

ENGLAND SAYS NO ALUM IN FOOD

and strictly prohibits the sale of alum baking powder—
So does France
So does Germany

The sale of alum foods has been made illegal in Washington and the District of Columbia, and alum baking powders are everywhere recognized as injurious.

To protect yourself against alum, when ordering baking powder,

Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

and be very sure you get Royal.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. It adds to the digestibility and wholesomeness of the food.



chocolate. Such gath-rings are a comfort to the recipient and a pleasure to the guests.

While a Hood river fruit grower was looking this part of the valley over last week he remarked that this is the best apple land he had seen in the state. This was no news to us old settlers, till we are glad to know that it is appreciated by such practical men.

—Clarence D. Kellogg, instructor on piano, Lessons 75 cents. If.

Phoenix Items.

By M. O. C.

Mrs. R. T. Blackwood left Wednesday for a few days visit with friends in Jacksonville.

Geo. and Chas. McClain were in Medford on Wednesday on business.

The little daughter, Verri, of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Phoenix, who had been given up as incurable of heart trouble and rheumatism is fast improving under the care of Dr. Hamilton of Medford.

Mrs. L. A. Rose received a message from Portland last Wednesday afternoon requesting her to come to the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Harry Outman, who is not expected to live.

Although a little late we wish to join in congratulations with the many friends of Miss Lillie Reams and Mr. Elmer G. Coleman, who were joined in matrimony last Wednesday evening at Medford.

Miss Lulu Roberts went out in the west side neighborhood last Thursday to visit with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Hering, daughter and son-in-law, of Willis Chandler, are here from Baker county spending the winter. Mr. Hering is in love with our valley and climate.

Miss Minnie Robison, of Talent, came down last Thursday to spend a few days with friends in Phoenix.

John Hooker Smith, of Kony Ann precinct, came over to Phoenix Saturday to visit with his brother-in-law, Abe Weiss, and family. Mr. Hooker Smith has just sold his fine fruit ranch, at a good figure.

Dunlap brothers have as fine a tract of orchard land lying east of Phoenix as can be found in Rogue River valley. This tract consists of about one hundred and eighty acres, and they are now engaged in setting it to choice fruit of peach, pear, Newtown and Spitzenburg apples.

Stock raisers in this part of the valley say this has been an ideal winter for them as little feeding has been necessary so far and the stock is in fine condition. T. E. and A. S. Barry say if the weather holds as good as it has been thus far they will have about eighty tons of alfalfa hay on the Harry Matthew's place for sale.

George McClain caught a very large raccoon in his trap last Saturday night of which he was quite proud. Mr. McClain has caught quite a number of raccoons on the creek this winter.

Keeping Open House.

Everybody is welcome when we feel good and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of the stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. 25c. at Chas. Strang's drug store.

ON THE COASTER SPECIAL.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

Copyright, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

"Do you think King can keep this pace all the way to town?" asked Joyce anxiously.

Dick Torrington's chin squared itself as he looked at the sturdy black fying over the hard packed snow.

"If King doesn't keep going," he said, with a sneaky laugh, "you'll keep on being Joyce Waring and not Joyce Torrington. I've timed it so as to just make the train. If we miss that, your father will be after us in no time at all."

Joyce shivered at the suggestion. For years she had lived in dread of the stern old man who since his wife's death had looked on life with hatred. When Joyce had come away, her gentle mother had slowly faded away, and Hiram Waring, blaming the innocent child for the death of the woman he loved so passionately, had never shown her the affection that was her heritage.

As a child her innocent transgressions were punished with an unjust severity, and when Dick Torrington had asked her father for her hand he had been driven from the house for no other apparent reason than Mr. Waring's hatred of Joyce. The father would not give his consent to a marriage because it would make her happy, and thereafter he watched her more closely than ever.

But Dick Torrington was not of the sort to take his unjust displeasure without an effort to win the woman he loved, and the elopement was the result.

Rusby was the terminal station of a branch line on which the single train made two trips daily each way. Hank Carey took a pride in the punctuality with which the road was run, and it was certain that the morning train would leave exactly at half past 9.

By planning the elopement so as to reach the station just as the train started, Dick was assured that there could be no successful pursuit. King could cover the ground faster than Waring's double team, even should the latter be already hitched.

