ANECDOTES OF FIELD.

Incidents In the Career of Chicago's Merchant King.

GLIMPSES INTO HIS BOYHOOD DAYS

How He Traded Jackknives—An Experience as a Dry Goods Clerk. Tragic Incident of His First Courtship—Example of How He Treated His Employees—Remarkable Tribute In Prayer Paid by Former Chicagoans.

From his boyhood the late Marshall Field of Chicago, the richest merchant in the world, the largest individual taxpayer in the United States and perhaps the third wealthiest citizen in the United States, was the successful trader. One who knew him in his schoolboy days tells this of him:

"He was born so. When he was at school he was a trader of jackknives—we called them Barlow knives then—and I remember that he never made a trade in which he did not get the best knife. I have lifted the lid of his desk and counted as many as fifteen Barlow knives piled up in one corner. He was not a playful boy at school, as most boys were. He was generally reserved in his manner."

"Marshall Field," said a Chicagoan to a reporter of the Cincinnati Enquirer, "was never more delightful than when he talked about his experience as a dry goods clerk in Pittsfield. Mr. Field in his boyhood was a clerk for several years in Pittsfield, and an excellent clerk he made too. He was talking one night about temperance. He said a Pittsfield lady on a certain morning stopped before his counter very indignant and snapped:

"'I consider that I have been swindled. I went to a temperance lecture to hear Dr. Huntley Hawkins, the famous total abstainer, but when Dr. Hawkins got up to speak he found that there wasn't a man in the audience, and this must have made him mad, for he launched forth in a bitter onslaught against women.

"'I never heard women so vilified in my life,' said the woman. 'The doctor said we were all alike—all painted and laced and gossiped and ruined our husbands with our extravagance—really, it was scandalous. And not a word about temperance—not a word.'

"Young Field repressed a smile, and, since the woman hating Hawkins was to lecture again that night, he decided that he would go. All the men of Pittsfield, it seemed, must have come to the same decision. The hall was crowded, and the audience was made up entirely of males, chuckling and winking at one another in anticipation of the attack on women that they were now to hear.

"Dr. Hawkins came forth. There was applause. He said:

"'Hogs! Hogs! I've got you now!'

"The audience looked mystified.

"'Aha, hogs! You are trapped nicely, and do you want to know, you men, why I call you trapped hogs? It is because in the west the hogs run wild, and when they want a batch for bacon they catch a young pig, put a strap under its body and hang him to a sapling that will just swing him off the ground. Dancing up and down, the pig squeals; he raises a frightful rumpus; the old hogs come from all quarters to see what the trouble is, and the farmers shoot them in droves.'

"Dr. Hawkins smiled grimly.

"'Last night,' he said, 'I hung a pig up. I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out now to see the fun. Well, you are going to be riddled, skinned, roasted.'"

Everybody knew Marshall Field, the dry goods prince of Chicago, but I doubt if more than a select few have heard of the tragedy which occurred the day before his marriage to the belle of Lawrence county, O., many years ago, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch. The story seems worth the telling, and as I have it from a gentleman who speaks of what he himself saw there is no doubt regarding its truth.

Marshall Field at the time he came a-courting at Mount Vernon Furnace, a place twelve miles from Ironton, O., was a young man, but I think that he had already started in that business in Chicago which made him many times a millionaire. The lady who had captured his affections was the daughter of an ironmaster named Scott. Field met her in some New England city, in which she was attending a seminary, and I believe from the first their regard for each other was strong. When she went home Field visited her father's house. Mr. Scott was a very hospitable man, and under his roof more revelry of an innocent sort took place than beneath any other in the district.

After an engagement of reasonable length Marshall Field came to Mount Vernon Furnace to claim his bride. He arrived the day before that set for the wedding. That night—that is, on the eve of the wedding—there was some sort of jollification suitable to the occasion, and when the rejoicing was at its height, as Miss Nan Scott, a younger sister of the bride, was passing through the hall, a kerosene lamp exploded and enveloped the girl at once and completely in blazing oil. It proved her winding sheet, for, although her father and others rushed to her rescue, the unfortunate girl was so badly burned that she died the same night.

