

**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL**

The Rev. G. Leroy Hall is in Roseburg this week attending the convention being held there.

Mrs. N. Seter and Myrtle Baker, of Grants Pass, are in the city on business and pleasure.

F. W. Glasgow made a business trip to Jacksonville the first of the week. S. D. Harney of Indianapolis, Ind., returned home the other day after a short stay in this city. He has requested that literature be sent to his home and contemplates settling in this place some time in the near future.

Mrs. Charles Haight of Little Shasta, Cal., who has been visiting in Ashland for some time, was in the city Monday.

J. B. Brown of Medford returned home from Portland, where he has been for some time on business.

Mrs. F. Edmeades left Monday for Ashland on a visit with friends.

Mrs. B. H. Kirby of Ashland, who has been visiting E. Edmeades of this place, departed for home Monday morning.

H. G. Spooner of Greenfield, Ia., arrived in the city recently and will look around.

Mrs. Frank Martin, who has been visiting H. E. Boyden of this place, left Monday for her home in Davenport, Ia.

A. P. Whitney, who has been in Roseburg on business for the past few days, returned home the first of the week. Mr. Whitney is a director of the Sixtyon Copper and Development company of this place.

Owing to a misunderstanding it was announced in Saturday's issue of The Tribune that Sullivan & Considine vaudeville circuit teams would begin their engagement at the Bijou today, when it should have read today week. Meanwhile the building will be altered to seat 200 more people, a new stage with all modern accessories built and everything made ready for their appearance next Monday.

H. G. Spooner of Greenfield, Ia., an old newspaper man, is looking over the Rogue valley. Two years ago he sent in his subscription to the Southern Oregonian and became so impressed with the idea it gave of the country that he decided to come to the place where it was published. Mr. Spooner is well pleased with the valley and is making the most of the week which he has to stay here.

Miss McNeal, daughter of Mrs. W. M. Tuttle of this place, has gone to Eugene to take a post-graduate course at the U. of O.

L. E. Hoover has returned from a trip to Yakima valley on business.

A. H. Lewis left the other day for a visit to the Seattle fair.

Miss Tate of Michigan has come here to live in the hope of improving her health.

Mrs. E. M. Leslie, who has been ill for a short time, is improving rapidly.

Mrs. A. H. Olin went out to Griffin creek recently on a visit with friends in that neighborhood.

Joseph Gilbert of Peru, Ind., is looking over the Rogue valley.

Mrs. N. Roberts of this city is visiting with relatives in Phoenix.

David McMurray of Chicago is visiting A. C. McDonald, a former retired shoe dealer of Medford.

Mrs. B. B. Taylor of Josephine county is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Howell for a few days.

Presence of mind alone saved Charles Carney from a serious mishap Saturday evening while driving across the Bear creek bridge. A runaway delivery team approached from behind, frightening his team, but Mr. Carney drew as close to one side as possible and allowed the runaways to pass. His own team bolted, but he held them. The delivery wagon hung up on Mr. Carney's carriage, but the team went on.

Porter J. Neff and C. M. Kidd have purchased 66 acres of the Obenchain place west of Central Point for a consideration of \$10,000. The sale was made by W. E. Whitesides of Central Point. The new owners will plant the place to fruit and place it on the market in ten-acre tracts.

Ross Kline has returned from a trip to Chieo, where he went to look over the country. It did not look as good as Rogue River valley, so Ross returned.

A consignment of 76 mules and a car of grading machinery has arrived for Porter brothers for work on the Pacific & Eastern.

Chief of Police Shearer developed into a 100-yard-dash man Monday morning when a prisoner whom he was conducting to the lockup bolt-

ed and endeavored to get away. The chief, handicapped by a fall into a ditch at the start, ran as fast as his 200 pounds would let him and finally nabbed his man. The visitor is sleeping off a jag today and will appear in court Tuesday.

Robert Medley of Gold Ray was in the city the other day on business. His parents have arrived here from Mr. A. C. Randall and family have left for their Minneapolis home. Mr. Randall accompanied them as far as San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Zimmer have returned from a trip to Portland.

W. D. Allen of Allen & Reagan left for Portland Saturday evening.

M. E. Worrell attended the wedding of a niece in Portland Monday.

**REMOVAL NOTICE.**

Merriman and Elliott have moved to their new shop on Riverside avenue, where they will be better prepared to do blacksmithing in all its branches than ever before. We take pleasure in thanking all our old customers who have stayed with us in the old shop and inviting newcomers. You will now get the benefit of our long experience and increase facilities. We are here to stay and to please our customers. Horseshoeing is our speciality.

**MERRIMAN & ELLIOTT.**

**In the Old Germanic Wilderness.**  
Leaving Mummelsee on a misty morning, you enter a green underworld of strange dew bediamond brilliance, skirt the head of a deep southward looking valley and emerge upon a sunny open plateau beyond Eckle and look down upon Wildsee, circled by the dark pines of an untouched forest that stretches away to the blue and distant hills. It is easy here to imagine yourself back in the heart of the old Germanic wilderness, in the heroic days when Hagen slew Siegfried with a coward's blow. The morning sun glints upon bright spear tips among the trees and the wind brings snatches of rough war songs shouted by barbarian voices. Your heart swells with the just of battle and the chase, and if you have German blood in your veins it calls back through the dark middle ages to that dim and mystic youthday of the world when heroes met at the Ravena Schlaecht. Within the hour you find yourself back in the twentieth century among motorists drawn up beside the hostelry at Rubenstein, where the Hobenweg drops into the commonplace and crosses the government macadam before climbing the steep side of the Rothe Schillkopft.—From "A Black Forest Pathway," by Frederick Van Beuren, Jr., in Scribner's.

