

TONG WAR AGAIN IS ON IN FRISCO

After a Truce of Five Days Hostilities Will Be Immediately Resumed—No Settlement Possible.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 3.—After a truce of five days, during which every effort was made to effect a settlement between the warring On Yick tong and the Yee family, open hostilities will be resumed immediately.

Called together by the council of the powerful Six Companies, representatives of both factions met last evening to consider terms of a treaty. The proposal of an additional truce during which an attempt would be made to adjudicate the difficulties, was turned down unconditionally by the Yees because of a clause binding the Yees to cause no arrest among their enemies during that time.

At the conclusion of the meeting a list of the leaders of the Yees with the prices set upon their heads, is said to be posted at the On Yick headquarters. At the head of the list with \$1000 posted after it was reported to have been the name of Yee Sing, leader of the Yees.

Surrounded by five white guards, Yee Sing left yesterday for Sacramento, where he was subpoenaed to appear as a witness in a civil case. Ever since hostilities between the two elements began, Sing has been in hiding in the Chinese quarter, under heavy guard.

The police are making preparations of put a stop to any attempt on the part of the tong men to renew the feud that already has resulted in five deaths. Special officers probably will be assigned to the Chinatown squad.

NEW METHODIST PARSONAGE IS SOON TO BE ERECTED

GRANTS PASS, Or., Dec. 3.—The contract for the building of the new Methodist parsonage has been let to Contractor Mark Day, and building operations will commence shortly. This will be one of the finest residences in the city. The school board is also considering the possibility of erecting a new high school building, as the present one has outgrown its usefulness. Several sites have been offered the board and they will reach a decision soon.

JOSEPHINE DEPUTY SHERIFF CROSSES HIS LAST DIVIDE

GRANTS PASS, Or., Dec. 3.—Walter Smith, deputy sheriff for Josephine county, died this afternoon from tuberculosis. He has been deputy sheriff for the past three years, and the close confinement in the office, he doing all the office work, evidently hurried on the disease. He was raised in Southern Oregon, his father being one of the first settlers in this town. He leaves a mother, brother and two sisters.

FIND NEW WAY TO DRIVE OUT MONEY SHARKS

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 3.—Corporation Counsel Connor believes he has found a way to assist Mayor Nelson S. Pratt in his efforts to rid Spokane of salary loan and chattel mortgage agencies which charge more than the legal rate of interest. Instead of compelling the "sharks" to forfeit notes, whereon interest exceeding the principal has been paid, he proposes prosecuting the owners of buildings in which these agencies are located upon the charge of keeping disorderly houses. This will force the agencies to the street. The code in the state of Washington designates as a disorderly house "any place where illegal practices are habitually carried on," and, as the statutes say that the taking of usury is an unlawful act, though the law does not prohibit the borrower from paying it, Mr. Connor believes that prosecutions can be carried to successful conclusion. He contends the statute means that any person who maintains a place of business, in which the law against usury is habitually violated, is guilty of keeping a disorderly house, and he purposed ordering arrests to make a test.

If you really want a bargain, if you know one when you see it, if you have 1500 to invest—we can show you a real snap. For further information address Box 165, city. 222

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The Riverman

By Stewart Edward White

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Chapter 12

SUNDAY afternoon Orde, leaving Newark to devices of his own, walked slowly up the main street, turned to the right down one of the shaded side residence streets that ended finally in a beautiful glistening sand hill. Orde seated himself on the smooth, clean sand and removed his hat. He saw these things and in imagination the far upper stretches of the river, with the mills and yards and booms extending for miles, and still above them the marshes and the flats where the river widened below the Big Bend. That would be the location for the booms of the new company—a cheap property on which the partners had already secured a valuation. To right and left stretched the long Michigan coast, with hills topped with the green of twisted pines, firs and beeches, with always its beach of sand, deep and dry to the very edge.

After he had cooled he arose and made his way back to a pleasant hardwood forest of maple and beech. Orde walked slowly farther and farther into the forest.

A fresh breeze darkened the blue velvet surface of the water, tumbled the white foam hissing up the beach, blew forward over the dunes a fine hurrying wist of sand and bore to Orde at last the refreshment of the wide spaces. A woman, walking slowly, bent her head against the force of this wind.

Orde watched her idly. He caught himself admiring the grace of her deft and sudden movements and the sway of her willowy figure.

As though directed by some unseen guide, her course veered more and more until it led directly to the spot where Orde stood. When she was within ten feet of him she at last raised her head so the young man could see something besides the top of her hat. Orde looked pump into her eyes.

"Hello!" she said cheerfully and unsurprised and sank down crosslegged at his feet.

Orde stood quite motionless, overcome by astonishment. Her face, its long oval framed in the bands of the gray veil and the down turned brim of the hat, looked up smiling into his.

"Why, Miss Bishop!" cried Orde, finding his voice. "What are you doing here?"

