

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

EAGLE POINT EAGLETS

(A. C. Howlett)

Dear Medford Mail:—As business called me away from home so that the Eaglelets could appear in the usual form I thought that I would give a few jottings along the way.

I did not get off on Tuesday as was stated in the Morning Mail on account of the train being behind time thirteen hours but I left Medford on Wednesday morning on No. 16 and had a good opportunity to see the country as I passed along. There was nothing of note to attract my attention until we reached Glendale, there we found that it was raining and we could begin to see a slight change in the appearance of the crops, although they were not as good as they usually are.

All along the line I could see a decided improvement but no so marked in the Willamette valley proper as it might be.

I could see that in Douglas county the farmers had been taking pattern from the farmers in Jackson county and pruning up their orchards and cultivating the soil and putting the fruit trees and berry vines in proper shape. On making inquiry upon the prospect for fruit this year I learned that the frost had done no especial damage, but that there would be a plenty as usual.

On arriving at Cottage Grove I met on of Jackson county's old and respected citizens, Mr. Alfred Corden formerly of upper Rogue river. The few minutes I had to talk with him I learned that he had bought a farm about two miles from Cottage Grove and was well pleased with the surroundings. Cottage Grove has improved in appearance considerably since I was over the road last and the surroundings led me to think that a new class of people had come in and settled there.

Eugene presented as usual, a neat appearance and showed that the citizens thought of their reputation abroad and consequently had things fixed up in shape. From Eugene on down the river the valley, or rather the farms show a lack of taste or pride in fixing up, in fact the most of the land seems to be owned by the large land holders and they don't seem to care how their places look, although some of the farms show a degree of neatness that will compare favorably with the farms in Jackson county.

Passing by Albany and several small towns we arrived in Salem at 4:15 p. m., where I was met by that indefatigable worker, Rev. Mark C. Davis and taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schindler, the place assigned to us by the committee on arrangements, during our stay, we having gone to Salem to attend a meeting of the Congregational Association of ministers and delegates.

On Tuesday, we as a body took carriage and went out to the Willard church about twelve miles, where the ladies had prepared a basket dinner, say Mr. Editor, if you never attended a basket dinner in the country you can form no idea of what it means—the long table was spread under the trees adjoining the church and was about forty feet long and simply loaded with the good things that the Willamette valley produces. In the afternoon we went about five miles to Howell church and there we had another royal greeting. The services consisted of singing, prayer and five and ten minute talks on the subject of Christian fellowship. Returning to Salem by 5:30 p. m., where we finished up the business of the association meetings.

We found the roads fine except in the city of Salem where they were very rough. The next morning Rev. Davis, Smith, Oakley and myself took the car for Oregon City where we arrived about 10 o'clock a. m.

I have written enough for this time but in my next will tell something about Oregon City, Clackamas, Damascus etc.

ITEMS FROM EDEN.

J. E. Helmie was an Ashland visitor last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Carey were Ashland business visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowman Hartley were Medford shoppers last Saturday.

E. G. Coleman was a Phoenix visitor Saturday, discussing the signs of the times.

Mrs. Frank Oatman of North Talent was down to Phoenix Thursday evening, being initiated into the mysteries of Woodcraft.

Mrs. John Coster, mother of Otto Coster, has been visiting with relatives in North Phoenix and Medford, since the burial of her son, M. B. Coster, on May 13.

William Beardsley and A. G. Croy went to Klamath Falls this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen were Medford visitors Friday. Mrs. E. Gibbs accompanied them.

The famous Wilder strawberry patch of T. J. Wilder of Phoenix is beginning to furnish us with some of those luscious berries. We are sorry that Jack Frost got any of them.

Fisher Hearn & Co. of Phoenix informed your correspondent that they have sold more paint in the last week

than any one painter could use in four months. And the entire lot has been sold to ladies in Stringtown—house paint, of course.

Mrs. S. G. Vandyno came home from the sanitarium at Ashland last Friday, very much improved in health. She was taken to Ashland for treatment, after a severe illness three weeks ago.

John Abbott of Ashland, an old-time resident of Talent, was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Carey Sunday night. Mr. Abbott will take a trip to his old home in the East next June.

