

Uncle Sam a Gambler.

Bonesteel, S. D., Oct. 1.—President Roosevelt has raised the curtain and Uncle Sam, the Henry Savage of our national dramas, presents that thrilling, hair raising, nerve wrecking melodrama, "The Land Lottery."

Place, Dallas, S. D., on the frontier of the rich and rolling Tripp county Indian reservation.

Time, October 19, 1908. Characters, government officers and 100,000 land hungry citizens, gamblers, fakirs, adventure seeking women and Indians.

The government has 800,000 acres of land it wishes to place in the hands of its citizens. Uncle Sam wants to give this land away, so he pulls off a huge theatrical performance.

Uncle Sam tells his people to go to Dallas, Chamberlain, Gregory or Presho, S. D., or O'Neil or Valentine, Neb., any time between October 5 and October 17, inclusive. Arriving there Mr. Citizen must register. He must make affidavit that he is an A 1 citizen of the United States and never has "homesteaded" government land.

Then comes the great drawing on October 19 at Dallas. Numbers representing all those who have registered are placed in a huge wheel, the same kind used by the Louisiana and Honduras lottery companies, long ago excluded from the United States mails.

Representatives of the government draw the numbers from the revolving wheel.

The first number drawn out entitles the holder to his choice of any one of the 160 acre tracts in the broad Tripp reservation. The first prize is a jim dandy, and thousands of others are just as good. All are distributed according to the order drawn.

The land is not distributed absolutely free. Each lucky man or woman must pay \$6 per acre for his or her tract and live upon it 1 1/2 months as required by the homestead law.

But the land is beautiful and rolling, the soil is rich, and the climate is fine, and what will the average speculative minded American citizen not do for a chunk of mother earth, almost free?

Until a few years ago it was the custom for Uncle Sam when he opened up an Oklahoma or a reservation to Public settlement, to line up the land hungry people on the border, fire a pistol at a set instant and let them all

scurry in, a-foot, a-horse or in wagon and buggy.

But in these little affairs, successful though they were from the land grabbing standpoint and entertaining from a national viewpoint, the killings and fatal accidents were too frequent to suit Uncle Sam.

So now we have "The Land Lottery," new people, new customs, new settings, as thrilling and exciting as ever.

Rich Strike in Bowden Mine.

James Davis of the Blackwell district, who in company with Thomas Hagan is developing the old Bowden mine, reports an exceptionally rich strike of ore on that property. On the seventy foot level they ran into a body of ore that averages from ten to twenty-four inches wide and assays show values ranging from \$10 to \$50 per ton. They have been running for some weeks in this ore and the pay streak shows no signs of diminishing. They expect to erect a five-stamp mill on the property about the first of the year.

In years past the Bowden has been one of the leading mines of Southern Oregon, and to see it come into prominence again is gratifying to these men. Mr. Davis was one of the original owners of the mine and came into possession of it again last summer, and since that time has done much work upon it.—Gold Hill News.

Adjudged Insane.

Fred Lundahl, manager of the Western Oregon Orchard Company, one of the largest orchard concerns in the valley, and which is owned by Chicago capitalists, was examined as to his sanity last Friday and, being found mentally unbalanced, was committed to the insane asylum at Salem. Mr. Lundahl had been acting rather strangely of late, but it was not until Thursday that his friends realized that his mental condition was serious.

Andrew Jackson Miller, a pioneer of this county and a resident of Trail creek, was also examined as to his sanity on the same day and committed to the asylum. Attendants from the asylum arrived at Jacksonville Saturday and took the unfortunate men to Salem, where it is hoped the treatment will soon restore their faculties.

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Newton's Light Theory.

Sir Isaac Newton earned worldwide fame by showing that gravitation, previously recognized only at the surface of the earth, is operative throughout the universe wherever there is matter. In another field of physics he was far less happy. His brilliant success in experimental optics came to be qualified, though not invalidated, by a faulty interpretation of the facts. He gave his name and powerful authority to the corpuscular theory of light. In Sir Isaac's view, the phenomenon of luminosity is produced by corpuscles—exceedingly minute particles of matter—which are projected continuously from the sun, stars and all other luminous bodies. But his corpuscles failed to elucidate all the appearances, and Sir Isaac's theory was finally deposed by an explanation which referred light to undulatory vibrations in the ether. It would be some comfort for the discoverer of universal gravitation, were he living now, to realize that the modern physicist is daily dealing with corpuscles flung off from matter at speeds fairly comparable with that of life itself.

Couldn't Help It.

A young lady tells the following story of an Englishman she met during a trip to Mexico:

The Englishman became acquainted with the American party while they were all guests at a winter hotel. Whenever the parents of the American girl proposed any trip to be made one of the party. He was to be included in a moonlight trip to a nearby mountain. After the Americans were ready to start they had to delay some fifteen minutes awaiting their guest's arrival. When he did arrive he electrified them by his comments on the reason for his delay. What he said was:

"I beg pardon for my beastly tardiness. Couldn't help it, don'tcherknow. I had to bring my mother from the garden's first. It's a singular horrid bore, but one has to be kind to his mother, don'tcherknow!"—Milwaukee Free Press.

Some Famous Sallies.

Great men have been guilty of punning, and some of the most famous of these sallies have come down in history. There is something melancholy about the pun of Dr. Thomas Browne, who, having unsuccessfully courted a lady and being challenged to drink to her health, as had been his wont, replied, "I have toasted her many years, but I cannot make her Browne, so I will toast her no longer."

