

## OUR COUNTY Correspondents

STRINGTOWN ITEMS.

(By M. O. C.)

E. G. Croy and William Beardale returned from their trip to Klamath Falls Sunday.

E. Gibbs was a pleasant caller at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Corey last Sunday.

Mrs. Nancy Helmick was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sturdevant Sunday afternoon.

The Ladies' Aid of Phoenix will serve chicken dinner on election day, which will doubtless be a success in every way.

F. G. Myers, who has been conducting a hotel in Phoenix at the Davis house, started with his family for Bly, Klamath county, last Sunday.

Many newcomers are here every day trying to rent land or houses. They say it is almost impossible to get a place to winter in.

F. E. Furry returned from Lost Prairie Thursday and he said snow had fallen out there to the depth of 14 inches.

Died—At the home of his sister, Mrs. Albert Mayfield, west of Phoenix, Levi Dawson, aged 70 years and 4 months, of blood poison. Interment was made in his old home cemetery at Trail creek.

The old flume and forebay at the Weeks furniture mill is being replaced with a new one. It is on the barrel plan, and will do away with the forebay.

It was found necessary to divide the scholars of the lower room last week and hire another teacher. Miss Shafer was employed and will teach her class in the church building in Phoenix, pending the finishing of the new schoolhouse.

W. G. Knighton and wife came over from Eagle Point last Thursday to be at the bedside of Mrs. Knighton's brother, Levi Dawson.

E. Elfers has just returned from a trip up into the northern part of the state of Washington, where he had a tract of land which bids fair to be a townsite in the near future. Mr. Elfers platted a portion of it while there.

### TABLE ROCK ITEMS.

(By X. Y. Z.)

The young people were out Saturday evening for Halloween, but no damage is reported.

T. Y. Chamblee and family have returned home from the prune orchard.

Stewart Porter is at work for Maxwell Mears.

Spraying begins this week at the Table Rock orchard.

Misses Mae and Rose Nealon attended the teachers' institute last week at Medford and report it very good.

Rev. A. C. Howlett preached a sermon on "Home Missions" last Sunday. A collection was taken for the work.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Adams visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Vincent at Jacksonville.

B. A. Bissell is adding a front porch to their home.

S. K. Adams, E. S. Hitzler and E. O. Bissell, members of our school board, and clerk, attended the meeting called at Medford Saturday to discuss the needs of the schools of our county.

Mrs. W. R. Byrum entertained her uncle and aunt from Eagle Point on Friday.

Charles Whitlock and family left this week for Tacoma. They expect to make their home in Puyallup, Wash.

Recent Table Rock visitors in Medford are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hitzler, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bissell, Misses Lillie Dugan and Mildred Bissell, Vera Pendleton and Maxwell Mears.

Much preparation is being made for an entertainment to be given by F. A. Green at the Washburn packing house Friday evening, November 6. A good attendance is hoped for. No admission at door and a collection at close of performance will be taken for benefit of Dorcas Sewing society. Refreshments will be served.

Much interest and discussion is being shown among our citizens in the

## CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES

### Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.  
Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

government question of "The Betterment of Farm Life." By invitation the following met with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pendleton to discuss and reply to questions sent out by the government: Colonel and Mrs. R. C. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bissell.

### NORTH MEDFORD NOTES.

Miss Florence Grisham, who has been so faithfully and attentively employed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Turpin of North Central avenue for the past four months, left today for her home on Antelope.

The hunting party, Messrs. Reed, Thomas and Charles Turpin and son Willis returned from their hunt Sunday evening, covered with mud, blood, glory and an abundance of Indian or Mowlich, or deer.

Mr. Reed, who has been on a ten days' social visit with his daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. Turpin, left today for his home in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Richardson of Beagle came to the city Friday, en route to Los Angeles, for the benefit of Mrs. R.'s health. They are the guests of Mr. Richardson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Richardson of North D street.

Mr. Conson and family of California, have moved into the residence property formerly occupied by Mr. Crowell and family of North Central avenue. Their two children entered the North school today.

J. A. Anderson, the contractor, of North B street, has the contract of building Mr. Villas' \$2000 barn in East Medford.

Charles Briscoe of Train tarried in the city Saturday night.

For a while Friday North Central avenue presented an unusually gay, attractive scene by the passing of a bevy of popular school ma'am educators from Jackson and Josephine counties.

W. J. Scott, the well-known farmer and stockraiser of Antioch, was a visitor to the city Monday.

### EAGLE POINT EAGLETS.

by A. C. Howlett.

