



A SUNNY WAY ON THE GROUNDS.

The grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition abound in beautiful vistas and sunny, flower bedecked walks. One of them is shown in the picture. It is a short avenue which ends abruptly at the Forestry building, which is to be seen in the distance with an ornate music pavilion planted squarely before it. The picture was taken on April 13, and the lumber seen piled on the sidewalk does not argue unfinished construction, but unfinished exhibit booths on the inside of the Palace of Manufactures, in front of which it is lying. This formal garbure transforms this wide avenue into a veritable beauty spot. The newness and utilitarian aspect of the great Palace of Manufactures are toned into keeping with the picture, and the mass of color in the formal flower beds reflects a splendor which is a wonderful addition to the attractiveness of the spot. Besides these great masses of gorgeous blooming plants set in their individual greenery, numerous beds of sweet smelling herbs have been placed all along the avenue, so that at all times the air is filled with the grateful odors of mint, marjoram, lavender and a dozen other fragrant growths.

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TEN REASONS WHY You Should Be a Reader of The Pacific Monthly

1st. It is the leading magazine of Western America, published on the Pacific coast, edited by western men and its entire contents are Western. With pen, brush and camera, it tells the story of the wonderful progress of the West.

2nd. No other section of the entire world is experiencing such a rapid industrial and commercial growth as that section of the United States west of the Rockies. It is a duty you owe to yourself to keep informed—The Pacific Monthly completely covers the field.

3rd. There are opportunities for the extension of practically every line of business in this territory, and The Pacific Monthly tells of these opportunities.

4th. If you are looking for a chance to invest or locate—commerce, farming, orcharding or professional work, if you are worn, tired or in ill health, seeking rest or reasonable, The Pacific Monthly will give you a thousand valuable hints.

5th. Here also you can get close to nature. The great snow-capped mountains, in all their rugged grandeur, the boundless plains and the virgin forests, "God's Country," untarnished by the hand of man. Do you not wish to spend a few hours each month with us?

6th. The best of western literature to be found in the Pacific Monthly. Live topics of THE DAY, stories of progress and of opportunities, the Romance of the mountains and the plains, always intensely human.

7th. One never tires of beautiful pictures and the Pacific Monthly is famous for its illustrations, always a veritable picture book of Western scenery, from Mexico to Alaska and from Denver to the coast. No expense is spared in securing the most striking photos for reproduction in colors and halftones.

8th. The Pacific Monthly should be in every home. From gover to gover it is a clean, wholesome reading of an educational nature. It is particularly interesting and valuable both to teacher and students.

9th. Look upon your map, note the great area west of the Rockies, think of the wonderful resources of this section of the country—thousands of acres of agriculture land, billions of feet of standing timber, mineral riches beyond comprehension, extending to the shores of the mighty Pacific, the highway to the Orient—Do you not want to know more about this marvelous country?

10th. A spirit of optimism prevails throughout the west that lends life and vigor to all. That is why the Pacific Monthly is different. It comes to you each month breathing this spirit of the west. It will put the red blood into your veins—try it.

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All Around Ability of the Indispensable "Boy" in India.

In these days of loud wailing about the haughty domestic, exorbitant wages and small returns it is soothing to recall the efficiency and submissive service of the oriental servant.

In India the indispensable "boy" does everything—"boy" being a generic name regardless of age or native ability—receiving in remuneration the equivalent of \$12 to \$14 a month at the most. He buys your railroad tickets, checks your luggage, settles the clamors of luggage coolies, gives your tips and shows away the hordes of beggars, telegraphs to hotels for your rooms and takes care of them when you get there, makes the bed, brings the afternoon tea, stands behind your chair at table and serves you, brings your account when you leave and wrangles for you over its inevitable extortions.

At the dak bungalows he forages for your meals and, if necessary, cooks them. He produces washmen, sewing men and all sorts of dealers in everything on demand. He makes up your bed on sleeping cars and replenishes your supply of ice and soda. He runs your errands, cleans your boots and hats, darns your stockings and mends your clothes.

When you walk abroad, he attends you and directs you to the bazaars where you will be robbed least, receiving his commission later from an appreciative proprietor.

For every rupee entrusted to him for general expenditure he renders an account, and though he doubtless robs you gently he does not let others do it (and it is distinctly advantageous to be robbed by one person rather than a score).

He is silent and noiseless, salaams whenever you speak to him and never enters your presence with his shoes on or his turban off.

And finally, his multifarious day ended, he wraps himself in his shawl and sleeps across your threshold.—New York Tribune.

SAW THE GHOST.

A Story That Stood the Test of a Court of Law.

As a circumstantial ghost story and one that stood the cold scrutiny of a court of law Booty's case is without a parallel. The date given is 1688, when Mrs. Booty brought an action for slander against one Captain Barnaby for what he had said of her late husband. According to an extract from a journal produced in court, dated Friday, May 15, 1687, the captain on that day went ashore with a large party of friends to shoot rabbits upon Stromboli, the island off Italy, which, from its ever burning crater, is called "the lighthouse of the Mediterranean." At about 3:30 in the afternoon two men were seen running toward the volcano, which was emitting flames. Captain Barnaby then exclaimed, "Lord bless me, the foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbor." They then vanished in the flames, a fact of which every one present took note.

