

THE PIONEERS HELD REUNION

(By a Special Correspondent)

The thirty-second annual reunion of Southern Oregon pioneers, held in Jacksonville yesterday, was an epoch making event in the history of this organization, in that the resolution passed last year, admitting to full membership the sons and daughters of pioneers went into effect. From an enrollment of 428 members, the number has been gradually reduced to 85, thus making an increase in membership imperative to the perpetuation of the organization.

The additional names of many younger men and women who share the deep and tender memories of early life in Oregon and who hold in honorable reverence the unflinching courage, heroic sacrifice and undying achievement of those who gave Oregon to the Union, should go far to cement closely the links uniting the present with the past. The genuine happiness illuminating every face does much to dispel the sadness caused by the thought of the vacant chair, the pathetic sight of heads each year more hoary, shoulders more stooped, faces more scamed, and makes the event approach one of unalloyed joy. The relation existing between the pioneer and the sons and daughters of his erstwhile neighbor is most paternal and serves to accent the universal brotherhood of man.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kinney, a pioneer of 1845, is president of the Pioneer association, and presided as honorary chairman and called the meeting to order, while C. C. Beckman, 1853, was the acting chairman. After the invocation by Rev. Mr. Gray of the Methodist Episcopal church and music by Gore brothers, assisted by Clarence Meeker, the secretary, Judge Silas J. Day, read touching memorial sketches of the lives of Mrs. Rebecca McDonough, Mrs. Hulda Culver, Samuel R. Taylor, Mrs. Minnie H. Nell, John B. Wisley, William Taylor and Frederick Barneburg, deceased, during the past year.

In the absence of the mayor, Dr. J. W. Robinson, the address of welcome was delivered by Hon. B. F. Mulkey, who boldly sketched the position of Oregon as a great commonwealth and pointed out her magnificent possibilities. He contrasted the pioneers with the crusaders of the middle ages, who went with pomp and heraldry, in search of the Holy Grail, returning with withered leaves, while the pioneer, as the reward of their courage and initiative, gave to history a state in which flourishes every industry, art, education and a people typical of the life of the republic. "These are the last of a great race, for the work of the pioneer is done."

A telegram of greeting was read from George T. Higgins, president of the State Historical society.

The annual address was delivered by Attorney C. L. Reames of Jacksonville and follows in full.

The Jane Mason McCully Cabin of Native Daughters, who have the reputation of doing nothing by halves, served a most elaborate banquet in the Oddfellows' hall. The table reserved for the pioneers was decorated with sweet peas, white two other tables, seating 100 guests, were gay with early autumnal blooms, the whole witnessing the industry, taste and skill of the ladies in charge.

Mr. President and Pioneers:

Once more the men and women who in the earliest part of the history of our state, followed the long white road into what was then an almost unknown country, have met together to renew friendships and acquaintances of the past. Once again these men and women have left their work and homes, that they might here assemble and once more talk over the old, familiar stories of what pluck and work accomplished in the face of danger, hardship and privation. It is fitting and right that these meetings are held, for, as during the long and tedious journey across the plains, you came upon camping places and pleasant spots where you could, for a time, rest from the strain of the journey, so in the long calendar of our year you have wisely set apart one day in which you can rest from your labors and for a time throw aside the ordinary business cares of life—a day to be devoted entirely to the enjoyment of the pioneers. And, as I look over the faces of the men and women here today, I am deeply impressed with the beautiful manner in which you celebrate your holiday in comparison with the way in which our modern celebrations are conducted. You have on your program today none of the events without which the ordinary celebration would be a total failure. There has been no firing of an early sunrise salute; no pompous morning parade; no foot races or baseball game; no balloon ascension, fireworks or dance, and yet, when the day is over and you are once more in your homes, you will all be conscious that you have thoroughly enjoyed it, because you who have worked so long together, who have shared for so long each other's trials and pleasures, are simply having one more good old-fashioned visit. And if to-day you can meet all of your old friends and stop and talk a little while with each, I prophesy that you will enjoy it far more than the cel-

bration of any other holiday that could be planned for you.