On Tuesday afternoon of last week Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Peeler and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Blanchard, arrived at the Sunnyside from Missouri. They started for Eagle Point when they left their homes in Missouri having seen such glowing accounts of this town and the surrounding country. They stayed here for a week and then moved into the Wm. Ulrich house, where they expect to remain for sometime. In the mean while looking over the country before they purchase. Several of their neighbors may come here in the near future and they, with those already here, will attempt to buy homes for themselves and families.

They came with the expectation of going into the fruit business, but since learning the hay prices in the valley have about concluded that they would just as soon have a good hay farm as an orchard. They are delighted with the climate and seem to think Eagle Point is the proper place.

Mr. Cross, of Ashland, stopped here one night last week on his way home from Elk creek, where he had been on a hunt and to visit his old time friend, J. C. Moor, formerly of Ashland precinct, but now of Elk creek, he having sold his property in that section and located permanently on Elk creek. Mr. Moor and a part of his family stopped here last Monday night and Tuesday morning they went on their way to Elk. He had with him two of his sons, a grandson that was grown, a daughter, daughter-in-law and two little grand children.

Last Monday H. M. McIntosh and his son, O. H. McIntosh, arrived at the Sunnyside, Eagle Point, on their way to Mr. Riggins. They come direct from Illinois and are forerunners of more that will follow as Mr. McIntosh expects his family and a carload of household goods and stock in a few days. Others are expected as soon as they can settle up their businesses.

One day last week two mischievous boys put a bar of iron across the track of the P. & E. Railroad near the terminal of the road at Eagle Point, and then began to go through the depot building, but the car came sooner than they expected and they started to run. Conductor Reid ran and caught them and one of them confessed he had put the bar on the track. They had overhauled the things in the depot, but had not taken anything. The matter was reported to the superintendent of the road. It has not been made known what action will be taken, but possibly the grand jury will take action in the case.

The meat market has changed hands and now Henry Daley has an interest in it. He bought Mr. Deter out. Business is still being continued at the old stand.

There has been another real estate deal in this section. S. B. Holmes having sold his farm to Dr. J. N. Cochlan. Consideration, \$1200.

I. Patten is gradually improving his place and making it look like a home.

The governor of Tennessee is so much in the limelight now, he would doubtless think twice before making the famous gubernatorial remark to another governor.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MAIL.

## Redeemed Pledges.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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Solomon Isaacs had been counted a prosperous pawnbroker for years. His little shop, located on the corner of a busy thoroughfare, showed a big profit, while large concerns in the neighborhood had failed during the hard times.

Real estate sharks had made tempting offers to Solomon for his precious corner, but he assured them all that he was doing very well and did not care to sell. Indeed, Solomon boasted of many fashionable customers, and his showcases often displayed gorgeous gems, offered for sale at temptingly low prices.

Business seldom started in until after 10 in the morning, so Solomon was standing in the open doorway smoking a cigar when his attention was attracted to a fashionably dressed young woman looking in his window. Suddenly she caught his glance and darted in the doorway.

"I want to get this watch out of pawn," she said as Mr. Isaacs followed her into the shop. She handed him the ticket.

"Out early, ain't you?" suggested Isaacs as he glanced her over, wondering how she had happened to pawn a watch for \$5. Clearly some one had arranged the matter for her. Isaacs never forgot a business face.

He took the ticket and went to the back of the store in search of the pledged article, and Nita Norcross spent the time in looking into a tempting case of old jewelry. One old locket attracted her and on his return she asked his price.

Isaacs took out the locket slowly, still searching the girl's face. The price seemed reasonable, and she bought it. Turning to leave the shop,



"WHY I BOUGHT IT," SHE FINALLY ANSWERED.

she met face to face a huge policeman and a little youth. Nita's heart went out to the latter. In her imagination she pictured the young man as wayward and pawning, perhaps stealing, jewelry. Surely he must be a thief, or why his police escort? The suspected youth looked at her sharply as he passed into the shop, and Nita hurried home with her purchase. Once in her room, she told her maid to send the laundress upstairs. She wished to speak to her privately.

"Here is your watch, Mrs. Berry," said Nita as she handed the timepiece to her washerwoman, who began to weep copiously on a gingham apron. "I hope you will never have to part with it again. The next time you need money for sickness or any serious trouble come to me. Never pawn anything again. It is a terrible habit," continued Nita. Then, recalling the picture of the handsome youth, she added: "It teaches young men where they can get extra money and often gets them into trouble than out of it. Now run along to your work and never think of it again." And Mrs. Berry, clasping the cheap yet precious watch of her dead husband to her heart, went back to her tubs.

