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BY THE GRACE OF A RED HAT

By Madge
Bronson... Copyright, 1901,
By A. S.
Richardson.

It was such a startling bit of mili-
tary—all crimson velvet, peacock
breasts and glittering buckles!
Edith Harlowe, stepping from the
elevated train, paused for a farewell
glance in its direction. The next in-
stant there came a fierce tug on her
belt. Then something strong and con-
vincing clasped her waist. Vaguely she
felt that her feet were dangling in
space. Then she heard hoarse cries,
and finally she realized that she had
been dropped unceremoniously upon
the seat nearest the door, with a crowd
of curious people pressing upon her.
"Oh, the poor thing, she's going to
faint!"

Edith drew herself up defiantly, only
to drop back instantly into a more limp
and comfortable position, and the
downtown terminus was reached be-
fore she felt equal to walking. A faint
peach blow tint crept into her face as
she approached the young guard who
had so pluckily come between herself
and death.

"This is one of the times, don't you
know, when one can't think of pretty
speeches. It was all my fault—and
if you had not"—She shuddered
suggestively. "Please give me your
name—and my uncle will thank you
better than I can. Perhaps he?"

One glance at the guard, and the
words died on her lips. The young fel-
low was looking into her eyes with an
air which would stamp any suggestion
of reciprocal favors as an insult.
"My name is Larry Creston, and I
would be pleased to meet your—er—
uncle, Harlowe? Yes, ma'am."

And as he assisted a heavily laden
Italian into the train Edith turned
away with a bewildered feeling that
she had been dismissed, but not dis-
courteously.

In the great commercial world where
she was but a clerical atom the kalei-
doscopic life tumbled madly on
without reference to halfbreath
escapes, and it was quite late in the af-
ternoon before Edith found time to
scratch off the following note:

Dear Uncle John—You have always said
that when you could be of assistance to
me I should feel free to call upon you.
Now, I have a real favor to ask. "This
morning your headless niece was saved
from a shocking, if not fatal, accident by
the quick wit and ready arm of a guard on
the Ninth Avenue R. R. He impressed
me as being somewhat above the ordi-
nary. I know that from your point of
view I am rather a useless member of so-
ciety, but still if you agree with me that
I was worth saving, will you try to place
this young fellow in a line more suited to
his abilities? Your "pull," dear uncle, is
unquestioned. Will you kindly attach
yourself to one of the numerous strings
and oblige your appreciative if somewhat
obscure niece, EDITH HARLOWE.

P. S.—His name is Larry Creston.
For a week Edith heard nothing
from her note. Then one noon she met
her uncle rushing from his favorite
cafe, and she walked at his side to the
elevator door.

"Well, Edith, I've seen your hero.
First rate fellow, and, strangely
enough, I've had some business deal-
ings with his father. They live out in
Ohio, and the boy, fresh from college,
came here imagining that New York
would be at his feet. Instead he soon
found himself on his uppers, glad to
take the first thing that opened up and
too proud to write home for help."

"Um—um!" murmured Edith. "And,
what is more to the point, do you in-
tend to help him?"

John Harlowe smiled into the pi-
quant face of his niece.
"In good time, Miss Independence.
I've several things in line, but he's at
least safe where he is. Long hours
and exposure won't hurt him. He's
tough as a pine knot—was a member
of his college eleven!"

"I guessed as much," acquiesced
Edith, with a smile.
"Ed? Why?" inquired Mr. Harlowe.
"Have you seen him since?"

"No, but I guess he did not tell you—
just how he saved my life. I've—well,
I've felt that tackle."

She disappeared in the elevator, leav-
ing her uncle chuckling by the cigar
stand.

At rare intervals Edith made her ap-
pearance at her uncle's dinner table.
Her acceptance of such an invitation
was usually the occasion for christen-
ing a new gown. But on this particu-
lar evening she could extract no com-
fort from the fact that the chiffon ap-
plique on her bodice had been purchas-
ed at a bargain. Neither did she care
about meeting the rising young novel-
ist who was to occupy the seat on her
uncle's right. The first breath of spring
was brooding over the great city. The
office had been musty and close. The
columns of figures had danced like
mad, gaunt devils before her eyes.

Her aunt had just confided to her
that she was having new linens made
for the furniture when one of the sev-
eral black and white automatons scat-
tered about the rooms presented itself
before her and resolved itself into
Larry Creston.

