

EAGLE POINT EAGLETS

By A. C. Hewlett

(Mail Tribune Special Service.)

R. P. Cowgill, a civil engineer, and his assistant, Charles D. Ramyon, who have been taking the measurements of the water in Little Butte creek and its tributaries, as well as the capacity of the ditches taken therefrom, have finished their job and returned to make their report to the state office. They were pleasant guests at the Sunnyside for several days while working in this section.

Mr. Riggings of Derby was here last week disposing of stock of the Butte Falls Telephone company. They are extending the line from here to Butte Falls and if satisfactory arrangements are not made to connect here with the Central Point line and from there to Medford, the line will be extended direct to Medford, our natural business center.

George West, one of our forest rangers, who has been stationed at Mill Creek station for the past few months, came out last week, took his wife, who is boarding at the Sunnyside, and went to Butte Falls for a few days, returning the last of the week to this place.

Monroe Baldwin, who has a home-stand near Roundtop, was a guest at the Sunnyside Thursday night of last week on his way to Medford to act as a witness for Mr. Wolverton in making proof on his home-stand.

E. F. Graham and wife of Prospect were sojourners here last Saturday night. They have a farm about two miles above Prospect, where they are engaged in the cultivation of ginseng. Mr. G. reports that he has now 30,000 plants, from one to seven years of age; that it costs about \$600 for seed for an acre, or 80,000 plants, and that an acre of good ginseng will yield at 5 years of age about \$35,000 of roots; that the average price last year was \$8 per pound after it was dried and that three pounds of green roots will make one pound of dry or marketable product. But he says that there is a great deal of work in preparing the ground for the seed and that there is no profit until about the fifth year.

Dr. S. F. Grover, formerly of Dudley, but now of Los Angeles, and a friend of his by the name of William Riesland, also of Los Angeles, came out to this place, procured a team and Sunday morning started for Butte Falls. Mr. Riesland is looking for a location to settle, as his wife does not have good health in that dry, hot climate, and he seems to think that Rogue River valley is the place he is looking for.

A. H. Weber, a traveling salesman of Ashland, called last Saturday for dinner. He said that if Eagle Point is a dry town he had sold some Peruna here.

Fred Bernoy of Talent called the latter part of the week and had his son, a lad of about 13 years, with him. He was taking him to Medford to attend school while Mr. B. is canvassing for the nursery business.

A. B. Zimmerman, one of our en-

terprising merchants, took a trip to Talent last week and while there bought four carloads of baled hay for this market. Speaking about our merchants, they are simply run off their feet with business constantly receiving goods, and there is scarcely any time in the day but you can see wagons in front of the stores loading for different parts of the country or else unloading goods from the depot or produce from the country.

Our new barber is having a room put up on one of A. G. Daley's lots, between the Zimmerman store and the John Ashpole property.

The contractor, Mr. Hawk, who is building the new schoolhouse in the Reese Creek district, is pushing the work right along. They have the roof about all on at this writing. Monday night, and expect to have it completed in a short time, as they have five or six men working on it.

James Ringer is engaged in painting Peter Young's new home, and the carpenters are pushing the work right along.

One of our prominent and highly respected citizens, J. H. Carlton, moved from our town to Medford, as he had sold his residence here to Gus Nichols and had to give possession, and Mr. N. moved into the house formerly occupied by Mr. Carlton. While we extend a cordial greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, we regret to lose the company of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, for they have been a part of our town for several years and Mrs. C. is one of the George Brown girls, who has been raised here among us.

Benjamin Edmonson of Butte Falls brought out a load of yew posts last Sunday and Monday took them to Medford.

C. B. Zeek of Bandon and August D. Singler, a Medford constable, came out last Monday and took charge of two horses that Israel Patton had in his possession that he bought of a man who lived in this neighborhood by the name of Gillespie, that had been stolen from Bandon some time ago, and it appears that the team had been hired out to some parties and were taken some time before the owner missed them. I understand that the man who sold them to Mr. Patton has moved to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Peeler, who bought the Charley Knighton place on Rogue river, near Plounee Rock, drove into the Sunnyside stable last Monday night. Talking about stables, the two feed stables in Eagle Point are full almost every night and still they come.

Professor Narregan has moved to Medford and Carl Narregan has moved into the house formerly occupied by his father. Charley Thomas has moved into the Narregan ranch, formerly occupied by Carl Narregan, so they change all around.

Fred Findley, one of our prominent stock men, was in town Monday after a load of wire fencing he bought of our hardware merchant, William von der Hellen.

