

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Jacksonville Items.

County Judge G. W. Dunn was in Medford on official business Tuesday.

M. M. Taylor returned from a business trip to Portland the first of the week.

Homer Davenport, the eminent cartoonist, visited Jacksonville Saturday.

F. M. Hathway and P. M. Amy, of Central Point, were Jacksonville visitors Monday.

Miss Bertha Prim is assisting county clerk W. M. Coleman during the registration of voters.

J. G. Cotchett left for San Francisco Sunday morning. Mrs. Cotchett will join him later.

Mrs. C. L. Keames spent Wednesday in Medford visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Coivig.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Anderson, of Phoenix, were attending to business matters in Jacksonville Tuesday.

Professor A. J. Hanby, of Central Point, school, was in Jacksonville Monday—rumor says on political business.

Messrs. J. C. Wilson, I. A. Merryman, Ed. Wilkinson and S. L. Bennett, of Medford were at the county seat Monday.

The county clerk has issued license to marry to the following: Marston Kennedy and Carrie Douglas, Louis Orless and Frances M. Linton, Edward F. Wolter and Mary Cole, Walter Dixon and Grace Cranon.

Attorney A. C. Hough, of Grants Pass, E. E. Phipps, E. Kelly, W. I. Vawter, of Medford, and F. M. Calkins, of Ashland, were attending circuit court in Jacksonville Monday.

Cards have been received by Jacksonville friends and relatives announcing the marriage of Mr. Earl C. Jackson, son of Sheriff Jackson, of this county, and Miss Emma Margreiter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Margreiter, of Poorman's creek. The wedding took place at Klamath Falls, where the happy couple will make their future home.

GOLD HILL ITEMS

(BY SPURRIATOR)

Mrs. A. E. Kellogg is spending a few days at the Pelton ranch in Sane Valley visiting.

J. H. Dungan, who has been very ill since the death of his wife in December, is slowly improving.

The R. H. Moon brick building on D street is nearly completed and will be occupied by McCoy, the druggist.

Chas. Moon after an absence of several years returned from Northern California to visit his mother, Mrs. A. S. Moon.

Mr. and Mrs. James McDougal returned the first of the week from Oregon City. Mrs. McDougal has nearly recovered from her late attack of pneumonia.

Game Warden J. H. Mesler and family have moved to Medford. He has leased the Hotel Emerick and will take charge February 1st and will conduct the same.

Coroner A. E. Kellogg was called to Jacksonville Monday as a witness in the Walsworth and Mankin murder case. The case was postponed till the March term of court on account of the condition of Walsworth.

Messrs. Houghman, Hoit and Ray have leased a part of Lucky Hart group of quartz mines on Sardine creek and will make a run on a large body of ore at the Lucky Hart mill. J. H. Heenan is owner of these properties.

TALENT ITEMS

E. K. Anderson made Ashland a visit Wednesday.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lamb is quite ill.

Dr. and Mrs. Forbes were in Ashland Saturday on business.

Mrs. Walter Perry is suffering from an attack of the measles.

Miss James, of Ashland, spent Tuesday in Talent with friends.

Charley Walters made Medford a flying business trip Tuesday morning. Rev. Matlock is still conducting revival services in Cooney Hall.

NEW CASES FILED

F. W. Gaines vs Ella Gaines. Suit for divorce on grounds of incompatibility. Parties to the suit were married in 1884. There are two children girls aged 13 and 11 years. They are with their mother in Washington. Plaintiff's attorney is W. E. Phipps.

Liquid Sulphur.

At Lake Charles, near the gulf of Mexico, 230 miles from New Orleans, sulphur is obtained from deep deposits in the form of liquid. Wells driven to a depth of 600 feet in search of petroleum revealed instead a rich deposit of sulphur. To obtain the mineral hollow tubes were driven into the earth. Each sulphur well consists of three tubes, one within another. Through the outer tube hot water is forced down, and it issues through perforations near the bottom. Through the central tube hot air is driven a little lower than the point where the hot water escapes. Through the third tube, inclosed between the other two, the liquid sulphur, dissolved by the water, rises to the surface under the combined influence of the pressure of the column of water and the impulsion of the rising air. The liquid sulphur is led into wooden reservoirs, where it cools and solidifies.—Exchange.