**Verdi and Bismarck on Titles.**  
The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Comte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Vargh bearing the address "Mme. la Duchesse de Lauenbourg."

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically: "Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

**Faithful to His Trust.**  
I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich lovingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of dill pickle, ate it and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated until all the pickle and almost all the meat were gone, the sandwich, however, appearing intact as in the beginning.

"Why don't you eat up your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy with some curiosity.

"Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Woman's Home Companion.

**Friends.**  
"Dear friends," said the philosopher, "are scarce items in this world. They are too few to be counted."

"What d'ye call a friend?" he was asked.

"A friend," he replied, "is one who would lend you money if you wanted it and to whom you would lend money—if you had it."—New York Times.

**Death on the Guillotine.**  
Sardon, in order to be present at the execution of Tropman in January, 1875, spent the night before with La Roquette, the prison director. In his description he says: "At daybreak the guests went out upon the cold, bleak execution place, where the guillotine had already been erected. The bedraggled crowd, which had spent the night in drinking places, sang ribald songs and from time to time shouted for Delbier, the executioner, who meanwhile was explaining the mechanism. The basket in which the head was to drop was brought, and while looking at it I was horrified to see the lid arise and a human form emerge. 'Don't worry,' said Delbier, with a smile; 'that is only my wife, who wanted to see the execution, and I chose the simplest way to secure a good place for her.'" Clemenceau saw Emile Henry decapitated on May 22, 1894, in his capacity as a journalist, and, describing how the culprit was dragged to the machine, strapped upon the plank and there tortured by awaiting the pleasure of Delbier till the knife finally ended it all, said that the "horror of it" made him sick.

**Why Blinds Were Drawn.**  
The Edinburgh landlady of the seventies who astounded James Pryn by her stern determination to have the blinds drawn closely down on the Sabbath was but carrying on the traditions of her great-grandparents. The Scot of the early eighteenth century had a reason for drawing his blinds on Sunday. Mr. Thompson in his "Weaver's Craft" gives it. "Sometimes the minister himself," he wrote, "when he got a colleague to preach for him would make the rounds, accompanied by an elder, to spy with his own eyes the sins of the absentees. Here one man is found romping with his bairns, another as the minister peeped through the window was detected kissing his wife, two men were found drinking ale, and one was found with his coat off, as if he were going to work, and still another was seen eating a hearty dinner. All were pulled up before the session of the kirk and repentance forced upon each."—London Standard.

**Bread and Cheese.**  
A couple advanced in years got married lately.

The husband had a room in the house securely locked, the inside of which his wife had never seen, and, being curious of its contents, she begged again and again to see the room.

At last he consented, and, lo and behold, the room was full of whole cheeses!

He explained matters by telling her that for every sweetheart he had in his young days he bought a cheese.

His wife began to cry.

"Don't cry, dear," he said, "I've had no sweethearts since I met you."

"It's not that," she replied, still sobbing. "I only wish I had been as thoughtful as you and bought a loaf of bread for every man that kissed me. We could have had bread and cheese enough to last us all our days."—London Tit-Bits.

**Trouble For Creditors.**  
Even the simplest law transactions seem to be beyond the comprehension of some people. An old farmer went into a grocer's shop a short time ago, ordered a sovereign's worth of goods and when they were ready for delivery laid down a five shilling piece in payment thereof.

The shopkeeper called out, "Here, this isn't right!" as the customer started to leave.

"Oh, yes, that's all right," replied the man. "I've got permission from the judge to pay 5 shillings in the pound."

A heated discussion revealed that the man had lately settled an insolvency upon this basis and expected to continue that method indefinitely. When he was shown his mistake he was very indignant and evidently considered himself a much abused man.—London Globe.

**She Wasn't Superstitious.**  
"Mary, Mary," cried Mrs. Johnson to her maid, "what shall I do? I've just had a most dreadful accident and don't know what's going to happen. I've broken my new hand glass, and you know how unlucky it is to break a looking glass. It means seven years' unhappiness."

"Lor, mum," replied Mary, "don't you set no heed on that. Look at me. I'm not fretting, and I've just broken the large pier glass in the drawing room."—London Fun.

**Leftover Material.**  
Barbara, aged four, had always been allowed to make small cakes out of the scraps of dough left from the morning's baking, so one morning after being sent to gather the eggs she came running in with a very tiny one and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, see this little egg! It must be that's all the dough the hen had left!"—Delineator.

**Ups and Downs.**  
"The world is full of ups and downs," quoted the wise guy. "That's right," agreed the simple mug. "We are either trying to live up to a good reputation or trying to live a bad one down."—Philadelphia Record.

**TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.**

**FOR RENT—**A suite of office rooms with some furniture for sale. 235 East Main, room 8. 181

**FOR RENT—**Modern seven-room furnished house, close in, \$35 a month. Address M, Tribune office.

**FOR SALE—**\$700 cash, balance like rent, house of seven large rooms, pantry and bath; partly furnished; two lots, 3 blocks from Main street. Address Y, care Tribune.

**WANTED—**Position by first-class engineer, either steam or gasoline, do all my own repairs. What have you? Address "Engineer," care Tribune. 186

**WANTED—**Lady of good appearance who has had some experience in alteration, to do repair work and tend to office. Good position to right party. Must have references. Pantatorium Dye Works. 182

**WANTED—**To sell or exchange for real estate, new 5-passenger automobile. Apply Joe Leggett, Hotel Moore. 182

# WHAT WE WANT

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