The start of the elopement had been successfully accomplished, and now King was flying over the road toward

the town, while Hiram Waring still puttered about the barn in blissful ignorance. Presently, however, he would come into the house, and then perhaps he would realize what was up. Meanwhile they would have made the train, and presently they would be across the state line, where licenses were not necessary. The laws of their own state required residence before a license could be issued, and as town clerk Joyce's father was charged with the issuance of licenses.

All would have gone well if a small boy had not thrown a snowball at Dick. The well packed ball of snow missed the driver, but struck King a smart blow in the ribs. The high spirited horse was unused to such treatment and bolted down the road with Dick frantically sawing at the reins.

"It is all right," he shouted. "It will help us make time. It will be easy if



"IT WILL HELP US MAKE TIME." I can't stop him before we reach the Hill.

Joyce's face blanched. The Hill (always spelled with a capital) was a steep descent of nearly a mile, with one ugly turn. If King should bolt down the hill, there was little chance that Dick would be able to guide him around the curve, and they would be thrown down the side.

"You will stop him before then," she said confidently. But the corners of her mouth were drawn and her lips were white. She knew King and realized how little chance there was even while she sought to comfort Dick with her confidence.

It was a little more than a mile to the top of the Hill, and Dick fought the horse every inch of the way. He had called to Joyce to kneel in the bottom of the cutter, and just as they reached the descent he pulled King's head to one side and guided the crazed animal into a tree.

Dick shot over the side of the cutter as they struck, but he was on his feet in an instant to hold the horse. There was no need for that. King lay still on the sparkling snow with his head twisted oddly to one side, and for a moment Dick gazed sadly upon his favorite.

Joyce, he had seen, was unharmed. Her position and the thick robes had saved her from worse than a shaking up, and she had regained the seat.

"Poor old King!" she cried as she saw with relief that Dick was unhurt. "I could kill that little Edwards boy."

"Never mind the Edwards boy," said Dick brusquely. "What we have to think about is the train. We never can walk that hill in time to make the train. Have you nerve enough to coast it in the cutter?"

"I'd risk anything rather than return home," cried Joyce. "I never will let father catch me."

"Then here goes," cried Dick gayly as he pulled the cutter back into the road and caught up one of the broken shafts. "It's been a long time since I went bobbing, but I think I can make it."

He gave Joyce the shaft to hold and pushed the cutter over the brow of the hill, climbing in over the back when he had it started.

Once back in the cutter he took the shaft and improvised a steering rod. The body work afforded him leverage, and Dick laughed as the sleigh began to gain speed.

For the first half mile the road was straight, and little steering was necessary. Then ahead loomed the turn, and Dick's face turned grave as he dug the shaft into the road.

Slowly the sleigh responded to the pressure, and in another instant they had swung around the curve as neatly as a champion coaster on his low pointer, and they were again on the straight and headed for the station.

Hank Carey had just backed his engine down from the house, and a white plume of steam rose from the dome as the engineer waited for the minute hand of the clock to touch the bottom of the dial.

The runaways were still a quarter of a mile from the station when the cutter slowed up, but they had gained more than a minute in their swift descent, and they did not have to run.

As they came up to the station platform the little knots of loungers gathered about them. Rapidly Dick explained the reason for the coast, and the listeners cheered as they heard the tale. For years they had grumbled at the way Waring treated Joyce, and they were glad that at last she was to be released from her father's hard reign.

"Here comes your dad now!" piped a shrill voice. And with one accord they turned to see the familiar Waring team tearing over the brow of the hill.

Carey glanced at the steam gauge and the clock. Then he leaned out of the window.

"All aboard that's going!" he called in a stentorian voice. "We're changing the schedule today. The 9:30 is going out at 9:28."

