

E. R. SEELY
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Modern Equipment, X Ray Laboratory
Office in Jackson County
Bank Building
MEDFORD OREGON

I. D. PHIPPS, D. D. S.
DENTIST
Office in Adkins Block adjoining
Haskin's Drug Store.
MEDFORD OREGON

Wm. Colvig C. L. Reames
COLVIG & REAMES
LAWYERS
Office in Medford National
Bank Building—ground floor.
MEDFORD OREGON

G. W. STEPHENSON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OPTICIAN
Office: Room 6, Adkins Block. Calls
promptly attended day or night.
Phone 563.

MILL PRICES.

500 LOTS OR MORE.

Flour.....\$2.50 per 100 lbs
Rolled Barley.....\$1.65 per " lbs
Middlings.....\$1.70 per " lbs
Mill Feed.....\$1.60 per " lbs
Bran.....1.50 per " lb

LESS THAN 500 LOTS.

Flour.....\$2.70 per 100 lbs
Rolled Barley.....\$1.80 per " lbs
Middlings.....\$1.85 per " lbs
Mill Feed.....\$1.75 per " lbs
Bran.....\$1.65 per " lbs

**MEDFORD
FLOUR
MILLS.**

YOU CAN'T SAVE

On your railroad fare.
The law of the common
carrier compels equal
rates on all Railroad
lines.

YOU CAN SAVE

In Time, Traveling
Expense and Fatigue by
insisting on the shortest
route, fastest trains and
best service. Simply see
that your ticket reads
via

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC
O. R. & N.
OREGON SHORT LINE**

and
UNION PACIFIC

Every facility for the
safety, comfort and ac-
commodation of the pas-
senger is provided. No
change of cars is neces-
sary to Denver, Omaha,
Kansas City, Chicago.
Direct connections are
made for all other
points east and south.
Inquire for particulars.

A. S. ROSENBAUM, Agent,
Medford.
WM. McMURRAY,
General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OR.

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would
not often be needed. But since our systems have
become weakened, impaired and broken down through
indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages,
through countless generations, remedies are needed to
aid Nature in correcting our imbalanced and otherwise
acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach
weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is
nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,
a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal
roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For
Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating,
Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Internal
Disorders, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

The genuine has on its
outside wrapper the
Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alco-
holic, medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may
thereby make a little bigger profit.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and
bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

White Violets

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated
Literary Press.

Out of the darkness Margaret said,
"Then every one knows it?"
"Every one but you, my dear. Over
at the Country club it is common
talk."

"But, Aunt Clara," vehemently,
"they gossip so at the hotel."
"This isn't gossip. I've known it
for a long time, Margaret."
"Oh—the sigh was almost a sob—
"he has always seemed such a gentle-
man."

"He has the training of one," Mrs.
Kent affirmed. "His mother is char-
ming."

After a moment's silence Margaret
broke out, "But he saved my life,
Aunt Clara."
There was a rustle of skirts as Mrs.
Kent moved impatiently in her chair.
"Yes, and that's the worst of it."
Mrs. Kent ended the longer silence
that followed by ringing for lights.

"No, no," Margaret protested. "I
like it better with just the fire."
"But I must go, dear, and dress for
dinner, and you will be so dreary
alone in the dark."

As she rose and stood by the couch
her caressing fingers touched Mar-
garet's cheek and found tears on it.

"You'd better have the lights," she
said, and there was a worried note
in her voice. "I hate to leave you
here alone."

"Oh, I shall be all right," Margaret
said. "I'll lie here in the dark and
pet Toodelkins."

Still protesting, Mrs. Kent found her
way out, and after a time in the
stuffed room came the sound of a
stuffed sob, and another and another,
and after that everything was very
quiet. The flame of the fire died
down. The green eyes of the little
cat, snuggled close to her mistress,
glowed in the darkness.

The click of an electric button and
the flare-up of lights brought Mar-
garet's head out of the cushion where
she had buried it. She shielded her
face with her hand.

"You are early, Uncle Dick."
"I'm late. What's the matter with
the lights? Why didn't you get some-
body to look after them?"

"I like the dark."
"Queer taste." He gave her a keen
glance and sat down in the chair by
the couch. "How's the foot?"

