

A Hero of Romance.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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Enders had a penchant for new faces. He could always be depended on to play the gallant to any fair looking stranger within Hightown gates. He was twenty-seven, well born, master of a moderate fortune and head of a thriving business. Naturally the fair visitors felt flattered, even honored, by his attentions, though warned in the outset that no serious intentions lay behind them.

"Frank Enders is a goose—the most delightful goose in the world, but none the less a goose," said Mrs. Lawton, lady paramount of Hightown society. Saying it was her privilege. She had stood godmother to him and in a way mothered him after his own mother died.

"I've no patience at all with Frank," the lady would run on. "He is quick to see the charms, the virtues, of all the nice girls I trot out before him, yet aggravatingly expects to find every one of those charms and virtues combined in some 'impossible' one."

When she said as much to Enders himself, it made him laugh to hear himself. He knew the root of Aunt Isabel's bitterness. She had been making matches for him since he left off roundabouts. If he knew his own mind, he was abstractly rather anxious to be married, but so far had never seen exactly the woman he would choose as his mate.

He had a definite mental image of her. She must be slim and young, with eyes innocent, yet sparkling, and with a rosy mouth; bright, but not bookish; well bred, of course; gracious, yet with dashes of temper; reverent, gay, even almost frivolous, she would one day dance into his heart and stay there always.

He believed it firmly; hence there was no thought of danger, of anything, indeed, but a new experience, when he found himself upon Hightown's main street very early in the morning confronted with a tall woman, slight and tired looking, who held up her hand in arrest, asking imperatively, "Will you take a lone woman stranded and stranger somewhere—anywhere—so she can get something to eat?"

"Certainly," he said, with a reassuring smile. "How lucky that I came out thus before breakfast! If you don't mind, I'll take you home with me. My aunt will make you very welcome, and somehow I rather hate to think of you at our hotel. It's a disgrace to Hightown, but we dare not have it better. If it were better the summer boarder would descend on us."

"Oh! Is it possible any place has escaped?" the stranger interrupted. Enders smiled again. She had a delicious voice—soft, clear, vibrant, with the least possible drawl. She was dressed very quietly, but very well—even his masculine ignorance was aware of the fact.

"You are doing a dangerous thing," she ran on, "if you speak true. Hightown may never get rid of me. I'm so sick and tired of boarders and all their works."

They were approaching his own door. The stranger somehow sensed the fact. She shut the laugh from her eyes, the merry curves from her lips, stood very straight and held out a card to him, saying simply, "I hope that vouchers for me sufficiently. Miss Maxwell is a respectable enough person. Your name is—"

"Enders—Frank Enders—at your service," Enders said quickly. She gave him a quick look. After a second or two she said softly, the whimsical smile again wreathing her lips: "I know a lot about you, Mr. Frank Enders. My name child, Doris Clare, makes you out a sort of cross between a fairy prince and a paladin. For her sake and because you ask no questions I'm going to explain. I was on the express, which does not stop here, bound for Pallantrae, a place, I take it, about twenty miles beyond. As I could not sleep I got up very early to find the train standing still, panting and snorting like mad, a mile or so from your station. A perfidious person in uniform assured me it would not start for ever so long. Wanting air, I got off and surveyed the landscape in the dawn light.

"Just as I had strolled a little too far—whisk went my train. Not only my train, but my worldly possessions. I had left even my hand bag in the berth. So you see me abjectly a pauper until I can overtake my possessions."

"They shall be overtaken. Don't worry about that. But, tell me, what did you think, feel, do, when you found yourself left?" Enders said, looking straight at her.

"Oh, I promptly forgot the landscape and looked for a milpost. The first one I found read 'Hightown—miles.' Some malefactor had smudged the figures, but at least there was promise of finding something. It was not a false promise, you see. I tramped on and found—your."

"I wonder who you think you found anything worth while?" Enders murmured reflectively, as though to himself. Miss Maxwell laughed. "You don't know what case you are in, that is very evident," she said. "I hate to proclaim the fact baldly, but I make a living by writing love stories, and ever since Doris came home I've been wondering if you were fit for the place you are to occupy in the tale I am weaving about her."