Sydney Smith's jest at the expense of Mrs. Grote had the salt of malice in it. She was famed for ill taste in dress, and as one day she swept by in an extraordinary headdress Smith pointed her out to a friend, saying, "That is the origin of the word 'grotesque.'"

Mrs. Grote, however, had her revenge. Sydney Smith's daughter married a Dr. Holland. When the latter was knighted some one mentioned his wife as Lady Holland. "Do you mean Lord Holland's wife?" asked the listener.

"No," replied Mrs. Grote. "This new Holland, whose capital is Sydney."

When the barrister Campbell married Miss Scarlett his friend explained his absence from court by telling the judge that Campbell was suffering from a bad attack of Scarlett fever.

Overlooked.

"I always distrust your judgment for some reason or other, John."

"Yes, and you have reason to. It serves me right."

"Why, I cannot remember you ever having done anything to justify such a distrust."

"Have you forgotten that I married you?"—Houston Post.

Explosive.

An ambitious young writer having asked, "What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

There is no frigate like a book to take us leagues away.—Dickinson.

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Bread That Intoxicates.

In far eastern Russia, in that region which lies between the sea and the river called Mssuri, the humidity of the climate as well as of the soil is remarkable. Vegetation is here distinguished for its wondrous exuberance, to such an extent that the soil never dries up. The result is that the inhabitants in order to prevent putrefaction of the roots sow their corn upon a series of layers of the soil. Nevertheless in certain districts the humidity is so intense that there grows upon the ears of corn a kind of fungus matter made up of micro fungi. As a result of this sporadic excretion the bread made from the corn in question gives all the results of an overdose of alcohol. In very humid climates the phenomenon is likewise known, though to nothing like the extent of eastern Siberia, where whole districts are affected by this strange kind of "alcoholized bread."

Shakespeare's Name.

It has often been a puzzle to students of Shakespeare why his name is spelled in so many different ways. Shakespeare himself is said to have signed his name on different occasions "Shakespeare" and "Shakespere," and learned disquisitions have been written to prove which is the proper spelling. None perhaps was more amusing than the "weather" reason given in 1851 by Albert Smith, who averred that he had found it in the Harleian manuscript. It was as follows:

How dyd Shakespeare spell hys name?
Ye weather mayde ye change, we saye,
So write it as ye please;
When ye some shone he mayde hys A;
When wette he took hys E's.

Installments All Around.

Patient (gloomily)—I don't seem to be gaining very fast, doctor.
Doctor (cheerfully)—You can't expect to get well at one jump. You will have to regain your health gradually day by day—sort of on the installment plan, as it were.

Patient (brightening up)—Well, doctor, if this thing keeps on much longer I'm afraid that you will have to collect your bill in the same way.—Judge's Library.

Why They Objected.

"No," said the fireman, who represented the truck company that had refused to work with a colored truckman, "there is no race prejudice in it. But we certainly hate to work with a man whose face will look just as clean on the way home from a long fire fight as it did when we started, while we other chaps all look smudgy."—Judge's Library.

Not a New Species.

"Now, what shall we name the baby?" inquired the professor's wife.
"Why, this species has been named," answered the professor in astonishment. "This is a primate mammal, homo sapiens."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Steel Passenger Cars.

Announcement is made that the Harriman lines have decided to adopt steel passenger cars for the entire system. A large order has already been placed with the Pullman company, and delivery of cars will commence in 60 days. The cars will be of different classes and types and will be practically all steel. They will be next to indestructible and, it is believed, will tend to reduce the casualties in train wrecks.

PETITION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Woodville Precinct, Jackson County, Oregon:—

To the Honorable, the County Court of Jackson County, State of Oregon: We, the undersigned legal voters residing in Woodville precinct, Jackson County, State of Oregon, respectfully ask your Honorable Body to grant to M. B. Whipple a licence to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors and fermented cider, commonly known as hard cider, in less quantities than one gallon in the town of Woodville, Jackson County, Oregon, for the period of six months, from November 4, 1908.

We hereby state in our petition that we each of us reside in said Woodville precinct and at the signing of the same are legal voters therein and that we have each resided in said precinct for thirty days immediately preceding our signing this petition and that we will petition your Honorable Body at the term of the County Court on

NOVEMBER 4, 1908.

A. E. Bell, L. L. Oden, A. K. Earhart, Joe Swinney, G. H. Jones, O. W. Train, R. Burkhart, J. H. Whipple, G. W. Rule, C. S. Hatch, Edwin Smith, Sam Mathis, E. Boyd, Thos. H. B. Taylor, John Winders, L. C. Merriam, Henry Nutt, Henry Breeding, J. M. Pitman, J. E. Estell, J. M. Sperry, Raymond Stevens, Chas. M. Warren, O. Nadeau, C. W. Horton, G. F. Wertz, Henry Laws, Eugene Sanborn, Joseph Burkhart, T. W. Conway, A. J. Davis, Fred Minthorn, M. B. Whipple, C. B. McLellan, A. Kryger, N. H. Parsons, J. M. Whipple, John Thrasher, Harry L. White, Divello Alexander, S. Estell, J. H. Hart, J. C. Aitken, Chas. Alix, Peter Meahan, F. H. Howell, Chas. Turner, J. R. Smith, Dave Smith, Aaron Beck, John Perdue, Tom E. Perdue, M. M. Scott, William Moxley, M. W. Hale, J. H. Wehinger, John White, George Land, J. L. Cody, W. V. Jones, H. B. Sanborn.

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