Of course the wedding was delayed but eventually Miss Jennie Scott became Mrs. Marshall Field and, as it turned out, married a man who was afterward the invaluable friend and guardian of her family. Such a friend the Scotts came to need in later years for Mr. Scott became embarrassed during the panicky times of 1873 and from affluence was brought to the verge of poverty. But Mr. Field's generosity and nobility are too well known to call for further remark upon the subject.

Mr. Field had an instinctive capacity for estimating the ability of his assistants, says the New York World. He also had a human side in his relations with them. The story is told of a small boy in his employ who once dared to ask Mr. Field for a raise in salary. "You're no bigger than a pint of cider," said the merchant gruffly. Then, as the boy kept silent, Mr. Field said:

"How much are you getting now?"

"Three dollars a week," replied the boy faintly.

"Three dollars a week!" exclaimed Mr. Field. "Why, when I was your age I got only $2."

"Well," spoke up the lad in desperation, "perhaps you weren't worth any more."

The reply amused the merchant millionaire, and the boy got his advance.

"The estimate of Marshall Field by Chicagoans was unique," said a former citizen of that city now residing in New York to a representative of the New York Times. It is difficult to explain. I know of no man in New York who has a similar standing in the whole community. In the polyglot population of his town, in all of its tumults growing out of strikes and strange social heresies, he came nearer having the respect and confidence of the populace than any one in the city.

"An incident which occurred in New York a few days before Mr. Field's death illustrates the hold he had upon Chicagoans far better than any words of praise that can be spoken. A number of former residents of his city gathered informally in the upper west side of the city (New York) to express in some fitting manner their appreciation of Mr. Field. I happen to know that in this generation not one had ever spoken to Mr. Field. I do not think he would have recognized the name of an individual present. They were unable to formulate any expressions suitable to the occasion. Finally one man arose and said:

"'I am not what the church could call a religionist, but I believe in prayer. What we want is to see Marshall Field's life spared. If anybody here knows how to phrase a prayer, I move that he lead us while we all kneel and join him in our hearts.'

"In all of my experience I never heard a man or woman make a motion to engage in prayer, but in this instance it seemed to be entirely proper. An elderly man responded.

"'Let us pray to God to save Marshall Field's life,' he said.

"The words were not cold before every one present was on his knees. I am no authority on what constitutes prayer. Like the man who made the motion, I wouldn't know how to utter a prayer in public. I am glad to say I know how to do it in the privacy of my home. But if the prayer that was made on this occasion was not sincere no one, in my opinion, need ever try to make one. It was not five minutes long. When it was finished the man who made the motion said:

"'I make another motion. I move that as many as are gathered here go into some church in this city every day at noon and repeat as nearly as we can the prayer we have just heard. If any one is unable to get to a church at that hour, let him say the prayer wherever he may be daily until Marshall Field recovers. I do not prophesy,' he continued, 'that we will get what we ask for, but we won't get it unless we do.'

"I think every man present seconded that motion. It was not put. Why should it have been? I believe every man present kept his promise. One man told me he had not been in a church for thirty years, but he added that he would go three times a day if he thought it would save Marshall Field's life.

"The private individual whose life could inspire the incident which I have tried to describe is rare in this or any country."

The mercantile and commercial career of Marshall Field stands as a monument to his industry, perseverance, energy and faculty for invention. He was rated one of the world's greatest merchants and in the east and west was accepted as a man of extraordinary business talents. Perhaps the best epitome of the rules of his life is furnished in his own words:

He never gives a note.
He never buys a share of stock on margin.
He is against speculation.
He is no borrower.
He has made it a point not to incumber his business with mortgages.
He does business on a "cash basis."
He tries to sell on shorter time than competitors.
He tries to sell the same grade of goods for a smaller price.
He holds his customers to a strict meeting of their obligations.

