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It is, and always has been our aim to supply our customers with goods of the highest quality and to that end we are always adding quality to our line. The addition of "preferred stock" makes our



line of high-grade Canned Goods most complete. Our service always the best and every accommodation given our customers.

## Allen & Reagan

Groceries, Chinaware, Fruit and Feed

## Small Orchards

### Bearing and Young Groves on Easy Terms

We have subdivided into small tracts the famous Gold Range Orchard, two miles south of Medford, adjoining the Bear Creek and Burrell orchards, and now offer a limited number of the choicest orchard tracts for sale on reasonable terms.

This is your opportunity to secure bearing orchard, or young orchard, or both bearing and young orchard, consisting of the choicest varieties of pears and apples. The tracts range in size from five to 27 acres. The soil is the best in the valley—Bear creek bottom land. The old trees on these tracts have produced record breaking crops that brought record prices in eastern markets for years past.

No such chance was ever offered before to secure such orchard tracts.

## Rogue River Investment Co.

111 NORTH D. STREET

### WILL SHOW YOU ORCHARDS or FARMS

with better soil, better location, and

**LOWER PRICES**

than any you will find elsewhere.

THE KING REALTY CO., Myrtle Creek, Or. Dept B.

## Mrs. Irene Hampton Isaacs

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## THE MEDFORD NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL \$50,000

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Safety boxes for rent. A general Banking Business transacted.

We solicit your patronage.

### HUMAN BAIT.

The Men Who Gather Leeches in the Swamps of England.

Pale and lean, he spoke in a low voice, crumpling a water cracker:

"Divin' is hard work, and sulphur minin' is hard work, but how'd you like to be bait at 4 shillin' a day? That ain't quite a dollar."

"I was human bait for a leech dealer in England all one spring. It was back in the eighties, but I ain't never recovered the healthy color and weight what I lost. I guess I never will now."

"Down Norfolk way I baited—down in the Norfolk broads. Broad's is swamps. All them swamps, together with the mild, moist climate, makes Norfolk a great place for leeches. Me and a dozen other chaps was leech bait."

"We would wade in with our breeches rolled up to our knees, and as soon as we'd feel a leech on our legs, we'd tear him off and drop him in a basket slung from the shoulder. Quick as thunder we'd do it, but he'd be considerable plumped out even in that little while. And when a dozen leeches settled on you together the last of 'em by the time you got round to him would be as fat and heavy as a lump of lead, whilst you'd be that much lighter natchery."

"In the late spring the leeches took to deep water. Then the bait had to strip and wade in up to their chins. With all that surface to look after, we played a losin' game with the leeches. The quickest of us couldn't stand more'n four hours of it without most fadin' from weakness. And the pain! For some parts of the human bait is mighty sensitive, I tell you."

"The trade's died out now. There's no more call for leeches, and it's a good thing. Bein' bait is too hard on a man. It's worms' work."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### SAFE BOTH WAYS.

The Way Rajah Birbar Saved His Head by Ready Wit.

Rajah Birbar, a boon companion of the Emperor Akbar, the great contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, was a notable wit. The story goes that the emperor once sent Birbar with a message to the king of Persia.

The latter, for some reason or other, bore a grudge toward the rajah and in order to see him lose the emperor's favor thought of a device.

He asked Birbar: "Which of us two is greater in power and majesty—I or Akbar? But, mind you, if your answer is in any way unfavorable to me I will order your head to be struck off."

"Your majesty," replied Birbar without loss of time, "is like the full moon, while the emperor, my master, resembles the crescent."

The king was highly pleased with his reply and let him go.

This news was, however, carried to Akbar, who was wild with rage when he heard it. When Birbar returned to his master's court he was asked to explain himself on pain of death.

"My comparison," said Birbar, "meant only this much and nothing more—that the decline of the Persian king's power had commenced, just as the full moon, after it is full, goes on waning, while your majesty is destined to rise on and on till, like the crescent becoming the full moon in time, it will shine forth with magnificent splendor of glory."

The emperor, who was a great patron of wit and wisdom, heaped the rajah with rewards.

### Clerk's Elbow.

"To remove shiny spots from coat elbows and trousers seats," said a clerk—"I'll tell you how it is done."

The sun was strong on him as, upon his lofty stool, he nunched his mid-day sandwich from thin, ink smeared fingers, but on his old clerk's coat and old trousers no shiny spots reflected the light.

"'Clerk's elbow' such spots are called," he said. "It's like housemaids' knee. To cure it you soak the glittering spot in cold water for half an hour. Then you take a teasel—that's a very stiff thistle—and you rub the spot with it till a nap or fuzz is raised up. Then with a clothesbrush you lay the nap down the right way, and, presto, the shine is gone!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### No Sand in Sandpaper.

"There is no sand in sandpaper," said the manufacturer. "It is powdered glass that does the business. That's where the broken bottles go to." He nodded toward a mass of broken bottles in the yard. "We powder the glass into half a dozen grades," he said. "We coat our paper with an even layer of hot glue. Then without loss of time we spread on the glass powder. Finally we run a wooden roller lightly over the sheets to give them a good surface. When in the past they made sandpaper of sand it wouldn't do a quarter of the work that glass paper does."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Disconcerting.