"It hurts a little, but it's going to be
all right."

"Everybody at the club is talking
about your accident. They are making
a regular hero of Ridgeway." He set-
tled himself back in the big chair and
smiled at her genially. "He must have
had the strength of a Hercules to hold
those horses back."

"He's awfully strong," Margaret
said and sat up. "His college record
in athletics is fine."

"He flunked in some of his studies,
though," Mr. Kent teased. "I know."
Margaret's face flashed. "I know."
She smoothed the little cat with nerv-
ous fingers. "Is—is he very ill, Uncle
Dick?"

"Who—Ridgeway? Um—well, that
depends. He's a mighty nice fellow,
Peggy." He caught the eagerness of
her eyes and pulled himself up. "That
is—oh, well, your Aunt Clara wouldn't
exactly approve of him, and—and I
don't know that he's just the friend
for you, Margaret."

"Oh!" came in stammering protest, and
after that Margaret lay with her eyes
closed, and nothing was said for sev-
eral minutes.

"Tired, little girl?" asked her uncle
finally, and when she nodded he stood
up.

"I must go and dress for dinner."
He hesitated by the couch, looking
down at her until she opened her eyes
and held out her hand and said, "Dear
Uncle Dick," and then he patted her
cheek and said a little huskily, "Cheer
up."

This time there was no friendly
darkness to hide the tears, so Mar-
garet dabbed at them with her handker-
chief and stared until a ring of the
front door bell brought her to an up-
right position.

"It's Mr. Ridgeway," the maid an-
nounced.

"I'm afraid I can't see him," Mar-
garet said nervously.

"Please," boomed a big voice from
the hall—"please don't turn me out like
that."

"Oh, well," Margaret agreed, and the
maid's place between the curtains was
usurped by a young man as big as his
voice, who came over and picked up
the pussy cat and dropped a small
square box in its place. "If you'll let
me pet Toodelkins I'll let you have
some flowers," he said, and as he sat
down the little cat curled into the hol-
low of his arm and sang her song of
contentment, untroubled by the change.

There were white violets in the box,
and Ridgeway said, his big voice soft-
ened by some fine emotion, "They al-
ways make me think of you."

"Oh, don't, don't!" Margaret said
with quick caught breath, and Rid-
geway stared at her in a puzzled way.
"Don't you like them?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Well, it's a funny way to show it."
There was so much of the boy in him
that Margaret smiled in spite of her

role.
"It's because I like them so well that
I don't want you to bring them to me
any more."

"You don't?"
"I mean it," she said faintly. "You
mustn't bring me any more flowers."
"Why not?" sharply.

"Because I can't take them."
"Why can't you take them?"
"Because—"

"That isn't any reason," he sug-
gested. "Do you mean that you don't
want me to come?"

She held out one slim hand to him.
"Don't," she said beseechingly—"don't
speak to me like that. We must al-
ways be good friends, but you mustn't
come."

He took her hand. "It's to be just-
friends?"
"Yes."

"Never anything more?"
"Never."

"And yet that night after the acci-
dent you let me kiss you—Margaret."
"Yes," very low.

The fire flickered and sapped. The
little cat, disturbed somewhat, slipped
down from Ridgeway's arms and curled
herself up on the rug.

"Would you mind," Margaret said at
last, "turning off the upper light? The
strong glare hurts my eyes."

The rosy halo of the lamp made dark
the distant corners of the room. Mar-
garet on her couch was a dim outline.
The little cat was invisible except for
her emerald eyes. Ridgeway came
back and sat down; then he bent for-
ward.

"Margaret," he said sharply, "you
are crying."
"Yes," she sobbed, "I'm crying—oh,
because you are such a black sheep,
Justin."

He drew his breath sharply. "So
that's it?" he said at last.

"Yes, I didn't know until tonight,
Aunt Clara told me."
He stood up. "Then there's nothing
more to say. Goodbye."

He went to the door, hesitated and
came back.

"Look here, Peggy," he said grimly.
"If I were a story book hero I'd take
my medicine and go away and suffer
in silence. And it would all be very
tragic and romantic, but it wouldn't
be sensible."