He made those rules years ago and never announced any revision. If any of his great enterprises afterward required the borrowing of money it was never known that he had borrowed it. And Mr. Field did more than make himself rich. He made his associates rich. One man after another has stepped out of the house of Marshall Field & Co. and retired with a fortune. But, while others sought ease, Marshall Field, the front of the concern, remained in command till the last.

Rifled Firearms.

In the South Kensington museum are several wheel lock muskets with rifled barrels made during the reign of Charles I., if not earlier. Such barrels were then usually called "screwed." Zachary Grey in a note on "Hudibras," part 1, canto 3, line 533, says that Prince Rupert showed his skill as a marksman by hitting twice in succession the vane on St. Mary's Stafford at sixty yards with a "screwed" pistol.—London Notes and Queries.

The Forests.

A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a factory of wood and at the same time a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or to plant new ones, you are acting the part of good citizens.—Roosevelt.

Reputation and Character.

Lawyer (examining jury)—Do you understand the difference between character and reputation? Juror—Reputation is the name your neighbors give you; character is the one they take from you.—Judge.

Strategy.

"How did pa act when you asked him for my hand?"

"Very [illegible] and courteous. It quite took me by [illegible]."

"I told him [illegible] to be a pugilist."—Houston Post.

—Come and get our special prices on Chinaware. Allen & Reagan.

JUVENILE AMBITIONS.

Jealousies and Yearnings That Beset the Small Boy.

HIS MISERY AND TRIUMPHS.

The Things That Other Boys Had and He Wanted and Couldn't Get—A Fat Man's Memory Deeply Stirred by a Pair of Sleeve Protectors.

"The other day at a poultry market I saw a chicken butcher wearing a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, and I stood and laughed like a fool," said the fat man. "First time I'd seen a pair of basket sleeve protectors for years, and so I just had to laugh. Tell you why. When I was a tike I used to look with wonder and awe upon a fellow who wore a pair of basket sleeve protectors. I considered that fellow with a pair of those things was all right, all right, plus some more.

"They had a kind of jaunty air about 'em that I couldn't and can't define, but it was there, and I revered and reverenced 'em. I made up my mind that if I ever grew up and got the price, me, too, for a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, no matter what sort of work I'd happen to tackle.

"Queer dickenses, boys, eh? 'Member those patent pencil attachments that marketmen used to have—may have 'em yet—hitched to their aprons? Well, I thought those were pretty nifty things, too, and I used to secretly hanker to own one of 'em. Made up my mind that I would own one of 'em, too, when I got to be a man, but somehow I never seemed to want one when I reached the shaving age.

"Guess some of my ambitions as a boy were pretty crazy anyhow. I was so jealous of the first boy I ever met that could spit through his teeth at a mark and hit it that I hated him. That same boy pretty early in life got a job driving a delivery wagon for a grocery. Well, pretty soon after he got that job he was wearing a pair of those patent elastic sleeve supporters, or holders, or whatever you'd call 'em—things with a clutch at either end that pulled the cuff back from the wrist. This boy's pair of those things were pink elastic, and how he used to flaunt 'em before my eyes!

"He knew blamed well that those pink elastic sleeve supporters looked finer to me than any Star of India or Victoria Cross could possibly look, and he knew besides that because I had to go to school and wasn't earning anything there wasn't a possible chance on earth for me to get a pair like 'em—and so he just held 'em over me and made my life miserable. Yet when I got to the wage earning age I never seemed to care at all for a pair of pink elastic sleeve supporters.

"Another boy that I hated had a maroon colored cardigan jacket. That was before the day of sweaters. This hated boy wore the cardigan jacket beneath his regular outer coat and so he didn't have to wear any overcoat. That, I considered, was a gorgeous blessing—not to have to wear an overcoat to school. I despised this boy for having it on me that way. Anyhow, his maroon colored cardigan jacket had a couple of pockets in front that he kept full of all kinds of junk—sometimes he even carried mice to school in 'em. And that made my indignation all the greater—the fact that he had those two fine covered up pockets to his cardigan jacket.