He took her out to dinner, and she
tried to cast a scornful glance at her
uncle, who nodded to her across a pla-
teau of lilies and violets. But how
could one look scornful when one's
head ached? Everything seemed to re-
call the drudgery of her daily work.
The breadsticks were long, narrow col-
umns of figures. Instinctively she be-
gan to estimate the number of almonds
in the cut glass dish on her left.

Larry Creston's friendly eyes studied
her face, and he secretly wondered if
this were the same independent, busi-
nesslike girl who for many mornings

had ridden on his train and whether
the change had been wrought by the
trailing gown, the bare shoulders or—
A faint sigh escaped her lips, and Lar-
ry pulled himself together.

"Has your uncle told you how good
he's been to me? No; of course not.
He's not that sort of man. But I've a
berth in the C, R. and N. office. I've
been there two weeks, and the fellows
are a jolly, clever lot."

Edith smiled, and the tired look faded
from her eyes. During the remain-
der of the dinner she chatted brightly
with Larry and those nearest them,
but young Creston was not deceived.
When they returned to the parlor, he
secured for her a dim corner near a
window overlooking the garden. The
mild odor of spring rose from the
ground, the sky was placid and star-
lit. He did not bore her with idle talk,
and the girl was grateful.

Mr. Harlowe was very kind to this
niece whose independence tried his
soul, and his carriage was ordered to
take her home.

Mr. Creston was closing the carriage
door when Edith, with sudden com-
punction for her languor, exclaimed:

"Can't I drop you at your rooms, Mr.
Creston?"

The young man laughed lightly.

"I'm afraid it would be rather out of
your way, but if I may I'll ride as far
as your flat."

So he knew she had a flat. When
they turned into the dim, quiet side
street, an odd whim seized the girl.

"You've never seen our little den,
Mr. Creston? I know it's rather late
and utterly unconventional, but won't
you stop a bit? Somehow I dread my
own company this evening."

The invitation was accepted with
alacrity. A few minutes later they
were seated in the glow of the lamp,
Edith leaning restfully against the
soft folds of her cloak. While Creston's
quick glance took in the dainty room,
whose every appointment had come
from the home Edith had loved and
lost, the girl was whimsically wonder-
ing what would happen if her com-
panion, Mrs. Cornelius, in dun colored
wrapper and crimpers, should sud-
denly appear in the doorway and ask
about the dinner, as was her custom.
But Mrs. Cornelius slept, and Creston
turned from his polite scrutiny of the
room to study Edith's face.

"You are nearly worn out, Miss Har-
lowe," he remarked abruptly. "Do you
have your vacation early?"

"In August, I believe, though the
schedule's not made out yet."

"Humph! August is a long way off.
Why don't you cut it all and go with
your aunt to?"

Edith was aroused on the instant.

"So uncle has been talking to you,
and you've gone over to the enemy?"

"Not so bad as that," replied Creston
cheerily. "I shall always be on your
side, of course, but then I think you
are a bit unjust to your uncle and aunt
when they really want you for their
sake as well as yours."

"Oh, but you don't understand," pro-
tested the girl. "Why, if I were to
make my home with them my salary
would not pay for my dinner gowns
alone."

"And you must work?"

"I must work. I would be utterly un-
happy if I were dependent on any one.
I love work, indeed I do."

Creston rose and drew his fine figure
to its full height before the tiny fire-
place and mantel. From this vantage
point he gazed wistfully upon the
graceful figure reclining in the wicker
chair. But when she looked up at him
the wistful expression had disappeared,
and in its stead shone a light al-
most masterful.

"I think that even the most inde-
pendent of you business women need
some one to look after you occasion-
ally."

Edith flushed.

"Thank you for the suggestion, and
may I add that I think you have done
your full share in—er—looking after me?"

In a flash he read her meaning. She
thought he was reminding her of the
incident at the "L" station—of her own
carelessness and his so-called bravery.

"Believe me, I did not mean that. I
was only thinking how worn and tired
and disheartened you look."

She held out her hand, with a smile
that melted tears.

"I am tired and harried tonight, and
you were very kind to come in and
save me from myself. Will you come
back some evening when I am more—
amiable?"

John Harlowe met his niece on lower
Broadway.

"Hello, Edith! Back from your vaca-
tion? Come in and have lunch with
me."

After they had taken possession of a
table among the palms and ordered
the most cooling combination on the
menu Mr. Harlowe glanced keenly at
the sunburned face of his niece.

"Look as if you'd been living on the
beach. Been having beastly weather
in town. By the way, young Creston's
bad luck. Rowland went over to the
K. Y. and H., and Creston gets his
place."

