

Confidence

when eating, that your food is of highest wholesomeness—that it has nothing in it that can injure or distress you—makes the repast doubly comfortable and satisfactory. This supreme confidence you have when the food is raised with

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

There can be no comforting confidence when eating alum baking powder food. Chemists say that more or less of the alum powder in unchanged alum or alum salts remains in the food.

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Eagle Point Eagles.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

El Cowden and Jud Edsell came out for a load of mill stuff last Friday.

Diaz Stepp and K. H. Graham, of Iowa, were pleasant callers last Friday night.

J. A. Jones' flu burned out last Friday night and that caused some excitement in our quiet neighborhood.

Mr. Alkon, son of S. S. Alkon, of Prospect, was out a few nights ago for medicine for his sister, Miss Francis.

F. V. Medynski was a pleasant caller on his way from Butte Falls. He had been up on his homestead for a few weeks.

A. B. Hamilton, of Medford, took dinner with us last Tuesday. He was out here on business connected with the old Ulrich place.

Mrs. Stevens, nee Beckie Singer, of Oak Grove, Oregon, a sister of Mrs. Susan Perry has been visiting some of her relatives in these parts.

Frank Neil came out last Tuesday morning and brought out his father, Judge J. K. Neil, and two of his daughters on their way to Medford.

Scott Caspell of Butte Falls came out Thursday of last week and on Friday went to Medford for a load of goods for the Butte Falls merchants.

Jason Hartman, the boss bridge builder, is repairing the rail road bridge across Butte creek and we hope that we will have something done in that line in the near future.

Mr. Wines of Medford who has been over here considerably lately was at Eagle Point last week talking to our land owners about coal, oil, etc. He seems confident that there is coal on the hill just above our town.

Elmer Spencer and family passed through on Wednesday of last week and went to his home on the unsurveyed. Lou Smith took them with my team and Lou reports that the roads are out of sight, but they got through O. K.

Miss Sarah Kincaid, who has been teaching at Wimer in Josephine county, came here last Friday night and was met by her brother, Leland Kincaid, Sunday, and Monday morning they went on their way to her parents' home near Perpetua.

W. H. Bowman started last week for Barred Ranch California, got as far as Reading and found that the snow on the road from there to Barred Ranch was so deep that he

could hardly make the trip, so he returned home last Saturday.

Mr. Young and family of Prospect, came out on Wednesday of last week on their way to Ashland to visit Mrs. Young's mother. Mr. Young has a homestead about five miles from Prospect and is putting out fruit trees and making it a home. The storm was so severe that they stopped over at the Sunnyside until Friday morning.

The ladies of Eagle Point gave a neektie social in the church last Friday night. The attendance was not large as it was gotten up on the spur of the moment and was not generally known, the proceeds were to be applied to purchasing seats for the church. They expect to give another in the near future. Those who attended report having had a very pleasant time and raised fifteen or sixteen dollars.

There have been several changes in real estate in these parts lately. W. L. Chidreth having bought the Pool property on the old J. J. Fryer place, three acres, house barn etc., of Mrs. C. Pool, consideration \$15,000. C. C. Sheldon sold his farm through the agency of C. H. Pierce & Son, to a man by the name of Gabriel, consideration \$1,200. I learn that the Ulrich property has been sold to Medford capitalists consideration \$26,000, and land buyers are here every day or two looking for homes. So you see that Eagle Point is coming to the front very fast.

C. W. Austin, Dr. S. F. Green and Mrs. L. S. Stobe, the former two from the unsurveyed and the lady is from Los Angeles, California. She has been out to visit some of her relatives in the unsurveyed section and was on her way home. They arrived at the Sunnyside after dark Sunday night and Monday proceeded on their way to Medford. Mr. Austin reports that they are going to build a large hall upon the unsurveyed, lay out a town, have a post office and let the world know that there is somebody in that part of the country. They are going to name the new town Zenith and try to have a branch of the P. & E. come to the new town.

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. Straug.

TRAIL NEWS Frank Houston is quite sick this week. J. H. Lynch is building fence this week. Frank Hammond was down to Trail Friday. Thos. Morgan has the measles, but is getting along nicely. A. A. Hall went to Medford Sunday for a load of grain. F. Y. Allan returned from Medford Friday. He says the roads are pretty bad.

