

What They Make Judges Out Of.
Justice David Brewer of the United States supreme court, during an address before the students of law at the University of Pennsylvania, told them one of the experiences of his judicial career at his own expense.
"It happened I was sitting at one time on a number of cases in which a good friend of mine was interested as counsel, and it also happened that in many of them my decisions were rendered against my friend's clients. One day after the completion of such a case we sat together talking, when a very bashful young man from the rural districts came in to see me bearing a card of introduction to obtain my advice upon the choice of a profession. "What do you think you want to do?" I asked him. "I kind of thought I'd better study law," he replied, "not that I want to very much, but because I guess I'd like to be a judge. They make judges out of lawyers, don't they?" he asked, somewhat hesitatingly. "Once in awhile," my legal friend replied before I could answer. "Once in awhile they do, but not often."—Philadelphia Press.

He Wasn't Fooled.
A once famous publisher was a man well acquainted with general literature, and it was often said of him that he never failed to name the author of any given passage. A would be wit, thinking to have a little fun at this gentleman's expense, told his friends at a dinner party before the said publisher's arrival that he had himself written some verses in imitation of Southey and that he intended to puzzle old F. with the question of their authorship.
Accordingly later in the evening the wag quoted his lines, and, turning to Mr. F., he said: "I am sure they are Southey's from their style, but I cannot remember where they occur. Of course you can tell us."
"I cannot say I remember them," replied Mr. F., "but there are only two periods in Southey's life when he could have written them."
"When were those?" asked the joker, with a wink at his friends.
"Either in his infancy or his dotage," was the quiet reply.

Spanish Railroad Trains.
The Spanish train averages possibly twenty miles an hour—to allow one to make time exposures of the scenery perhaps. It makes frequent and long waits. At every station the guards run up and down, shouting the name of the town and the number of minutes for each stop. At every station also the two military guards who accompany each train descend and walk around the cars, looking to see that no robbers are concealed. As there is at least one stop an hour these guards get some exercise before the day is over. They say this custom was adopted to drive away any brigands who might be concealed in or under the train and that it has been successful. These military guards are very fine looking men and wear an impressive uniform. We saw more than one black eyed senorita look approvingly after them as they passed by.—Outing Magazine.

Getting at the Truth.
At twenty—He thought fate was making a special effort to keep him down.
At thirty-five he thought he might have done great things if his wife had not been such a handicap.
At forty he believed he would have been a great man if his children had not made it necessary for him to cling to the sure things.
At fifty he was positive that there was a conspiracy against him on the part of his fellow men.
At sixty he felt that if he could have been thirty-five again nothing could have stopped him.
At seventy he began to believe that he had failed because of a lack of courage and inability to make the most of his opportunities.
At eighty he was almost sure of it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Savages.
In the New Hebrides are many islands whose interiors have never been visited by Europeans, for the simple reason that to attempt to do so would be to court certain death at the hands of the treacherous and vindictive natives. A little to the north of Assam, too, almost within sight of the tea gardens and the pretty bungalows of the planters, is the country of the Padmites, wherein no white man has dared to set his foot for at least 500 years past.

Punishment and Crime.
"She seems to be having a pretty good time now that she and her husband are separated," whispered the three girls in the corner as she entered the room.
"I don't blame her," said one. "He beat her, didn't he?"
They looked her over again.
"Well, I don't blame him for beating her," the third declared, "if she dressed like that. That red is awful."—Exchange.

Cause For Regret.
"I kicked the stuffin' out o' Dick Smith this mornin'."

Old Wheel of Fortune.
In the village church of Comfort, near Post-Croix, in western Brittany, is a very good specimen of the now rare "wheel of fortune." It is made of wood, with a row of bells on its outer rim and pivoted between a couple of rough beams, altogether very primitive workmanship. By means of a cord attached to a crank the wheels can be made to revolve and set all the bells a-jangling. I have often heard that the peasants believe that it has miraculous power of healing when rung over the head of a sufferer who has placed a coin in the box to which the rope is attached. I received remarkable confirmation of this belief, for while making a photograph a well to do sailor's wife and her husband came into the church and looked round. The woman asked me if I thought there could be any truth in this belief, as her child was very backward in learning to talk. Her nurse, who came from those parts, had advised her to bring the baby and ring the bells of Comfort over his head, when he would be sure to talk. As she was passing she had looked in to see if it was worth trying!—London Chronicle.

The Smooth Way.
In the last generation Tyler Cobb, Esq., was a well known citizen of North Bridgewater, now Brockton, Mass. He was famous throughout Plymouth county for his witty retorts and dry humor.
Never having taken a sea trip, Mr. Cobb one day conceived the idea of making a voyage to New York. Accordingly he sailed from Boston in a small schooner. The first day out a storm was encountered and Mr. Cobb became violently sick, but after several hours he mustered up courage and strength to look out upon the troubled waters.
As he looked from the side of the little ship up the trough of the sea it seemed very smooth to him. The captain's cutting of the waves was senseless, he told himself. But as this mad steering continued the unhappy passenger finally crawled out on hands and knees to where the captain stood at the wheel and, raising his voice above the din of waves and wind, shouted:
"Man, man, keep in the ruts, keep in the ruts!"

Worked It Off.
Just what may happen to a man who isn't strictly honest was illustrated on a street car a few days ago. A man handed the conductor a dollar and asked for a strip of tickets. He received his five tickets, and then the conductor fumbled around for change and managed to make a "mistake." He handed the man two half dollars instead of 75 cents. The man put away the money without saying a word and in a couple of minutes worked his way to the front of the car and got off. "Say, conductor," said an interested observer, "did you know you didn't give that man the right change?" The conductor smiled complacently. "That's all right," he said. "If he'd been honest and returned that bad half dollar I'd have given him a good quarter for it. I've been trying to get rid of that piece of money for a week. I guess he deserved to get stung."—Philadelphia Record.

Deceitful Appearances.
A remarkable experience once befell Mark Twain in Australia, which, he said, determined him never again to judge by appearances. He had just landed at an Australian port, and, to his chagrin, there was no porter in sight to carry his luggage. Seeing a rough looking, badly dressed old fellow leaning idly against a post with his hands in his pockets, the author beckoned to him and said:
"See here, if you'll carry these bags up to the hotel I'll give you half a dollar."
The man scowled darkly, and, taking three or four golden sovereigns from his pocket, he deliberately threw them into the sea, scowled at Mark Twain again and walked away without a word.

Both Tainted.
"You are in the employ of that millionaire up on the hill, aren't you?" snapped the sharp faced woman who ran the butter and egg shop.
"Yes, ma'am," responded the man in the white apron, "and I want two pounds of butter for my master's table. He said he'd send to town after it, only the roads are so bad."
"He did, eh? Well, we are not particular about his trade. Did you tell him I said his money was tainted?"
"Indeed, I did."
"And what did he say?"
"Said so was your blamed old butter."—Chicago News.

A Fixed Law.
"You are positive this happened on Tuesday?" demanded counsel.
"I am," said the witness.
"Sure it was Tuesday?"
"Yes."
"Why not Thursday or Friday?"
"Because we had chicken that day. Chicken day is Tuesday where I board."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cook's Declaration.
The cook picked up an egg. She looked at it doubtfully.
"It's bad," she said.

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 103. 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

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 1669.8 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,

THE SAVOY
THE BOOTS HE COULDN'T LOSE
(Comedy)
BUYING MANHATTAN
(Comedy)
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(Instructive)
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