

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

EAGLE POINT EAGLETS.

(By A. C. Howlett.)

A. E. Le Pante of the I. X. I. monumental works, Central Point, was out here last week looking after business.

Rudolph Isoll, who has been in Portland for some time, returned last Monday and Tuesday went to visit his parents on Round Top.

The Baptists expect to dedicate the church on the eve of December 3. They expect several ministers to be present.

Scott Claspill of Butte Falls, one of the leading business men of the place, stopped at the Sunnyside Monday night with a load of supplies for his store.

Mr. Steward, the gentleman who has charge of the old Peter Britt place, has it about all plowed and ready for planting to trees, and is now fencing it.

On the eve of December 1, Mr. Knodell, the great anti-saloon lecturer, will lecture in the church at Eagle Point at 7:30. He is one of the noted lecturers on this coast, and it will pay you to turn out to hear him.

W. E. Hammel, the man who bought a large tract of land on the north side of Reese creek, has built himself a neat house, barn and other outbuildings, and among other sensible things he has done is to subscribe for The Mail.

Rev. M. C. Davis will preach in Eagle Point next Sunday evening at 7:30 and at Reese Creek at 3 p. m. A. C. Howlett will preach at the schoolhouse, near the old John Black place, next Sunday at 11 a. m. and organize a Sunday school. Everybody is invited to attend.

Our strawberry man, E. S. Wolfer, is kept busy most of the time filling orders for berry plants for shipment and gathering berries for the market. He has just received an order for 8000 strawberry plants from the coast, and another for 10,000 from a man in Washington, and they each had laid a large order before, so you see that our Butte creek country is not only noted for its apples, pears and peaches, but for its berries as well.

Last week W. J. Roberts, civil engineer for the city of Medford; V. T. McCray, superintendent of the Fish Lake Ditch company; Shirley Baker, one of the principal owners of the Fish Lake Ditch, and George O. Jackson stopped here for dinner on their way up Butte creek to see about the water supply for Medford. Also there was a man out here, said to be from Gold Hill, and supposed to be in the employ of the Condor Electric and Water Power company, who was making inquiries of those who have water rights along Little Butte creek, and asking them if they would defend their rights, etc., and the impression he made was that some one was trying to stir up a batch of trouble on the water question, but the people here seem to think that the company will do the square thing, so are inclined to let well enough alone.

I have made two trips to Trall and vicinity in the last few days, and found the roads greatly improved, as Supervisor Clarno has done considerable work, but the outcome at the free ferry is still dangerous on account of the steepness of the bank on the north side of the river.

Mrs. Fry has gone to Iowa to visit her mother, Mrs. John Warner, and is going to have a grand Thanksgiving dinner.

The people of Central—not Central Point—are going to have a Christmas tree in the Central school house on the eve of December 24, and a basket supper connected with it. They intend to have a program connected with other things and anticipate having a grand time.

On my second trip to Trall I took three men up that way Tuesday. They went with me as far as Trall and intended later to go on up to the headwaters of Elk creek, where two of them have homes, and the third, Mr. Moulton, has a home about 17 miles up the creek. They have just come in from Trall, Cal., where they have been working in the logging camp.

JACKSONVILLE DOINGS.

Attorney M. Purdin was over from Medford Monday on professional business.

Messrs. Arthur Furry and Louie Colver of Phoenix were Jacksonville visitors Monday.

Arthur Rose was down from Phoenix Monday attending to some county road matters.

Mrs. Henry Kubli of Lower Applegate was visiting relatives in Jacksonville Saturday.

Ex-Sheriff J. M. Rader of Eagle Point was greeting his many Jacksonville friends Tuesday.

James Hartman, the bridge contractor of Mound precinct, was a Jacksonville visitor Tuesday.

County Treasurer James Cronmiller made a trip to Medford on Tuesday on official business.

W. S. Hurst of Aurora, Or., was at the county courthouse Saturday looking up some probate matters.

Ex-Sheriff D. H. Jackson of Med-

ford was at the county seat Wednesday, attending to business matters.

Master Turner Neil of Ashland was the guest of his grandfather, County Judge J. R. Neil, the last of the week.

