davis et ux, land near blk 15, Ashland; \$10.

S B Stoner et ux to H B Hientlinger lots 14-15-16 blk "D" R R add Ashland; \$10.

B R Moore et ux to William Hills, lot 2 block 5 Woodville; \$100.

Henry Shaeffer et al to W W Swartzfager, "Red Chief" mining claim in Steamboat mining district; \$1.

Maggie S Townsend to S E Stover, land in township 35 s r 1 w; \$2000.

N Jerry to Jerry Mining and Lumber Co. mining claims in twp 37 s r 3 w; \$1.

N Jerry to Jerry Mining and Lumber Co, 240 a in twp 37 s r 3 w; \$15000.

H C Garnett et ux to Altona Arpdin land near blk 1, Lumsden add Medford; \$1.

Sarah E Weeks to Frederick W Weeks, 1 interest in lot 20 blk 44, Medford; \$1.

Frederick W Weeks to Alfred J Weeks et al, lot 20 blk 44, Medford; \$1.

Frederick W Weeks to Sarah E Weeks, 1 interest in land near lot 1, blk 44, Medford; \$1.

Alfred J Weeks et ux to Frederick W Weeks, title bond lot 20 blk 44, Medford; \$1270.

Susanna Whitney to I L Hamilton, lot 1, blk 1, Whitney add Medford; \$1.

Geo A Moore et ux to Chas M Allen, 30 a in twp 33 s r 1 w; \$6000.

C M Allen et ux to George A Moore, 1/2 acre in twp 33 s r 1 w; \$10000.

C A Walruff et ux to S S Stevens 5 acres in twp 33 s r 1 w; \$350.

D H Jackson to Henry Galey, tax deed, lot 10 blk "P" R R add Ashland; \$254.

William Ross et ux to Timothy W Daily et ux, lot 2 blk 5, Ross add Medford; \$90.

Ephraim Badger et ux to Alpha M Walker, 25 a in twp 39 s r 1; \$2200.

Eliza J Lewis et ux to H Jopling, bond for deed to land in Park add Medford; \$2000.

John Kremer to Fred Fick, part of lots 3 and 4 blk 16 Jacksonville; \$550.

Firman S Crump to J A Ward, release of bond for deed.

Joseph A Ward et ux to August Lawrence part of lots 1-2-3-4 blk 4, Park add Medford; \$235.42.

L C Narregan et ux to Pleasant A Doons, lots 7 and 8 blk 3 Narregan add Medford; \$180.

Margaret Taylor et ux to Pauline A Hines, lot blk 33 Jacksonville; \$500.

George W Pugh et ux to John Lett, land in twp 29 s r 1 e; \$450.

Charlie Davis et ux to William Davis, 26.06 acres in twp 37, s r 2 w; \$1500.

William Davis et ux to C W Davis, lots 11-12 Park add to Medford; \$500.

J T Eads to George Eads, land in Davis add Medford; \$1.

PAGE FENCE

Stands the Test of Time and Hard Usage for Over

22 YEARS



This PAGE FENCE was erected on the farm of Mr. Austin Pitts in 1885 by J. Wallace Page, the present President of the Page Woven Wire Fence Company, and is a good fence yet and still doing good work. Notice the coil spring wires. Page Fences are made better today, better material, better construction and in scores of styles. PAGE IS THE PIONEER and is today pre-eminently the perfection of Woven Wire Fences. No matter where you are going to fence or what fence you may have used in the past, call and get our quotations and examine our lines. We can save you money on any style of fence. Remember, fencing is our business. We furnish man and tools to assist in the erection of, and we guarantee every rod of fence without extra cost.

Gaddis & Dixon
"The Page Fence Men"
Agents Southern Oregon and Northern California
MAIN OFFICE MEDFORD, OREGON

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Eagle Point Eagles.
BY A. C. HOWLETT.

George West came up from Ashland Monday night, where he has been to visit his wife who is there receiving medical treatment.

Tracy Boothby came out from his home on upper Rogue river last Saturday night on his way to Talent to visit his sister, who is reported quite sick.

Last Tuesday there was a number of our citizens turned out and prepared a lot of wood for our church. The wood was donated by Elder J. P. Moomaw. There was enough delivered at the church to last quite a while.

Steve Hamilton, formerly of this place but now of the state of Washington, a brother-in-law of Wm. C. Daley, arrived here the late of last week to receive treatment for rheumatism, and at last accounts he was greatly benefited by his treatments.

