

The Middle Horse.

A farmer, plowing with three horses hitched abreast, noticed that the middle horse became tired and exhausted long before either of its mates. As the animal was the equal in every way of the other two, he was puzzled as to the cause of its not being able to stand the same amount of work. He finally observed, however, that as they drew the plow along the three horses held their noses close together, with the result that the middle horse was compelled to breathe the expired air from its fellows. The farmer then procured a long "jockey" stick, which he fastened with straps to the bits of the outside horses. The device worked perfectly, for, given its right share of good, fresh air, the middle horse was able to do the same amount of work and with no greater fatigue than its fellows.

Many persons are like the middle horse—they do not get their rightful share of pure air. And this is why they are not able to perform as much work nor of as good a quality as they would otherwise be able to do.—Chicago Tribune.

A Ticklish Moment.

If to act cleverly on the spot is the measure of tact, then the man who figures in the subjoined New York Tribune story deserves both respect and admiration: A woman, driving through New England last summer, noticed suddenly that her horse limped a bit, so when she reached the next village she stopped at the door of the blacksmith shop. A man was holding up the doorpost, and to him she said: "Will you please tell the blacksmith to come out? I want to see him."

After the manner of the village deity, the man did not stir, but smiled sweetly at the woman and, lifting up his voice, called: "Bill, come out! There's a lady wants to see you."

From the depths of the blacksmith shop a deeper voice roared: "Is she young, John, or old?"

In the words of the old poem, "she looked at John and John looked at her." Then, still without moving, he answered: "You'll be satisfied, Bill, when you get out."

Survival of the Fittest.

Only one oyster embryo out of every 5,000,000 produced grows up through all the successive stages of youth to the adult state. Even in animals which produce a small number of young there is great destruction, and, taking all the individuals into consideration, only a single pair of young arrive at maturity to replace their parents. There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally multiplies at so high a rate that if not destroyed the progeny of a single pair would soon cover the earth. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of known animals. It commences to breed at thirty years of age, dies at 100 and has six young in the interval. After 750 years, supposing all the offspring of a single pair fulfilled the rule and were not destroyed in an untimely way, there would be nearly 19,000,000 elephants alive descended from the first pair.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

When the Terror Quailed.

He would terrorize the neighbors in a most outrageous way, broke the wide world's standing records in athletics every day, while in pugilistic circles he could wipe men in the dust and show master tricks at fencing—laugh at every cut and thrust. He slew tigers in the jungle and scalped Redskins on the plain. He chased lions across the mountains and harpooned upon the main. He could break a bucking broncho—yes, and rope a Texan steer; sling a bowie knife or hatchet, throw the boomerang or sp ur. In hairbreadth escapes he gloried, did this worthy son of Mars, and he'd lick his weight in wildcats—kick them higher than the stars. But his shoes were in his pocket, and his face was ghastly white; he was silent as an oyster when he came in late at night.—Exchange.

He Took the Chance.

"No," she said, and there was that in her voice which told him she would neither change nor falter in her resolve—"no. I have vowed to marry none save one brave and strong enough to swear that should he ever be elected president he will give the vote to woman."

De Lancy, such was his love's abounding depth, hesitated not at all. "I swear it!" he cried and fell upon his knees before her.—Exchange

Tibetan Test of Character.

The Tibetans have some strange tests for ascertaining the character of a man, said Sven Hedln. One is by means of a hole in a block of granite, through which the individual has to crawl. If he is an honest man he will, according to the theory of the Tibetans, creep through, but if a scoundrel he will stop in the middle.

War Play of the Future.

"What properties will we need for the battle scene?" "None whatever. The stage will be bare. The men are supposed to be wearing invisible uniforms and firing smokeless powder from noiseless guns."—Kansas City Journal.

No Time For Retreat.

In an Irish garrison town a theatrical company was giving performances, and some soldiers from the local barracks were engaged to act as spectators. Their duties included the waging of a fierce fight in which, after a stirring struggle, one army was defeated on a given signal from the prompter. For a few nights all went well, but on the Friday evening a special performance of the piece was to be given under the patronage of the colonel and other officers of the garrison. The two armies met as usual at the end of the second act, when they fought and fought and kept on fighting, regardless of the agonized glare in the eye of their (actor) general, who hoarsely ordered the proper army to "Retreat, confound you." But the fight still went on, and soon the horrified manager saw the wrong army being driven slowly off the stage, still fighting desperately. Down came the curtain amid roars of laughter, and the fuming manager hastened to ask the delinquents why they had failed to retreat on hearing the signal.

