

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

JACKSONVILLE LOCALS.

Items of Interest from the County Seat of Jackson County.

Mrs. C. W. Palm of Medford was the guest of Mrs. Dora Harbaugh of Jacksonville Tuesday.

C. W. Conklin, the Medford undertaker, was in Jacksonville on professional business Tuesday.

Prosecuting Attorney B. F. Mulkey has purchased property in the McCully's Addition to Jacksonville and will erect a residence thereon in the near future.

Attorney Joe Hammersley was up from Gold Hill Monday on business before the Circuit court.

Messrs. D. T. Lawton and Charles Boardman of Medford were attending Circuit court in Jacksonville on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Orr of Medford were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of Jacksonville.

Miss Stella Levy and Mrs. A. H. Maegley returned Sunday from San Francisco, where they were called by the death of their sister, Mrs. Jennie Dattibaum.

Among the Ashland people who were in Jacksonville Monday and Tuesday are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Neil and son and Mrs. Loosely, Mr. and Mrs. John Harvey, Mrs. Judd Miller, Attorney and Mrs. F. M. Calkins and Miss Nellie Dickey.

Mrs. John Hockenoy of Medford was visiting Jacksonville friends on Tuesday.

School Superintendent J. P. Wells went to Medford Tuesday evening, where he will conduct the teachers' institute.

Wella Beeson of Talent was attending to business matters at the courthouse Tuesday.

Mrs. D. H. Jackson and W. Irving of Medford, were visiting Jacksonville friends Friday.

George Culy and family were in Jacksonville Friday en route to their new home at Ashland from their old home at Steamboat.

Jasper Pendleton, of Table Rock, ex-county assessor, was attending to business matters in Jacksonville Friday.

Professor Clyde A. Payne, president of the Ashland Normal school, and Mrs. Payne, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Mulkey, of Jacksonville on Friday.

Ex-county Judge W. S. Crowell, of Medford, was in Jacksonville Friday.

H. A. Ray and Mr. Gilchrist, of Gold Hill, were in Jacksonville Saturday on legal business.

Mrs. W. H. Gore and family, of Pooh Bah precinct, were Jacksonville visitors Saturday.

Doctor Warren Cameron and Mrs. Cameron were visiting Jacksonville friends Saturday.

Merchant W. F. Towne, of Portland, was in Jacksonville Saturday and was accompanied home by his daughter, deputy clerk Miss Manan B. Towne.

Probate Court.

Estate of Sarah Dunlap, deceased—Order appointing November 24 as day for hearing final settlement of estate.

Estate of Frank I. Nelke, deceased—Order to cancel lease.

Estate of Joseph Wilson, deceased—Order appointing November 27 as day for hearing final settlement of estate.

In the matter of the guardianship of Robert Whelpley, Mabel Whelpley and Daisy Whelpley, minors—Order confirming sale of real estate.

Estate of S. T. Howard—Order for executors to make deed.

Estate of Mary Yetta Pankey, deceased—Order appointing J. W. Merritt, W. C. Leveer and L. C. Robnett appraisers of said estate.

In the matter of the guardianship of Ava B. Thonburg, Yida E. Thonburg and Willia G. Thonburg, minor heirs—Annual account of guardian filed.

Estate of John Pelling, deceased—Ordered that appended order of sale of real property be entered of record.

Same estate as above—Order to sell real property.

Estate of David Comstock, deceased—Inventory and appraisement filed, showing estate to be valued at \$628.60.

Circuit Court.

Gus Newbury vs. Edgar E. Lee—Suit to quiet title; decree granted.

W. E. Phipps vs. E. P. Theiss et al.—Demurrer withdrawn.

John W. Prall vs. Frank Marshall and Kate Marshall—Action to recover money; complaint amended.

E. B. Hanley vs. William H. Stewart and Jackson county—Order confirming report of commission on establishment of division line.

Edith Pike vs. W. T. Pike—Decree of divorce granted.

Elvin Hays vs. Ella Hayes—Decree of divorce granted.

Annetta I. Snaver vs. Orlando Snaver—Decree of divorce granted.

Justin Wilson vs. —Wilson—Decree of divorce granted.

W. O. Tate vs. Mae E. Tate—Decree of divorce granted.

Fred W. Snyder vs. Laura Snyder—Decree of divorce granted.

MAIL WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

"LANDING" A BURGLAR

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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The wedding was over, the goodbyes and the good nights had all been said, and the Monteths' big stone house, radiant only a few hours ago with light and laughter, was now grimly dark and silent.