Mrs. M. H. Coleman of Talent is in Jacksonville visiting at the home of her son, our popular county clerk, W. R. Coleman.

Messrs. John Pelton of Roseburg and Mike Hanley of Butte creek, two prominent cattle men, were in Jacksonville Tuesday.

The Jacksonville Five Hundred club met on Saturday evening at the home of Miss Leona Ulrich and report a most enjoyable session.

Mark Finney came in from Merrill, Klamath county, Sunday and will spend the winter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Finney of Jacksonville.

County School Superintendent J. P. Wells and F. B. Edgington of Jacksonville went to Ashland Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with home folks.

Miss Cordelia Reuter, who is a student at the Ashland Business college, spent the last of the week with her mother, Mrs. Christena Reuter, of Jacksonville.

Jacksonville Cabin of Native Daughters and Sons is making extensive preparations for their annual Thanksgiving ball to be given Thursday evening, November 26.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Sexton of Minneapolis, Kan., arrived in Jacksonville Saturday and will spend the winter here with their sons, Jay Sexton and Ray Sexton, of the Jacksonville bank.

New Cases Filed in Circuit Court.

D. W. Hazel vs. the Southern Pacific company, a corporation—Action to recover \$20,150 for damages sustained by plaintiff in having his leg crushed by a Southern Pacific locomotive at a street crossing in Medford on October 5, 1908. Plaintiff alleges that defendant's employees failed to give any signal or warning from the locomotive while approaching the crossing. Plaintiff has been compelled to have his leg amputated as a result of the accident and therefore feels that he is damaged in the sum of \$20,150. Plaintiff's attorneys are E. E. Kelly and Robert G. Smith.

State of Oregon vs. Albert N. Owens—Transcript from justice court, Medford; charged with non-support of wife and child.

State of Oregon vs. Earl Jackson—Transcript from justice court, Medford; charged with assaulting the editor of the Tribune.

NORTH MEDFORD NOTES.

By J. G. Martin.

Mr. Phillips, the painter, has moved his family into his pretty cottage in north Medford.

Mrs. J. B. Rodgers, a highly respected pioneer lady of Antioch, had a paralytic stroke Monday of last week.

Mrs. Ray Wilson and daughter, Alice, of Talent, tarried in the city Friday night trading and visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Paul Tice, of north Central avenue, one of our enthusiastic library workers, was a visitor at the home of J. G. Martin, Friday.

John De Robbaum and family, of Fooths creek, are paying a visit to Mr. D.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil De Robbaum, of north Central Ave.

Mr. Messenger, the farmer of Azate, was disposing of a fine quality of beef and pork of his own raising on Central avenue Tuesday.

J. J. Stacey, the G. A. R. rustler of this city, made a business trip to Long Branch and other places in the north of the county Tuesday and Wednesday.

Florence and Jack Walker, of Evans creek, were trading in the city Thursday. They report health, good; stock, fat; and their section seems to have taken on a new lease of development and improvement.

GOLD HILL ITEMS.

Happenings of Local Interest Which Have Appeared in the News.

George H. Church of Roseburg was in Gold Hill the fore part of this week, looking after his interests. Mr. Church recently purchased the Covert ranch on Gold Hill.

James Davis was in from the Blackwell district Tuesday, showing a gold brick weighing about \$125, the result of a mill run on 25 tons of ore. Mr. Davis and his associates have been doing considerable development work on the old Bowen mine, and feel that they are paying basis. The ore was crushed at the Hagan mill at Tolo.

Mrs. Amanda C. Swacker, beloved wife of Oscar Swacker of Fooths Creek, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Evans, in Gold Hill, last Thursday, at the age of 64 years, after an illness of several weeks. The funeral services were held in the Rock Point cemetery Sunday. Mrs. Swacker was one of the pioneer women of Gold Hill and a long list of friends will mourn her decease. She is survived by her husband and several children.

FOR SALE—One two-year-old Jersey bull. Inquire of John Hamrick, one mile east of Central Point.