Mr. Baker, of Butte Falls, came out last Monday night for Dr. Holt to go to Butte Falls to set a broken leg for Benj. Lamb. Mr. Lamb was working around the saw mill and a stick of timber slipped endways, striking him on the calf of the leg with the above result.

bridge where he had been to inspect it. He pronounced it in a bad condition and will recommend the court to condemn it. He says it will have to have new piers under it and that the work cannot be done until the water runs down to a low stage.

G. E. Walter, of Ashland, but formerly of Montana, was a pleasant caller last Sunday night. He was on his way up Little Butte creek to look at a farm. He came to this valley on account of his mother's health and finds that it has improved so much that they have decided to buy and make this country their future home.

As announced in last week's Mail Thomas Felix Young, one of our most promising young men was called to go the way of all flesh, Jan. 23, 1908. He would have been thirty-nine years old the thirtieth day of this month. He was born and had lived in this neighborhood all of his life and if he had an enemy it was not known, and by his industry and energy had accumulated enough to make him independent. He leaves two brothers, Nick and Peter Young and three sisters Mrs. James Owens, Mrs. George Owens and Miss Clara Young, besides a long list of warm friends. The remains were interred in the Central Point cemetery, the services being conducted by A. C. Howlett. A large concourse of people followed the remains to the last resting place.

Sweetly Thoughtful.
The De Jones back lawn was a lawn in name only. It was really an arid desert—hard, so to speak—and in dry weather it was always as dusty as a motor track. To the astonishment of Mrs. De Smythe, who lived next door, she one day saw her devoted husband turning the garden hose upon the De Jones "lawn."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure I wouldn't trouble to lay the dust in the De Jones' back yard, John, especially as they are such a hateful lot of crows. Small thanks you'll get for your trouble anyway."

Hubby turned to his better half with a smile which told of mixed pleasure and vindictiveness.

"That's all right, my dear. Their darling little Pido was washed snow white this morning. Now he's out there rolling about like a barrel and rubbing the mud well into his sleek coat. Trust your husband, my sweet, for real, unadorned thoughtful-ness!"—London Scraps.

Women and "Sport."
When a big shoot takes place in the covers near one of our country houses the occasion is made a sort of society gathering. The ladies of the house party gather with their presence, and other ladies of the neighborhood are glad to be allowed the honor of such company. Thus a large and fashionable party assembles, and while each hostess is in progress the girls and women try to look on unmoved while a wonderful hare kicks and squeals upon the ground for minutes which seem to terminate in the sensitive outlook until the hare is over and the dogs are loosed to finish off the cripples. And, though the hare's piteous shrieking makes its case seem the worst, the mere tumbling over and over of a wounded bird is a shocking sight to see on the time passes and no one goes forward to release it of its life.—London Mail.

Phoenix Items.
By M. O. C.

Mrs. A. S. Furry was visiting friends in Medford last Thursday.

Gardners in this part are preparing to plant the earlier kinds of garden truck.

There is a great many fruit trees now being planted in this part of the valley.

E. M. Meldes, J. B. Heeman and E. L. Gurnea, of Gold Hill were Medford visitors Monday.

Mrs. Fred Moore went to Ashland on Wednesday's train to visit with her mother, Mrs. Caldwell.

Mrs. Mattie Messenger, nee Dunlap, of Provolet, was visiting friends and relatives in Phoenix last week.

Quite a number of our town people went up to Talent Sunday to hear Rev. Matlock, and express themselves as well pleased as the sermon was an excellent one.

We are sorry to hear that Uncle Jesse Adams, as he is commonly known, of Wagner creek, is seriously ill with blood poisoning. Dr. Forbes, of Talent, is in attendance.

Your correspondent went to Ashland by team last Saturday, and although I have been there often for the last twenty-five years I never saw the streets as deep in mud as they are now.

BLACK LAND ITEMS.

V. T. McCray made a business trip to Medford on Tuesday.

Miss Letta Bigham spent last Saturday with her friend Nellie Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gregory spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Turpin.

Miss May Bigham and her brother William were guests of Miss Elsie (and Carl) Beebe last Sunday.

Misses Lucy, Minnie and Myrtle Stinson were guests at the hospitable home of Mrs. E. J. Roberts last Sunday.

Messrs. John Bigham, Alfred Smith, Albert and Archie Turpin and E. E. Gall were among our farmers who did business with Medford merchants on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bigham and little daughters Grace and Ruth spent last Thursday and Friday with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moore of Portland.