It is disconcerting when you have paid out \$500 for a violin and \$40 for a bow to find that you can't make a squeak on the blamed thing without a ten cent piece of rosin!

### HIS HARDEST TASK.

The Bull the Matadore Found It Most Difficult to Kill.

There is no description of a bullfight in Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott's book, "Sun and Shadow in Spain," but there is a record of a meeting with a matadore in the studio of the court painter, Don Jose Villegas, and the ensuing conversation, a part of which revealed the bullfighter in an unexpectedly gentle light. It also makes plain the fundamental reason why Americans object to bullfights.

"How many bulls have you killed?" some one asked of the matadore. "In twenty-five years I have killed 3,500 bulls."

"Were you ever afraid?"

"I have been afraid many, many times. On those occasions I put my trust in my legs and ran as fast as I could."

"The bull, however, is the noblest of animals and the bravest. He never makes a cowardly attack from behind. He is so frank. He is terrible, though. A man needs nerve to face him when he comes into the ring pawing the earth and bellowing."

"Will you tell us about the bull that was the hardest of all to kill?"

The matadore's face changed.

"He was a white bull," he said slowly, "and he didn't want to fight. When he first came in he put his muzzle in my hand. He followed me about like a little dog. I led him with the cloak wherever I wanted to go. Yes, that was the hardest bull of all to kill."

### THE "GHOST FLUID."

A Test by Which May Be Discerned the Digital Effluvia.

There is an experiment, first made by Dr. J. Maxwell, advocate general at the court of appeals in Paris, a distinguished magistrate and physician, which may be repeated in any drawing room.

Place a screen covered with a dark colored cloth in front of a window so that the light falls full upon it. Between the window and the screen put the subject of your experiment. Let him hold his hands, palms toward the breast, finger tips touching, in such a position that they are projected against the dark background of the screen. Then bid him slowly separate his hands, keeping the fingers extended widely. Standing behind him you will observe a sort of bluish gray cloud which seems to unite one hand to the other. Eight people out of ten will see this, says Vance Thompson in Hampton's Magazine. In 300 tests made by Dr. Maxwell personally 250 folk of one sex and the other discerned the digital effluvia; about 5 per cent saw it tinged a decided blue, two saw it yellow in tone, and in one instance the spectator saw it of a reddish hue.

The experiment succeeds best in a warm room. Cold and damp work against it. The duration of durability is four or five seconds.

### Rammed by a Shark.

The strangest shark story which ever came to the writer's ears was of a shark that charged a steamer. This was in Queen Charlotte's sound, and an account of the incident appeared in a Vancouver paper. The captain of the steamer, which was a small craft of only fifty tons or so, saw the shark on the surface on the port bow and could not resist the temptation of taking a shot at it with his rifle. He hit his mark, whereupon the monster, said to have been fully twenty feet in length, deliberately charged the steamer. The boat quivered from stem to stern, and the captain said afterward that it was like striking a rock. After this display of temper Master Shark had had enough of it and sank out of sight.—T. C. Bridges in Chambers' Journal.

### Did He Mean to Be Funny?

The editor of a newspaper whose policy it is to print many letters from correspondents in neighboring towns recently received such a communication from his representative in one place as to which he was not quite sure. He could not decide whether the correspondent was unconsciously humorous or whether he was endeavoring to comply with the standing instructions of the paper to "always be on the lookout for any little touch of humor that may brighten up our columns." The item read as follows: "Mr. Harry Splinks, the well known butcher of this place, has been losing flesh rapidly of late."—Lippincott's.

### An Amendment.

"I'm a terror, I be," announced the new arrival in Frozen Dog to one of the men behind the bar.

"Be ye?"

"Takes three men to handle me once I get started," he went on.

"Oh, well," he remarked as he arose painfully and dusted off his clothes, "of course if ye're short-handed I suppose two kin do it on a pinch."—Everybody's.

### Located.

"You say that the cook assaulted you?" inquired the judge.

"He did—kicked me, your honor."

"Where did he kick you?"

"In the pantry."—Judge.

## WANTED

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OREGON

Office in Jackson County Bank Upstairs



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To have quality and price so evenly blended that you will find it both profitable and pleasurable to have us do your tailoring work. Drop in and see our new spring fabrics.

Don't buy a hand-me-down when you can get a tailor made suit at the same price.

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and to other principal cities in the East, Middle West and South, Correspondingly low fares.

On Sale June 2, 3; July 2, 3; August 11, 12.

To DENVER and Return ..... \$64.90

On Sale May 17, July 1, August 11.

Going transit limit 10 days from date of sale, final return limit October 31st.

These tickets present some very attractive features in the way of stopover privileges, and choice of routes; thereby enabling passengers to make side trips to many interesting points en route.

Routing on the return trip through California may be had at a slight advance over the rates quoted.

Full particulars, sleeping car reservations and tickets will be furnished by any Southern Pacific local agent, or

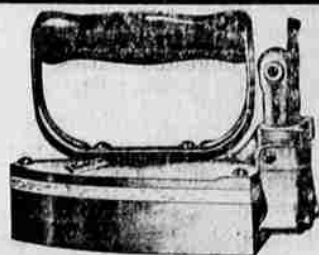
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We make any kind and style of windows. We carry glass of any size on hand.

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