He threw himself into the big chair
and knitted his brows. "The sensible
thing is to get over the difficulty.
Let's begin at the beginning. Every-
body says I'm a black sheep?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Well, I am. I've wasted my time
in riotous living, as the Bible says of
the prodigal, and when I flunked in
my studies I got what was coming to
me. But that was before I met you,
Peggy. I don't think my worst ene-
my could accuse me since the night
I saw you at the junior prom in your
white gown, with your hair twisted
up in a big braid like a crown. You
seemed the princess in a fairy tale,
and I made up my mind then and
there that I'd win you."

He drew a long breath and went on:
"But now I know I'm not good
enough, and I know, too, that I have
not any right to ask you to wait for
me. All I'll ask is that you don't con-
demn me utterly, don't shut me out
from your life."

His voice broke. Then as she held
out her hand to him he went on
steadily:

"I'm only going to ask that you will
believe in me and if, after two or
three years, no one else has come into
your life that you care for and I
have made good, that you will let
me plead my cause again."

He stood looking down at her. Her
cheek was laid against the bunch of
white violets. Their delicate fragrance
was roundabout her.

"Dear little girl," he said, "I'll stick
it out at college another year, and
then I'll go into business with dad
and show him what I can do. And if
you will have faith in me—"

She sat up, her eyes shining. "Oh,"
she said, "I felt that back of it all
there was a man in you, Justin—and
then—when you saved my life—I felt
that it belonged to you."

"I'm not half good enough," he said
humbly.

She took from the bunch of violets
a half dozen blossoms and held them
out to him.

"They shall be a talisman," she said.
"Of faith and hope and love. You
must let them keep you from all evil,
Justin."

And as he knelt beside the couch
the rapture in his eyes answered her.

It Made a Difference.
A Chinaman of noble birth had been
invited to dine at William's home. His
mother was very anxious that the
guest should not be made uncomfort-
able by the little chap's curiosity, so
she took him aside and explained all
about the yellow skin, long braid of
hair and almond eyes of the Mongo-
lians and even showed him pictures of
Chinese. She impressed upon him more
than anything else the fact that the
visitor was his father's friend and was
to be treated with respect. Upon the
celestial's arrival William tried hard
not to stare or look too curious and
succeeded in being very quiet for some
time, when, much to the surprise of
his mother and the amusement of the
Chinese, he called out, "Mamma, if he
wasn't our friend wouldn't he be fun-
ny?"—Bellman.

Diving For Fish.
An Arab pilot on board an English
ship becalmed in the Persian gulf had
been amusing himself in diving for
oysters. After several attempts his
search proved unsuccessful.

"I will now," said he to the officers
of the vessel he was commissioned to
convoy, "since I cannot gather oysters,
dive for and catch fish."

All ridiculed the idea. He went down
again, and the officers were astonished
to see him after a short time rise to
the surface with a small rockfish in
each hand. The Arab's own explana-
tion of the feat was that as he seated
himself at the bottom the fish came
around him and nibbled at his skin.

Watching an opportunity, he seized
and secured his prey by thrusting his
thumb and forefinger into their ex-
panded gills.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

MAIL WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE

Fred Furry to Christian church,
lot 2, block 18, Phoenix; \$65.
Margaret E. Gray to B. C. Glasco,
lots 4 and 5, block 1, Gray's addi-
tion, Medford; \$1.

B. C. Glasco to Charles M. Allen,
lots 4 and 5, block 1, Gray's addi-
tion, Medford; \$10.

C. M. Allen to Louise B. Gleason,
30 acres in township 38 south, range
1 west; \$10.

Margaret E. Gray to C. M. Allen,
lots 3 and 6, block 1, Gray's addi-
tion, Medford; \$1.

S. Anderson to Lillian V. Baldwin,
land in West Medford tract; \$750.
A. D. Helman to H. S. Evans, land
on Helman street, Ashland; \$175.

G. J. Walton to E. T. Osborn, lot
13, block 49, Summit addition, Ash-
land; \$10.

N. F. Patton to S. F. Thornton,
land on Helman street, Ashland;
\$1250.

George R. Lindley to A. V. Carl-
son five acres in township 37 south,
range 2 west; \$400.