"Retreat," roared a burly fusilier whose visage had been badly battered, "and is it retreatal ye'd have us, wid the colonel and all the officers in the boxes?"—London Scraps.

Mind Your Own Business.

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place in England of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear that he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day and had not meddled with his neighbors. Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dunwoody fitch of bacon. Though they swore on the four gospels and held out their hands in certain hope, some hitch was sure to be found somewhere, and for all their asseverations the clock remained stationary on the shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from un-called-for interference in things not in any way concerning himself. At last a young man came with a perfectly clear record, and the clock seemed as if it was at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian, "Oh, a young man was here yesterday and made mighty sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't." "And why didn't he get it?" "What's that to you?" snapped the custodian. "That's not your business, and you don't get the clock."

The Chinese Sampans.

In Canton 400,000 people spend their whole existence in boats, which are there called sampans. They are born in them, live in them from infancy to old age and finally die in them. Collectively these boats form a floating suburb to the city proper, one of the most amazing human settlements in the world. Every creek is crammed with them. Along the main banks of the river they are huddled twenty deep—so close together that the covering of mats appears continuous as far as the eye can reach. And each sampan houses a separate family, with its own big brazier lamp, which serves for heating, lighting and cooking the evening meal. The scene when a really serious conflagration once gets a proper hold in the midst of these floating wooden homes may be imagined. Escape is impossible except for those moored at the outermost edge. In one of these conflagrations over a thousand persons lost their lives.

Wanted Her.

"An old couple from the east," says the Detroit Free Press, "are visiting their son in this city. If the mother gets out of sight of the father, he is constantly asking for her and is not content till they are together again. The other evening she went to another part of the house while he was in the parlor and after he had asked for her a half dozen times the son said, rather curtly: "It seems as though you couldn't be without mother five minutes at a time."

"You're right," said the old gentleman slowly. "That's the reason I married her."

A Suit of Ratskin.

A thrifty Welshman at one time exhibited himself publicly in England attired in a costume composed from top to bottom of ratskins, which he had spent three years and a half in collecting. The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 570. Most curious of the garments was the tippet, composed entirely of rats' tails.

Worst Place For It.

Small Johnny had been ill for several weeks when one day an aunt from a distance came to visit the family. "Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "how thin you are! Have you been sick?" "Yes'm," replied the little fellow. "I had the Irish fever and right in my head, too, the very worst place I could have had it."

His Secret.

Student—How would you advise me to go about collecting a library? Professor—Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and loaned them. Now I borrow books and keep them.—Stray Stories.

The Creditor's Letter.

Here is an interesting letter received by a well known English tailor in reply to a "final" application for settlement of a long outstanding account: "I have much pleasure in informing you that I have placed you on the list of my creditors, your number on the roll being 102. In view of your name appearing so far down my list and in common fairness to my other creditors who have been on my books now for some considerable time, I am afraid I cannot hold out the slightest hope of the 'early' settlement which you ask for. I think it will be well, therefore, if you discontinue forwarding your frequent 'reminders,' which can do no possible good and which are a constant source of annoyance to me."—London Pick-Me-Up.

A Doubtful Outlook.

A woman in evident distress was standing at her door. "What's the matter, Mrs. Brown?" inquired a neighbor.

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" was the reply. "Bill's away at the football match."

"Well, what about that?" said the other.

"Ah," responded Mrs. Brown, "you don't know Bill! When his side wins he gets on the loose, and when they lose he comes home and whacks me. They've played a draw today, and I'm sure I don't know what he'll do this time!"—London Express.

Orders for sweet cream or butter-milk promptly filled. Phone the creamery.



CITY NOTICES.