"I defy you, defy anybody, to make me a hero of romance," Enders said, laughing deeply. Again Miss Maxwell flushed; but, after it, she shook her head, saying, "You truly won't do for the hero of my romance—except your own."

That was the beginning of it. The end came six months later. Doris Maxwell settled down easily upon a place she brought just outside Pallantrae, then brought in her name child to keep her company while she experimented at homemaking.

So it had been the most natural thing in the world for Enders to fall in the way of haunting the Maxwell house. His new motor made nothing of the

thirty mile journey. He found the two Dorises doubly delightful, and for three months at least lapped his conscience into believing that Doris, the girl, was the magnet.

Then came illumination—sudden and fierce. It took shape of a man, much older, much richer than himself, a power in the publishing world, no less the critical one, who came down upon the dove of a household, fully resolved to carry off Doris Maxwell almost whether or no.

Doris Clare almost chuckled while she confided to Enders the whole story. "It's so funny," she said. "At first Colonel Baker was quite condescending—courted Aunt Doris with the air of heaven resolved to reward you, my child. Be duly and truly grateful. Then when she said 'No, hardly troubling to say 'Thank you' after it, he got desperately earnest and remonstrated with her for standing so much in her own light."

"But it was comic—there's no other word for it—when he began to bluster. Still, do you know he almost frightened Aunt Doris? She ran away from him—who is so brave. I think she was afraid he would wear out her resistance, he's such a fine, high old Turk, whom nobody ever crossed before. And to think he's metaphorically on his knees to her now!"

"If only she can bring herself to take him—but I won't talk of that. I don't let myself. It would mean such a lot to both of us."

"No doubt she will take him," Enders said, grinding his teeth as he walked away. He was a false prophet. Doris sent the colonel away more than ever disconsolate, but that did not hinder him from coming back next month, and the next, and the next.

"Why don't you put him out of his misery in some fashion?" Enders asked of Miss Maxwell upon the third return. She smiled a little sadly. "There's just one way to put him out of it," she said, "and I can't take that; it would be too ungrateful."

"Ungrateful! I don't understand," Enders returned. She looked over his head, saying softly, "I was a stranger, and you took me in. More, you gave me the best breakfast I ever ate. Wouldn't it be black ingratitude in me to turn the colonel's eyes to Doris? She could console him beautifully—be to him a hundred times all he hopes to find in me. And how she would revel in spending his money and tyrannizing over him! But I can't bring myself to take away your sweetheart—indeed, I'm holding the colonel neither on nor off until after you two—"

"We two can be left out of the account," Enders said almost hotly. "Doris! Doris! You are the wife I want. Let the colonel have the pretty child and welcome. I've waited all these years for you. Now I will have you, whether or no."

"You see I was right," Doris Maxwell said, flushing beautifully. "You can be a hero in our romance."

An Unexpected Reply.

A very demure little Frenchwoman, who teaches her native tongue in a well known southern college, learned recently, under embarrassing circumstances, that it is not always safe to accept as a final standard of correct English what one may casually hear. One night at supper the president of the college announced to the assembled young ladies and teachers that an informal musical program would be given presently in the college chapel.

Turning to the dainty Parisienne, who in addition to her other accomplishments plays the piano well, he said:

"Perhaps Mme. Petit will be so good as to assist us."

The lady addressed arose and coyly replied:

"I will do my darndest, professor!"—Lippincott's.

The Poverty Ridden.

Was there ever a more heartbreaking problem than that of being poor and yet looking prosperous? Far better were a diet of potatoes and cabbage soup and a pair of leather breeches of the vintage of 1858. And that is one great reason why the country—be it in Galway or Cattaraugus or Posey county—is a better place to be poor in than the city. A man is a man there, even if blue drilling jumpers are his best.

Barring a condition of actual griping, from which may God save all who were made in his image—there are no people in the world so fortunate as those who have made up their mind to be poor and happy together. Nor is there anywhere a man so cursed as he who can no longer live in the simple society in which he was born and yet yearns for it.—New York Mail.