Oregon Camp, No. 428, of Phoenix called a special meeting Saturday night for the purpose of making arrangements to offer a reward for the finding of the late L. W. Fansher, either dead or alive. The camp has done all in its power to get trace of the missing man.

NORTH MEDFORD NOTES.

Grandpa Meeker of Riverside avenue was taken seriously ill Sunday evening. He is resting easy at this writing.

He had a brief, sad visit from Mrs. Rev. J. L. Adams today and deeply sympathize with her in her irreparable loss and bereavement.

Mr. Childers has disposed of his pretty residence property on the west side of North Central avenue to Mrs. Carol; consideration \$2500.

Tom Godfrey of Mountain district was disposing of a fine quality of beef of his own raising to the residents of North Central avenue on Saturday.

William Davis, a prosperous farmer of Antioch, tarried in the city Saturday night, the guest of his niece, Mrs. Lucy Davis, of North Central avenue.

One hundred and twenty-five wagons passed our house up to 10 o'clock with from two to four passengers from the north of the county, bound for the circus.

William Jones, Sr., a prosperous farmer and stockraiser of Beagle remained in the city Saturday night on business, and was much surprised to see the rapid changes and improvements in the city.

Kills to Stop the Fleud

The worst foe for 12 years of Jno. Deye, of Gladwin, Mich., was a running ulcer. He paid doctors over \$400.00 without benefit. Then Bucken's Arnica Salve killed the ulcer and cured him. Cures Fever Sore, Bolls, Felons, Eczema, Salt Rheum. Infalible for Piles, Scalds, Burns, Cuts and Corns. 25c at Chas. Strang's.

NEW CASES IN CIRCUIT COURT.

Woods Lumber Co. vs. Charles Lyons and George W. Nichols—Suit to foreclose lien. Plaintiff's attorney is W. E. Phipps.

Rose E. Loar vs. Charles P. Loar—Suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion. The Loars were married at Red Bluff, Cal., in 1906. Plaintiff's attorneys are M. Purdin and W. I. Vawter.

PORTLAND ROSE FESTIVAL.

The Portland rose festival, with all its wealth of bloom and fragrance, of life, light and beauty, opens in all its dazzling splendor of mirth and gaiety June 7, and lasts till June 12.

The affair promises to surpass anything of its kind ever held in the past.

TAFT TO VISIT SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO, May 17.—Congressman McKinlay has notified the secretary of the Sacramento Development association today that President Taft would visit Sacramento some time this summer. The presidential party will enter California from Oregon and will proceed southward. The itinerary has not been arranged as the time of trip will depend largely upon the adjournment of congress.

WAS ONLY FOOLING.

SEATTLE, Wash., May 17.—"I was only fooling. I didn't think, honestly, that Mrs. Burke would carry out our suicide pact, and now I'm sorry."

So said H. O. Eames, who, with Mrs. Grace Burke entered a suicide pact yesterday as a result of which Mrs. Burke died, shot by a revolver in her own hands.

Eames then ate poison, but was hurried to a hospital. He will recover. An inquest will be held to fix the responsibility of Mrs. Burke's death. Eames says they both had been drinking heavily.

HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

SPOKANE, May 17.—The 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Anderson was burned to death at the home of John Campbell, seven miles west of Hatton, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Anderson, who is employed on the Campbell farm, was raking and burning straw and the little girl went to where he was working. He told her to run back to the house, and went on with his work. The little one remained to play with the burning straw and was fatally burned. The parents are almost prostrated. They but recently moved here.

Amateur Strategy

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Perceval's den in Burkeley hall was hung with the usual conglomerate collection of trifles on which college youths pride themselves. Strangely enough, however, though otherwise complete, it lacked one of the essentials—indeed, a vital essential—of a student's room decorations. There were no photographs.

The other fellows had pictures of girls in evening gowns, girls in street costume, girls in golf garb, girls on horseback, girls about—always girls. But not a girl's picture adorned Perceval's den except one lonely small miniature, and that stood far withdrawn, hidden on the back of his desk.

Randolph Chase hailed it out on one occasion before Perceval could reach him with a detaining hand.