Several weeks later Nita Norcross was invited to the clambake given at Oak Ridge by her old friends the Clydes. Mrs. Clyde introduced her to the many new friends they had met since moving to Oak Ridge, and soon supper was in full swing.

Encircling the round table were thirty men and girls, and Nita casually looked them over. Directly opposite she recognized a new face strangely familiar. Where had she seen that man before? He had an almost imperious smile, and look where she would, their glances seemed always to cross.

Supper was over, and the guests were strolling about the grounds. The man with the familiar-strange face came up to Nita as she stood beneath a clump of lanterns.

"This is Miss Norcross, I believe," he said. "I am Mr. Hildredth. We were introduced early in the evening, but no doubt you did not catch my name. Have you seen the sunken lake of which Clyde is so proud?"

Once away from the crowd, they found a comfortable little seat along the water's edge, and the moonlight fell clear upon them.

"Gorgeous night, isn't it?" suggested Nita. She could not explain why she had this uncommon constrained feeling when with this man.

"Bully," he replied. "May I light a cigarette just to keep the bugs away?" "You certainly may," agreed Nita.

"I wonder if you would think me frightfully rude," began Mr. Hildredth. "If I were to ask you where you ran against the locket you have on your neck, Miss Norcross, it's a perfect beauty. I have seen but one other like it, and that belonged to my mother."

Nita blushed and nervously twisted

the locket which hung on a fine chain about her neck.

"Why, I bought it," she finally answered.

"Yes, of course, but where?" The silence which followed was painful, and Hildredth continued: "You see, my mother's locket was stolen along with a lot of other jewelry that my valet relieved me of about a year ago, and I've spent hundreds of dollars and a world of time trying to locate the stuff. What he took of mine I don't care a rap about, but my mother's keepsakes—well, you could understand that would be a different thing. In my mother's locket there is a picture of a child—a picture of me. Whom do you carry in yours, Miss Norcross?"

Hildredth waited several minutes for his answer. Slowly the girl took the locket from her throat and reached it to him.

"Open it," she almost whispered.

He did so and revealed the picture of a curly headed child of about six, and while Hildredth looked long at the picture the girl told the story of how she came by it.

"And isn't it absurd," she was saying. "I thought you were a thief that day when I saw you with the policeman."

"And I," said Hildredth, "though you were a society girl getting extra money to play the races or go to fortune tellers or some equally wicked dissipation." Then, changing his tone entirely, he continued: "I hate to ask the return of this, but mother valued it above price. But as she is now abroad I want you to show you hold me no ill will by putting it back on your throat and wearing it while you are at Oak Ridge. When we part?"

He extended the trinket to her, and his hand touched hers. Without argument she clasped the fine chain once more about her neck. Nothing was said by either, but Lawrence lighted another cigarette and bit hard.

"I think we had better join the crowd," said Nita, "or they'll be instituting a searching party for us."

The next days and for many days after during Nita's stay at Oak Ridge, Lawrence Hildredth found an excuse to run over in his motor or to sail over in his boat to the Clyde lodge. The last evening of Nita's visit had come, and she and Lawrence were once more sitting by the water's edge. Nearly a month had passed, and another moon had come to shed its rays upon Oak Ridge.

"Tomorrow I am going home," Nita said, "so I will give you back the locket tonight. Your mother will be home soon, too, I hear."

He took it from her with reluctant hand.

"Nita," Lawrence's voice was tenderness itself. "There is just one woman to whom my mother would give that locket—my wife. Will you take me, Nita? Take my locket and my love? Tell me, Nita, that you love me."

Nita looked straight into his eyes.

"Larrie, dear, I do love you, and I always will."

He clasped the locket about her throat again, pledging it to her for life, and the kiss he received in payment seemed priceless.

From Welsh to Spanish. A very long time ago the British government ordered that English should be taught in Welsh schools. As a result, a colony of persecuted Welsh miners fled from the British tyranny and settled in the deserts of Patagonia. These men were heroes, and with most magnificent courage they dared to live in a desert where not a plant would grow, where the water was brackish and the heat intolerable. They were surrounded by wild tribes of hostile savages and made them warm friends; they were ruled by a foreign government and became loyal citizens.

Through long years of want and famine they never despaired. They have turned the desert into a beautiful fertile country, have become rich, number 3,000 people, have extended their string of settlements right across South America, own a paying railway and ship large crops of wheat, wool, ostrich feathers and quacano skins.