"One great triumph did come to my tike life, though, and that was the fact that I was the first boy of my school to own a pair of copper toed boots. Well, I sprang the first pair, as I say, at my school, and I guess I didn't break the hearts of all the other boys or nothin'! Besides the copper toes, these boots had red tops, with a silver star and crescent stamped on the red tops, and that made the blow all the more frightful to the other lads that had to see me stalking around in those boots. After awhile, though, nearly all of the other youngsters showed up with copper toed boots and thus took the wind out of my sails.

"We never see boys wearing peaked caps any more—notice? I don't mean these dinky little cloth caps with peaks to 'em, but regular soldiers' caps with glazed peaks. First boy that turned up in our neighborhood with one of those things on made a sensation, all right. This same boy had got hold of a carpenter's pencil somewhere, and he'd stick that carpenter's pencil underneath his forage cap, with the sharpened end projecting in a mighty blase way that certainly caused us to regard him as some pumpkins. I was always crazy for a carpenter's pencil when I was a boy, but I never got hold of one—never did have much luck when I was a boy anyhow. My folks were too blamed respectable.

"As a matter of fact—you can believe it or not, but I'm telling you the truth—they wouldn't let me at the age of ten apply for the job of brakeman on a passenger train. That, I thought, was the finest job in the world—brakeman on a passenger train—just swinging a red lantern all the time, and wearing a peaked cap mostly on the left ear, and the peak pushed back so as to show an oiled bang plastered down, and sitting on a wood box in the smoker talking to fellers, and carrying a pair of red flags around everywhere, and all that. But the main appeal of the brakeman's job was the pair of red lanterns.

"Oh, well, that pair of basket sleeve protectors that I saw at the poultry market the other day certainly carried me back a long way, and I was still laughing like a fool when I strolled away."—Charleston News and Courier.

Riding the Rail.

A Georgia paper says: "He who rides on the rail courts death."

It was an Irishman, riding on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

It Was There.

Composer—Did you hear the torment and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played you? Listener—No, but I noticed it on the faces of the audience.—[illegible] Blatter.

—Good pasture makes Goodpictures

Kipling at Work.

"I have lounged in Rudyard Kipling's den at Brattleboro, Vt., before he deserted America for England and saw him at his work. He sat at his table in a revolving chair. I had a book in my hand and said nothing unless I was spoken to, for I was enjoying a great privilege that was granted to no one else but his wife. He would write for a moment, perhaps for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. If he was writing verses he would hum very softly to himself an air which probably kept the rhythm in his mind. When writing prose, he was silent, but often he would lay down his pen, whirl round in his chair and chat for awhile. It might be something relating to the subject he was treating or bear no relation to it. Suddenly he would wheel back again, and his pen would fairly fly over the paper. He can easily concentrate his thoughts and as easily descend from cloud land to the commonplace of the day, though in his mind and on his lips nothing is ever commonplace. Some of his poems he has written when speeding in a Pullman car at the rate of sixty miles an hour."—Pacific Monthly.

Birds Shot With Water.

Shooting a humming bird with the smallest bird shot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are practically motionless over flowers that the best marksman can bring them to earth.—New York Press.

The Feeding of Dogs.

"No dog kept indoors and indeed very few outside should be fed on meat nor should he be fed from the table at mealtimes, as he will soon become a nuisance, especially when there are visitors. If he is always fed at the conclusion of a certain meal—dinner, for instance—he will wait patiently until the prescribed time. It is a good plan to feed after one's midday meal, giving plenty of green vegetables, bread and potatoes, with a very few scraps of finely cut meat, the whole well mixed and some gravy poured over it. If two meals are given, one should be at breakfast time and one in the evening. One should consist of only a little oatmeal and milk or a piece of dry dog biscuit.

"At no time should the dog have more than he will eat, and if he leaves anything on his plate except the pattern his allowance should be reduced or a meal omitted."—Suburban Life.