"What a queer little girl!" Randolph said.

"Put it back," Perceval said shortly, his face aflame.

But the other fellows crowded behind Randolph and looked at the picture over his shoulder.

"Such a mop of hair and such a little face!" said one of them.

"Put it back!" Perceval's tone rasped with irritation. "Put it back, Randolph!"

Randolph, after one glance at the younger man's countenance, set the miniature back on the desk hastily.

"Oh, if you feel that way about it," he apologized.

But the next night when he was alone with Perceval he said: "I don't want to be inquisitive, but I was awfully interested in that girl's face. Who is she?"

Perceval was standing at the window, looking out upon the elm bordered street, where the big electric lights cast great shadows.

"That," he said without looking around—"that girl, as you call her, is Mrs. Perceval Moore."

"What?" Randolph's tone expressed extreme incredulity. "You surely don't mean?"

Perceval whirled around. "That I am married? Yes."

Randolph whistled. "Well, of all things!" he said. And after that there was silence.

Then Perceval came over and flung himself into a chair opposite Randolph. "I've simply got to tell somebody, Chase," he said. "I'm in an awful fix, and she's the dearest and truest and best little thing in the world."

Randolph reached over and picked up the miniature again. "She truly looks it," he said after he had studied it for a long time.

Perceval choked a little before he answered. "She's an angel, Randolph."

"Then what's the matter?" Randolph questioned.

Perceval leaned forward. "I've deceived her. She doesn't know that I am in college. She thinks I am earning a good salary in business."

"Well, son," said Randolph Chase, "it seems to me that sort of deception is a kind that a girl can forgive easily enough. I guess she won't be wildly indignant when she finds that next year it is next year that you come of age, isn't it?—you'll have a big pile of money coming to you. Any girl would be tickled to death to find that."

Perceval shook his head. "Not Annabel," he declared. "Isn't her name dear and old fashioned, Chase?"

"Yes," Randolph agreed. "But why will she object to a million, Perceval?"

"Because she will say that I lied to her," Perceval said slowly. "And Annabel can forgive anything but a lie."

"Out with it!" Randolph probed.

"Tell me the whole story. It must be a queer one, and if you don't mind my saying so, old man, she must be a queer girl."

"That's just what she is," said Perceval. "I met her last year at the beach. She was such a quaint, queer little thing that she attracted me. She always wore white, and I would find her sitting on the sand sipping little songs to herself. There was an old sea captain to whom she talked a good deal, and I got him to introduce us."

"Well, she had read a lot of books on social equality, and she just simply didn't have any use for the glided youth with money. What Annabel wanted was a man who worked, preferably with his hands, but, failing that, one who lived in the thick of the fight for existence. And she meant it too. And that is where I fell."

"It was head over heels in love with her," continued Perceval, fervently, "and I simply wouldn't let her go. So I let her believe that I was working my way up in business. The first he was simple enough and looked like one of those things that could be squared easily enough afterward. But, oh, Chase! I had to back that lie up with details on details until I had lied to her at least ten lies to the hour. Well, we were married before I left in the fall. I wasn't of age, and she wasn't, and she wouldn't leave home until I could support her without hampering my business career."

"I knew I had to come back to college or get dad down on me, so I told her to stay," groaned Perceval. "But I made her marry me for fear something might come between us, and I couldn't stand that, Randolph. But think how it'll appear to her, for I've lied in every letter, telling her how business was, and all that."

The young fellow's voice broke.

Randolph held out a sympathetic hand.

"She'll forgive you, all right," he said. "But you sit right down tonight and confess, old man. It's not only the right thing, but the best policy, to be perfectly frank with her, and if she's in love with you she'll forgive you."

But Perceval shook his head. "I don't dare," he said huskily. "I am so afraid I'll lose her, Randolph, and she is the dearest thing in the world."

"You have said that before," Randolph remarked patiently. "I think you are making an awful mistake, but

it will have to work itself out if you won't take any advice."

Then he went to his own room and smoked another pipe on it, and after that he wrote a letter.