Left Out in the Cold.

Elder (discussing the new minister's probation discourse)—In my opinion he was justified in dividing the sheep and the goats. I wadna just say, Jamie, that I was among the snow gold, an' I wadna say that you were among the unco bed. So what do we do? He'll no do for us, Jamie. We'll no vote for him.—London Punch.

Women in Japan.

A Japanese saying runs: "Women in an unmanageable creature; fester her, she is elated; thrash her, she weeps; kill her, her spirit benefits you." We would advise you the best remedy is to love.—Japan Times.

Dr. Stephenson examines eyes.

Mrs. J. N. Manning, who has been quite sick for the past week is now improving.

Miss Ida Redden, of Medford, is spending a few days this week with Mrs. Forbes.

W. D. Holdridge purchased a fine team from Mr. Pitts last week, also a fine cow of Dr. Fortes last week.

Kerby Bros. have purchased the J. T. Buck ranch adjoining theirs. The boys say it makes their place in much better shape.

The funeral of the late Mrs. J. T. Buck was held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock at Talent. Rev. Root officiated. The relatives and numerous friends and neighbors attended. There were many beautiful floral pieces. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones.

Gloria Dare.

Walter Farb's, business manager for Miss Gloria Dare, has completed all arrangements for the big show to be given at the opera house Wednesday evening, February 2d for the benefit of Westonka Tribe, Imp'd. O. R. M. Miss Dare comes to us highly recommended by the press in both eastern and western cities, and all speak of her as an artist of ability. Following are criticisms from coast papers where she has appeared recently.

A large and representative audience including several box parties given by prominent society ladies attended the band concert recital at the Eugene theatre last night. The solo by Miss Dare, "Good Night," accompanied by the band, was a distinctive hit. The words are by Frank L. Stanton, the Southern poet, and Professor Red director of the Eugene Military Band, arranged the music, this being its first rendition in public. The music is remarkably adapted to Miss Dare's fine voice, and the song would undoubtedly become widely popular if published. Regarding Miss Dare's work it may be said that the audience was not disappointed in her numbers, although they had been led to expect much from the published press criticisms of her ability as a vocalist and soloist. They were even more highly pleased than advance promises had led them to expect. She possesses a rich, rare voice that shows thorough artistic training. Her recitation "The Stampede," was extremely well rendered, and in the lighter number, "I'm married now," her versatile ability was clearly manifested.—Eugene Guard.

"Gloria Dare, who appeared here in recital last night to a crowded house is a young artist who will be heard of one of these days. She has the ability, the face, the figure, at the same time possessing a winning way, that would captivate a metropolitan audience, as easily as it captivated those in attendance last night. She has one of the neatest singing turns ever seen here in an artist her finger tips. Miss Dare possesses a mezzo soprano voice of rare culture and knowhow to use it to advantage. Her songs are well chosen and suit her voice admirably."—Vancouver Herald.

She surely captivated the audience with her popular and classic selections. She has one of those rare rich voices seldom heard and never without paying a good price. This recital surely showed enterprise on the part of the committee and they deserve the thanks of Everett citizens.—Everett Daily Tribune.

"Gloria Dare, the prima donna soprano, gave a genuine surprise. Her work of the old English style, and her songs and recitation "In the Land of the Buffalo" made a decided hit with the audience. She is by far the best singing comedienne seen at th Grand."—Tacoma Ledger.

Baths.

Hct-air, Steam, Medicated, sea salt, for Men only, with massage \$1, plain 50 cents. For rheumatism, colds, stiff joints, paralysis, etc. Massage is equal to an Osteopathic treatment. Corner 7th and A streets. 2-1m

Medford Opera House, Saturday, February 1st

Years ago, when General Grant saw "The Kerry Gow" at the old Park theatre, New York, he made the generous remark that "there was no play that took one nearer to nature than the "Kerry Gow," and how true his remarks, has been demonstrated these many years since.