The Shoulder Strap.

If it were possible to compile such data it would be extremely interesting to know to what extent women have influenced the uniforms and equipment of their fighting states. A little instance in point is the steel curb shoulder strap of the British cavalry. When Sir George Luck was setting out for Kandahar during the Afghan operations Lady Luck, knowing probably something of the fighting methods of the tribesmen, whose four foot knife can cut clean from shoulder to belt, sewed a couple of steel curb chains under each of the shoulder straps on her husband's tunic. As a protection from sword cuts these proved so effective that at the end of the campaign Sir George made a report in relation thereto, with the result that they were adopted as a permanent feature of the cavalry uniform.—Harper's Weekly.

Seized Her Opportunity.

He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious.

Again he called, and they sat together in the parlor, "just those two."

A loud rap came at the front door.

"Oh, bother!" she said. "Who can be calling?"

"Say you're out," said the deceiver.

"Oh, no; that would be untrue," murmured the ingenuous one.

"Then say you're engaged," he urged.

"Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried as she threw herself in his arms.

And the man kept on knocking at the front door.—Illustrated Bits.

A Rejection Slip.

"Sir," said the shivering beggar, stopping the prosperous magazine editor on the street, "I have a long, sad story"—

"Sorry," briskly replied the magazine editor, passing on, "but we are only open for short, funny stories now; full of the other kind."—Success Magazine.

No Thanks.

"I broke a record today. Had the last word with a woman."

"Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?"

"Why, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madam, have my seat.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Trade.

"Oh, my business is good," said the trombone player. "In fact, I am always blowing about it."

"Well, I'm sooted with mine, too," said the chimney sweep.

"And mine is out of sight," said the diver.

Do one thing at a time and the big things [illegible].—Lincoln.

Good For Everybody.

Mr. Norman R. Coulter, a prominent architect in the Delbert Building, San Francisco, says: "I fully endorse all that has been said of Electric Bitters as a tonic medicine. It is good for everybody. It corrects stomach, liver and kidney disorders in a prompt and efficient manner and [illegible] the system." Electric Bitters is the best spring medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter; as a blood purifier it is unequaled. 50c. at Chas. Strang's drug store.

—For sale—An excellent quality of brick—in any quantity. [illegible] Priddy. Medford, Oregon. tf.

THE "TUPPENCE" HABIT.

It Has a Firm Grip on London and Its Inhabitants.

Tuppence—meaning, of course, twopence and equal to the sum of 4 cents in United States currency—is the dominating sum in London. It is as much an institution as the war debt, beer or the game of cricket. Wherever you go, whatever you do, whatever you sell or whenever you open your mouth it is tuppence or a series of that sum that is extracted from you. It more than takes the place of the five cent piece in America or the threepenny bit in the British possessions.

Tuppence is as much as a fairly well to do worker can afford for his meal at midday. In the poorer restaurants that sum gets him two slices and a big mug, or three slices and a little mug, or a portion of cake and a drink, or a fried egg, slice and small mug, or a sausage with mash or bread, or a rasher of bacon. In the next higher class everything drinkable is twopence per cup, while pastry, pies, etc., are the same sum per head. At the "popular"—i. e., "no gratuities"—restaurants the waiters expect a tuppenny tip (though it is advertised otherwise by the proprietors), and the nontipper has a bad time. At most cafes tipping is the usual thing, and tuppence is expected and is accepted with the servile bow and pleased expression that distinguish the English and continental waiter upon such occasions.

The tuppenny tube is well known. You deposit that sum, and you get in anywhere and get out anywhere else you please. On trolley cars and buses that amount will carry you for an hour or two very often, usually to the terminus. The railroad porter who carries your rug a few yards or who says "Yus" when you ask if the train has stopped always has his hand out for the usual fee, though he will carry your two large bags and whatever else you have for half a mile over high stairs and low lines and accept the same amount with the same satisfaction.