They left Wales to escape the tyranny of the English language and now, rather than talk Welsh, they converse largely of their freedom in excellent Spanish.

Germs, Their Friends and Foes. Germs are powerless to affect a healthy body in which the vital resistance is maintained by good habits of living. Alcohol, tobacco and other such drugs, whether narcotic or stimulative in their effects, are aids and comforts to our invisible enemies. Too much food, especially hearty food such as meat and beans, forms supplies for the commissary department of the enemy instead of for the brigades of white corpuscles. On the other hand, every breath drawn deeply into the lungs of fresh, sun warmed air is a direct blow struck at our foes and on the side of our defenders. Every sip of pure water aids the forces of life. So, too, does every motion in walking, running and other exercises—when exercise is not excessive. Every mouthful of pure food adds fuel to the flame of life.—Success Magazine.

A Legal Thrust. "The learned counsel for the defense," said the plaintiff's attorney, "appears to be afraid of losing his case. Otherwise why isn't he ready to go on?"

"I've got a good excuse," replied counsel for the defense.

"Nonsense! Ignorance of the law excuses no one."—Philadelphia Press.

Our National Attitude. "That's the Goddess of Liberty," explained the New Yorker. "Fine attitude, eh?"

"Yes, and typically American," responded the western visitor. "Hanging to a strap."—Washington Herald.

The Tangible Part. The Village Idiot (discovered trespassing)—Ye'd better not hit me. D'ye know fowks say I'm not a' here! The Farmer—Well, coom awa' oot here, then. I'm a-goin' to gie a good hidin' to what ther' is o' ye!—London Opinion.

A close friend is one who turns you down when you want a small loan.—St. Joseph News-Press.

## FOUR IMPORTANT SALES

### See the Windows for These

Any one of these sales should be enough to cause the housekeeper to visit this store this week. Surely you will be impelled to come inside once you get a look at the windows.

OUR REASON for holding these sales is simple. We have become overloaded in these lines and must reduce stock. You get the benefit of the reducing.

### Sale of Hoods, Etc

Come here and see the largest assortment of Children's and Infant's Headwear ever shown in Southern Oregon. You can look at the plain marked prices and see that every single cap has been reduced.

EXACTLY ONE-FIFTH.

### Children's Coats

Every Child's Coat in this store is on special sale and the plain marked reductions are on all. Our regular prices were surely low enough for the most exacting, but we must unload so we offer choice of the entire stock at

ONE-FIFTH OFF.

### Sale of Notions

A thousand and one little articles for use around the home. The first prices are as low as you find anywhere. The list in the window shows the saving to you. If you only buy 5c worth you save 2c and you will be glad to

BUY NOTIONS NOW.

### Ladies' Waists

Think of being able to come and select from almost a brand new stock of Waists at the saving we mention below. A look at the window will convince you that we are showing the prettiest styles out this season.

SAVINGS JUST ONE-FIFTH.

## Medford's Little Kost Ladies' Store Baker-Hutchason Co.

Central Avenue, just North of Jackson County Bank

## THE FROST IS

on the pumpkin," etc., and we're on this page to tell you of a few cash grocery bargains that will take the chill out of your heart and cause it to glow with a genial warmth, and we trust save a few pennies to jingle merrily in your pocket. In order to keep enough there to cause any considerable jingle buy your groceries for cash of us and save money.

10c Arm and Hammer Soda, "the world's standard," has come under the cash cutter for a reduction to.....6c  
12 1/2c Canned Corn now cut to, the can.....10c

Yakima Best Flour has the reputation of being the best flour made on the Pacific coast. We sell it for, the sk.....\$1.45  
We are building up a big bread trade on "Snow White." It beats the bread mother used to make. White, light, just right, yours for a nickel.  
20c "Cream of Wheat".....17c

Some people thought we were joking when we told them that our Salt Mackeral were Irish fats caught off the coast of the Emerald Isle, but it was true. They are surely fine. Two fish for.....25c

That big ear of potatoes are going, going, going, because we are giving a splendid figure on them, when sold by the sack. Don't be too late.

Sampson's Boiled Cider is as clear as our conscience when we say this Rogue River valley product can't be beat. A quart bottle.....35c

## MILLER & EWBANK

Bulgaria thinks that buying freedom will come cheaper than financing a war for it.

And none stood up in meeting and told him that nearly 50 is old enough for a man to know better.

And now the last bombshells of the campaign go sizzling along, asking "Whar am' whar is you?"