EXPRESS RATES TO BE RAISED

According to a dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., express rates to points on the Pacific coast from the east are to be raised to a considerable extent. The following is the tale of woe:

"In advancing express rates 90 per cent on merchandise shipments in lots of 500 pounds and more between eastern points and Pacific coast terminals, the Wells-Fargo Express company is re-establishing rates similar to the terms used before the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, and at the same time abolishing the California Transportation company, which was organized principally by San Francisco and Oakland merchants to take advantage of reduced rates for heavy shipments.

"There will be but one or two shippers in Oakland affected by the advance rate, while many in San Francisco will be obliged to pay for their large shipments on the 100-pound basis.

"In explaining the proposed advance which goes into effect on December 10, a representative of the express company said:

"After the fire of 1906 many of the merchants of San Francisco had their entire stocks destroyed. There was a heavy demand for eastern goods in a short space of time. To assist the merchants in this part of the state in restocking their stores and at the same time to encourage large shipments, the express company fixed a low rate on shipments from 500 pounds up. When a consignment reached as high as 10,000 or 20,000 pounds, the rate paid was nearly half that of the regular tariff on 100-pound shipments.

"The stores began to resume their normal business, well stocked, and the heavy shipments began to drop off.

"It is said by shippers, and acknowledged by the express company agents, that the interstate commerce commission can attack the new rate and compel Wells-Fargo company to reduce it somewhat.

The following notice has been posted in the general office of the Wells-Fargo Express company, as required by the interstate commerce commission, and announces the proposed advances:

"Hereafter merchandise in shipments of 500 pounds and over, between eastern offices and Pacific coast terminals reached exclusively by Wells, Fargo & Co., must be charged for at the regular merchandise rate per 100 pounds, as shown in general tariff of merchandise rates, I. C. C., No. 10, and supplements therein.

"Effective December 10, 1908."

"The regular merchandise rate as shown by the general tariff referred to in the notice is \$13.50 on the 100 pounds.

"The rate which is in force today ranges from \$7 on lots of more than 20,000 pounds to \$12 on lots less than 1000 pounds and more than 600 pounds."

NOTED WOMAN DEAD.

Sister Vincent De Paul Died at Vancouver—Nearly Eighty-four.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Nov. 28.—Sister Vincent De Paul, one of the founders of the House of Providence in this city, over 30 years ago, is dead here, aged almost 84 years. Sister Vincent died of old age. She was born near Montreal, Quebec, January 1, 1824. She joined the sisterhood in 1855, coming to Vancouver with Sister Blandica, Sister Josephine, Sister Mary and Sister Praxedes, a few years later, where they founded the present House of Providence in a little log hut on the reservation.

Sister Blandica is the last survivor of the self-sacrificing little party who visited Vancouver two years ago when the sister was clothed with the full regalia of her order.

BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS GOODS NOW.

Christmas is but a few weeks away. Between now and that date there will be double the amount of shopping over that of last year. Times were not so prosperous twelve months ago, and Christmas presents were not lavishly bestowed.

But it is to be different this season. And the stores are well provided for all demands to be made on them. Beginning with next week, all establishments will be hiring additional help to take care of the trade.

And why not begin your buying early? It is much easier and more convenient to make your purchase a month before Christmas than to wait until the last moment and then be trampled over by the throngs, to be waited on by tired salespeople and then come away dissatisfied.

It is the wise woman who will have her purchases made before the traffic rush of the last week.

Elizabeth's Position.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Elizabeth found the town formidable as she emerged from the station to face the horde of shouting hackmen. At other times she had come to the city with a party or she had been met by the people whose guest she was to be. This time she came alone to face the new life which graduation and a determination to make a career had opened up to her.

In her pocketbook was \$50, a card with the home address upon it in case of accident and a clipping from the Morning Century. These were the shield and buckler in the fight she was to make for success. The money would keep her going until she obtained a position and the clipping would cheer her. It was written in the editor's best style and ran:

Miss Elizabeth Cady, whose graduation essay on "The Wider Scope of Woman's Sphere" was the sensation of the high school exercises, will leave for the city Monday to become a valued recruit in the great army of commerce. We predict that it will not be long before our accomplished townswoman leaves the ranks to assume an important position of command.