The cabby to whom you give coppers over the legal fare salutes you respectfully, but if you pay double fare in a lordly manner he wants more and is apt to make disparaging remarks about your breeding, as may the bootblack to whom you give 1 instead of 2 pennies. The cabby is the surer of the two, however, for disparaging remarks, to which characteristic, I really believe, can be traced the advent of the taximeter.—New York Post.

THE ART OF JUGGLING.

It Demands Much Hard Work and Unlimited Patience.

"To be a successful juggler it is necessary to possess infinite patience. Some tricks require such long and continuous practice that unless a man possessed great patience and unlimited powers of perseverance he would despair of ever being able to perform them," says Paul Cinquevalli in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "Take a trick, for example, like balancing a tall glass on four straws placed on the forehead. It looks easy enough, but it took me years of practice before I could do it. While I am balancing the glass I also juggle with five hats at the same time. I never, as a matter of fact, see the hats. They are handed to me by my assistant, and I then set them going, but the whole time my eyes are fixed on the straws upon which the glass is balanced. If I took my eyes from the straws for a hundredth part of a second their balance would be upset. I know instinctively where the hats are all the time and know exactly where each hat is when I put out my hand to catch it.

"It took me close on eight years' practice before I was able to balance two billiard balls on top of each other and then balance the two on a billiard cue. I started practicing it an hour a day, as a rule. After a couple of years' practice one night I woke up, having dreamed that I had performed it. I got up, rushed downstairs and began to practice with my cue and two billiard balls, and at the first attempt I balanced them. About five years later I performed the feat in public.

"For the cannon ball trick I first used a wooden ball weighing just one pound. I caught it on the wrong place and was knocked senseless, but I kept on practicing until I found out how to do it. Now I use an iron ball weighing sixty pounds. If I didn't catch the ball on the right place on the back of my neck it would kill me, but there is no chance of my making a mistake."

Surfacing Natural Wood.

White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When thus treated the wood is ready for the varnish.

Odd but Legal Will.

The following will successfully stood the test in the supreme court of California: "Crolldepedro february 8 1892. This is to serifey that ie levet mey wife real and personal and she to dispose for them as she wis Patrick Donahue."

Beautiful City of India.

Jaipur is called "the Beautiful City of India" and is noted among travelers for the exquisite rose color which all of its houses sport. It gives the impression of a pink coral city rising from the sea.

Spanish Hands.

Russians have long but beautifully shaped hands, while those of Spaniards are often spoiled by the thickness of the fingers, which are apt to round at the tips.

Netherlands Fisheries.

About 100,000 nets are in use during the herring season by the 800 fishing smacks of the Netherlands. A net lasts about three seasons, but owing to losses from storms and other causes between 40,000 and 50,000 new nets are bought yearly.

—For the best bargains in Farm, Dairy, or Stock Ranches, or Fruit Lands, call on or address Harness & Thornton, Yoncalla, Oregon. tf.

Druggists' Lights.

An apothecary found himself minus his red light one night at a time when it was customary for tradesmen of his class to ornament their store fronts with a simple red lamp. To supply his need he took a glass bottle filled with a red fluid and placed a candle behind it. The effect so pleased him that he added another. Rival druggists illuminated their windows, increasing the number of lights and also changing the colors. Thus the entire town followed the lead. So it became the fashion.

Avoiding Temptation.

Cecil was much impressed by the Sunday school teacher's plea for missions and decided to save his pennies for the heathen. He made a great effort and failed once or twice. Then he prayed. "O Lord," he begged, "please help me save my money and—don't let Jim, the peanut man, come down this street."—Cleveland Leader.

He Didn't Throw It.

"Miss Pechis," said Mr. Timmid at the other end of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss I wonder what you'd say."

"Well," replied Miss Pechis, "I'd say you were the laziest man I ever saw."—Philadelphia Press.

A Distinction.

"Tell me," said Miss Witherupp, "Mr. Newman remarked to you that I didn't show my age, didn't he?"