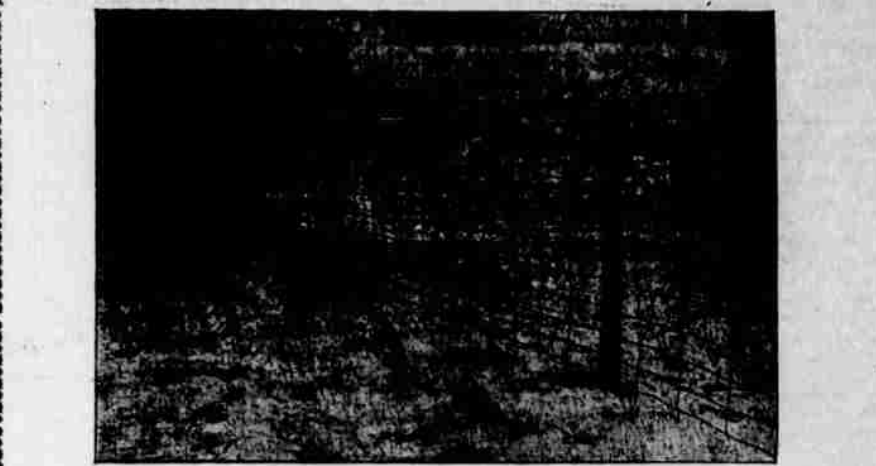
Another instant and the train was rattling down the road toward the state line, and Hiram Waring came dashing up to the platform to be greeted by ironical cheers.

"The train went ahead of time!" he spluttered. "I shall report this to the officials!"

"You're wrong, squire," drawled Ned Burns, who posed as a wag. "That

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— 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 line. 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

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Oyster Cocktails and Shelled Fish
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Columbia and Rogue River Salmon.

Twenty Years Experience in the Fish Business

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The Place to Buy Your Hardware

CHOICE SEED WHEAT

Eastern Oregon
Club and Best Stem

Also No. 1 Seed Barley.

At MEDFORD FLOUR MILL

When Wouter stepped up to her and she saw his violet hue she burst into an uncontrolled fit of laughter. Wouter, indeed, turned on his heel and left her to laugh if she liked till the sounds reached the Jersey shore.

The next morning the unfortunate brought him to make another trial. The chemist consented, but this time Wouter came out of the line of the grain in the howling gale. Howling with disappointment, he ran home, and who should be sitting on the stoop but Anneke.

"Go away!" he cried, covering his face.

"Dear Wouter," she said, "I have come to crave your forgiveness for laughing at you."

Wouter, reassured, advanced, at the same time uncovering his face. As soon as Anneke saw his green visage she again burst into a fit of laughter. Wouter rushed past her and up to his room, where he locked himself in, and nothing could induce him to come forth till Anneke had gone away.

The chemist told Wouter that he hoped at last to find some chemical substance that would act upon the dye, changing it to skin color. Wouter gave him another trial and came out a bright orange. Soon after this Anneke met her lover walking between the fort and the junction of the Hudson and East rivers. She was hurrying to him to sue for pardon for her apparent want of sympathy. The afternoon sun struck his orange countenance, and again she failed for laughter.

After this Wouter gave up trying to find anything to change his color and determined to try to wear it away. Taking a boat, he pulled down through the bays till he came to what is now called Coney Island. There he strip-

ped and rolled and scraped himself in the sand every day for seven weeks, living on berries he found on the mainland and sleeping under his boat turned over on the beach. Day by day, week by week, his skin wore away, to be succeeded by the skin of a natural color.

When he had scraped away the old skin and a new one had formed, he went back to New Amsterdam. It was the middle of the afternoon, and he appeared upon the Bowling green. One of the first persons he met was Anneke. She approached him with a smile, this time of contrition, and congratulated him upon his recovering his natural color. But, although she made continued attempt to conciliate him, she failed signally. Wouter never renewed his offer for her hand and eventually married a daughter of Petrus Van Schoonevan, a dealer in furs.

MABEL R. TERNING.

Trimming club. The other day at a golf club in Scotland a minister of the kirk was reproved by an elder in his church for using high flown words respecting a bad stroke he had made, and the minister replied:

"Well, David, I was nae sae mitch swearing as merely embellishing my feelings."

Shaky Leg.

"You certainly told me to embrace my privileges."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No. But to embrace your daughter is a privilege."—London Express.

A man is not stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Eagle Point Eagles.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

John Higginbotham and his brother-in-law, Mr. McKee, were here for dinner last Saturday.

W. H. Bowen, an old veteran who has been boarding with us for over two years started for California on a visit last Tuesday morning.

Mr. McCahn, of Central Point, was a pleasant caller last Saturday. He had been up in the tall timber on business and was on his way home.

Mrs. Anderson and family went to Glendale this week to join her husband, who is section boss on the S. P. at that place. She shipped her household goods last week.

People are already beginning to get their tickets for the dance on the 15th. Mr. Daley told me last Monday that he had sold quite a number of tickets at that time.