HOOD RIVER APPLE GROWERS SAY LABEL WAS STOLEN

The members of the Hood River Apple-Growers' Union, which comprises 90 per cent of the orchardists, are up in arms over the report from New York that quantities of apples were on the market there bearing the wrappers of the union which were not up to the high standard of quality maintained by that organization. A few orchardists, who had formerly marketed their product through the union, got a carload of apples together and rushed it through to New York just ahead of the union apples, and as this was the first car of Hood River fruit on the eastern market, it enjoyed an unusually big demand. This fruit was consigned to a commission house in New York and about half the apples were wrapped in the paper which the former union shippers had left over from last year.

The wrappers of the union are regarded as an absolute guarantee of high quality in the east, and when these apples were found to be inferior in selection and pack many complaints poured in upon Steinhardt & Kelly, who bought the entire output of the union this year.

EXPERT WILL LOOK UP RAILROADS IN CALIFORNIA

(United Press Leased Wire.) SACRAMENTO, Cal., Nov. 10.—An expert will be employed by the state to look up the active and corporate property of the railroads in California. The request for an expert was made to the state board of equalization by the state controller and was granted.

CLAIM MRS. SLAUGHTER INSPIRED LONGFELLOW

(United Press Leased Wire.) BERKELEY, Cal., Nov. 10.—Friends of Mrs. Slaughter De Lorne, the artist, who died Saturday, are asserting today that she was the one who inspired Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to write his immortal poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

When a little girl the portrait painter was a close personal friend of the poet, and she spent much of her time by his side while he composed his verses in the New England town.

Then she was Sarah Standish, a direct descendant of the Puritan soldier of Plymouth Rock, and it is asserted she inspired the famous lines when she told him her family traditions, which included the experiences of Standish.

Notice.

Owing to the fact that our Christmas postals are coming in and we are crowded for room to display them we will offer all postals at a 20 per cent discount for one day only, Saturday, November 13. This will afford a good opportunity for you to lay in a supply for future correspondence at a price that will pay you. Look over our Christmas goods that are coming in. It is a pleasure to show them.

Remember, \$1 worth of postals will only cost you 80 cents next Saturday. The Blue Jay Postal Shop, 331 E. Main st., up stairs. Frank H. Hull, proprietor.

Gordon's Proposal

It Only Came After He Recovered From His Bashfulness

By CLARA B. HOLMES

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

"That Gordon McFarland," remarked Davy Moulton, "is the limit. He hasn't courage enough to propose."

"Hub! Do you want to marry him that you are so anxious about it?"

"No; I haven't cherry lips and dimples."

"Never mind the inventory, Brother Davy," she replied.

"All right, sis, but it'll never happen unless you propose. In the presence of his divinity—meaning you—he is reduced to a pulp."

The sting to this teasing was in its truth. Gordon was devoted itself, yet it was a silent adoration. He seemed unable to utter a word in her presence. She had given him many opportunities in that unexplainable way a woman has, and once or twice he had bumbled and stammered with effort until in vexation she had retorted so whimsically that she had silenced him completely.

"Oh, he's just too ridiculous, a great big thing like him, stammering and blushing like a schoolboy. It fairly makes me ashamed," she grumbled.

A woman's motives are difficult to fathom. Bess, in an unusual fit of graciousness, had allowed Gordon to escort her to a ball. She was justly vain of her escort's appearance as she snuggled beside him in the depths of the carriage. But by the time they had arrived her manner had changed visibly, so much so that she almost ignored him after the conventional first dance. He had tangled his feet hopelessly in her train and missed step until she was nearly beside herself with mortification.

There was ample excuse for his bewilderment. She was intoxicatingly lovely, with her draperies floating, cloudlike, about her bare shoulders, and the flush of exercise tinting her face like a rose. Davy's comment was, "Gordon looks as if he would like to eat her."

Bess was so provoked at this that she intended to punish Gordon by flirting outrageously. "Besides, if I could make him cross, he might pluck up a fraction of courage," she thought. It vexed her still more because she felt that he understood her motive. So did Davy, and he would not fail to tease her on the morrow.

Carelessly tossing Gordon her bouquet in passing, she walked off with Gerald Stone for an ice.

"Queer duck, that Gordon. Doesn't appear to have much to say," remarked Gerald insinuatingly.

Here the eternal feminine came to the surface. "Oh, I don't know!" Her tone was resentful in the extreme. The next instant she said sweetly, "Here's just the look for a quiet chat. Let us sit here awhile. The ice can wait; so can Gordon. He'll hold my bouquet all right," laughingly.

An hour later Gordon sat abstractedly pulling at the petals of the roses. He had hoped that the flowers might convey to her that which he found so difficult to say.

In upon his musing dribbled the conversation of two acquaintances.

"So Gerald Stone has won Bessie Moulton? I thought Gordon was to be the man, but he lacked courage. He deserves to lose her. He should know a woman despises a faint heart," said a voice he knew.

