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Church, corner Main and Helman streets. Regular services—Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.

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The Female Functioner. These pills are made of the finest and most reliable ingredients. They are guaranteed to cure all ailments of the female system.

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I. W. BURRESS, Proprietor. The very best of WINES, BRANDIES, BEER and CIGARS, kept constantly on hand.

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Anyone contemplating the purchase of a first class Sewing Machine Should Not BUY A NO. 9 WHEELER & WILSON.

PEOPLE GOING TO JACKSONVILLE WILL FIND PLYMALE'S COACH.

Every Train at Medford. Ask for The Best Coach—PLYMALE'S. SOCIETY DIRECTORIES.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. GRANITE LODGE, NO. 23, Knights Pythias, Ashland, Oregon, meets every Friday evening.

MASONIC. ALPHA CHAPTER, NO. 1, O. E. S. Stated meetings on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month.

HOPE REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, NO. 24. Meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in each month.

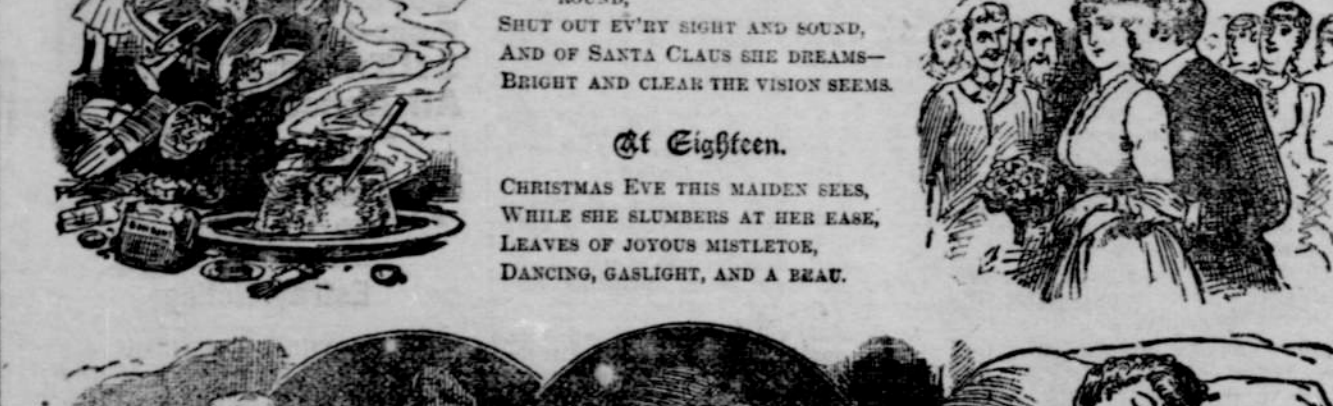
FIDELITY COUNCIL NO. 1, O. O. OREGON. Meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

Episcopal. Services in Baptist church, cor. Church and High streets, second and fourth Sundays, 3 P. M.

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PETER'S CHRISTMAS. A HOLIDAY STORY OF LIFE AMONG THE BOOTBLACKS. (Copyright by American Press Association.)

ETE lived at the Newboys' home in a big American city. Pete was not a new boy, but the way he came to be at the home was this: His brother Patsey, 9 years old, was father, mother and all to Pete, and Patsey was a newsboy. Pete was but 6 and too young to peddle papers, so Patsey thought, and as he was quite a successful newsboy himself, he could afford to "have his family with him," as he said. Pete was his family. There were only two, and neither could remember when there had been any one else in the family circle. It did not cost very much to live at the home for the charge each day was five cents for supper, six for lodging and six for breakfast, which for both boys would amount to not quite two dollars and a half a week, and "that was over lunch."

But first it must be explained that the home is a place where newsboys who have no other place to live can sleep comfortably and get their breakfasts and suppers besides, if they wish, for the small sum mentioned above. Its object is not only to give them good places to sleep, but to help them in other ways. It furnishes its inmates with schooling, books to read and baths, free. It gives them a chance to save their pennies by affording each a place in the bank—a great table whose top is full of numbered slits—and offering a reward for the boy who has saved the largest amount when the bank is opened at the end of each month. It also makes them keep good hours by refusing admittance to all who come very late at night. A "home" isn't the worst place in the world for a boy who has no parents. In fact, it is a pretty good place for a boy like Pete.