With such an augury for her future Elizabeth could not turn back. Her mother had sent marked copies to all their relatives, and, for her mother's sake as well as her own, Elizabeth felt that she must succeed.

She swallowed the lump that came into her throat and headed for the street car. In other days she had always taken a cab, but now she felt that she could not afford the expense. It was at the time when tollers were returning to their homes and the cars were crowded to the rails, but she bravely climbed aboard and thankfully accepted a strap with the feeling that she was already one of the workers.

The Home For Self Supporting Girls, to which she had been recommended, was vastly different from the accommodations to which she was accustomed. The tiny room with its two iron cots and its duplication of bureaus and rockers sharply marked the line that separated the two girls domiciled together.

There was no homelike air about the place, and the chill atmosphere of the dining room found a responsive chill in her heart. She went to bed early, feeling that she must stifle her sobs to avoid annoying her roommate.

She lay in the narrow bed thinking of the dainty room at home, with its white dimity hangings and its great white bed. If she had listened to Joe Trenton she would be there tonight, dreaming of the time when she and Joe would have a home of their own.

A score of times Joe had proposed, but Elizabeth had made the career of woman her fetish and she would not sacrifice her freedom. Joe's last effort had been ill timed, for he had spoken on the night of her graduation, when the plaudits of the audience still rang in her ears and bits of the essay echoed loud and clear.

"Perhaps—when I have found my career," the girl had promised gently, "but don't you see that to turn back now upon my own principles would be false to myself? Others, looking to me for example, might be tempted to turn back too."

"What if they did?" argued the man. "Do you have to put happiness from you just to practice what you preach?"

"Of course," she cried. "We who would lead must be prepared to sacrifice."

In the elation of the moment she had pictured herself a leader of her sex. She did not hold with the extremists who argued that woman should vote and rule the nation, but she had given herself heart and soul to the theory that a woman had a right to a career, and she was her own most enthusiastic convert.

Now she regretted her stand as she choked back her sobs, but when morning came she was again strong in her resolve. She sallied forth with a list of addresses. Toward evening she returned. The list had proved unfruitful, and the kindly faced woman at the desk offered words of encouragement that fell upon ears too tired to grasp their meaning.

That day was but the first of many. Wearily she trudged from place to place, but the demand was for skilled workers. Some seemed willing to give her a trial if she would serve for varying periods without pay, but this was out of the question. She must have a position by the time her slender resources were exhausted or she must return home and confess failure.

The thought preyed upon her mind, and daily she grew thinner and more worried until the little woman at the desk, whose big, motherly heart was great enough to embrace her whole brood, sighed to see her. With a beaming face she came to Elizabeth's room during the sixth week of her stay and announced that a visitor, Elizabeth, thinking that one of the many men who had taken her address had come to announce the reconsideration of his refusal, made herself tidy and with uncertain tread hurried to the parlor, where a half dozen other girls were entertaining callers. With a little gasping cry she stumbled toward Joe Trenton, who sprang forward to greet her.

"I didn't know that you were in town," she cried when the greeting was over and they were sitting in the seclusion of a corner. "Why didn't you let me know that you were coming?"

"No time," exclaimed the man. "I had a sudden call to town, and I thought that I'd look you up. Let's go over to the park and get some fresh air, and I'll tell you all the gossip that the Century hasn't printed."

The dark concealed her flaming cheeks. "I think I shall have a position in a day or two, but things are very dull here just at present."

"They're dull everywhere," was the listless comment. "I was looking around a bit today. Don't you think, Jess, that you ought to leave the job to the girls who really need them when there are so few?"

Elizabeth was startled. Here seemed to be a chance to get back home without appearing to surrender.

"What do you mean?" she asked tensely.

"There are lots more girls than there are jobs," he explained. "Now, some of them will have to get left if the girls who are clever, but who don't really need to work, get their places."

"You'll be tickled to death to land this position you have in mind, but maybe some girl who might have had it if you had not come will be crying her eyes out because she was not as clever as you and is still hunting a place. You have a father to support you. Maybe the girl who might have had the job has others to support."

Elizabeth's hands clasped so tightly together that her rings bit into the soft flesh. For the last two weeks she had been nervously herself to admit failure, to go back home and confess that the city had beaten her. Joe was offering her retreat with honor. It seemed almost too good to be true.