"Not exactly. He said you were careful to conceal it," replied Miss Frank.—Exchange.

It is estimated that there are 70,000,000 Europeans who wear wooden shoes. Basswood is ordinarily employed for sabots, but willow is the best material.

NOTICE OF SCHOOL INDEMNITY SELECTION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, February 27, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on February 1, 1907, applied for nw ¼ se ¼ of section 30, township 31 south, range 2 east, and se ¼ se ¼ of section 23 and sw ¼ se ¼ and south ½ sw ¼ of section 24, township 32 south, range 2 east, of Willamette Meridian, and filed in this office lists of school indemnity selections in which it selected said land; and that said lists are open to the public for inspection. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selections for any lawful reason, should file their claims or their affidavits of protest or contest in this office on or before the 14th day of April, 1908.

I hereby designate the MEDFORD MAIL, published at Medford, Oregon, as the newspaper in which the above notice is to be published.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR'S FINAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as the Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Harriet Ada Liela Taylor, deceased, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate with the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that Monday, the 23rd day of March, 1908, at the hour of 1 o'clock, P. M., at the court room of said court, in Jacksonville, Oregon, has been set by said court as the time and place for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

ALBERT CLIFTON TAYLOR,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Harriet Ada Liela Taylor, deceased.

Dated and first published Feb. 21, 1908.

VAWTER & PURDIN,
Attorneys for Estate

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Josiah Merley, of Big Butte, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five years proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 12057, made Oct. 1st, 1902, for the E ½ of W ½, NW ¼ SW ¼, Sec. 6, Twp. 35, South, Range 3 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, in Medford, Oregon, on Wednesday, March 25, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Frederick V. Medynski, James I. Patton, Aaron Beck, William W. Parker, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph J. Van Hardenburg, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, by an order of the County Court duly made and entered, was appointed, and is now the duly qualified and acting Administrator de bonis non, of the estate of Joseph J. Vanliardenburg, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified to me, or my attorneys, Colvig & Durham, at Medford, Oregon, within six months from this date.

ALBERT VAN HARDENBERG,
Administrator, De bonis Non.
COLVIG & DURHAM Attys.

Dated Feb. 14, 1908.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Frederick V. Medynski of Big Butte, Ore., has filed notice of his intention to make final five-years proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11174 made Dec 14, 1901, for the SW ¼ Section 28, Township 34, South, Range 3 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Medford, Oregon, on Tuesday, March 24, 1908:

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Josiah Merley, Zack Maxey, James I. Patton, Frank D. Netherland, all of Big Butte Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Monroe Baldwin, of Big Butte, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make commutation final proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 13473, made April 18, 1904, for the N E ¼, Section 12, Township 34 South of Range 1 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, in Medford, Oregon on Tuesday, March 24, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz:

Charles A Edmondson, John A Obenchain, Charles Obenchain, Jeddison Edsell, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Julia A. Edwards, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Julia A. Edwards, late of Jackson county, Oregon, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned at his residence in the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, within six months from and after the date hereof.

RUFUS EDWARDS.
Administrator of the estate of Julia A. Edwards, deceased.

Dated this 12th day of February, A. D., 1908.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* — The Kind You Have Always Bought

Societies of Medford

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 83, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Monday at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
J. WAWTON, N. G.
VOLNEY DIXON, Rec Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m.
MARK BAKER, C. P.
H. H. HARVEY, Scribe.

I. O. R. M.—Medford Weetonka No. 20, meets every Saturday in Red men's Hall, Angle blk.
H. J. FAMMENBURG, Sachem.
LEE JACOBS, Chief of Records.

Modern Woodmen — Meets every Friday of every month, in Redmen's hall.
W. T. GOULDER, Secretary.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
CLARA WOOD, N. G.
STELLA DUCLOS, Rec. Sec.

A. F. and A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall.
M. PURDIN, W. M.
J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.