The Beginning and the End.

The beginning is three or four weeks previous to election. Two aldermen get to talking politics over their beer, and one finally says:

"Well, Jim, I think I know the sentiment of the people, and I'm willing to be my candidate will be elected."

"He doesn't stand an earthly show."

"Money talks."

"How much will you put up?"

"Five dollars."

"Done."

And two or three days after the election the daily paper informs its readers:

"Among those who had a clear insight into the temper of the electors throughout the country is Alderman Thomas, who backed his acumen with his money and is a winner to the extent of \$30,000."—Baltimore American.

Sympathetic.

Father (proudly)—I believe, my dear, that boy of ours knows as much as I do.

Mother—Yes, poor little fellow! It's too bad that he doesn't know any more.—Harper's Weekly.

A Sinister Suggestion.

Patron—Why is it that some of the faces you send out from your studio are so very bad?

Photographer—It may be, sir, because my plates are sensitive.—Baltimore American.

Paradoxical.

Mrs. Callier—Mrs. DeFatt is a living paradox.

Mrs. Homer—How's that?

Mrs. Callier—She is awfully wide, but gracious, how narrow!—Chicago News.

CLUB RE-ELECTS ALL OFFICERS

At the deferred annual meeting of the Commercial club, held last evening at the Angle opera house, all the old officers were re-elected for the ensuing year, the report of the secretary read and "high jinks" celebrated.

Following are the officers of the club who were re-elected last evening:

William Colvig, president; Dr. F. C. Page, vice-president; P. Ossenberg, treasurer; A. H. Miller, secretary.

That the "high jinks" feature be made an annual custom was the universal expression last evening. The innovation was a decided success in every way. Stories, song and jokes kept the crowd laughing all evening. Impromptu "telegrams" were sent up from the floor throughout the evening and added to the gaiety of the occasion. These took the form of good-natured jokes, some of them directed against individuals, the victims joining as heartily as any one in the laugh at their expense. The coming election afforded material for many of these messages.

But it was not only a "feast of reason and flow of soul." The wants of the inner man were provided for, too. A long table fairly groaning with good things to eat, all appetizingly prepared and served by Mr. Lockard of the Louvre cafe. The long table was flanked by two big bowls of punch, which were liberally patronized. President Colvig was presented with a box of cigars by the members of the club as a testimonial of appreciation for his efforts.

Among those that helped entertain the crowd by taking part in the program were Frederick Haslund, who made a hit with special songs on Medford; Holbrook Withington, who told funny stories and sang a song; F. L. Tou Velle, who sang a solo entitled, "I Want What I Want When I Want It"; Mr. Walters, who sang several operatic selections and comic songs. Mr. Walters has had many years' experience in grand opera and his efforts were applauded and appreciated by the crowd. Hazelrigg's orchestra furnished the music for the evening.

The report of Secretary Miller showed that the club was in excellent condition, and is reproduced herewith:

Amount received from former secretary, February 5, 1908	\$3.67
Received from 1907 subscription list	660.50
Received from 1908 subscription list	3061.00
Received from membership fees and dues	1036.00
Christian Science church for room rent	60.00
District fair receipts	734.70
Twenty per cent of fair premiums	235.22
Lilly Ray, donation of fair premiums	4.06
Telephone charge refunded	.40
Sale of 100 Horticulture Tribune numbers	5.00
Sale of Booklet envelopes	.55
Proceeds of carnival queen contest	53.35
Proceeds of dance and ball game for band uniforms	318.20
Sale of 1000 Booklets	85.00
Real estate licenses	1300.00
Postoffice order received for postage on booklets	.25
Total receipts	\$7637.91
Disbursements.	
For advertising, including ads in magazines and papers, booklets, wrappers, postage, stationery, etc.	\$455.34
For general expenses, including secretary's salary, room rent, lights, telephone, apples, cleaning rooms, etc.	1859.17
Amount on deposit in bank	225.56
Amount of cash on hand	67.84
Total	\$7637.91

"I take pleasure in presenting this report to the club and to state that the year ends with the club out of debt. We will have payment to make in a few weeks on the new booklets and it will be seen with a balance of \$293.40 that funds will have to be raised in excess of the present income. I believe that Medford has attracted and held more than her share of the people that have come to the coast to locate during the past year, and from many indications there will be a greater number of people, by thousands, come to the coast during the early spring and summer of this year than ever before during a like period. With Medford and the valley already so well known and the influence of the new booklets which the committee will make the finest that has ever been issued by any community or city, Medford certainly ought to get her share and more, too, of those to come.