"Yes?"

"It's quite an advance for a man so
young in the service, and Edith"—
there was positive anxiety in the
man's voice as he studied his niece's
impassive face—"I hope you'll treat
the boy—well, a little better after this."

"I really don't see how I can, my
dear uncle. Ten days ago I promised
to marry him, and I rather think that's
the limit, don't you?"

"He actually asked you to marry him
on that salary? Edith, that fellow will
be president of the system some day.
Lord, what nerve! And on a hundred
a month! Think of it!"

"Yes, and just think if I hadn't
turned to look at that red hat, and he'd
never saved me, nor you'd never!"

"There, there, Edith! This is no
game of consequences."

He Made a Show.

An English sailor recently paid off
at Malta, having only a day in which
to spend the money before his ship left
port, hired forty rowing boats, formed
them into a procession and, seating
himself comfortably in the stern of the
last boat, he had himself and his forty
boats rowed round and round his ship,
much to the amusement of his com-
rades. After making the tour several
times the sailor paid the boat hire and
then returned to duty, evidently well
satisfied.

The Convicts' Yell.

The latest in "yells," says the Kan-
sas City Journal, is that of the con-
victs on their way from the jail in the
county in which they are sentenced to
the penitentiary. A gang of fifteen of
them from Buchanan county, the sher-
iff's "guests" on a special car, gave
vent to this yell at each railway sta-
tion they passed between St. Joseph
and Jefferson City a few days ago:
"Two years—five years—we will stay;
didn't like St. Joe any more!"

No Monophone Used.

"This talk about President Roosevelt
conducting his heart to heart talks in
the White House through a monophone
is all nonsense," said Senator Elkins to
Senator Hanna the other day. "I've
just come from the White House, and
the president talked to me in a very
low tone of voice."
"What did he say?" asked Senator
Hanna.

"He asked me if this wasn't the
finest weather I ever saw."

Brain-Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has
been branded by the most competent
authorities. They have dispelled the
silly notion that one kind of food is
needed for brain, another for muscles,
and still another for bones. A cor-
rect diet will not only nourish a
particular part of the body, but it
will sustain every other part. Yet,
however good your food may be, its
nutriment is destroyed by indigestion
or dyspepsia. You must prepare for
their appearance or prevent their
coming by taking regular doses of
Green's August Flower, the favorite
medicine of the healthy millions. A
few doses aids digestion, stimulates
the liver to healthy action, purifies
the blood, and makes you feel buoyant
and vigorous. You can get Dr. G.
Green's reliable remedies at City
Drug Store. Get Green's special
almanac.

His Feet and Lips.

Teddy's a three-year-old, brave and sweet.
But, oh, his lips won't agree with his feet!
His feet, though small, are sturdy and
strong.
And mother can trust them all day long.
But his rosy lips, so dear to see,
Seldom will with his feet agree.

When mother says, "Come!" the feet
obey.
But the wayward lips just pout and say,
"No, no, I can't!" while with patten and
slide
The feet are nearing the mother's side.

When the lamps are lighted and stars ap-
pear.
And we say, "It is bedtime, Teddy, dear."
The feet submit to be quietly led
Up the long stairs to the little white bed,
While the naughty lips keep time all the
way—
"No, no, I can't, no, no!" they say.

Those dear little feet are mother's delight.
For they try to keep Teddy in paths of
right.
But, oh, that day will be glad to see
When Teddy's lips with his feet agree!
—Emma C. Dowd in Youth's Companion.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble
and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your
water and let it stand twenty-four hours;
a sediment or set-
tling indicates an
unhealthy condi-
tion of the kid-
neys; if it stains
your linen, it is
evidence of kid-
ney trouble; too
frequent desire to
pass it or pain in
the back is also
convincing proof that the kidneys and blad-
der are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so
often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-
Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every
wish in curing rheumatism, pain in
the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part
of the urinary passage. It corrects inability
to hold water and scalding pain in passing
it, or bad effects following use of liquor,
wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant
necessity of being compelled to go often
during the day, and to get up many times
during the night. The mild and the extra-
ordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon
realized. It stands the highest for its won-
derful cures of the most distressing cases.
If you need a medicine you should have
the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes.
You may have a sample bottle of this
wonderful discovery
and a book that tells
more about it, both sent
absolutely free by mail,
address Dr. Kilmer &
Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing men-
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a thin coating of pure,
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It is light and acid
proof. Easily applied.
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ways about the house.
Full directions with
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