

THE DEACON EXPLAINS

He Tells What Was the Matter With His Friend Taylor.

JOEL HAD MANY TROUBLES.

According to Spooner, He is Now Drawing Long Breaths of Relief in Another Land—The Kind of a Widow Not to Marry.

"GENTLEMEN," said Deacon Spooner as the usual crowd had assembled at Snyder's grocery for the mail to arrive and be distributed. "I learned late this afternoon that our friend and neighbor, Joel Taylor, had disappeared from his home, with strong suspicions that he had precipitated himself into the mill pond in search of peace and rest. I presume all others of you have



SHE FOLLOWED AND TOOK HIM OUT OF THE TENT.

heard the same thing and are aware of the fact that in the morning the pond is to be dragged for the body.

"There may be some among you that think Joel has taken a skip and is still alive, but I am not of the number. There is no doubt in my mind that we shall fish him out of the water and that his face will wear the same pitiful expression that we have seen resting there for the past five years.

"The question among us is why Joel should want to die, and it is a question that most of us can answer to our own satisfaction. He has simply got tired of life. He could look back for five years and see nothing but ashes. When he looked ahead into the future he could not see that it held anything for him. He has been gathered to his fathers, and, according to my way of thinking, he is now drawing long breaths of relief in that other land.

"Gentlemen, what was the matter with Joel Taylor? Why didn't he go around whistling 'Yankee Doodle' and feeling that this was a good old world to live in? The answer is not far away. He married the wrong woman. Some of us who knew what he was planning to do argued and ranted with him, but it did no good. Joel would lend a plow, a hoe or a shovel as quick as any man on earth, and he was honest from head to heel, but at the same time he was set in his ways. I hadn't saying that it wasn't the right thing for him to fall in love with and marry a widow, but what I'm contending is that there are several kinds of widows, and he ought to have taken advice. If he had married one who had been a widow only a year or so, with the tears of grief still in her eyes, he'd have been alive and happy today.

"What sort of a widow did he marry? I'm not going to say anything particular again here. I'm just saying that she had been a widow and bossed things for eleven years. She had got the bossing business down fine. Even the ducks and roosters around her place would jump at her call. Joel had come up by himself without any bossing, and he was one that couldn't take kindly to it. And he didn't know womankind. He thought every man was an oak and that every woman was a vine that wanted to cling to him and ask nothing better than to have a master.

"Well, as I said, it was no use to argue with him. He was set and went ahead, and most of us here know what began to happen almost at once. The widow had a farm, and she didn't turn it over to him. No, sir. She kept it right in her own name. She told him she was perfectly able to boss that and his, too, and she went ahead and did it. Joel hadn't been married three months when his day's work was planned out for him. He couldn't buy nor sell without his wife's consent. If he got roosted on the fence to chin with a tin peddler or a lightning rod man, he'd hardly get his mouth open before down would come the wife to hustle him back to work.

Occasions When Joel Rebelled.
"I know there were occasions when Joel rebelled, same as any man of spirit, but rebellion was crushed almost in the bud. His wife had a way of looking at him that set his knees to wobbling. If he still held out she starved him into submission. I've known him to live for four days on raw turnips before he'd give in, but knuckle he had to. There was even-ings when we used to see him here. He'd slip in with a jar of jam for James or kerose and he couldn't be waited on right away. He was in a sweat. No matter how good a story anybody was telling, he would stop to stop and listen. On the other hand,

"In such a case man could make valuable use of him as a messenger."
"There you have it—there you have it!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he danced around in his excitement and frightened the cat out of the room on a gallop. "There is the solution of the flying problem, and not a soul in this whole world has thought it out except me. That's what I have been puzzling over for the last four weeks. That's what's been killing me instead of lunyago. Now, however, we are famous—we are rich!"

"Just what is your plan?" she asked.

"I intend this: The earth could fly if he had the wings to do it. He goes through all the motions as it is. Make wings for him—give him a show. Let him fly over the valley until he has got it down pat. Then teach him what you want done. If it is to carry a mail here to Boston or Philadelphia, all right. If it is to rise with a 500 pound steel and rock out a man-of-war belonging to the enemy and drop it down one of her funnels, all right. If it is to smothering all fish, well, he can call over a fort and drop a shell or other explosive. He can sail over a town and destroy it. He can reach a height where he will not be seen, and the terror he will spread will be something awful. Is that right?"

Mrs. Bowser nodded her head to signify that she did, and he continued: "The day these birds take to carrying messages such as we find in all our butcher shops is made down either or out in the alley instead of in the country. We deny the allegation. It's a feud between the two countries, become strained. During this critical period Japan further declares that chops are really mutton chops, and fifteen minutes later, before we have time to call her a liar, she declares war and starts a fleet for San Francisco. Then what follows?"