"I wonder how she would like it if she knew that Gerald boasted to me of his conquest? He told as a great joke that she had left Gordon to moon over her bouquet. Said they were going to slip away and let him hunt for her when he had tired of the flowers. Seemed to think it mighty funny," answered the speaker's companion.

"It's contemptible. I wouldn't have thought it of Bessie Moulton!" was the reply as they sauntered down the room.

The sturdy independence of Gordon's Scotch ancestry rose within him. He attached his card to the flowers and left them in the cloakroom; then, with a determined step, he left the house.

Bess lolled in her frivolous chat with the man she detested, dawdled over her ice and finally sauntered back to the dancing hall, apparently oblivious to the fact that she had promised this twostep to Gordon. She expected him to be waiting for her. When he was not to be seen she was perturbed.

"Come on, let's take this twostep," said Gerald, with great familiarity.

"No, thanks," hotly replying his tone. "You have had more than enough of my company for one evening," she added lightly lest she betray her annoyance as to Gordon.

An hour or so later she called Gerald to her side. "I claim a woman's prerogative—I have changed my mind. You may take me home."

As he bowed his thanks he thought of his boast to Van Asytine and smiled. "I suspect it was he who tattled."

and, then, when she showed me her favor so plainly and I was such a tongue-tied fool that I couldn't take advantage of it, she must have thought—oh, I do not know what she could think but that I was a fool!" he muttered bitterly.

He watched Gordon assist her from the carriage with what looked to his jealous eyes like an embrace, and as she turned to enter the house he gave her the flowers. She tossed them into the shrubbery disdainfully. "I don't want the withered things," she said.

Gordon gathered one rose from the apparently despoiled bouquet and placed it in a book, as if he had need of a token by which to remember this one night.

In the meantime Bess, in her room, was pressing his card to her lips with tears and inarticulate murmurings.

Two years later Gordon McFarland sat in his office writing. It was after business hours, but he had remained to think out certain points in quiet and solitude.

Turning in his chair, he picked up the telephone receiver.

"I will call Jones and find out what he knows about this business," he soliloquized. He was on the point of calling "Hello, central!" when the sound of his own name arrested his attention. "That's the nuisance of a party line," he muttered. He had no intention of listening, but how could he help it when he heard his own name in that well remembered voice?

"Oh, Gordon McFarland? Well, if you'll never, never breathe it I'll tell you. He took me to a ball, and, yes, Grace, he left me to get home as best I could."

"No; certainly I don't think he was to blame. It must have been some of Davy's mischief."

"Yes, of course Davy denied it, but I know it was. Gordon would not have done it unless he thought he was justified."

"What's that? Did I really care? Well, yes, I did, and I don't care if you do know it."

"No, no; we weren't engaged. He was so bashful."

"What's that? Encourage him? I—I did. I tried to make him jealous of that abominable Gerald Stone, and—and I succeeded. That's how it all happened."

"Yes, that's so. It isn't the thing to talk secrets over a phone. Those hard operators always do listen. Well, goodby! Come over in the morning—824 Fourth street, you remember. Good night!"

Gordon called in hurriedly before she could hang up. "Hello, Bessie!"

"Well, what is it, Grace?"

"This is not Grace, Bessie."

"Gordon McFarland!" The exclamation was one of dismayed surprise.

"Yes, I have recovered from my bashfulness. Will you marry me now, Bessie?"

"Indeed I will not. You're just as awful! You listened!"

"I couldn't help it, and I'm glad I didn't try. Don't you hang up that receiver or I'll be there within ten minutes," he threatened.

"Then I'll hang it up if you want an answer to that question come and get it!" And he heard the receiver clang as it reached the hook.

Choice East Front Building Lots.

Five choice east front residence lots on South Ivy street; all the advantages of Oakdale avenue "without the expense." Investigate these lots; they are close in and can be had on reasonable terms. Inquire at 244 S. Grape street. 205*

30-Acre Orchard

Two miles from Medford; all good soil, planted to Newtown and Spitzenberg apples, Comice, Bose and Howell pears. Trees are 5 years of age and are in fine condition.

Price \$500 per Acre

Taking everything into consideration, the fine character of the soil, the age and condition of the trees, and its nearness to Medford, there is nothing in the valley equal to this as a bargain. Let us show you this tract.

W. T. York

West Main St., opp. Hotel Moore

For the Best

in harness, saddles, whips, robes, tents, blankets, wagon sheets, axle grease and gail cure, as well as all kinds of custom work, see

J. C. Smith

314 E. Main.

MARINERS' COMPASS.

Little Known of the Real Origin of the Instrument.

ITS USE BY THE CHINESE.

This Wonderful People Knew of the Magnetic Needle Long Before the Christian Era—The Claims of Gioia, the Pilot, and the Credit Due Him.