Think of that old Irish homestead in the first act that is about to fall into the hands of the heartless landowner, and how the bleeding hearts of the members of the Drew family stake their all on the success of Raymond's horse that is about to ride to save their home. Then there is the conspiracy that results in the arrest of Dan O'Hara, the young village farrier, who is cast into prison just because he harbors an innocent love for Nora Drew. The third act is a real picture of motion. There have been produced many times since "The Kerry Gow" at the old Park theatre, New York, he made the generous remark that "there was no play that took one nearer to nature than the "Kerry Gow," and how true his remarks, has been demonstrated these many years since.

From Different Viewpoints.

Some years ago a party of American travelers, journeying leisurely up the Nile, expressed a desire to celebrate Washington's birthday in some appropriate manner. Their chief accordingly prepared a great frosted cake, upon which he executed in confectionery a representation of George Washington after having familiarized himself with the life and achievements of his subject. As represented in sugar, Washington wore a turban on his head and a great sash across his breast. He was smoking a long pipe and before him a chorus of dancing girls were performing. This was the way the greatness of George Washington looked to the Arab chef.

In China many amusing instances of a similar kind may be found. "Pill-grin's Progress" as recently translated and illustrated by native artists shows Christian with a long plait, the familiar wooden cage of Chinese criminals, while the angels are arrayed in the latest productions of Peking dress-makers.

A Chinese publication once described Americans as "living for months without eating a mouthful of rice" and never enjoying themselves by "sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves; but, instead, jumping around and kicking a ball as if paid for it."—Pittsburg Post.

Napoleon and His Snuff.

In the late thirties and early forties of the last century a favorite spectacular play at Astley's in London was "The Battle of Waterloo," in which an actor named Goussier gained renown as Napoleon Bonaparte. His imitation of the emperor was so lifelike that the great Duke of Wellington invited him to Apsey House, and the interview afforded an amusing illustration of the actor's close conscientiousness in attention to the minutest detail. After complimenting his guest the duke remarked: "I observe, Mr. Goussier, that you do not use a snuffbox in the part, but make the emperor take his snuff loose from his waistcoat pocket. Permit me to enable you to supply the omission," and his grace presented the actor with a very handsome silver "tabatiere."

Goussier pocketed the casket and stomachached the criticism in silence, but when he reached home he wrote to the conqueror of Waterloo and respectfully pointed out that the omission was of set purpose and absolutely true to history, "Boney" being in the habit of dispensing with a snuffbox and taking the powder loose from his waistcoat pocket, which he had made lined with chamois leather for that purpose.

Quite a "Character."

Here is a "character" given to a servant on leaving her last afternoon: "The bearer has been in my house a year, less eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent at the house door, frugal in work, mindful of herself, prompt in excuses and honest when everything was out of the way."—London Tit-Bits.

Man for Man, if Not Woman for Woman, the Humility and Terror of Americans in the Presence of English People of their own class or above it is, with whatever care disguised, a pathetic thing.—London Outlook.

But Hard to Tell.

"What is the real, essential difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

"Exactly the difference between a feast and a funeral."—Baltimore American.

No Deceit.

Mother—Jack, when I gave you and Ella each an orange you both promised not to eat them until after dinner. Is it possible you have devoured me? Little Jack—No, ma'am. I ate Ella's and she ate mine.—Chicago News.

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A Little Too Far.

"There is such a thing as overdoing your part," declared a man of the law who now has the knowledge gained by such experience.

"Shortly after I began practice in the west I was called upon to defend a man who had drawn a revolver on another and threatened to kill him. The accused did not have a character above reproach, but the prosecuting witness was also steady in reputation, and I made the most of this fact. I pictured him as a desperado of the most dangerous type, a man that was a constant menace to the community and one who would recognize no other law than that of force. Such man as he, I insisted, made necessary the organization of vigilance committees and injured the fair name of the west among the older communities of the country.