J. J. Roberts, foreman on the Oregan Rail road, was hunting for men last Sunday to slash setting out a large acreage of trees which was

Dodging Thirteen.
"When I lived in New York," writes a former New Yorker from Berlin, "there was a house near Central park which should have borne the number 13, but because of the superstition of the occupant permission was secured to place the number 11a or 11a over the door. I spoke of the circumstance a few days ago and learned that the thirteen superstition was more clearly marked here. In the instance mentioned by me an individual was concerned. Here it was the most important corporation in Wiesbaden. There is no No. 13 bathroom in any of the hotels and no No. 13 place at any table d'hote. All languages forbade the bath, under government control, also have bath cells No. 12a where they should be numbered 13."—New York Tribune.

A Worthy Antagonist.
"Did you visit any of the old caves when you were up in Scotland?" Jenkins was asked by a friend.

"Yes," replied Jenkins remissly, "and by gum, we had to forcibly pull Maria out of one cave."

"Good gracious! She was fascinated by its beauty, I suppose."

"No, it wasn't beauty. You see, there is a wonderful echo in the cave, and Maria couldn't bear to think of the echo having the last word."—Liverpool Mercury.

Ask Your Own Doctor

If he tells you to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for your severe cough or bronchial trouble, then take it. If he has anything better, then take that. We have great confidence in this medicine. So will you, when you once know it.

The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sole Manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Hair Vigor.

We have no secret. We publish the formula of our medicines.

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

His Eminence.
A French cardinal, being small of stature and hunched at that, always gave the kindest repartee when addressed with "highness" and "eminentness." "My highness is five feet two inches, and the eminentness I carry on my back."

Seemed Incomprehensible.
Mrs. Somer—What delicately constructed things these big steamships are! Mr. Somer—Why do you say that? Mrs. Somer—Just think of the breaking of a screw disabling the whole ship.—Philadelphia North American.

FLEET ANIMALS.
The Wonderful Speed Developed by the Greyhound.

Representations of the greyhound appear upon sculptures over 3,000 years old. There is no doubt that it is one of the very oldest fixed types of dog and the most universal in its distribution. India, Arabia, Persia, are among the countries that for ages past had the greyhound. Lately there was exhibited in England a greyhound from Afghanistan—a shaggy form settled to that mountain land. Of course these dogs are not all exactly greyhounds in the western sense, but they are essentially the same in type; they are "gazehounds," long legged, light built dogs, bred to run their game by sight and not by scent and to overtake it not by wearing it down, but by sheer speed and skill of running. How this type was evolved affords much interesting speculation.

"A greyhound is probably the fastest creature that moves upon the earth." There is no record that a greyhound has won a race from a flying child. An absolute trial between horse and greyhound is difficult to bring off, because, while the horse can be ridden at top speed, it is impossible to insure that the greyhound will run "all he can." But a dog that can start, say, fifty yards behind a hare and overtake it within another fifty, and this is about what a greyhound does, must surely be faster than anything else that lives or has his parallel only among the birds.

The same writer says of greyhound coursing: "One used to hear that it was a 'pothouse,' not a 'gentleman's sport. But I have heard men who follow both declare that they prefer coursing to racing, and I can quite understand it. In coursing there is the absolute certainty that all is above suspicion of anything 'shady.' Every time a dog is run he is honestly run to win or divide the stakes. You cannot 'pull' a greyhound."—Chicago News.

The New Cook's Way.
A new cook was in the kitchen, and the mistress was trying to be pleased with the way she served dinner. The salad was especially unappetizing, with large, coarse green lettuce leaves instead of the crisp, white little hearts the family was accustomed to.

"What did you do to the lettuce?" mildly inquired the lady of the house after supper.

"I washed it all good," replied the new cook.

"But the small white part?" persisted the mistress.

"Oh, yes, ye mean. I threw it away, of course."—New York Press.

HIS FIRST THOUGHT.
President McKinley's Devotion to His Invalid Wife.

In the early days of the Spanish war Mr. McKinley and Mark Hanna were engaged in a close and serious evening conference in the president's room. The time ran along to the hour of 9. Suddenly those busy in the outer room saw President McKinley rise and leave the apartment, saying, "Wait a few moments, Mark." He was gone about twenty minutes. In the meantime Senator Hanna walked restlessly between the two rooms, speaking a word or two to the secretaries and showing plainly that he shared with the president a feeling of deep anxiety as to the outcome of the military proceedings. He remarked on the fact of great shortage of supplies and from his words and bearing revealed to the assembled few in that outer room that the president and his closest advisers were lying awake nights and working to make up for the deficiencies of the military situation.