And in three days came a letter to Perceval. "Dear boy," it began, "I must come to you at once. Things at home are in a dreadful state. I will tell you when I reach you. I know you haven't much for us to live on, but I have a little money in the bank that I have saved from my allowance, and I shall follow this note at once. Expect me on the 10:30 a. m. Friday."

"ANNABEL!"

"And this," said Perceval desperately, as he showed the note to Randolph, "is Thursday. What am I going to do with her when she gets here, Randolph?"

Randolph smiled inscrutably. "Find some rooms in a cheap quarter and set up housekeeping."

Perceval's face brightened. "And go out every morning and make her think I've gone to work? You are a genius, Randolph!"

It took the two men several hours to find a little furnished apartment that would seem suitable for a young couple with little money. Perceval grumbled disconsolately. "I hate to put my jewel in such a setting," he said.

"Tell her the truth," Randolph again advised, "and you won't have to put up with such cheap things."

But Perceval refused. The next morning he met Annabel at the station, and together they went to the little cheap apartment, and here Annabel went on his shoulder.

Her account of the trouble at home was somewhat vague, but she was enthusiastic over the thought of her housekeeping. "It will be lovely to work for you," she said.

But Perceval found it anything but lovely. He hated to see her soft white hands in the dishwasher. It made him wince to see her bending over the flaming stove, and even the joy of her presence could not take away his sense of infinite guilt.

And so he grew thin and pale and worn.

"You are working too hard," Annabel said one night. And when he shook his head drearily his little wife crept out to the janitor's room and telephoned to some one.

"He is punished enough," was her queer message. "Can't you have him go to his old quarters tonight and have it over?"

The next night Perceval said to Annabel: "I have an engagement with Randolph. You won't mind if I leave you, will you, dear?"

"Of course not," she acquiesced. "I can get along just this one time."

Randolph told him that he wished to borrow some of Perceval's books. "I know they were in your rooms, and I thought you wouldn't mind coming over," said he, "so I took the liberty of asking you to desert your wife for one evening."

As the two men entered the luxurious quarters Perceval sighed. "To think of my condemning Annabel to such hideousness as that apartment we are living in!" he said, leaning down to turn on the low electric lamp on his study table.

The light flared up and showed the cozy room, the little fire already lighted in the open grate, the blue flame burning under the brass teakettle.

"Why, what?" Perceval demanded like the big bear in the fairy tale "Who has been living in my room?"

From behind a tall screen came a little figure in white.

"Oh, Perceval!" cried Annabel and threw herself in his arms.

And when Randolph had explained that he had taken chances and had written the truth to Perceval's little wife and Annabel had explained that she had known he was going to school and not to work, ever since she had come to him, and, oh, didn't he know that she would love him if he was rich, Perceval drew a long breath of happiness.

"I don't deserve it," he confessed, with his eyes shining, "and we can't live in these rooms, Annabel. But I am going to take my chances with dad, and when he sees what a dear little, queer little thing you are he will give in, and if he doesn't I can earn my living like a man now that I am square with you, sweetheart."

A HARD TASKMASTER.

Agassiz Forced His Pupils to Find Out For Themselves.

When I sat me down before my little Agassiz brought me a small fish, placing it before me with the rather stern requirement that I should study it, but should on no account talk to any one concerning it or read anything concerning fishes until I had his permission so to do. To my inquiry, "What shall I do?" he said in effect: "Find out what you can without damaging the specimen. When I think that you have done the work I will question you." In the course of an hour I thought I had compassed that fish. But Agassiz, though always within call, concerned himself no further with me that day nor the next nor for a week. At first this neglect was distressing. But I saw that it was a game, for he was, as I discerned rather than saw, covertly watching me. So I set my wits to work upon the thing and in the course of a hundred hours or so thought I had done much, a hundred times as much as seemed possible at the start. I felt full of the subject and probably expressed it in my bearing. As for words about it then, there were none from my master, except his cheery "Good morning." At length on the seventh day came the question, "Well?" and my disgorge of learning to him as he sat on the edge of my table, puffing his cigar. At the end of the hour's telling he swung off and away, saying, "That is not right."