But excitement had set the maid of honor's pulse to throbbing, and she could not sleep. Over and over again she went through her part of the statutory ceremony to the slow, majestic music of the wedding march.

Over and over again she remembered that endless, measured walk down the long church aisle, with the magic scent of roses everywhere and the trembling consciousness of the best man's gaze fixed unwaveringly upon her.

And she recalled all the pretty things he had said to her afterward—that she was like a dream girl come true, that she was more beautiful than the blushing bride herself. What shameful heresy, when the bride was his very own sister!

Wedding nights, sighed Elsie, were much like Halloweens—one dipped into the future and saw sweet visions, but only visions, after all! Yet still she sat in her shimmering green maid of honor frock, the moonlight shedding a wondrous frost upon it. From some distant point a clock struck twice. She rose with determination, then suddenly became tense and rigid. Her heart was in her mouth.

In the room just diagonally across the hall, which was the upstairs sitting room, she had distinctly heard a window opened. It flashed across her instantly that burglars had come after the wedding presents. Her own door the night being stifling warm, stood ajar, but she was too paralyzed with fear to run and lock it.

She listened with strained ears for any further sound. It soon followed. The burglar stumbled against something. For a few minutes after that all was horribly still. Then, with catlike step, Elsie heard him coming into the hall.

Should she scream? She tried to, but could not. Her voice "stuck in her throat."

By the aid of the moonlight Elsie could make out a dark form creeping past her own room toward the stairs. Thank goodness, he was not going to blind and gag her or hold her up at the point of a pistol!

But the wedding presents! Should she let him steal them without trying to give an alarm? Yes, she would. The bride and groom could not be so very much attached to them. They had not had them long enough, and it was an awfully long way down the hall to Mr. Monteth's room.

There was no one near her except two of the bridesmaids, and a precious lot of good it would do to wake them! This reflection had the effect of stimulating her own latent courage. No; he should not carry off those wedding presents—she, Elsie Laurie, would see that he did not.

She was relieved to find that she could really move. She tiptoed to the door and listened. Not a sound. So she ventured stealthily into the hall and even peeped over the balustrade. Still no sound and as dark as a pocket.

Could she have been dreaming? Before she roused the house she would make quite sure. Creeping down to the landing of the stairs, she crouched behind the balustrade and waited, her heart thumping rapidly.

Suddenly the dining room portieres parted, and a man holding a lighted cigarette stepped out from behind them. Elsie gave a frightened cry of "Robert!" and fainted.

When she recovered she was choking over something very strong and burning that some one was pouring down her throat. She opened her eyes and recognized Robert Monteth bending over her.

"Did you catch the burglar?" she asked him weakly.

"Elsie, my poor child," he said, lifting her gently till her head rested against his shoulder, "there wasn't any burglar. It was just me. I'm so sorry."

She looked dazed, as if she could not understand.

"You must have been awfully scared, dear," he went on tenderly. "I'll tell you how it happened. I chased the bride and groom, you know, to find out where they were going, and when I finally got back here I remembered I hadn't any key. So I climbed up over the porch and got in through the sitting room window. I thought you were all asleep, and I knew if I did that I wouldn't disturb anybody," he ended, with a somewhat sheepish smile.

Elsie smiled a little too. She was beginning to see the humor of the situation. By degrees she told him her side of the story.

"You're the bravest girl in all the world, dearest, and I"—

"Did you stub your toe against something just after you got in?" she interrupted, with teasing irrelevance.

He admitted, rather shortly, that he did.

"It was awfully quiet for a few minutes afterward," she observed dryly.

"Yes, I wasn't saying much—out loud. But, say, Elsie," he broke off resolutely, swinging her thoughts round to more personal matters again—"what would you say if I turned into a real burglar after all and tried to steal you on the spot?"

"I'm not a bit afraid," she answered him calmly, her eyes looking with adorable assurance straight into his. "To-night has made me wonderfully courageous. What's that?" she was perched, trembling with fright.

A door in the upper hall had opened softly.

Before Robert could answer she had reached up to the electric button on the wall and switched off the light.

"Explain yourself, sir," ordered Robert sternly.

And Robert explained.

"It was all your fault, anyhow, dad," he finished, with ingenuous climax.

"You shouldn't have left the window unlocked."

Mr. Monteth accepted the reproach good naturedly. "You have my forgiveness, son," and he added, with benignant smile, extending his outstretched hands over the two young lovers, "my very heartfelt blessing."

At this psychological moment half a dozen other doors were thrown open, and a motley audience collected at the head of the stairs, all demanding simultaneously to know the cause of the disturbance. In their sala but decidedly unconventional attire one would hardly have recognized the smart bride party of the earlier evening.