"Your flying ostriches come into play."
"Exactly, my dear woman. You have a head on you. A hundred flying ostriches, each with a 500 pound dynamite shell in his claws, starts out to meet the fleet. The fleet is sighted, the shells dropped, and Japan isn't heard of again for the next hundred years. Do we want anything better? With a hundred ostriches trained to fly and do the work we can make all the other nations on the face of the earth shake in their boots."

"What name are you going to give it?" seriously inquired Mrs. Bowser.
"I have already selected that. I shall call it the Bowsersplant. That gives you half the honors, Mr. Bowser, but we've hit it—we've surely hit it! No blamed old flying machines for us, but we simply turn an ostrich loose and tell him to get there. The world has been fooling around over a hundred years to solve a problem that we have made clear in ten minutes."

"But I should like to hear what others say about it."
"And so you shall. I'm going over and state the case to the druggist. He once invented a flying machine himself and has always been interested. I'll bet I jump him out of his boots."
Mr. Bowser departed at once. He didn't propose to let that ostrich idea get cold. He went out, saying that he would be back in half an hour, but that time passed—then another half hour, then a full hour. Then Mrs. Bowser and the cat went to the front door to see if anything could be seen of him. On the front steps was a huddled figure with the rain beating down on it. Mrs. Bowser took it by the arm and assisted it into the hall, and after a look by the gaslight she exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Bowser, what's the matter?"

"Your lawyer!" he hissed as he leaned against the wall. "Your lawyer—my lawyer—divorce—alimony!"
And as she stood gasping for breath he wearily toiled up the stairs until lost to sight. The druggist must have said something to crush him.

M. QUAD.
She Was Wise.
"Miss Fish," remarked the young man as he placed his hat on his head and prepared to depart for home. "I proposed for your hand two hours ago, and I await your answer with bated breath."

"Mr. Smallchange," smiled the young lady. "I'm afraid you will have to bait your breath with something besides onions and cloves to catch this kind of a fish."—Judge.

Up In the Air.



Landlubber—Seems to me I hear music.

The Professor—Um—I didn't think we were up high enough for that yet!—Harper's Weekly.

Off the Boards.
"The performer in the Christmas pantomime who swallows the three swords at once came near choking to death this morning."
"My! His swords stuck in his throat!"
"No; a sabbona."—Brownie.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Be it resolved, by the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, the Mayor approving, that there be and is hereby ordered a general election in said city to be held on Tuesday, January 12, 1909, for the election of

A mayor for the term of two years.
A councilman from the First ward for the term of two years.
A councilman from the Second ward for the term of two years.
A councilman from the Third ward for the term of two years.

And such other measures as shall be lawfully submitted at said election.

The following polling places, judges and clerks are hereby designated for the several respective wards:
First ward—Polling place, Commercial club, room 3; judge, W. H. French;

judge and clerk, Chas. W. Davis; judge and clerk, A. C. Hubbard.

Second ward—Polling place, Hotel Nash sample room; judge, John S. Orth; judge and clerk, John Sammerville;

Third ward—Polling place, City Hall; judge, G. L. Schermerhorn; judge and clerk, Scott Davis; judge and clerk, H. A. Thieroff.

The foregoing resolution was passed by the city council December 26th, 1908, by the following vote, to-wit: Wortman aye, Merrick aye, Effert aye, Trowbridge aye, Olwell absent, Hafer absent.

Approved: J. F. REDDY, Mayor.

Attest: BENJ. M. COLLINS, Recorder.

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You can raise the wind better by buying Medford property at present prices and sit down at your own fireside until the advance comes next spring.

There's always "something doing" in Medford, and indications are that the coming year will see more building, more street and sidewalk improvement and a greater advance in values in Medford than ever before.

Fall in line and don't let the procession run over you.

ROGUE RIVER LAND COMPANY

EXHIBIT BUILDING

A Map of Jackson County

The Tribune and Southern Oregonian is having made at great expense a fine, colored, lithographed map of Jackson county.

This map will show all cities, towns and villages, rivers and waterways, section and survey lines, railroads and projected railroads, wagon roads, forest reserve boundaries, election precincts and other data needed by everyone. All townships shown in colors.

This up-to-date map will be ready for distribution some time in December. It will be sold only through The Tribune and Southern Oregonian.

This will be your only chance to secure a good map of Jackson county, as all map editions are out of print and plates were destroyed in the San Francisco fire, necessitating new plates made at an enormous expense. Further details later. Ready soon.

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