RESOLUTION

Be it resolved by the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon:

Whereas, there has been filed with the city council of the city of Medford a petition signed by more than one-fifth of the qualified electors of said city, as shown by the vote cast at the last municipal election held in said city, petitioning that the boundaries of said city of Medford be altered and new territory included therein as hereinafter set forth, it is therefore resolved: That the following question be submitted to the electors of said city, and also to the electors residing in the territory hereinafter set forth:

Shall the boundaries of the city of Medford be altered by including therein the following described territory, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the present boundary line of the city of Medford, in section nineteen (19), township thirty-seven (37), range one (1) west of Willamette meridian, in Jackson county, Oregon, due west from the northwest corner of Sunrise Home Park addition, in said section, as laid in the plat thereof, on file in the office of the recorder of conveyances in said county; thence east one thousand four hundred and fifty (1450) feet, more or less, to said northwest corner of said Sunrise Home Park addition; thence east on the north line of said addition eight hundred and fifty-three (853) feet to the east line of donation claim No. forty-two (42); thence south on the east line of said donation claim No. 42 five hundred forty-seven and sixteen-hundredths (547.16) feet to the north line of Queen Anne addition to the city of Medford; the same being the section line between sections nineteen (19) thirty (30) of said township and range; thence east on said section line two thousand two hundred and fifty-three (2253) feet to the north-

east corner of said Queen Anne addition to the city of Medford thence south on the east line of said Queen Anne addition and said line extended ten hundred and forty feet to a point one hundred and thirty-two feet north of the northeast corner of donation claim No. 44 in section twenty-nine of said township and range; thence east 1544.4 feet, thence south 1689.8 feet; thence west 1544.4 feet; thence northerly ten feet more or less to a point on the east line of said donation land No. 44 1537.8 feet south of the northeast corner of said donation land claim No. 44; thence south seventy-two degrees and thirty minutes west five hundred fifty and eight-tenths (550.8) feet to the southeast corner of Imperial addition to the city of Medford; thence along the boundary line of said Imperial addition south seventy-two degrees sixteen minutes west thirteen hundred eighty-two and seven-tenths feet; thence north thirty-four degrees west one hundred thirty-eight and six-tenths feet; thence north thirty-nine degrees west one hundred seventy-five and five-tenths (175.5) feet; thence north forty-six degrees fifty-seven minutes west three hundred thirty-eight (338) feet; thence north nine degrees four minutes west eight hundred sixty-two and six-tenths (862.6) feet to the northwest corner of said Imperial addition and to the present boundary line of the city limits of said city; thence in a northeasterly direction following the present boundary line of the city of Medford to the southeast corner of Lindley addition; thence following said present boundary lines of said city in a general northerly and westerly direction to the place of commencement.

Resolved further, that said question be submitted to said electors of the city of Medford and to said electors of said above described territory at a special election to be called for that purpose, said election to be held on the 23d day of July, 1909.

Resolved further, that a special election in and for the city of Medford and in and for the territory hereinbefore described, to be held on the 23d day of July, 1909, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m., is hereby called for the purpose of submitting at said election said question above set forth.

The following are hereby designated as the places in said city at which the polls will be open within said city:

First ward—Commercial club rooms.
Second ward—Hotel Nash sample room.

Third ward—City hall.

The following is hereby designated as the place in the territory hereinbefore described at which the polls will be open:

Residence of E. E. Kelley.

The following are hereby appointed and designated as judges and clerks of said election:

First ward in said city—A. C. Hubbard, judge; C. W. Davis, judge and clerk; J. E. Aston, judge and clerk.

Second ward in said city—J. H. Atwell, judge; Wm. Ulrich, judge and clerk; H. H. Harvey, judge and clerk.

Third ward in said city—M. F. McCown, judge; S. V. Davis, judge and clerk; H. A. Thierolf, judge and clerk.

In the territory hereinbefore described—George Miller, judge; E. E. Kelley, judge and clerk; Clarence Pierce, judge and clerk.

The electors of said city of Medford and the electors of the territory hereinbefore described are hereby invited to vote upon said proposition by placing upon their ballots "For Annexation," or "Against Annexation," or words equivalent thereto.

Resolved further, that notice of all matters herein set forth be given by publishing this resolution for four weeks prior to said election in The Medford Daily Tribune, a newspaper of general circulation in said city of Medford, and in the territory above described, and also by posting four copies of this resolution in four public places in said city and in four public places in the territory above described for four weeks prior to said election.

The foregoing resolution was passed on the 23d day of June, 1909, by the city council of the city of Medford by the following vote: Merrick, aye; Welch, aye; Emerick, aye; Wortman, aye; Eifert, aye; Demmer, aye.
Approved June 22d, 1909.

W. H. CANON, Mayor.
Attest: BENJ. M. COLLINS, Recorder.

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