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To cure an aching back.
The pains of rheumatism,
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You must reach the spit—get at the cause.

In most cases 'tis the kidneys.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys.

G. L. Boone, corner Ninth and C streets, Medford, Or., says: "I was troubled with rheumatism when I first began using Doan's Kidney Pills. I did not think they would do me any good, but finally procured a box at 'Erskine's' drug store. They proved to be the remedy I required. My kidneys were restored to their normal condition, and the pains and aches in my back were removed. Doan's Kidney Pills lived up to their representations in my case."

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Prepaid Railroad Orders.

"Something which is of considerable interest to the public generally and which is perhaps not generally known now in effect between stations of the Southern Pacific company and all points in the United States. By means of this system tickets may be purchased at Medford from any place in the United States and mailed or telegraphed direct to the party wishing to come here. Sleeper accommodations and small amounts of cash in connection with these tickets may also be forwarded at the same time."

One Was Enough.

The British academy once had printed a few copies of an important work for presentation to some foreigners who, from their prominence in the scientific world, were best entitled to be honored with the gift. Professor Airy, the astronomer royal, was requested to make a selection of the names. A few days after he had sent in his list he was informed by the secretary of the academy that "my lords" were struck by the number of unknown names included and that they wished to make an inquiry on the subject. Airy asked the secretary for some specifications as to the names referred to.

"Well, as an example," said the secretary, "here is the name of Professor C. F. Gauss of Göttingen. Who is he?" "Gauss is one of the greatest mathematicians of the age and stands among the two or three most eminent masters in physical astronomy now living. Who else do you wish to know about?" "No one else. That will do," replied the secretary.

What Mar. Owes to Birds.

"It should be realized," said a naturalist, "that without birds to hold in check the insects vegetable life soon would cease and life for man would become impossible upon the earth. Birds are nature's check to the amazing power of insects to increase. If insect life were allowed free course it would soon overpower plant life, and therefore animal life, including that of man, would be impossible. This is an astounding conclusion, but it is the conclusion of science. If the birds were gone very soon the leaves would disappear from the trees, and the limbs would be festooned with the webs of caterpillars or with masses of their nests. These would move from tree to tree, increasing by the millions as they advanced. In the course of a few seasons there would be no trees. In the fields other species of insects would destroy the grass and the grain and all vegetable life, and the ground would be as if a sea of devouring mouths had passed over it."

Laziness.

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us," said a clergyman. "It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what heights might we not have climbed but for our laziness? We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama. He went on, 'who had to enter from the right and say, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super," said the stage manager one night. "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpire your speech. Make it run hereafter. 'The carriage waits, my lord.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.
"More study, more study," he groaned."

The Dragon Tree.

The dragon tree of Tenerife is perhaps the strangest vegetable in the world. It is thought to be a kind of giant asparagus, whose dead branches serve as a support for the crowns. New roots as they come into being encircle and conceal the original stem, which is far away inside, and the roots which become detached from the stem may be seen hanging withered in the upper tree. The trunk is generally hollow, and in the case of an old tree which was destroyed in 1867 there was a spacious chamber which had served the natives as a temple for generations. The tree was forty-eight feet around and ninety-five feet high and is supposed to have been originally watered with dragon's blood, which is the name now given to the sap. This is a regular article of commerce.

Why He Quit.

"So you abandoned the simple style of spelling?"
"Yes," responded the former advocate of the fad. "I found it so difficult to make people understand that I knew better."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Uncle Paid.

Many years ago Shuter, a popular actor, was engaged for a few nights in a principal city to the north of England. It was a coaching days, and it happened that the stage in which he traveled (and in which there were only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped by a single highwayman.

The old gentleman pretended to be asleep, but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly or he was a dead man, "Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug and a countenance inexplicably vacant. "Oh, for, sir! They never trust me with any, for uncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honor."

Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket, while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow traveler.

Cooking on the Trail.

Our guide allowed me to assist him in preparing the breakfast, though I fancy my assistance might have been easily dispensed with. He sagely remarked that if I was going to rough it I might as well begin learning now as any time. It was astonishing how appetizing a meal he prepared with the very fewest conveniences. For instance, he made bread in the sack of flour without using a bread pan. He hollowed out a cavity in the flour, poured in water, added salt and baking powder in proper quantities, then proceeded to mix the dough. He did another thing in his cooking that amused me very much. To prevent the coffee boiling over he placed a small willow stick across the open top of the pot. The lesson in physics soon followed. The coffee bubbled and then rushed up to the top of the pot as though it was going to boil over the sides and extinguish the fire, but as soon as it touched the willow it subsided like some sentient thing.—Forest and Stream.

Captain John Smith and Rats.

The intrepid navigator Captain John Smith in the course of his journeying in the Bermudas had some experience of the rat as a destructive force. "But the great God of heaven," he writes, "caused such an increase of silly rats in the space of two years so to abound before they regarded them that they filled not only those places where they were first landed, but, swimming from place to place, spread themselves into all parts of the country, insomuch that there was no land but it was pestered with them, and some fishes have been taken with rats in their bellies which they caught in swimming from life to life. Their nests they had in almost every tree and in most places their burrows in the ground like cones. They spared not the fruits of the plants or trees or the very plants themselves, but ate them up." All efforts to exterminate these vermin proved unsuccessful, and the unfortunate colonists "were destitute of bread for a year or two."

The Traveler's Joy.

The cream of tartar tree, which is also called the "sour gourd," grows in northern Australia and has a trunk which measures from seventy to eighty-five feet in circumference, but which is only twenty or thirty feet high. The wood is soft and juicy and when steeped in water provides the thirsty traveler with a refreshing and cooling drink. The fruit is about six inches long, shaped like a lemon and contains a gently acid pulp, which tastes like cream of tartar. Wherever it is to be found a small encampment of weary wayfarers unfurl their tents. When sighted in the bush the famous tree is always greeted with a song written by the early bushrangers called "Sing Hey For the Traveler's Joy."—New York Telegram.

Medford Theatre

Hello—People—Hello
Here They Come, The Happy Boys
and their Greatest Success

Murray and Mack

"A Night on Broadway"

40—Happy Boys and Girls—40

Wednesday, July 28th

IF YOU are thinking of investing in the Rogue River valley—if you want an orchard or orchard lands—Go to the man who has lived 35 years in the valley, who has grown fruit for 20 years, who has bought fruit from practically every bearing orchard in the valley and who has shipped hundreds of cars of fruit to the markets of the world during the past few years. REFERENCE—All the large orchardists in the valley since nearly all of them have located through me. JOHN D. OLWELL. Exhibit Bldg, Medford.