Poor Robert was forced to explain all over again.

"Well, is that all?" commented one of the erstwhile bridesmaids, rubbing her eyes. "If I'd known this was only a fake burglar show I wouldn't have stirred a step. When I saw Mr. Monteth spreading out his arms so dramatically—the girl gave a capital imitation of the gesture—over somebody. I thought it must be another wedding ceremony for sure, and I came out to join in the procession."

There was a general laugh at the expense of Elsie and Robert, but the latter was undamned.

"That gives me a perfectly great idea," he exclaimed jubilantly. "I here with invite you all to an impromptu wedding. You can all be rehearsing while I run across the street and rouse up the minister. What do you say, Elsie?"

Elsie blushed, blinked and protested. "You're absolutely crazy, Rob. Besides, I'm too sleepy," she pleaded. "I couldn't keep awake during the ceremony, but," she added frantically, "the invitations are just postponed. We'll ask you all again at some more proper time."

"Hear, hear!" they all cried enthusiastically, and "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" after which most unreasonable demonstration the big house put out its lights once more and settled down to sleep.

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Immediately a voice commanded, "Who's there?"

Everybody Is Welcome

Make This Store Your Headquarters

We invite every person who comes to Medford to make this Store their headquarters. A COSY CORNER where you will find chairs, a desk with all writing materials, including pen and ink, and all is free. Come and rest a moment, write a note or make appointments to meet your friends. 5 per cent discount on all bills of goods amounting to \$5.00 or over. RAILROAD FARE FREE.

EVERYTHING IS MARKED SPECIAL

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Suits, Coats and Skirts

We want to especially call your attention to our Suit section where you will find over 200 of the newest and most stylish Suits shown this season. Your size is here and the goods and workmanship are the best trained buyers and the most skilled workmen can produce. We have procured many "snaps" for this sale and invite you to see them at

\$11, \$15, \$20 to \$40

Ladies' Coats \$5 to \$35

Ladies' Skirts \$2.98 to \$19.98

HANDKERCHIEF SPECIALS
50 dozen hemstitched white lawn Handkerchiefs for school use sold in some store at 5c or 6 for 25c, now on sale for 19 25c for only
All pure linen Handkerchiefs 5c
Men's and Boys' Handkerchiefs 5c
Beautiful hemstitched and embroidered handkerchiefs; all marked special at 5c and up to \$1.00.

Sale of Outing Gowns See the Window

We show a window of Outing Gowns which shows the former and sale price of each. You cannot afford to make gowns when you can buy them for about what the material costs.

65c Gowns.....	50c	\$1.50 GOWNS.....	\$1.19
75c Gowns.....	63c	\$1.75 GOWNS.....	\$1.43
\$1.00 GOWNS.....	83c	\$2.00 GOWNS.....	\$1.69
\$1.25 GOWNS.....	98c	\$3.00 GOWNS.....	\$2.47

Dainty Fancy Aprons Make Fine Xmas Presents

Largest assortment of dainty little fancy Aprons ever shown in Southern Oregon. Everyone is a new style this season and the prices are temptingly low.


25c and to \$2.50

New Belts We invite you to look at the new Belts. Almost any color and black and white, also many fancies. Special prices range from 25c to \$1.47	New Neckwear A glance in our window will convince you that we show the new ideas while they are new. The special prices are 17c and up to 89c	New Handbags You will delight in looking at our assortment of new Handbags. We show the newest ideas and the values are immense. 98c to \$11
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Waists Special
You can't afford to miss a look at our large assortment of Waists. All the newest ideas in wool batistes, lingerie, silk and nets. Every Waist is a desirable style and a value to be appreciated. Special prices from **\$1.00 to \$22.50**



Umbrellas Priced Lowly
If you want an Umbrella that will give you lasting service you want one of our brass finished brass furl frames which positively will not rust and cause the cover to rot. See them only at this store **\$1.50 to \$10** Other good Umbrellas up from 50c.



Saturday Night
Medford's Exclusive Ladies' Store BAKER-HUTCHASON CO.
Central Avenue, Just North of Jackson County Bank

Clock and Watch Freaks.
"A watch isn't exactly dirty when it requires cleaning," says a watchmaker. "It may need cleaning when it hasn't even been worn."
"A common cause of this is that the oil in the works has dried up and become sticky, causing the watch to go slow or even to stop. In this case it not only wants cleaning, but also the addition of fresh oil."
"The best oil for this purpose is obtained from the jawbone of a porpoise or kindred fish. Many watchmakers mix their own oil from various kinds."
"Clocks also stop for no apparent reason. During a thunderstorm, for instance, a clock may stop, only resuming work when minutes, days or even weeks have passed."
"Thunderstorms, again, have been responsible for the restarting of old clocks which have apparently retired altogether from active service."—London Answers.