Upon Captain Barnaby's return to England he learned that "old Booty" had died just about the time of the strange occurrence at Stromboli. He then made the remark which was the subject of the action, that he "had been old Booty running into the flames of hell pursued by the devil." Mrs. Booty claimed £1,000 as damages, and the case came on in the king's bench before the chief justice, Sir Robert Wright. For the defense, in addition to the testimony of Captain Barnaby and his friends, old Booty's clothes were brought into court and identified by several witnesses as being similar to those worn by the foremost man who ran into the crater—even to the peculiar buttons on the coat. The judge was so impressed by this evidence that he said: "Lord have mercy upon me and grant that I may never see what you have seen. One, two or three may be mistaken, but not thirty." And so Booty's widow lost the day, and the case remains, perhaps, as the only judicially accepted ghost story on record.—London Chronicle.

Sound in the Air.

A writer in the Strand Magazine describes the astonishment he experienced when riding over London in a balloon at a height of more than half a mile he heard the deafening roar of the great city beneath him as it could not be heard when on the ground. The noise, even at that height, was so harsh and intense as to be painful to the ear. How perfect a sound conductor the air is was shown when the balloon drifted far over the city to a wooded part of the country, where the murmur of the leaves moved by the wind, half a mile below, was distinctly heard.

Careful For Others.

"No," said the candid sleptomaniac, "when I'm arrested for plugging I never give my real name. It would compromise too many people."

"Indeed! And what is your name?" inquired the magistrate.

"John Smith"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Chip of the Old Block.

Crimsonback. Owen Moore's son was

in to see me today.
"Yes—indeed! Doesn't he remind you of his father?"
"Very much. He wanted to borrow \$5."—Yonkers Statesman.

Particular Points.

"Shall I touch out the wrinkles in your face?" asked the photographer.
"By all means," answered the elderly beau. "And also those, if there be any, in my trousers"—Kansas City Journal.

Wronged.

"How long have you been married?" asked the judge.

"Two weeks," replied the lady.
"And you want a divorce so soon? Why, you haven't given him a chance to show you what kind of a man he is. You may like him when you come to know him."

"No, judge, I shall never like him, no matter how well I may learn to know him. He told me that his income was \$5,000 a year, and I gave up alimony of \$150 a month to marry him. Now I find that his salary is only \$40 a week and shall never forgive him—never"—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Knew All About Spelling.



Clerk—There's some new people ordered fish. Do I leave it without the money?

Proprietor—No. Write C. O. D. on the bill.

Clerk—What's the use of that when it's salmon?

He'll Be Stung.

"I understand a florist up the state has succeeded in raising a lovely new rose that has no thorns."

"Never mind. The thorns will be felt by some poor fellow who has to buy a bunch of those roses for some ungrateful girl."—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Apprehensive Epicure.

"Do you approve of these recent gastronomic fancies, such as humming bird, possum and alligator steaks?"

"No. In a little while I won't be able to read a menu without wondering whether I am attending a dinner or having a nightmare."—Washington Star.

Expensive Education.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" asked old Gatrox.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Miss Youngblood. "How much are you willing to spend on my education?"—Chicago News.



Medford Time Table

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Northbound.	
No. 16 Oregon Express...	5:24 p. m.
No. 14 Portland Express	9:49 a. m.
Southbound	
No. 15 California Exp....	10:35 a. m.
No. 13 San Francisco Ex.	3:20 p. m.
No. 225 From Grants Pass	9:15 p. m.
No. 225 For Ashland....	10:15 p. m.

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY RAILWAY

No. 2 Leaves Medford...	10:45 a. m.
No. 4 Leaves Medford...	5:35 p. m.
Motor Leaves Medford...	3:00 p. m.
Motor Leaves Medford...	9:00 p. m.
No. 1 Leave Jacksonville	3:30 p. m.
No. 3 Leave Jacksonville	3:30 p. m.
Motor Leave Jacksonville	1:30 p. m.
Motor Leave Jacksonville	7:30 p. m.

MAIL CLOSURES

	A. M.	P. M.
Northbound	9:19	4:54
Southbound	10:05	2:50
Eagle Point	7:20	2:00
Jacksonville	10:20	5:20



Bud: "Say, Annie, give me another cup of Coffee."

Annie: "No Bud, your mother doesn't want you to drink more than one cup."

Bud: "But, Annie, mother is now using Folger's Golden Gate and it's so good I am sure another cup wouldn't do any harm."

Folger's Golden Gate is the purest and best Coffee we know of. We sell it absolutely on merit.

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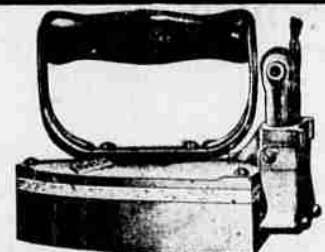
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