A very enjoyable surprise party was given for Miss Clara and Mr. Clarence Middlebush at the home of Mrs. M. E. Middlebush by Mrs. Avery and Miss Ella Briscoe. Before the party began Miss May Atwood, Mrs. Avery, and Mr. Tarbell gave some musical selections—vocal and instrumental. Miss Iva Tucker also played a few selections and Mr. Tarbell assisted her on the violin. Progressive pedro and various other games were played until twelve o'clock when a very appetizing supper was served, after which the game was resumed. At one o'clock the party repaired to the ball of Mr. E. Y. Allen and spent the rest of the night in dancing. Mr. Oliver and Joe Hall furnished the music. Those present were Mr. Tarbell, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Charley and Edna L. Allen, Carl and Fred Warner, Charley and Shannon Oliver, Wallace Ashman, Elmer Dawson,

May and Joe Hannab, Frank Houston, Chas. and Louise Bliss, Joe Hall Ethel, Ira and Jesse Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Richardson, Harry Hill, Eva and Gladys Allan, Clara, Clara, Eoid, Clarence and Frank Middlebush.

A sure cure, one you can depend upon. Hicory Bark Cough Remedy. A sure cure, and its pure! Use it for all lung trouble, coughs, colds, hoarseness and sore throat. For sale by Haskins Drug Store and first-class dealers everywhere.

The Jar of Coughing Hammer blows, steadily applied, break the hardest rick. Coughing, day after day, jars and tears the throat and lungs until the healthy tissues give way. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops the coughing, and heals the torn membranes.

The best kind of coughing is "Cold" coughing. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best kind of coughing. It is the best kind of coughing. It is the best kind of coughing. It is the best kind of coughing.

THE DEACON'S VIEWS

Spooner Makes Some Observations on Widows.

SAFER TO COURT OLD MAIDS

Tells How He Was Thrown Down Good and Hard by a Widder Woman. The Case of Jim Hopewell Similar to His.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]

"Gentlemen," said Deacon Spooner as he took his accustomed seat in the postoffice to wait for the mail to be distributed. "I was digging potatoes this afternoon when Ezra Smallman came along the road and hollered at me that Jim Hopewell had tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat. I wasn't the least mite astonished. I hear that some of you got work in the knees and turned as white as flour, but I'd been expecting a tragedy along

for the last six months. For why? Because Jim was courting a widder woman.

"I am living with my fourth wife, as I told you the other night, and not one of them was a widder woman when I married her, but I've had some little experience with widders just the same.

"A widder woman is a wife whose husband has died and left her free to play the devil with men for ten miles around.

"She hain't sure whether she wants to marry ag'in or not, but she's sure that she wants to make a fool of about twenty men before she does it.

"A widder woman is like a spider in a web. She is waiting for victims to come along.

"She's a steel trap set on a sheep trail. You are sloaching along and thinking of nothing in particular when you suddenly put your foot in it, and there you are.

"A widder woman may not have smiled at her husband for a year previous to his death, but four weeks afterward she's tittering and giggling with a tin peddler.

"She may have fallen down in a faint when they buried her husband, but the next sewing machine man that came along found her singing.

"Yes, in my courting around I courted widder women as well as the other kind. I thought it might be just as well to find a widder with a farm and plenty of live stock as to take a woman with nothing but what she stood in. I found that widder. There was a hundred acres of land, a good house and barn, and the horses, cattle, sheep and hogs made my mouth water.

"I didn't let on that I'd come courting. I was in the tombstone business then, and I told her I'd called to see about a stone for her husband. I described the one I'd put up for my wife, and when we got to telling each other how lonesome we was we both agreed we'd never marry ag'in.

"That's where we both lied and knew we were lying.

She Shed Tears. "The widder shed tears as she talked of the many virtues of the late departed, and of course I told her that what was her loss was his gain. That's always a good thing to ring in. She said that if ever I came that way ag'in she'd be happy to have me call, and down in her heart she knew that I'd be back in about three days. I was in the excuse that I wanted to buy a cow, and she pretended to be awfully surprised to see me, but both of us were lying ag'in.

"That widder woman drew me on in fifty different ways, but mostly by tears when she spoke of the departed. I never saw tears in her eyes that I didn't want to put my arm around her waist and wipe them away. She said that man was an oak tree and women only a willer and that it was natural for the willer to want to lean ag'in the oak. She pitied me in my loneliness, and I pitied her, and at last it got so that I dared to vent a skeeter word to her about three days. I was in the excuse that I wanted to get a quart of molasses in this jug after the mail is distributed. After I had courted her for six weeks I had no more doubt of her saying yes than I have that Hiram Baker ever there ought to be ashamed of the old hat he's wearing.

"One day I decided to settle things. I drove over, and she had the same smile for me until I began to talk business. Then she said she guessed I'd made a mistake in the house and hinted that I'd better drive on for a mile and a half.