O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday's of each month at Masonic Hall. Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome.
MRS. MATTIE PICKEL, W. M.
MRS. LILLIAN B. WOODFORD, Secretary.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. E. G. TROWBRIDGE, C. C.
BASIL GREGORY, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees.—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in A. O. U. W Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. C. E. COLLINS, Commander.
C. F BURKE, R. K.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 93, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
JOHN DODGE, M. W.
ASHAEL HUBBARD, Recorder.

F. [illegible] of A.—Medford Lodge No. 421, meet the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in the Redmens hall. Visiting Fraters invited to attend.
FRANCIS JORDAN, F. M.
L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in Smith's hall. Medford Oregon.
R. R. MOREY, C. C.
W. B. JACKSON, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Smith's hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MRS. ANNA STEWART, G. N.
PRUE ANGLE, Clerk

F. O. E.—Meets every Thursday Evening, at 8 p. m., in Redmen's Hall.
W. M. KENNEDY President
JAMES STEWART, Secretary.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Wednesday eve in each month at the old K. of P Hall. Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend.
F. M. STEAART, COMMANDER.
D. R. ANDRUS, Adjutant

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Tuesday at the Presbyterian church.
MRS. [illegible], President.
MRS. J. [illegible], Secretary.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Wednesday's evenings of each month, at 7:30 p. m., in the Redmen's Hall Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited.
W. VOGELI Pres.
I. O. HOWARD, Treasurer.

A. O. F.—Court Medford, No. 8985 meets every 1st and 3rd Monday nights at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W Hall Angle block, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed.
WESLEY VOGELI, C. R.
C. R. MCCLINTOCK, Rec. Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church—W. C. Heuter pastor. Preaching every Sabbath 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., D. Lawton, supt. Class meeting follows preaching service Sunday morning, Julius Meeker, leader. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Fred Fridegar, president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 Mrs. J. [illegible] Roberts, president. W. F. M. S meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. F. Shields pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Jas. Martin, Supt. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor, 3 p. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every month church social. Second Tuesday every month, 2:30 p. m., Mission society. First and third Tuesdays every month, 2:30 p. m., Aid society. Rev. W. F. Shields, Pastor; Miss Beulah Warner, Supt. S. S.; Miss Edith Van Dyne Superintendent Y. C. E.; David M. Day, Pres. S. C. E. Mrs. J. G. Van Dyke, Pres. Aid society; Mrs. J. C. Cox, Pres. Mission Society.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school and Christian Endeavor at usual hours every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Young people welcome. Rev M. F. Horn, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church South—W. T Goulder, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Wednesday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Every one is cordially invited to all our services

Free Methodist Church—Sunday School 10 o'clock. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. REV. FRANCIS SMITH, Pastor.

W R C meets the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in the month at G A R hall. Visiting members are invited to attend our meetings.
EDNA E MOREY, Pres
ELLA SHOULTS, Sec

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William T. Andrews, of Medford, Ore., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14417, made July 19, 1907, for the S ½ SW ¼, Section 2, Township 37, South, Range 1 West, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner at his office, in Medford, Oregon, on Friday March 27, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Charles D. Hazelrigge, James Mace, Edward M. Andrews, Sammie T. Gardner, Henry Humphry, all of Medford, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

F. W. Gaines, Plaintiff, vs. Ella Gaines, Defendant. } Suit in Equity for Divorce

To Ella Gaines, the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of summons herein, to-wit on or before the 13th day of March, 1908, said date being the expiration of six weeks from the day of the first publication of this summons. And if you fail to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in plaintiff's complaint, succinctly stated, as follows:

For a decree of the Court abrogating and dissolving the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant; for judgment against the defendant and in favor of plaintiff for the costs and disbursements of this suit to be taxed, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may appear just and equitable.

This summons is published in the MEDFORD MAIL by order of Hon. [illegible], judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and entered of record [illegible] day of January, 1908; and, in obedience [illegible] the first publication hereof [illegible] 31st day of January, 1908.

W. E. P[illegible],
Attorney for Plaintiff.