J. T. Smith, of Butte Falls, who has been taking a layoff in Medford, for the past few weeks stopped a few days with us on his way home. He went on up last Saturday.

B. A. Nasen, of Prospect, stayed over night here on his way from south of Ashland where he had been working. He is going to plant an orchard on his homestead.

C. C. Pierce and an evangelist by the name of Howard, were out last Saturday looking at a tract of land near the mouth of Little Butte creek, also other places in these parts.

Magnes McDonnell, of Nevada, who is visiting home folks near Brownboro, and his brother were pleasant callers last Monday. They came out for a loan of bran for their cows.

Mr. Ditzworth came out from Peyton last week on his way to Medford and to see P. H. Daley the superintendent of schools. He reports fine schools in his neighborhood, and says that the reason is they pay a good price and get good teachers.

W. S. Weston and D. F. Bliss, of North Yakama, Washington, were here last week looking for land. They seemed to be well pleased with the country, but concluded to look further before purchasing. They were accompanied by C. C. Pierce of Medford.

Hon. J. R. Nell, of Jacksonville, and his son, Frank, of Derby, stayed here last Sunday night on their way to the home of the latter. Frank is taking his father home with him to recuperate. He is in poor health and they think if he gets where he can have rest and the pure mountain air it will be beneficial to him.

Last Monday your Eagle Point correspondent had a new floor put on

the suspension bridge between the Sunny Side Hotel and the commercial part of the town so that it is now considered safe and sound. The new floor is two feet wide and very strong.

Mr. Wolverton, one of the enterprising homesteaders of Butte Falls, was out one day last week on his way to Medford to meet parties from Portland. He was on a deal with them, trading property in California for property in this county. Mr. Wolverton seems to think that this is about as good a country as he expects to find.

Jud Esail and Mr. Cowden, of Butte Falls, were out last Friday after a load of barley. They seem to think that there will be considerable business done at that place the coming season, and that the financial tangle in that place will straighten out. The mill will out what lumber they need and by the time the P. & E. railroad gets there everything will be in readiness for it.

Last Saturday your Eagle Point correspondent made a flying trip to Table Rock, where he saw that the most of the country is planted to fruit and the question is already being asked as to where we will procure our hay and grain, for the grain and alfalfa fields are being plowed up and put out in orchards. While there had the pleasure of meeting with some of the admirers of the Mall, among whom was Mrs. J. C. Pendleton, and while she is a lady of literary taste, she is also an enthusiast over fine horses. Mr. Pendleton is keeping, farouche, the famous stallion, and she showed me, with considerable pride, the fine medals he had received.

For Rheumatic Sufferers.

The quick relief from pain afforded by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm makes it a favorite with sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lame back, lumbago, and deep seated and muscular pains. For sale by Chas. Strang.

Table Rock Items.

By J. C. P.

Earl L. May brought out a four horse load of young trees for the Table Rock Orchard last week.

The literary entertainment given by the school last Friday evening was a very enjoyable affair.

Rovell Smith has been engaged for some time past in pruning the Ashbury orchard in lower Sams Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pendleton attended the opera—"The Mascoot" Saturday evening at Medford and felt well paid for the trip, even though the roads were rough.

Ken Byrum came down from Portland Sunday to have a visit with his brother W. R. till the lumber camps open up for spring work.

Owing to the sickness of our regular mail carrier last week, J. E. Grieve, carrier of route No. 1, from Central Point, took this run for a few days, allowing Jim to have a few short chats with old friends, who are numerous in this section.

After visiting friends and relatives in Portland for several weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Washburn took Wednesday evening's train for Minneapolis and other eastern points via Omaha. They are not certain how long their visit with eastern relatives will last.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett from Cleveland, Ohio, who have been visiting here with their old time friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bissell, for the winter, left for San Francisco Monday. They made many warm friends while here who wished they could make this their home. They will visit relatives and see the most interesting sights of the Golden state. In the spring they expect to locate in Denver Colorado.

Quite a number of ladies came in to help Mrs. A. P. Frierson celebrate her seventy-ninth birthday, last Saturday and passed the afternoon with conversation and refreshments consisting of nuts, candy, raisins, apples, dates, sandwiches, cake and

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Because we make medicines for them. We tell them all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Ask your own doctor.

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