"During the time between February 5 and December 31 we received 6547 direct inquiries from the ads placed in magazines and newspapers, about 50 per cent more than for the same period of 1907.

"As a general thing the members of the club have paid their dues promptly and those who subscribed to the advertising fund and who are not members of the club have done equally as well. From knowledge of

the working of the Commercial clubs in the neighboring cities, I believe the Medford people have paid more liberally and have received returns in proportion, than any other city in Oregon. I believe that we can keep this up.

"Respectfully submitted,
"A. H. MILLER, Secretary."

Pattison is Sarcastic.

(Central Point Herald.)

The Rogue River Electric company are beginning to show signs of connecting the new street lights which were ordered in by the council more than a month ago. The residents of the portions of town affected will no doubt enjoy the lights if they are installed before next summer. They are not needed so much then as at this season.

Phoenix Man Drops Dead.

M. V. B. Soule of Phoenix dropped dead about 7 o'clock last evening at the home of D. Leathers. Mr. Soule had apparently been in his usual health and his death came as a shock to his friends. He was more than 80 years old and is the last of the family, he having buried his wife, son and daughter several years ago.

ICE PLANT EXPLOSION.

Ammonia Compressor Blew Up and It Was Wrecked.

A frigid wave visited that part of Medford located near the ice company's plant, just before 7 o'clock yesterday morning. At that hour the ammonia compressor of the plant exploded and blew up, and the ammonia gas escaped from the building in a white cloud, turning whatever it touched which was of a liquid nature into ice. The floor and walls of the plant, which were wet at the time of the explosion, were coated with ice as the result of the loosing of the ammonia gas.

Just what caused the explosion has not been determined yet. C. A. Brown, who is employed at the plant, opened up yesterday morning at the usual hour of 8:30, and some time afterward was engaged in work back of the compressing plant, when the explosion occurred. Strange to say, he was not hurt by the accident, although he was less than six feet away from the heavy cylinder which was hurled to the ceiling and landed ten feet away. D. V. Byrd, another employee of the company, had just left the room when the explosion occurred, and the cylinder landed in the very spot in which he had been working, and broke a hole through the floor at that point.

People in the vicinity of the plant thought for a while that a fire had broken out, from the great volumes of white ammonia gas which escaped from the building in great clouds. The ammonia could be smelled almost a mile away from the plant.

The employees of the company were nearly overcome by the escaping gas while they went through the building shutting off the various pipes of the plant. The amount of the damage has not been ascertained. The cast iron cylinder, which was blown off, weighs several tons and it will take some time to have another one made at the foundry. However, the plant will not be compelled to stop work long, because the compressor has a second cylinder.

Hains Trial Nearing End.

FLUSHING, N. Y., Jan. 9.—With the calling of one or two minor witnesses Monday morning the trial of Thornton Hains will be concluded. Upon John McIntyre rests the burden of assembling all the evidence which the defense asserts has proved the killing of William Annis at the Bayside Yacht club last August. McIntyre said he would require all of Monday's session to make his argument. The session today was given over to the rebuttal of the evidence that Jas. Tierney, the defense's eyewitness to the shooting of Annis, was on the floor when the tragedy occurred. The members of the Bayside Yacht club swore that they did not see Tierney. These witnesses declared that the actions and appearances of Captain Hains were those of a rational man.

Will Join Roosevelt.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—Miss Charlotte Mansfield, the writer, sailed for Cape Town today to take a lonely tramp of 8000 miles toward Capetown; 2000 miles of the journey will be through the wilds of Central Africa. Miss Mansfield is only accompanied by 50 native carriers. At Nairobi she expects to meet President Roosevelt. Miss Mansfield is a good shot and expects to supply herself with meat by her rifle and otherwise the party will rely upon the resources of the country for corn, rice and fruit.