When the president returned he and Senator Hanna resumed their anxious consultation. Then the president's secretary remarked to one who was near him:

"I suppose you wonder why President McKinley got up so suddenly and left without a word to any one. You saw how anxious he was about the military situation. Even that would not cause him to break away from what has come to be the custom of his early evening."

"About the same time every night, when he hears a signal from the other side, he knows that Mrs. McKinley is ready to retire and wishes to see him. No matter how busy he may be nor how deeply engaged in any subject, he invariably drops everything on the instant and goes to their own apartments. There he sits by the bedside and reads a chapter in the Bible to Mrs. McKinley. Then he waits a few moments until she is quiet, tucks back to the door, comes over here to the office and without a word takes up the thread of his work and keeps it up until toward midnight."—Chicago Tribune.

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

Stupid Fellow.
"Mary said 'No' to me last night," sighed Peter Sloman, "but I don't believe she could honestly tell why she did it."

"Oh, yes, she could," replied his cousin Kate. "She told me."

"Did she?"

"Yes; she said she didn't think you'd take 'No' for an answer."—Philadelphia Press.

Rome's Germanizing.
The decline of a nation commences when Germanizing begins. Rome's collapse was well under way when slaves were thrown into the sea pits to increase the gamy flavor of the eels when they came upon the table.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.—Demosthenes.

Happy Tears.
A good cry is a salve to many women. It steadies the nerves and, added to a cup of tea and an interesting story, forms their idea of supreme happiness. Arising from the perusal of their books with red eyes, swelled cheeks and a sopping pocket handkerchief, they feel their time has not been wasted.—Lady Violet Greville in London Chronicle.

A Higher Health Level.
"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springs of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappointed you on trial, money will be refunded you at Chas. Straag's drug store. 25c.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.
The First Gas Bag and the First Dirigible Balloon.

On the 1st of December, 1783, when the first gas balloon rose from the Tuileries, carried up by Charles and Robert, the Marquis de Villemy, an octogenarian and skeptic, declared it was tempting God himself. He was rolled in his armchair to a window of his chateau to witness the impossibility of such an ascension. But the moment the aeronaut, gayly saluting the spectators, rose in the air, the old man, passing suddenly from the most complete incredulity to unlimited faith, the power of genius, fell upon his knees and exclaimed: "O meu, ye will find the secret of never dying! And I will be when I am dead!"

The public, easily confounding the atmospheric with the aeronautic feat, the aeronaut would continue his aerial course to the moon, to Venus, to Mars or Jupiter.

Pierre Giffard, then Dupuy de Lome, tried the first dirigible balloons. Later Captains Bessard and Krebs in their aeroplane, La France, went from Menton to Paris and back at the same time that Gaston Tissandier was carrying out his fine experiments. But all progress was soon stopped by the weakness of the motors compared to their weight.

Nothing further could be done until the arrival of the explosive motor. In fact, it was the improvement in automobiles which won as the conquest of the air.

—Silver plated milk tubes for sale at the Rogue River Creamery, Medford.

MOUNT FUJIYAMA.
Japanese Pilgrimage to Its Tempest Swept Summit.

To the people of Japan the mount Fujiyama is sacred. The meaning of the word is "honorable mountain." During that brief six weeks of summer when Fujiyama's wind swept sides are climbable, writes A. H. Edwards in "Kakemono," the pilgrims come in thousands, in ten thousands. They dress themselves in white from head to foot. They carry long staves of pure white wood in their hands, each stamped with the temple crest, and in hands and companies they climb the mountain.

Always the leader at their head, his staff crowned with a tinkling mass of bells, like tiny cymbals, chants the hymn of Fujiyama. For six short summer weeks they come. Then the winds rush down, the snow falls, the tempests rage, and Lord Fujiyama lives alone.

No human being has yet stayed a winter on his summit, and even in the summer weeks the winds will blow the lava blocks from the walls of the rest houses and sometimes the pilgrim from the path.

Fujiyama stands alone, not one peak among a range, but utterly alone. Rising straight out of the sea on one side and from the great Tokyo plain on the other, his 15,395 feet in two long curving lines of exquisite grace rise up and up into the blue, and not an inch of one foot is hidden or lost. It is all there, visible as a tower built on a treacherous plain, dominating the landscape. It can be seen from thirteen provinces, and from a hundred miles at sea the pale white peak of Fujiyama floats above the blue.