One of the most interesting messages the fleet may bear from Japan will be, "Tell Hobson howdy!"

The closing of the campaign reminds us of one of the races—Gravesend.

### DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS.

She Was the Mother of Mrs. Rev. W. C. Reuter; Died in Illinois.

Mrs. W. C. Reuter, the wife of the Methodist Episcopal pastor of this city, received sad news yesterday. About 2 p. m. she received a telegram from Aurora, Ill., stating that her mother, Mrs. Thomas (the wife of Rev. John H. Thomas of that city) had passed away about 10 a. m. yesterday.

Had Mrs. Thomas lived until next August she and her husband would have celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Reuter had planned to be present on that occasion.

### PLUNGES HEAD FIRST

Jersey Farmer Drawn Screaming to His Death in Mechanism

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Nov. 2.—Tripping over some obstruction, Abraham Gulick plunged head foremost into the mechanism of a threshing machine and was killed.

Gulick, who was a prosperous farmer, had volunteered to aid his neighbor, John McDonald, to thresh a crop of wheat. While feeding the grain into the machine he turned to look at McDonald, took a step forward, tripped an dtell head foremost into the machine.

The horror-stricken man working with him stood helplessly by. Slowly Gulick was drawn into the machine, screaming. He was crushed and torn beyond recognition.

Mrs. Hains Claims Charges Against Her Are False.

### HAZELRIGG ORCHESTRA.

Now One of the Best of the Kind in the State.

It may not be known by everybody, but it is certainly a fact that Medford now has the best orchestra in Southern Oregon, and it is doubtful if there is any other organization of the kind in the state outside of Portland which can equal it. All the members are now supplied with dress suits and from this on will appear in them.

The Hazelrigg orchestra has also established a reputation for some distance outside of Medford and is making engagements to play in places all over the valley. A few nights ago the orchestra played at a swell function at Ashland and will no doubt be engaged for all the best balls and dances for the present season.

The following are the members of the Hazelrigg orchestra: C. D. Hazelrigg, piano. Clyde Hazelrigg, bass violin. A. H. Miller, violin. Wilson Walt, cornet. Don Colvig, clarinet. Fay Lane, trombone. Will Warner, drums.

No time to weep over a shortage of small bills in the national treasury while the enthusiasm for the big Bills of the campaign is rushing us.

### TO BLACKEN HER NAME.

Mrs. Hains Claims Charges Against Her Are False.

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—The publication of extracts from letters purporting to have been written by Mrs. Claudia Hains to her husband, Captain Peter C. Hains, has elicited a declaration from Mrs. Hains that Captain Hains and his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, are seeking to blacken her character, "in their attempt to save their own lives." Mrs. Hains, in her statement published today, asserts that the obvious reason for the attacks is that they were the only way in which the Hains brothers could justify themselves before the public and "manufacture public sympathy in the case in which they are to be tried."

Mrs. Hains alludes to the letters

as having been forged and garbled, and declares that the charges against her suggested by the letters are false.

### WHIPPED WIFE OFTEN.

A Tacoma Man Admits He Did So Forty Times in Three Years.

TACOMA, Nov. 2.—Arraigned in the police court on the charge of wife beating, Garhart Welfringer, a teamster, and a city employe, boldly admitted today he had whipped his wife over 40 times in three years. "There were times when I did not whip her for a month," said Welfringer.

He was fined \$100.

### ADVERTISED LETTER LIST

The following letters remain un-called for at the postoffice at Medford, Oregon, November 4, 1908.

Blatt, Wm. G.  
Bullock, W. B.  
Carver, Mrs. C. E.  
Clark, Harry  
Cole, J. O.  
Crayton, Frank L.  
Downey, Pat  
Frank, O. H.  
Frank, P. A.  
Gainer, Mrs. R. S.  
Gaughlef, Mrs. Millia  
Glen, Joy  
Green, Col. Joseph  
Gratin, Scotty  
Harson, G.  
Hasselton, C. W.  
Hariman, J. C.  
Krueger, J. H.  
Lutz, W. G.  
Mansie, W. A.  
McFlmonds, J. V.  
Miller, A. A.  
Minifie, Lindsay (2)  
O'Brien, James  
Newton, S. O.  
Ogelsby, Chas.  
Palmer, G. A.  
Rommer, J. E.  
Torney, J. A.  
White, James P.  
Zanotto, Francisco

Parties calling for the above letters will please say "advertised." A charge of one cent will be made on the delivery of any of the above letters.

A. M. Woodford.