"The jury returned a verdict of guilty and my man was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. As soon as court adjourned the foreman of the jury came to me and said: 'Young fellow, you spread it on too thick. After that these rip snortin' speech of yours we couldn't do nothin' else 'an what we don'."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"You don't? Why, we found the durned fool guilty 'cause he didn't shoot!"—Detroit Free Press.

Ballet Shoes.

Ballet shoes fit like a stocking. They are of leather, with a thin leather sole about an inch wide and with the uppers sewed so that they come under the foot. The ballet dancer wants no rubber heels, instep arch supports nor any other of the foot supporting or reforming devices which are commonly used by ordinary mortals. The toe dancer desires a hard box toe on her ballet shoes, but the ordinary dancer seeks only shoes that will give perfect freedom of movement of the joints and muscles of the feet. It is a rule of good dancers, a shoe man of experience says, to wear shoes that will allow for space between the toes. It is a point of good fit that all persons should heed, he says. High heels are put on to stage shoes for effect, not to promote good dancing. Many stage shoes are made with short fore parts and high heels to make the feet look smaller and the person taller.—Boston Globe.

What Did He Mean?

Mike Maloney's wife was an invalid, and the doctor had been doing all sorts of things for her, changing the medicine so often that poor Mike's income would scarcely reach and make both ends meet, and at last the doctor said that his wife must go to a warmer climate.

Mike listened to that advice for several months, and finally when October came the doctor told Mike one Saturday evening after all of his wife's wages had been spent that his wife positively must be sent to a warmer climate without delay.

Mike left the room for a few minutes, and when he returned he was wiping his eyes with his left hand, while with his right hand he brought an ax, which he gave to the physician, saying: "I hate to do it, doc. You please do it for me."—Kansas City Independent.

Practical Help For Deafness.

I have proved that this is really practical.

Get a common pasteboard mailing tube such as pictures or music is mailed in and hold it to the ear closely. The result is wonderful. A very deaf person can hear distinctly everything that is said by any one sitting on the other side of the room. At first thought one is inclined to ridicule so simple a method. I bought a good long one, large enough to fit over the ear, for 10 cents. One can get them at any business stationer's. I tried it on my grandmother, who is very deaf. She could hear well and, what was more remarkable, could also hear with her very deaf ear, with which she has not heard a sound for seven years. Try it! That's all I have to say.—Harper's Bazar.

American Woman in German Eyes.

American girls, whether born or merely brought up in America, evidence the same independence of judgment and the same complete self reliance. It is hard to say whether this is the result of the education in the public schools and colleges or is their freedom from that condition of legal and social subservency to which the gentler sex is doomed in older countries.—Max von Brandt in Berlin Deutsche Revue.

When Religion Called.

In his book "Work in Great Cities" the bishop of London writes: "You have often not only to learn, but to practice, what may be described as the foot and door trick. It is salutation to the boot and sometimes hurts the toe, but it consists in rapidly, but quickly, passing the foot in the moment the door is opened in order to secure, at any rate, a few minutes' parley." As to what this parley he writes: "After long hesitation it will be opened by a little girl about half a foot, and then you will hear a pleasant voice from the wash tub in the next 'Wall, baby, who is it? Then, baby, will answer the top of her voice: 'Please, mother, it's religion.' You will require all your presence of mind to cope with that."

The time came, however, when every door was thrown wide open to welcome "our bishop"—London Christian Globe.

Why the Sun Sets.

Little Jack asked his mother one night why the sun set so often. She told him that it might rise in the morning. "This seemed a useless reason, and Jack hunted for another. At last he said: "The sun sets because the sun is tired." "The sun sets because the sun is tired."—Washington News.

Came With a Shock.

Harold (after the fatal shooting) had been put and answered—Did I see you, dear? Maud—Surprise at paralysis met I gave up. "You are years ago of your ever loving speech enough to open.—Chicago Tribune.

IT'S A MIGHTY TOUGH JOB

fixing motor cars on the broad of your back. And so unnecessary too. Just have us go over your automobile. We'll fix it so it will not break down so long as you stay on the road. If you haven't had the down on your back experience yet, don't have it. Send us your machine to be overhauled. Those who have had it don't hanker for it again.