Frisco Is Generous.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 9.—San Francisco's contribution to the Italian earthquake victims made through the Red Cross society, including today's receipts, totals \$77,931.91. The total amount contributed to date from all California amounts to \$161,437.05. Mighty thousands of dollars have been telegraphed to the National Red Cross headquarters at Washington, D. C. The first benefit in the city to raise funds for the earthquake sufferers in Southern Italy was given tonight in Garibaldi hall by the Allied Italian societies of San Francisco under the auspices of the Garibaldi society.

MAIL WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

MAN'S SUPERIORITY.

WHENEVER lovely woman says, "Her dainty fingers search about within the workbag, where she knows she soon can find the right things out. Proud man goes at it much the same. But where the woman's thread looks thus:

A man the gaping rent will tame With thread like this and lots more fuss:

Equality of sex is preached, A woman's equal to a man, But this conclusion must be reached— Man's work is on a broader plane. For when a woman sews she'll take A needle just the size of that:

And mending, for convenience sake, Selects one that is long and fat:

Yes, man has much the greater mind. As you may see if you'll recall The petty works of womankind. While man's results are seldom small. She stitches, and her labors show Not large, but trivial, like this:

A man's are put in, so you'll know He worked; his tracks you cannot miss:—Charles R. Barnes in Woman's Home Companion.

Tamed.

"Are you happier than you were before you were married?"

"I can't answer that question."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I've got so that I have to accept my wife's opinion on all subjects. And when you ask me about this one you put me in a quandary. I can't very well put it to her, can I? And without asking her I can't be sure."—Cleveland Leader.

Her Impression.

"After this I shall use safety razors," declared Mr. Stubb, with much emphasis.

"They are no good, John," scoffed Mrs. Stubb.

"No good? What do you know about them?"

"A good deal. I tried to sharpen a lead pencil with that new one you bought, and it wouldn't even make a dent."—Judge.

His Chief Characteristic.

Doubt—Judging from a remark Krotchett made about you, he seems to consider you a man of great determination.

Pinchpenny—I'm surprised to hear of his saying anything complimentary. He's usually knocking me.

Doubt—Ha! Maybe that's what he was doing. He simply said you "never gave up."—Catholic Standard and Times.

In the Divorce Colony.

The little De Jones girl is talking to her playmate, Lucy van Smith.

"Oh, Lucy," said she, "we have a new papa."

"Have you? What's his name?"

"Mr. Hayes."

"Oh, pshaw! We had him, too, but we didn't like him."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Quite Different.

Ascum—Don't you think it was really too much for you to say that "every pessimist is necessarily a married man?"

Peckam—I didn't say that.

Ascum—No?

Peckam—No. I said "every married man is necessarily a pessimist."—Philadelphia Press.

Objects to Being Questioned.

Tommy—Oh, my pa says you're a blamed nuisance, teacher.

Teacher—What?

Tommy—Well, that's what he says I am when I ask questions, and that's what you're always a-doin'—Pittsburg Post.

The Partisan Shaft.

Walter—I'm sorry, sir, but the chef says he can't take the steak back. You've bent it.—Harper's Weekly.

The Other Side.

"I've been wondering about something."

"About what?"

"I wonder if cooks ever get together and discuss the misuses problem."—Washington Herald.

Silly Question.

Him—Am I the first man you were ever engaged to?

Her—Don't insult me. You know perfectly well that I am twenty-five years old. Do I look like a lemon?—Cleveland Leader.

REGISTRATION OF LAND TITLE.