Your meeting was opened with an invocation to our Divine Creator and thanks have been reverently offered to Him for his many manifold blessings. You have been welcomed here and the hospitality of our little city has been extended. You have been entertained with music and beautiful songs. You have listened to the reading of the obituaries of the members who have during the past year answered to the last call, and as they were read I have looked into the faces of you all and know that it is hard for you to realize that the life work of these dear friends is over and that the time had come for them to rest from their labors, but you, who know them best, know that they so lived as to justify merit the esteem and confidence of their fellow men, and to establish characters of sterling integrity, lofty patriotism and unswerving loyalty to duty and Christian principle. Men and women who have lived such lives as these have not lived them in vain. And, as hard as the past parings were, I know that you are each sustained in the belief that "He who holds in His hand the fate of nations, yet sees the sparrow's fall, had planned it so, and that He doeth all things well."

If there should be here today a stranger who had never before been present at your gatherings, he would at once ask, "Who are these men and women who devote this, their holiday, to the renewing of old acquaintances? Why is it such a pleasure for them to simply meet here today and go over the old stories of early pioneer life?" Why, these are the pioneers of Oregon, men and women who, over half a century ago, performed one of the most remarkable feats of transportation ever before undertaken by men. A journey that, as we today look back upon it and realized what it has accomplished and what its results have been, makes every native son of our grand state thrill with patriotic pride at the thought that our fathers and mothers were among those who settled the beautiful Rogue River valley.

In foreign countries men and women each have a distinct rank, and the favored ones trace their genealogy through generations, whose only claim to history is an empty, high-sounding title; but you pioneers have endowed your sons and daughters with the priceless heritage of an honored life, replete with deeds of charity and love, an brave transmitted to them the beautiful record of a life well spent. You came and found a wilderness; you leave it to us a prosperous and growing state, free from the presence of the lurking savages who claimed its possession against you, and we, as native sons and daughters, are in the acceptance of the trust, charged with the grave responsibility of ever striving to keep the future story of our state as spotless and pure as the pioneers are leaving it.

When our Puritan fathers braved the dangers of a perilous ocean voyage that they might be permitted to dwell in peace in a new and strange land, they left little, if anything, behind them that made the breaking up of their homes a hard ordeal. They had been cruelly persecuted by those from whom they should have had the right to expect protection. They had been harassed by their own government and denied the right to worship in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences. The treatment they had received for years was such that they gladly welcomed the chance to undergo any hardship or danger if they could only be secure from further unjust persecution. They were virtually driven from their England homes by the tyranny of the religious fanatics of their country; their lives had been threatened and endangered by those in authority, their homes pillaged, their property destroyed and confiscated. Little wonder, then, it was that when the tales of the New World were circulated among them, as they were told of a land, as yet without a government, a land where they would be free to live and raise their children in the manner they believed to be right, that they welcomed the chance to court starvation and death, if the goal might be won?

How different the scene in the eastern home of every pioneer here today, when the father and the mother began for the first time to discuss the advisability of a long, tedious, dangerous journey across a country inhabited by a dangerous and lurking enemy, by the way of roads and routes of which little could be learned, to finally reach a country of which but little was definitely known. The government under which you were living was at peace with you and the world and extending every protection to your life, property and the full enjoyment of religious and political liberty. There were family and friendly ties to sever that made the leaving hard. There was property to sacrifice, and the risking of all on a perilous venture. Our Puritan fathers left persecution and tyranny that they might finally enjoy comfort and rest, but the men and women who, in the early '50s, turned their faces toward the west, and undertook the most wonderful trip upon which human beings ever embarked, left behind them ease, comfort and happy homes. And this same marked difference between the Puritans and pioneers is responsible for the reason why our state today enjoys such an enviable reputation for its unbounded hospitality. History records that when the Pur-

itans had gained a foothold upon the eastern shores of our country, none were welcome within their domain, saving and except those who thought, acted and worshipped in accordance with the Puritan ideas. But among the pioneers of the west came men and women from all the professions and trades and representing all the different religions and creeds: The Catholics and Protestant, the Jew and Gentile were equally welcome visitors to every cabin home. The latchstring of every cabin was always out to the stranger, and it mattered nothing how scant the supply might be, it could always be divided once more, if the wayfarer was hungry.