Hodson Auto Co. MEDFORD OREGON

SMILE = BOOST

BUY YOUR TREES AT THE

Eden Valley Nursery

AND BE HAPPY

No Trust Strings on Bennett

100,000 TREES	HOME GROWN TREES	Save Money by
A General Line of Nursery Stock	WHOLE ROOT TREES	Placing your Order now for Fall 1908 and have Trees Grafted to Order
30,000 Tokay Grapes for 1908	Right Prices and a Square Deal for Everybody.	
	N. S. Bennett, MEDFORD, OREGON	

His Concession.

Miss Sallie Miller, the acknowledged belle of the town, had fewer beaux than were her due. This was owing to her father's peculiar aversion to all young men who called on his daughter. He had a disconcerting way of taking possession of the porch and snubbing her callers while they were waiting for her to come down.

One evening Newton Brown, a bashful young swain, came a trifle too early for Miss Sallie. Mr. Miller and Newton's father were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognize little Newt Brown in this tall, manly youth. "It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"That's again to rain," was the stern response.

"For about a quarter of an hour they sit in silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" he growled.

"Newton Brown, sir."

"What! Not old Jake Brown's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Miller more kindly; "it may rain; it may rain."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Lesson in Honesty.

There is a restaurant in Broad street in which nearly a thousand persons eat during the noon hour. Each person eats what he pleases and when he goes to the cashier's desk announces the amount of his indebtedness. The proprietors figure that to trust to the honesty of their patrons is a saving of precious Wall street minutes and, besides, is good business. One in a while, however, a dishonest customer appears. One of these, a youth, was "caught with the goods" a few days ago and taken to the office of the proprietors. Given the choice of being arrested or going into the kitchen and washing dishes, the young man nearly collapsed of shame and fright. He begged not to be arrested and reluctantly agreed to wash dishes. For an hour or so the culprit struggled with a pile of dishes in a tub of steaming water. Then he was told he might depart. Now he brings his lunch from home.—New York Press.

What English Means.

Mrs. Smith—What are you reading, John? Mr. Smith—I am reading Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." Mrs. Smith—Why—what—that? John? Mr. Smith—Herbert Spencer's "Biology." Let me read you an extract—his definition of life. Listen: "It consists of the definite combinations of heterogeneous changes, but simultaneous and successive, in combination with external existences and sequences."

"Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know, but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What do you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes-horse."—London Tit-Bits.

The Sergeant's Tribute.

After the battles of Weissenburg and Worth, which he had won, the crown prince, afterward Emperor Frederick, was sauntering alone one evening past a barn occupied by a party of Wurttemberg troops. Hearing something like a stump oratory going on, the prince opened the door and looked in. Every one rose.

"Oh, sit down! I'm sorry to disturb. I dare say there's room for me to do the same," said the prince. "Pray, who was making a speech?"

All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance looked, however, sorely puzzled when the commander in chief asked:

"And what were you talking about?"

"Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed:

"Well, of course we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we would have made short work of those confounded Prussians!"

The Alps and Baby Coaches.

"What strikes me most in Switzerland is the baby coach," said a traveler. "Other people are struck there by the huge cow bells, by the wood-carvings, by the stupendous white Alps, but it is the baby coach that takes my eye. On every road, every path, you see baby coaches. They contain not babies, but bags of flour, bags of lard, or a young pig, or a goat. In the baby coach is invariably used in Switzerland as a passenger, a wise thing. We Americans don't see the worth of our baby coaches. It was upon as the babe is old enough to walk up goes the coach into the straits. It is done for. But at this stage the career of the Swiss coach may be said only to begin. A long life of usefulness lies before it. In rain and shine, in snow and hail, it will glide by many years steadily up and down the steep Swiss roads, carrying anything from a young colt to a pumash mountain."—New York Times.

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 have 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, we are yours to serve.

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

Cor. 7th and C Sts