I went at the task anew, discarded my first notes, and in another week of ten hours a day labor I had results which astonished myself and satisfied him. Still there was no trace of praise in words or manner. He signified that it would do by placing before me about a half a peck of bones, telling me to see what I could make of them, with no further directions to guide me. Two months or more went to this task, with no other help than an occasional looking over my groupings with the stereotyped remark, "That is not right." Finally the task was done, and I was again set upon alcoholic specimens. — "Autobiography of Professor Shaler" in Atlantic.

AUTO REFUSES TO FORD RIVER

Even dignified doctors have to encounter the humorous side of things at times, but they must always have the happy faculty of retaining under their lids anything in the way of a joke in which they are the unfortunate ones. Doctors, of course, according to the ethics of the profession, must at all times keep up a dignified bearing that is in keeping with their calling. However, the Evening Telegram has got wise to a good story in which a prominent Rogue River valley physician is a conspicuous party. The Telegram says:

Marooned on an automobile in the middle of Bear creek, a few miles from Medford, Or., a party of physicians, including two Portland medical men, were forced to remove their shoes and hosiery, roll up their trousers and paddle around in the icy water for half an hour before they managed to drag the machine upon dry land. Running at a dangerous rate of speed against time, because of the delay, the automobile pulled into Grants Pass just in time for the Portland men to see their train pulling out. Waiting two hours for the second section, which was crowded, they had to curl up on the hard seats of a smoker and pass a most uncomfortable period until they reached home.

Now that their strenuous adventure is past, the physicians perceive its humorous features, but they are not doing any advertising at that. Several persons from Grants Pass, however, are not so uncommunicative. In substance, here is what they tell:

Stuck in Midstream.

Dr. Coffey and Dr. Pierce attended the annual meeting of the Southern Oregon Medical association at Grants Pass May 11. The former read a paper on "Cancerous Growths and Modern Treatment," the latter on "Tuberculosis." To show the appreciation of Grants Pass physicians, Dr. E. B. Pickel took them for an automobile tour of the Rogue River valley, incidentally desiring to make them jealous of his fine new machine. Mrs. Pickel and 11-year-old Carter Pickel rode with them.

When about five miles from Medford, Dr. Pickel tried to demonstrate the marine prowess of his auto and started to cross Bear creek. In the middle of the stream, about 15 feet from either shore, the tires refused to "bite" and then their troubles began. Almost standing on his head while leaning over the hood, Dr. Pickel tried to crank up, but succeeded only in showering the occupants of the machine with water. With dignified mien, Dr. Coffey then essayed to jump ashore. He made a tremendous leap, but—well, water is always wet.

Shoe Laces the Cause.

Discarding his dignity, the physician broke limbs off trees and gathered driftwood to build a pontoon bridge to the automobile from shore. Part of the time was spent in rescuing with a pole the personal effects of the chauffeur, which dropped into the creek while he was cranking up. The pontoon gave way just in time to let Dr. Pierce and Dr. Pickel, who were proceeding shoreward, off the water wagon.

Then the physicians removed their shoes and hosiery and rolled up their trousers. After much coaxing, Dr. Coffey was induced to assist in helping get the machine out of the creek. This performance took almost half an hour, and before it was over all three had cold feet. Then the run for Grants Pass to catch the train began, the "speedometer" showing a gait of 30 miles an hour over a rough road.

"If it hadn't been for you and Pickel losing five minutes lacing your shoes after we got the auto out of the creek, we wouldn't have to sit up all night," growled Dr. Pierce, as they gazed after the train vanishing Portlandward.

SHIPMENTS HELD UP.

SALEM, Or., May 18.—Alleging that the O. R. & N. discriminates against California commission merchants who do not use the Harriman

THE MAY SALES NOW ON IN FULL BLAST

If you haven't attended our May Sales you have missed some grand bargains. This is sincere. We are as earnest in our advertisements as in our speech. We believe in telling the truth, and nothing but the truth at all times, whether written or spoken, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding. Now you can use the goods we are offering at such big reductions and we invite you to look.

You'll find the store full of customers as a rule.

The SUIT SALE ISN'T THIS SO?

No store in Oregon so far as we can learn has offered new Spring Suits at anything like the prices we are now making. Ladies returning from the city tell us that we beat Portland prices right along.