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

In the Matter of the Application of J. J. Hanson to register title to the following described premises situated and being in the County of Jackson and State of Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 20 chains east of the corner common to section 28, 29, 32 and 33, in Township 36 south of Range 2 west of the Willamette Meridian, and running thence east 41.45 chains; thence north 15.01 chains; thence south 15.01 chains; thence east 6.73 chains; thence north 17 degrees 4 min. west 20.93 chains; thence west 1633 feet; thence north 15.73 chains; thence west 5.10 chains; thence west 3.66 chains to the quarter section corner between section 28 and 29; thence south 10

chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence north 7.46 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence south 17.46 chains to the place of beginning, containing 226.19 acres of land. Saving, reserving and excepting a strip of land 100 feet in width being 50 feet on each side of and parallel with center line main track Oregon & California Railroad, as the same is staked, put and located over and across the following described premises in Jackson County, Oregon:

The east half of the southeast quarter of Section 29 and the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter and the fractional east half of the southwest quarter of Section 28, all in Township 36 south of Range 2 west of the Willamette Meridian, also the fractional northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of Section 28, all in Township 36 south of Range 2 west of the Willamette Meridian, for the purpose of building and maintaining a railroad thereon and to use the same for all legitimate purposes.

Obadiah B. McFadden, the unknown heirs of Obadiah B. McFadden, Sarah Louisa Hanson, John A. Peninger, Hattie Grievie, Fred Peninger, Charles A. Peninger, P. B. Whitney and All Whom It May Concern, defendants.

TAKE NOTICE, that on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1908, an application was filed by said J. J. Hanson in the Circuit Court of Jackson County, for initial registration of the land above described.

Now, unless you appear on or before the 6th day of February, A. D. 1909, and show cause why such application shall not be granted the same will be taken as confessed, and a decree will be entered according to the application and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Court hereto affixed this day of December, 1908.

Date of first publication is 1st day of January, 1909.

(SEAL)

W. R. COLEMAN, County Clerk of Jackson County, Oregon, and ex-officio Clerk of the Circuit Court.

By Deputy.

WM. M. COLVIG and O. C. BOGGS, Applicant's Attorneys.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Or. August 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Herbert Van Duyn, of Coburg, Oregon, who on August 22, 1908, made Sworn Statement, No. 0920, for lots 1, 2, 3, 4, NE 1/4, Section 2, Township 37 South, Range 2 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 11th day of February, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jacob D. Wigle, of Coburg, Oregon; Fred Wigle, of Coburg, Oregon; Carey O. Smith, of Coburg, Oregon; William Sidwell, of Coburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Or. August 12, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William A. Sidwell, of Coburg, Oregon, who, on August 12, 1908, made sworn statement, No. 0758, for N 1/4 N 1/4, Section 24, Township 36 South, Range 2 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 11th day of February, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jacob D. Wigle of Coburg, Oregon; Carey O. Smith, of Coburg, Oregon; Thomas Q. Green of Coburg, Oregon; Fred Wigle, of Coburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Notice of School Indemnity Selection.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Ore., Nov. 6, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on October 30, 1908, applied for NE 1/4 NW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4 and lots 1 and 2 of Sec. 18, Tp. 34 S., R. 3 W. of W. M., and filed in this office a list of school indemnity selections in which it selected said land; and that said list is open to the public for inspection. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selection for any lawful reason, should file their claims or affidavits of protest or contest in this office.

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

Not coal land.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Or. June 19, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Mary A. Coffin, of Boise, Ada County, Ida., who, on June 18, 1908, made Sworn Statement, No. 10159, for South 1/4 of the South 1/4, Section 8, Township 36 South, Range 3 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 18th day of January, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Warren Beatty, of Roseburg, Oregon; Grant Taylor, of Roseburg, Oregon; Hugh Miller, of Oakland, Oregon; Mark Coffin, of Boise, Idaho.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Administrator's Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of W. V. Jones, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned was, by an order of the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered on the 8th day of December, 1908, appointed administrator of the above named estate, and that he has duly qualified himself for the discharge of his duties as administrator of said estate. He hereby notifies to present the same to said administrator, duly verified, and within six months from this date. And all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are hereby required to settle the same forthwith.

Dated at Woodville, Oregon, Friday, December 11th, 1908.

SAMUEL MATHIS, Administrator.