"Don't you see," argued Trenton, "that you really owe it to others to delay your campaign until the demand exceeds the supply? It's only fair to those who need the work."

"Perhaps you are right," assented Elizabeth, with a show of hesitation. "Of course it is hard to give up one's ambition, but I guess you are right, Joe."

"I know of a job that you could get that would not put any one else out," suggested Joe, as though suddenly inspired.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Housekeeper—for me," he explained, with a chuckle.

Elizabeth drew back for a moment. She did not want to seem to surrender too quickly, and yet—she had shown her way out. She put her hand to his.

"I'll take the place," she said quietly. She had gone up the stairs to her room with a promise to meet him at the station in the morning, and Joe turned to the gentle faced woman, who still sat at her desk.

"You're right," he said gratefully. "That argument won out. We're awfully obliged to you for writing—her folks—and me."

"I'm very glad that I could help," was the gentle response. "I hope that you two will be very happy."

"I didn't say anything about that!" cried Joe in surprise.

The gentle faced woman only smiled. For ten years she had mothered numberless girls. She did not have to be told that Elizabeth had found her position.

Why He Called.

"You advertised that you had found a pocketbook, I believe?" he asked the man who had come to the door in answer to his ring.

"You say it contained a sum of money?"

"Yes."

"A very large sum of money, in fact?"

"Yes."

"And that the owner could have the same by naming the sum found and describing the pocketbook?"

"Yes. Go on."

"That is all I wished to ask."

"But you will have to give a description of the purse you lost before you can put in a claim."

"I lost no purse."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir."

"Then why have you called?"

"Merely to see what a man looks like who will find a very large sum of money and then advertise the fact in the papers instead of hiding it down cellar. Good day, sir."—Judge's Library.

A Critic's Evasion.

It is risky to give one's honest opinion about a man's horse or dog, a house designed by himself or a picture which he values highly. He who gives the opinion stands on a slippery place, and should the judgment be unfavorable he will slide far from the man's esteem.

Fusell, the eccentric artist and professor of the Royal academy, was invited by a nobleman to see a painting of which he was the proud owner. Fusell went, taking a pupil with him. The painting was shown by the nobleman himself. The artist examined it and exclaimed, "Extraordinary! Extraordinary!"

"On their way home the pupil said: "Mr. Fusell, I don't think much of that picture. What did you mean by 'extraordinary'?"

"Extraordinarily bad," was the reply of the artist, who had not cared to offend a lord who might become a patron.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

(New York Press.)

A nice girl never approves flirting if it's somebody else.

The reason a man's proposal is always so sudden to a girl is she arranged it.

A woman never cares half as much about having a goo dtime as about telling people she did.

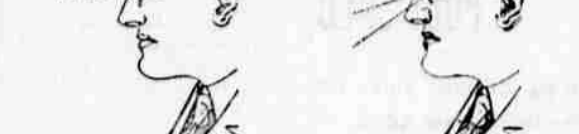
One of the worst things about being rich seems to be how unhappy it can make you not to be richer.

The first thing for a man to learn after marriage is not to do any of the things he likes, because they are not good form.

Correct Glasses Correctly Fitted

Notice the difference in the way the rays of light pass through the OLD style lens and the new TORIC glass.

When looking through the TORIC lens you get the same vision clear out to the edge of the glass, in all directions, that you do ONLY through the center of the old-style of lens, thus giving you more freedom of vision without the strain upon the Rectus muscles, which constantly occurs when wearing the old-style glasses.



With the old-style before the eye you see like this. With the new TORIC lens you get the same results at all angles without turning your head that you do directly through the center of the old style.

Dr. Gobie makes a specialty of the above lenses; also fits the I-SIGHT bi-focal, ground from ONE piece of glass. Optical Parlor in Perry's Warehouse, Seventh Street, Medford.

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First Class, home grown, whole-root trees. Right prices and a square deal for everybody. What more do you want? Who pays the agent, you or the other fellow? I deal direct with the planter. A nice stock of fruit trees and Tokay vines for fall delivery. Tell me your tree troubles

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