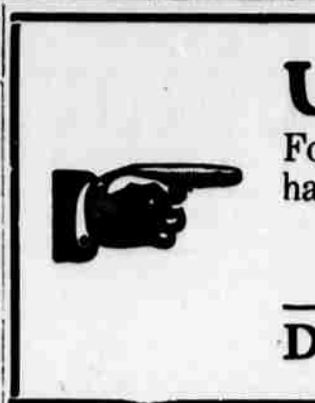
Sitting here today in ease and comfort, with the memory of a long and useful life to recompense you for its privation and toil, I want you to go over today with me the whole story. And that story, although so familiar to you as to be almost commonplace, would, if it were interwoven with names and dates, be the history of the state of Oregon, for the things that you did here make the history of our state, and the main reason why our state has in the past ten years prospered and thrived so abundantly is because 50 years ago you laid the foundation for its future growth so well. Smooth steel rails now supplant the old wagon road; palace cars take the place of the long train of covered wagons; puffing engines race swiftly over the same road the oxen toiled so slowly. But before the first plans for the railway were ever penciled a train crossed from the eastern states to Oregon, bringing with it the men and women whose noble acts and deeds, whose thrift and industry so developed the new country as to make the railroad possible.

Just about 58 years ago stories were circulated and borne to the eastern states that told of how an adventurous man had discovered gold in the far west. This was long before the time of the now splendid telegraph service, and the tales that reached you had been told and retold so many times and had improved so much with each subsequent narration that it is hardly possible that the originator of the story would have recognized it as the one which finally reached you. If these stories should be told today in the east of what was happening here the eastern man or woman could, by the use of the telegraph system, find out the exact truth in a few hours. But in those days there was only one way to find out, and that way was to come and see for yourself. And so, without any definite plan of just exactly where you were going, of the road you were going to take, of the occupation you were going to follow when you finally reached your destination, or the length of time you were going to be gone, you became a part of a long wagon train that for many months was to push on and on, advancing but a few miles after a day of hard travel, but the close of every day finding you a little further westward.

What wonderful things happened on this most wonderful trip! Children were born and brave, suffering but non-complaining women, far removed from the benefits of modern medicine and surgery, went through the trying ordeals without flinching. Heads of families died and fatherless children were cared for and raised by friends. Rivers were crossed where treacherous fords endangered the lives of the whole train. Mountain ranges were climbed where there was neither pass nor road. Men and women were being continually murdered by Indians. But the train was always headed toward the west and each day the setting sun shone in the faces of the people whom nothing but death could prevent from finally reaching the far west. And when at last the trip was over, when the oxen had been unyoked for the last time, when you at last found yourselves in the new country toward which you had been journeying so long with a grim determination to win, the land was cleared and fenced, homes were built, crops were planted, schools and churches established and the actual settlement of the country was begun in such a way that if honest endeavor should ever be rewarded nothing but success could crown your efforts.

What a pity it is that our state has only just begun to collect these individual stories so that the record of the following are the names of many not be entirely lost. For if the logs in the old cabin homes could but speak they would tell us the prettiest story ever written—a story of love, courtship and adventure, a story of joy and sorrow, a story of relentless conflict with an enemy that knew neither mercy nor the rules of honest warfare and whose chief delight was the massacre of helpless women and children—a story of waiting, bravery, privation and pluck. What a grand story it would be!

But gradually as you began to be rewarded for your labor and thrift, the cabin homes began to give way to modern architecture, and the parting with the old homes, even for the new, brought back to memory the dearest and tenderest recollections of all that happened there: "Out of the old house, Nancy moved into the new; All the hurry and worry is just as good as through. Only a bounden duty remains for you and I, And that's to stand on the doorsteps here and bid the old house goodbye."



What a shell we've lied in these thirty or forty years! Wonder it hadn't smashed in and tumbled about our ears: Wonder it stuck together and answered till today. But every individual log was put up there to stay.

Never a handsomer home was seen beneath the sun; Kitchen and parlor and bedroom, we had the mall in one. And the fat old wooden clock we brought when we came out west Was a-ticking away in the corner there and doing its level best.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old home dear; Christenings, funerals, weddings—what haven't we had here? Not a log in this building but its memories has got. And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Fare you well, old home; you're not that can feel or see, But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me, And we never will have a better home, if my opinion stands. Until we commence a-keeping house in the house not made with hands."