COLVIG & REAMES Attorneys for the Estate.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Or. September 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Fred L. Johnson, of Coburg, Oregon, who on September 23, 1908, made Sworn Statement, No. 01464, for the Southeast 1/4, Section 6, Township 27 South, Range 2 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 9th day of March, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jacob D. Wigle, of Coburg, Oregon; Fred Wigle, of Coburg, Oregon; Carey O. Smith, of Coburg, Oregon; James Pirtle, of Coburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Administrator's Final Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned that the undersigned, as administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Randall, deceased, has filed his second and final account of his administration of said estate in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County; and that the Hon. J. R. Neil, Judge of said Court has fixed and appointed the 22d day of January, A. D. 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time, and the court room of said Court as the place for hearing objections to said account and for the final settlement thereof.

Dated and first published Friday, December 11, 1908.

ORIS CRAWFORD, Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Randall, deceased.

WM. S. CROWELL, Attorney.

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

In the Matter of the Application of Charles Peninger to register title to the following described premises situated in Jackson County, Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the south boundary of Section 28 in Township 36 south of Range 2 west of the Willamette Meridian, which is 61.45 chains east of section corner common to Sections 28, 29, 32 and 33; thence east along said line 18.32 chains; thence north 15.01 chains; thence west 18.32 chains; thence south 15.01 chains to the place of beginning, containing 27.50 acres.

Sarah L. Hanson and I. J. Hanson, her husband; Sarah L. Hanson, guardian of John A. Peninger; Hattie Grievie and Andrew Grievie, her husband; John A. Peninger; Fred Peninger and Minnie Peninger, his wife; Obadiah B. McFadden and his heirs; and All Whom It May Concern, defendants.

TAKE NOTICE, that on the 21st day of December, 1908, an Application was filed by said Charles A. Peninger, in the Circuit Court of Jackson County, Oregon, for the initial registration of the title to the land above described.

Now, unless you appear on or before the 18th day of February, 1909, and show cause why such application shall not be granted, the same will be taken as confessed, and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of the application, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

Witness my hand and seal of the Court hereto affixed this 21st day of December, A. D. 1908.

(Seal of the Court)

W. R. COLEMAN, County Clerk of Jackson County, Oregon, and ex-officio Clerk of the Circuit Court in and for said County and State.

SUMMONS.

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

In the Matter of the Application of Charles A. Peninger to register title to the following described real property situated in Jackson County, Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the south boundary of Section 28, in Township 36 south of Range 2 west of the Willamette Meridian, which is 61.45 chains east of section corner common to Sections 28, 29, 32 and 33; thence east along said line 18.32 chains; thence north 15.01 chains; thence west 18.32 chains; thence south 15.01 chains to the place of beginning, containing 27.50 acres.

Sarah L. Hanson and I. J. Hanson, her husband; Sarah L. Hanson, guardian of John A. Peninger; Hattie Grievie and Andrew Grievie, her husband; John A. Peninger; Fred Peninger and Minnie Peninger, his wife; Obadiah B. McFadden and his heirs, and All Whom It May Concern, defendants.

To Sarah L. Hanson and I. J. Hanson, her husband; Sarah L. Hanson, guardian of John A. Peninger; Hattie Grievie and Andrew Grievie, her husband; John A. Peninger, Fred Peninger and Minnie Peninger, his wife; Obadiah B. McFadden and his heirs, and All Whom It May Concern, defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the application or complaint filed against you by the applicant above named on the 21st day of December, 1908, within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served within Jackson County Oregon, or of served within any other county in this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served by publication thereof, then within six weeks from the date of the first publication thereof; and if you fail to so appear and answer for want thereof, the applicant herein will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said application and take a decree against you in registering title to the lands above described in the said applicant according to the prayer of said application, and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

This summons is published for six weeks in the Medford Mail under and by virtue of an order of Hon. J. R. Hanna, Judge of the above entitled Court, made in chambers on the 23rd day of December, 1908, and the first date of publication thereof is on December 24, 1908, and the last is on February 4, 1909.

W. R. COLEMAN, County Clerk.

J. A. HARVEY, T. W. MILES, Attorneys for Applicant.