M. B. Lindley to W. Milnes, lot 7,
block 2, Narreagan's addition, Med-
ford; \$175.

M. B. Lindley to Ethel Haertle, lot
8, block 2, Narreagan's addition, Med-
ford; \$10.

Ellis Arnold to E. L. Balcom, lots
10 and 11, east half lots 12 and 13,
block 1, Gray's addition, Medford;
\$1.

Kate McAndrews to the City of
Medford, land in township 37 south,
range 1 west; \$250.

P. C. Allen to Mary A. Page, land
in township 39 south, range 1 east;
\$1.

R. J. Edwards to Lillie R. Davis,
80 acres in township 29 south, range
1 west; \$600.

Annie E. Smith to W. E. Smith,
lots 11 and 12, block H, Railroad ad-
dition, Ashland; \$10.

Susie L. Allen to Karl Rose, land
in township 39 south, range 1 east;
\$275.

E. L. Balcom to R. H. Toft, lots
10 and 11, block 1, Gray's addition,
Medford; \$10.

Isabelle Lieth to Mrs. W. E. Glas-
gow, land in township 37 south,
range 1 west; \$10.

J. M. Kilgour to E. B. Pickel, bond
for deed to 155 acres in township
37 south, range 2 west; \$25,000.

L. H. Tucker to J. T. Miller, agree-
ment concerning land in township 37
south, range 1 west; \$17,000.

S. T. Howard, Jr., to Ines M. Per-
kins, bond for deed to half interest in
land near intersection of Ninth street
and C street, Medford; \$550.

B. C. Gleason to C. M. Allen, as-
signment of bond for deed to land
recorded in Vol. 67, Deed Records,
Jackson county; \$1.

J. K. Howard to D. L. Day, bond
for deed and assignment for lot 3,
south half lot 7, block 1, Park addi-
tion, Medford; \$1500.

W. W. McDonald to C. H. Pierce,
bond for deed to land in township
37 south, range 1 west; \$1200.

Julia B. Kincaid to C. H. Pierce,
bond for deed to land in township
38 south, range 3 west; \$1000.

Julia B. Kincaid to C. H. Pierce,
bond for deed to land in township
37 south, range 1 west; \$1200.

J. K. Howard to Anna C. Bostwick,
bond for deed for land in township
36 south, range 3 west; \$3250.

B. F. Fredenburg to E. Woodbury,
land in township 35 south, range 2
east; \$2500.

C. S. Hatch to Woodville Water
company, right of way for ditch
through land in lot 4, block 1, Wood-
ville; \$10.

Edith A. Orr et al. to City of Med-
ford, land near block 44, Medford.
H. Hanson to J. C. Brown, agree-
ment concerning land in township 37
south, range 1 west; \$1.

Sarah S. Van Dyke to Howard S.
Dudley, 760 acres in township 37
south, ranges 1 east and 1 west;
\$10.

R. H. Pruett to W. Davis, 160
acres in township 36 south, range 1
west; \$1.

Margaret Deardorff to C. D. Wol-
verton, 6 acres in township 37 south,
range 2 west; \$1000.

W. M. Colvig to A. G. Burke, land
in block 2, Galloway's addition,
Medford; \$500.

E. B. Pickel to the 401 Orchard &
Land company, 561 acres in town-
ship 37 south, range 1 west; \$1.

A. Weeks et al. to E. B. Pickel,
240 acres in township 36 south,
range 1 west, and township 37 south,
range 1 west; \$5000.

Martha A. Barron to Gus New-
bury, half interest in land in town-
ship 39 south, range 3 west; \$5500.

L. Railroad addition, Ashland; \$134.
C. W. Palm to The Public, land
near block 44, Medford; \$1.

UP-TO-DATE GROCERY.

Rex Grocery Co. Now Established in
New Quarters.

Miller & Ewbank, the grocers,
have finished moving into their new
quarters in the Mission block. Their
new store is a commodious one and
gives them an opportunity to carry
out some of the plans they have made
for an up-to-date grocery store.