"What d'ye suppose she had done while appearing to be as innocent and childish as a spring chicken? Got a feller to look up my property and found I was under mortgage, and she let go as if I had been a hot tater. Yes, she did, and all the time she was telling me that if she ever did marry ag'in she didn't care how poor the man was if he only had a manly heart in his manly bosom, meaning me. If I'd been courtin' long 'nuff to be head over heels in love I'd have come home to hang myself in the barn.

"A widder woman don't hit fair from



"I USED TO SIT AND HOLD THAT WIDDER'S HAND IN THE MOONLIGHT."

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 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 MEDFORD, OREGON

the snouter. "You don't know when to believe her, and when not to. "When you think you've got her she's somewhere else. When you begin to flatter yourself that you've got all the other fellers on the run she's working her cards to ring in a new bunch. "One experience with a widder woman wasn't 'nuff for me. It's just like when you get blowed up with powder. You know you've been blowed, but yet you hanker to go back to the spot and look around for the fragments. I was buying hay that summer, and I called on the widder to see if she'd sell me five tons. "She wasn't five minutes finding out that I was a widower. "As she knew that I'd quit the tombstone business and she would be safe, she began to talk about her dead and gone Moses. He had split her life. He was dead, and she didn't want to talk ag'in him, but she had to say that he was a pesky mean man. When she married ag'in she hoped to marry her equal and a man who loved her for herself alone and all that kind of nonsense.

Left House Frustrated. "I went away from that house so frustrated that I forgot all about the hay. I'd have but steers to calves that the widder was gone on me at first sight. Of course I went back ag'in. Had to see about the hay. No hay for sale, but we sat down on the shady veranda and talked, and when we got through talking I was asked to call ag'in. "It hain't no use in denying that I thought I had struck a good thing. There was a good farm and a nice widder woman that could do a Monday washing and ironing and be ready to bake bread on Tuesday. I used to sit and hold that widder's hand in the moonlight and hear the whippoorwill sing and feel just as if I could melt away like butter in July. She kept drawing me on, and I should have popped the question within two months if she hadn't stopped me at the critical moment. She seemed to read my thoughts, and she'd bring me up short before I could get the words out. "Then, as in the other case, I went over one day to lay my manly heart at her feet. She caught me up before I could lay it by shedding tears and telling me that she must raise a hundred dollars or be sued. My Marter be sued? Never! Never on this earth! I humped for town and borrowed the money on my note and carried it to her, and I was to call next day, when when I didn't. I had never seen a man speaking around there, but I learned that she had five of us on the string and that she had borrowed the same amount from each without security. Can't talk about security to a woman who's going to marry you, you know. Yes, sir, made fools of the whole five of us, and that money paid for her bridal tour with a wire fence man to whom she had been engaged for two years. Just got through paying the last of my hundred dollar note the other day.

"My case is Jim Hopewell's case. Got in love with a widder woman and got the throwdown and took it to heart. He'll live to get over it, just as I have, and, though he may never be party ag'in, he'll know more. He'll come to realize that it's a heap safer to court five old maids than one widder, and now I'll get my mail and 'lasses and go home." M. QUAD.

When They Are Quiet. "I like to go to church." "Why?" "Well, it's comforting to see a man keep a hundred women or so quiet for an hour."—Bohemian.

A Sure Crop. There's but one crop that seems to boom and flourish without fail. Regardless of the tardy spring or winter's blighting hail. Its stock quotations never head. The wars of bull and bear. This world is a great field of wild oats. Grow well most anywhere. —Mazie V. Carothers in New York Times

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

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

Female Ignorance. "John, they don't ever sell dresses in Wall street, do they?" "Gracious, child, what put such absurd men in your head?" "Well, I'm sure I heard you the other day talking about wash sales."—Baltimore American.

Not Yet, but Soon. "You seem to manage your husband well on your householding industry." "Yes, the tradespeople always get in their bills yet."—New York Press.

At the Minister Show. "Misth' Bones," began the corpulent end man as he twirled his tambourine, "my old father always told me to make money like hot cakes and the world would respect me." "Hot cakes ain't too slow," yawned Mr. Bones. "If you wants de world to respect you dese days you hab to make money lak bananas." "Lak bananas! How am dat?" "In bananas, Misth' Tambo, in bunches."—Chicago News.

In the Clouds. You kin beat de city streets and de fruit from streams and lakes. Of their meals served in de city, de their meastures and their stoves. But de grub at Gussner's is de best ever deat. Come, homber, and eat de best of de chile 'n' eat de best!



The Butler—We've got a surprise in the kitchen, etc. The Professor (absentminded)—Ask him to come again. I'm busy just now. —\$2500 buys 100 acres, well located, buildings, two acres of orchard, 10 acres cleared. Easy terms. See C. St. Place & Son. —I buy poultry and eggs. S. J. Summerlin, at Hotel Emerlock. 4-t.