Today, as you pioneer men review the history of the settlement of the country you have made, it might seem at first thought that to the men was due the greatest praise, for they it was who cleared the forests into fertile fields, built the cabins, tilled the soil harvested the crops and mined the gold. But a history of our state would be far from complete whose pages did not pay glowing tribute to the wives and mothers of the pioneer. The bravery and acts of self-denial performed by the women of early Oregon may never be chronicled in song or history, not every native son of Oregon who has made a success in life, no matter in what vocation, whether his voice has been heard in the halls of our nation's congress, or he has been chosen as chief executive to rule the destinies of the state; his business ventures may have netted him a fortune and he may now be rated as a merchant prince, or he may be at the very head of one of the learned professions; yet he owes it all to the kind-hearted, brave, noble pioneer mother whose only dreams of happiness have been for his welfare, and whose only hopes of reward have been for his success, and no matter how far his ambitious feet may tread the ladder of fame or fortune he will always, if a true native son, be prouder to hear that mother say, "You did right," than to hear the whole world echo and re-echo with shouts of "Well done!"

This society of pioneers today celebrates its 32d anniversary. Since its organization, on the 18th day of November, 1876, 428 pioneers have enrolled their names as members, and of this number there remains today but 85. Over four-fifths of the entire membership will never more answer to the calling of the roll, while if every member of the society were present they would comprise but one-fifth of the entire roll.

"Men drop so fast ere life's mid-stage we tread, Few know as many friends alive as dead." Then to you who have lived to see the results of your handiwork, may you be spared to us for many years yet, that we may be benefited by your teaching and wisdom, and that you may enjoy the hard-earned fruits of your honest labor. May this day be a pleasant reunion to you all and may it ever be remembered as one of the bright spots in your useful lives. May Providence be kind to your little band and may the next reunion find your chain of membership intact without another broken link, and may you all, in your declining years, be permitted to see the state you have created ever live and grow and prosper among the other states of our nation, so that you may ever feel justly proud of having devoted your lives to its upbuilding.

A PAYING INVESTMENT.

Mr. John White, of 38 Highland Ave., Houston, Maine, says: "Have been troubled with a cough every winter and spring. Last winter I tried many advertised remedies, but the cough continued until I bought a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery; before that was half gone, the cough was gone. This winter the same happy result has followed; a few doses once more banished the annual cough. I am now convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best of all cough and lung remedies." Sold under guarantee at Chas. Strang's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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COME! COME!

MURDERED A WOMAN.

OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 31.—One link after another is being added to the mesh of circumstantial evidence upon which they charge Gustav Arkell with the murder of Mrs. Alice Lucretia Donahue, the wife of Daniel Donahue, a motorman. Tonight Mrs. Emma Verra, a friend of both the accused and the murdered woman, positively identified a pair of mud-stained trousers found in Arkell's room as the ones he wore the night of the crime. She also identified a spade found concealed under a factory with Mrs. Donahue's clothing as belonging to the prisoner.

Perhaps the most tangible clue was given by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, the mother of the boy, Frank Walsh, who discovered the murdered woman's clothing, and a day later dug up the body. Mrs. Smith saw a man and woman the night of the murder lurking in the shadow of a furniture factory where the body was found. She remained silent until now on account of the notoriety, but after consulting a priest today, made known the facts.

Arkell, after 24 hours, sweating and solitary confinement, stolidly maintains his innocence, but will tell nothing of his past nor of his actions on the night of the murder. The police established beyond a doubt that he frequently was seen in clandestine meetings with Mrs. Donahue; that he owned the spade; that he bothered her so much she frequently complained; that Arkell constantly agitated the community with gossip; that Mrs. Donahue eloped, and not later than a week ago declared he saw her in San Francisco.

Arkell was arrested in San Francisco three years ago on the charge of attempting the life of his second wife. "The first wife was drowned and the last one secured a divorce. The police say that he figured in a sensational eastern police case, but the details are lacking.

The authorities are confronted with the task of proving Mrs. Donahue murdered. The body is so decomposed that it is impossible to show strangulation. The chemical analysis of the viscera may show poison. The confession from some one seems the only means of definitely fixing the cause of death.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Considerable interest is being taken in Methodist circles regarding the annual session of the Oregon conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, which will be held at Salem beginning September 25. Rev. W. C. Reuter, the pastor of the First M. E. church of Medford, who will be pres-

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