You Be the Judge

\$6.19 for Suits up to \$15.00

\$9.57 for Suits up to \$22.50

\$11.49 for Suits up to \$27.50

\$14.73 for Suits up to \$32.50

\$21.89 for Suits up to \$50.00



EXCLUSIVELY FOR WOMEN
BAKER-HUTCHASON CO.
Medford, Oregon. Near Postoffice

line boats in shipping fruit to Portland, the Garcia & Maginn company of San Francisco today complained to the state railroad commission, asking for relief. They allege that the O. R. & N. company, by high rates, is attempting to force the commission merchants to discontinue the use of competitive steamship lines by charging high tariff over the passenger lines; and that the Harriman people discriminate in favor of merchants who use the Harriman boats.

They further allege that in many instances the Harriman people have deliberately held back shipments in Portland for fully two weeks, so as to give consignees the impression that only by shipping over their lines can the proper service be secured.

SEARCH FOR MISSING MAN.

EUGENE, Or., May 18.—A party consisting of J. W. Bowman, R. Kompp and J. Ford went today to the Fall Creek country to search for the body of A. A. Ford, who disappeared April 28.

Ford had been engaged by D. J. Christie to take him to a mining claim, and started back alone. He failed to put in his appearance, and two weeks later one of his horses, with the pack still on its back, was found in the mountains. It is generally supposed that Ford met with some fatal accident.

MACHINE REMAINS.

The Jacobsen-Bade ditcher, made famous in a poem by A. Brown, will remain with us. The machine had been loaded on the cars ready for shipment back to Portland, when it was decided that it might be used to advantage in the digging of the trenches for the water mains, and so it will remain with us for a time at least, while the doggerel machine grinds out another stanza or two.

AUTHORITIES BAFFLED.

SPOKANE, May 18.—The police, the sheriff's office and a big force of detectives brought here by the Great Northern have confessed they have no clues whatever to indicate the whereabouts of the bandits who held up the Great Northern train near Spokane Saturday night. The sheriff discredits the detention of four suspects at Deer Park, and asserts that

he has not sent men there to investigate. There is a woeful lack of co-operation between the different officers searching for the bandits, apparently the magnitude of the rewards having excited jealousy.

SPOKANE MAN INVESTS.

W. E. Norris, an architect of Spokane, who recently arrived in this city, has purchased a home on the corner of Maple and Oak, and will make this city his place of residence in the future. The charms of the Rogue River valley were such that Mr. Norris could not resist the temptation to cast his lot among us.

VERDICT OF SUICIDE.

SEATTLE, May 18.—The coroner's jury in the case of Ida Burke, who shot and killed herself Saturday in the Hotel Cecil, after making a suicide compact with H. O. Eames, a Tacoma hardware dealer, returned a verdict of suicide. Eames was released.

VAUDEVILLE STAGE REACHED.

NEW YORK, May 18.—The stage of the sensational murder trial which has become so familiar—the Hains-Annis tragedy today when it was announced that Mrs. Annis had signed a contract to play the accompaniments in a sketch. Mrs. Annis is quoted as saying since she has been thrown on her own resources that it was necessary that she adopt some means of livelihood.

TEDDY WILL HAVE ZOO.

NAIROBI, East Africa, May 18.—Edmund Heller, one of the zoologists of the Roosevelt expedition, came in to Nairobi this morning with some 50 specimens of animal and bird life that are to be cured and preserved here. They include one rhinoceros, six lions, two giraffes, 20 smaller kinds of game and a variety of birds.

KIRBY THE CHOICE.

NEW YORK, May 18.—John Kirby, Jr., of Dayton, O., was the unanimous choice of the nominating committee for president of the National Manufacturers' association to succeed James W. Van Cleave at today's session of the convention.

200,000 TREES

200,000 TREES

Rogue River Valley Nursery

C. F. COOK, Proprietor

HEADQUARTERS FOR
HIGH GRADE HOME-GROWN NURSERY STOCK

If you are contemplating planting large or small orchard it will pay you to see COOK before placing your order for trees. Headquarters for everything that grows. Always in the lead and always reliable.