But to come back to Peter. He staid at the lodging house most of the time, because Patsey was afraid to have "such a little chap" on the streets, and the morning, Mrs. Brown, was very good to the fellow and very sweet tempered. The newsboys all loved him, and many a lad remembered to bring Pete a flower or a bit of fruit at night. Newsboys are rough in speech and action, but many a one has a kinder heart than beats under a fine jacket.

Patsey, as I have said, supported himself and Pete; but you must not think it was an easy task. In order to do this and put pennies away in the bank he had to work early and late. He sold late papers because there were not so many newsboys on the streets then and not so much competition. Sometimes he did not come in until late in the night, when he had been asleep for hours in his little bunk with his neat white pillow and blue coverlet. The great dormitory had rows and rows of beds, built one over another, like a ship's cabin, and when the word "Bed" was spoken on the stroke of 9 in the room where many of the boys spent their evenings reading, all had to go, and those who much later were fined, indeed, no one was allowed to come in after 11. And Patsey was his own boss to stay out that time so that all his papers might be sold, and then sleep anywhere he could find a place. Mrs. Brown knew why he staid, and was sure he did not hang about the streets until 11 just for a lark, as the boys sometimes did; but the rule was strict, and she could not set it aside for one boy. However, Patsey was bright and good natured, and quite a favorite with a certain set of people who used to buy his papers regularly, and he was not often left with any on his hands as late as 11.

It was nearing Christmas time, and great were the calculations which Patsey was making about a "Christmas treat for little Pete." He talked it over with the matron one night, just after the announcement had been made that the banks in the big table would be opened on the 23d of December, instead of compelling the boys to wait until the first of the month, as was the rule. "And it's jolly, Mrs. Brown," said Patsey. "I believe there'll be a couple of dollars in my bank, and I'll spend every cent of it for Pete. It's kinder tough on a little chap like him not to have any folks when Christmas comes and give 'em presents and turkey and all the things that everybody has then. But I'll make it up to him as well as I kin, you bet. He's-a-goin' to have up his stockings, an' I'm-a-goin' to take him out for a tip-top grabber or two of them cat'n' homes—res-turants, as the swell folks call 'em, an' we're-a-goin' to have turkey an' mince pie, Mrs. Brown. What'd you say to that?" And Patsey stopped from sleep with a start.

"I don't think Pete need mind want-

The Celebrated French Cure.

Warranted "APHRODITE" or money refunded. Is Sold on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative or urinary organs of either sex.

When they left him he was bravely smiling, to try to make them think he didn't mind being left without them. They went to visit him as often as the rules allowed, and each time he said "Better" when asked how he felt. He complained of no pain, but simply wished to be quiet. The newsboys sent all sorts of nice things to him, and these attentions were consoling to Patsey as well as to the sick boy.

For days he lay in bed, growing more and more feeble, but often talking to Patsey about how much he wished to find the city of his search.

"Good-by, Patsey dear," he said one day, his arms around his brother's neck. "I'm-a-goin' to sleep as soon as it's dark, so I kin get up early in the mornin' an' find the city. I'll ask every one I meet, an' I'm-a-goin' to be sure some one'll know."

The brothers kissed each other. Then Patsey went slowly away to sell his evening papers. At dusk little Pete fell tranquilly asleep. Some time in the night his search for all things earthly was ended, and when morning dawned there was only his body left, stiff and white, but with the old sweet smile on the face.

Mr. Bingo—I want to give my wife a Christmas present of a pet dog. Dealer displaying handsome specimen—What do you think of that fellow?

WONDER WHAT I'M GOING TO GET! (Copyright by American Press Association.)

Don't think I'm going to get a dog. Write, with dirty little paper. Begging notes to Santa Claus; Hang his stockings on a chair. So to hang the biggest pair. By this question always get "Wonder what I'm going to get?"

Up the chimney quick he goes. Really rubs his body nose. Yet methinks I hear him sigh As he holds a last good-bye. And methinks I hear him say: "I've vanishes away. Say with just the least regret: "Wonder what I'm going to get?"

THE NEXT THING IN ORDER. Husband (displaying handsome check, a pair of solitaire earrings and a sealskin boot)—Here are a few trinkets for your Christmas, dear. Wife—Oh, you darling old thing! I could just—um, um—love you to death! But say, dear, please answer me one question. Husband—Certainly, darling. Wife—Do tell me what you are going to give me next year?

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Particular Attention to JOB WORK. Which will be done in a workmanlike manner and at prices that DEFY COMPETITION.

None but the best material used. In REESE'S BLOCK, ASHLAND, OREGON.

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