A faint shade of annoyance crossed her brow. "Oh, I could ask the same of you, and then we'd talk about how surprised we are, world without end," said she. "The important thing is that here is sand to play in, and there is the lake, and here are we, and the day is charming, and it's good to be alive. Sit down and dig a hole! We've all the common days to explain things in."

Orde laughed and seated himself to face her. Without further talk and quite gravely they commenced to scoop out an excavation between them, piling the sand over themselves and on either side as was most convenient. As the hole grew deeper they had to lean over more and more. Their heads sometimes brushed ever so lightly; their hands perforce touched. She looked up happily at Orde, thrusting the loose hair from in front of her eyes.

She arose to her feet, shaking the sand free from her skirts. "Now let's go somewhere else," she said. "I think through these woods. Can we get back to town this way?"

"Yes," replied Orde. "The lumberjacks say that the woods are the poor man's overcoat."

Orde followed her in silence. She seemed to be quite without responsibility in regard to him, and yet an occasional random remark thrown in his direction proved that he was not forgotten. Finally they emerged from the beech woods.

She turned and waved her hat at the beech woods falling somber against the lowering sun.

"Goodby," she said gravely, "and pleasant dreams to you. I hope those very saucy little birds won't keep you awake." She looked up at Orde. "He was rather nice to us this afternoon," she explained, "and it's always well to be polite to them anyway." She gazed steadily at Orde for signs of amusement. He resolutely held his face sympathetic.

"Now I think we'll go home," said she.

"How would you like to live in a place like that all your life?" asked Orde.

"I don't know." She weighed her words carefully. "It would depend



"Good night." The place isn't of so much importance, it seems to me. It's the life one is called to. It's whether one finds her soul's realm or not that a place is livable or not."

Orde looked out over the raw little village with a new interest.

Her whole aspect seemed to have changed with the descent into the conventional of the village street. The old, gentle, though self contained reserve had returned.

"I came down with Jane and Mrs. Hubbard to see Mr. Hubbard off on the boat for Milwaukee last night," she told him. "Of course we had to wait over Sunday. Mrs. Hubbard and Jane had to see some relative or other, but I preferred to take a walk."

"Where are you staying?" asked Orde.

"At the Bennetts'." They said little more until the Bennetts' gate was reached. Orde declined to go in.

"I want to thank you," she said. "You did not once act as though you thought I was silly or crazy. And you didn't try, as all the rest of them would, to act silly too. You couldn't have done it. Oh, you may have felt it—I know!" She smiled one of her quaint and quizzical smiles. "But men aren't built for foolishness. They have to leave that to us. You've been very nice this afternoon, and it's helped a lot. Good night."

Orde, however, walked back to the hotel in a black rage with himself over what he termed his imbecility. As he remembered it he had made just one consecutive speech that afternoon.

"Joe," said he to Newark, "what's the plural form of incubus? Isn't it 'busses'?"

"Incubi," answered Newark. "Thanks," said Orde gloomily.



(To be continued.)

Special School Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters of School District No. 49 of Jackson county, State of Oregon, that a special school meeting of said district will be held at the high school on the 8th day of December 1909, at 2 o'clock, for the following objects: For voting a special tax.

Dated this 27th day of November. J. E. WATT, Chairman Board of Directors. Attest: ORIS CRAWFORD, District Clerk.

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Thirty-two acres in this tract, fine fruit land, about two miles from a shipping point. The buildings consist of a five-room box house, good-sized barn, etc. There are 12 acres of 5 and 6-year-old apples, mostly Newtowns, with commercial peaches planted between as fillers. Also three acres of young pear trees and some family orchard. Four acres in alfalfa. Six or eight acres of timber, mostly oak and laurel. There is a pumping plant on the place which supplies water for the garden and alfalfa, equipped with gasoline engine. About 40 rods from a good school. Has rural mail delivery and telephones. Price \$10,500. Terms.

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Montgomery's

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Per week for the average family for heating and cooking

	Breakfast	Baking	Ironing	Dinner	Misc. Day	Supper	Misc. Night	Total
Monday	4.30	8.00	7.00	11.30	1.00	4.00	0 kw.h.	4 kw.h.
Tuesday	4 kw.h.	1 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	1 1/2 kw.h.	1/2 kw.h.	1 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	7 kw.h.
Wednesday	4 kw.h.	2 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	8 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	1/2 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	5 kw.h.
Thursday	4 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	1 kw.h.	1/2 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	2 kw.h.
Friday	4 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	1 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	1/2 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	3 kw.h.
Saturday	4 kw.h.	3 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	4 kw.h.	1 kw.h.	1/2 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	6 kw.h.
Sunday	4 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	2 1/2 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	0 kw.h.	4 kw.h.
Total	5 1/2 kw.h.	7 kw.h.	2 1/2 kw.h.	9 kw.h.	2 kw.h.	3 kw.h.	2 kw.h.	31 kw.h.

Our rate for cooking and heating is 5c per K. W. H., making the cost \$1.55 per week

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