She Had Red Burns.
The philanthropic lady was visiting a Glasgow slum and had just been ushered into a house where the good wife was engaged washing. Her endeavor was to elevate the minds of the poor, and she asked, "Have you read Burns?"
In answer the good wife bared her beaming eyes and displayed a large red mark, saying: "There's wan I got this morn' wi' the steam o' the pot billi' over. But, after a', a burn's aye red!"

Must Have Had Experience.
"Never mind, dear," he said reassuringly as he raised her sweet face from his shoulder and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all brush off."
"Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his white shoulder, "how do you know?"—Sourville Journal.

Remedy For Choking.
"Raising the left arm as high as you can will relieve choking much more rapidly than the act of thumping one's back," said a physician, "and it is well that every one should know it, for often a person gets choked while eating where there is no one near to thump him. Very frequently at meals and when they are at play children get choked while eating, and the customary manner of relieving them is to slap them sharply on the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more quickly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm, for if the child sees that older persons or parents get excited the effect is bad. The best thing is to tell the child to raise its left arm, and immediately the difficulty passes away."

One Way of Getting Out.
Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend Alphonse. "Will you be my witness?" he cried.
"Going to fight?"
"No; going to get married."
Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't you apologize?"

Valuation.
"Young man," said the stern parent, "have you any idea of the value of a dollar?"
"Certainly," answered the gilded youth. "At the club a dollar represents one white chip."—Washington Star.

Too Small to Pray.
"Yes, your reverence, our Johnny is a wonder. He can play cards, bowl and chess like a trooper."
"Can he say his prayers?"
"No; he's too little for that."—File-garde Blatter.

Reckless Expenditure.
Dilver—When I took this place it wasn't fit for a dog to live in. I have spent nearly \$1,000 on it. Sanson—Don't you think it would have been cheaper had you killed the dog?—Boston Transcript.

Not Deliberate.
Wife—I claim that the story you told me last night when you came home was a deliberate lie!
Hub—And I say it wasn't! I never thought up one more quickly in my life!

The Gaelic Language.
The old Gaelic language was spoken by all the branches of the great Celtic race, for, while a dialect of the Celtic language, it was so like the other Celtic dialects that no Celt would find difficulty in speaking it. Specifically, it was the speech of the Manxmen, Welsh, Scotch highlanders, Cornishmen, Bretons and many of the Irish. It is still spoken in some parts of Ireland, Wales, the highlands and the Isle of Man.—New York American.

A Mere Pittance.
Mrs. Nurich—I told Widow Downes to send her boy to you and you'd give him a position. Mr. Nurich—Well, I didn't give him no position. He came with a note from her, an' she said in the note, "I must find employment for my boy, even if he works for a mere pittance." The nerve of her callin' me "a mere pittance!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Dry Joke.
"Will you take something to drink?"
"With pleasure."
The photo was taken, and the sifter said: "But what about that little invitation?"
"Oh, sir, that is just a trade ruse or mine to give a natural and interested expression to the face."—Tit-Bits.

THE STEAMER M. F. PLANT.
She Was Nearly Wrecked Off Marshfield, Or.—Considerably Lashed.

MARSHFIELD, Or., Oct. 26.
While going to sea today the steamer M. F. Plant was struck by a heavy sea which caused her to veer and before she could straighten up five other breakers struck her, washing overboard a portion of her deckload of shingles. The Plant proceeded outside, where she anchored. She flew a signal, "Met accident; send boat with hawsers."
The Eureka passed out half an hour later and stood by the Plant for a few minutes and then proceeded. Later in the day the steam schooner Northbound ran close in and stood by the Plant for a quarter of an hour, afterwards proceeding on her way.
The Plant is now lying at anchor off the bar, considerably listed. No fears are expressed for her safety, as she appears to be riding easy and the weather conditions are favorable. She probably will be towed back here in the morning.
The Plant had a number of passengers aboard, including Captain Emory of the lifesaving station, and Jack Bliss, the baseball player.

PAVING WORK PROCEEDING.
Another car of wagons and tools arrived yesterday for the street paving company. Their plant is now here and being set up ready for use. Their rock crushers will be operated day and night in endeavoring to supply the crushed rock as fast as needed. The actual work of paving will probably commence this week.