Much interest must forever attach to the discovery of that valuable instrument the mariner's compass, and yet there are few subjects concerning which less is known. For a period the honor of the invention was ascribed to Gioia, a pilot, born at Pasitano, a small village situated near Amalfi, about the end of the thirteenth century. His claims, however, have been disputed.

Much learning and labor have been bestowed upon the subject of the discovery. It has been maintained by one class that even the Phoenicians were the inventors, by another that the Greeks and Romans had a knowledge of it. Such notions, however, have been completely refuted.

One passage, nevertheless, of a remarkable character occurs in the works of Cardinal de Vitty, bishop of Ptolemais, in Syria. He went to Palestine during the fourth crusade, about the year 1204. He returned afterward to Europe and subsequently back to the Holy Land, where he wrote his work entitled "Historia Orientalis," as nearly as can be determined, between the years 1215 and 1220. In chapter 91 of that work he has this singular passage:

"The iron needle, after contact with the loadstone, constantly turns to the north star, which, at the axis of the firmament, remains immovable while the others revolve, and hence it is essentially necessary to those navigating on the ocean."

These words are as explicit as they are extraordinary. They state a fact and announce a use. The thing, therefore, which essentially constitutes the compass must have been known long before the birth of Gioia. In addition to this fact, there is another equally fatal to his claim as the original discoverer.

It is now settled beyond a doubt that the Chinese were acquainted with the compass long before the Europeans. It is certain that there are allusions to the magnetic needle in the traditional period of Chinese history, about 2000 years before Christ, and a still more credible account of it is found in the reign of Ching-wang of the Chow dynasty, before Christ 1114.

All this, however, may be granted without in the least impairing the just claims of Gioia to the gratitude of mankind. The truth appears to be that the position of Gioia in relation to the compass was precisely that of Watt in relation to the steam engine—the element existed; he augmented its utility.

The compass used by the mariners in the thirteenth century was a very uncertain and unsatisfactory apparatus. It consisted only of a magnetic needle floating in a vase or basin by means of two straws on a bit of cork supporting it on the surface of the water.

The compass used by the Arabians in the thirteenth century was an instrument of exactly the same description. Now, the inconvenience and inefficiency of such an apparatus are obvious. The agitation of the ocean and the tossing of the vessel might render it useless in a moment.

But Gioia placed the magnetized needle on a pivot, which permits it to turn to all sides with facility. Afterward it was attached to a card divided into thirty-two points, called rose de vents, and then the box containing it was suspended in such a manner that, however the vessel might be tossed, it would always remain horizontal.—Electrical Engineer.

Stung.

The old gentleman went into the parlor the other night at the witching hour of 10:30 and found the lights out and his daughter had a dear friend enjoying a tete-a-tete in a corner by the window.

"Evangeline," said the old man sternly, "this is scandalous!"

"Yes, papa," she answered sweetly. "It is candleless because times are hard. Lights cost so much Ferdinand and I said we would get along with the starlight."

And papa turned about in speechless amazement and tried to walk out of the room through a panel in the wall paper.—Exchange.

The Difference.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is the difference between farming and agriculture?"

"Well, my son, for farming you need a plow and a harrow and a lot of other implements, and for agriculture all you need is a pencil and a piece of paper."—Washington Star.

The Mess in the Oven.

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old splinter to her maid of all work.

"Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them into the oven to dry."—London Tatler.

Mildew.

An easy method of removing mildew is to place the article in a warm oven for a few moments and then brush it.

When you forget there are others you are nearing a burned bridge.

COMBINATION RANGE BOILER INSULATOR AND HOT FIRELESS COOKER



Containing two indispensable luxuries and two sources of economy.

Call and let us demonstrate its merits.

J. W. WHITNEY

Office in Aikin Plumbing Co.'s Store, Medford.

WANTED

Timber and Coal Lands

ENGINEERING AND SURVEYING CONTRACTS TAKEN AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

B. H. Harris & Co.

MEDFORD, OREGON Office in Jackson County Bank Upstairs

APPLES AND PEARS AND ALL KINDS OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

YAKIMA VALLEY NURSERY

Largest Commercial Nursery in the Pacific Northwest. Not in the combine. Competes with all first-class nurseries.

L. E. HOOVER, Agent

MEDFORD, OREGON



RESOLVED

The best resolution for you to make is to come to us for your next suit, if you want something out of the ordinary. We do the best work and charge the lowest prices.

W. W. EIFERT THE PROGRESSIVE TAILOR

Hansen. Tom Moffat. We make any kind and style of windows. We carry glass of any size on hand. Medford Sash & Door Co.

When we suggest that you Toast Your Bread On Breakfast Table

We do not mean that you should eat off the stove—toast

With an Electric Toaster

and have crisp, brown, delicious toast—costs 1c per meal to operate. We have the best toaster on the market for sale at \$4.50. Clean, appetizing, sanitary

ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC CO.

Successors to Condor Water & Power Co.