Both sides of the store are lined
with shelves arranged in tiers, so as
to display the large variety of goods
to the best advantage to the house-
wife, who is on purchase bent. There
will be no counters, and customers
will thus be enabled to get close to
the goods and see what they are
buying. There will be display ta-
bles also to show the goods carried
by this house.

The watchword of the firm in their
new quarters will be "service."
There will be no long waits. Every-
one will be served immediately. A
step in this direction will be the in-
auguration of an individual delivery
system. The firm's own wagons will
call on the residents of Medford
twice a day, once in the morning and
once in the afternoon. The wagons,
of which there will be two, will be
in charge of men who are thorough
grocers, and they will carry a price
list, so the housewife will be enabled
to decide on the spot just what she
wants. The late afternoon delivery
will enable the cook to order in the
evening just what she wants early
the next day and have the satisfac-
tion of being sure that it will be at
her house on time.

If anything is forgotten it may be
secured at the second delivery, and
if it is forgotten then the telephone
may be used. The firm's meat-cut-
ting department will be installed
soon and the housewife will be able
to do all her shopping under one
roof. A man will be employed in the
storeroom just to fill orders.

Another pleasant feature of the
new store is the restroom, located
just to the left as one enters the
store. This will be for the benefit
of the store's customers and will be
arranged for their comfort. Farmers'
wives will appreciate this feature.

SHOE MERCHANT FLEECE.

**Victimized by Man Who Raised
Figures on Voucher.**

A man who signs his name as
Charles H. Hayden is badly wanted
by the police of Medford. Hayden
was employed a day and a half on
the work being done to prevent Bear
creek from overflowing its banks.
Tuesday he quit the work and was
paid with a voucher stating that he
had worked a day and a half and
was entitled to \$3.

Hayden raised the figures on the
check by putting a "1" before the
one and a half days and putting the
figure "2" before the \$3, thus mak-
ing the voucher read \$23 for eleven
and one-half days. He presented the
voucher to C. M. Kidd, the shoe mer-
chant, in payment for a \$7.50 pair
of high shoes and received in
change \$15.50.

Wednesday morning Mr. Kidd pre-
sented the voucher to Recorder Col-
lins, asking that it be recorded and
a warrant issued to him for the amount.

Mr. Collins detected the fraud and
told Mr. Kidd that the voucher was
good for put \$3.

Chief of Police Shearer was not-
ified and immediately began inquiries
to locate the fellow. Evidently he
had left town, for no trace of him
was found. The chief has notified the
police in all the neighboring cities
to be on the lookout for the man.

CEMENT BUILDINGS.

**Factory to Be Established for Making
Blocks.**

Another new industry for Medford
is a cement block manufactory. C.
H. Frost and S. L. Leonard are the
men that form the Medford Cement
& Paving company and their plant is
located on D street, between Tenth
and Eleventh streets.

They manufacture cement blocks
for the building of all kinds of
structures. This form of building
material is new in Medford but is
largely used in other places.

Each block has an air chamber,
and this makes the houses built of
them keep a more even temperature
than those constructed of other ma-
terials, the air chamber serving as a
nonconductor of heat.

The blocks are made from cement
and gravel, the gravel being secured
from the Rogue river. There is no
hand mixing, all that work being
done by a mixing machine, which
insures uniformity.

The company has been expecting a
new block-making machine from the
east, which will more than double
their present capacity. The delivery
of it has been delayed by the bad
traffic conditions throughout the
country.

Houses made from cement blocks
cost about as much as brick and
stone houses and those built of wood
when well constructed.

Revolts at Cold Steel.

"Your only hope," said three doc-
tors to Mrs. M. E. Fisher, Detroit,
Mich., suffering from severe rectal
trouble, lies in an operation, "then
I used Dr. King's New Life Pills,"
she writes, "till wholly cured." They
prevent Appendicitis, cure Constipa-
tion, Headache. 25c at Chas.
Strang's.

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 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 cen-
ter of the old style.

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

PUT ELECTRICAL BELLS IN YOUR HOUSE

here, there and the other place, and
then with an annunciator in some
central location you are in touch with
your whole establishment—the sup-
ply bells, annunciators, wires, bat-
teries, etc., and do the wiring—all
for modest compensation.

ARTHUR H. DAVIS

Call in and see