TUGS SEARCH FOR BULLDOG KILLS DISABLED SHIP MAN FIERCE FIGHT

Fierce Gale Which Has Raged Off Terrbile Battle Waged to Death-Oregon Coast for Ten Days

> Does Much Damage.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Dec. yesterday, to be in distress 170 miles into the death of Carl Limpert. south of Cape Flattery.

probably has been driven several hun- to part with her pet.

for the past ten days by the firce door. and and in a leaking condition.

battle with the elements. Both vessels had a portion of their said car- GIRLS OUT WITH MATRON: ried away and rigging more or less damaged. These vessels sailed in as far Dungeness, when they were be-

rigging damaged.

HONEST NEWSBOY

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 14 .-today is rejoicing over the recovery vacated. of a purse containing five dieamond rings valued at \$800 which she lost ment of its owner. He was handsomely rewarded.

Did you ever think of that?

alight, the result on the air in that

eighteen people there.

is composed?

sons.

Entered Sister's Home and

· is Killed by

NTW YORK, Dec. 14.—The horri-14.—The life saving tug Snohomish ble story of a battle to the death be and the tug Pioneer are still search- tween a man and a huge buildog, in ing for the barkentine Benicia, which which the man was killed and left was reported by the schooner Ethel lying in a pool of his own blood, was Lane, arriving at Callam Bay at noon told omnday at the coroner's inquest

The dog that figured in the unique According to the Ethel Lane the tragedy was the property of Limdeck toad of the Benicia had gone pert's sister, Mrs. Schuerman. It deand there was nine feet of water in veloped an intense hatred for Limher hold. Shipping men have little pert and on several occasions at- royla. tine, because since she was reported, tacked him savagely. Despite the Orde breathed deep of a new satissevere storms have prevailed and she brother's advice the woman refused faction in walking again the streets of

dred miles from her position at that. Early yesterday when Limpert en- its wide blue river and its glimpse of tered his sister's flat he wound the the lake far in the ofling. With sails gone and rigging demor- dog in sole possession. Suddenly alized, the advance guard of the in- the beast flung himself on the man coming fleet of sailing vessels are and for nearly an hour the combantants rolled on the floor in a deadly Then, with a warm glow at the After having been tempest? tossed struggle, Limpert unable to gain the heart, the realization was brought to

gales that have prevailed off Cape Later in the day Limpert's dead under the shadow of the heaven point-Flattery and the Oregon coast, mas-body was found lying on the floor ing spire a slip of a girl was waiting ters of vessels reaching here today beside an overturned table. His for him, report the recent storms as the flere- throat was torn to shreds and his est experienced about this coast in head and shoulders lay in a fast drymany years. The schooner David ing puddle of blood. The dog, his drive. Evans was towed here yesterday with muzzle stained with a darkening red At the booms everything was in 150,000 feet of her deck load gone and his head and body bleding from readiness to receive the jam. The gashes received when he had been long swim arm slanting across the The schooners Rosamond and Ruth hurled againt the furniture by his hu- river channel was attached to its Godfrey report having had a fierce man antagonist, cowered in a corner, winch, which would operate it. When

LEAVING DORMITORY

calmed and were drifting toward the smiles and wiles on a susceptible pike poles would then take up the beach when the life-saving tug Sno- Chinese cook, the women students work of distribution according to the homish came to their rescue and tow- occurring College Hall, the university brands stamped on the ends. Each of California dormintory, obtained brand had its own separate "sorting The schooners Oceana, Anne and the key to the trunk room and today pens," the lower end leading again Ruth Godfrey have also arrived here, are departing with their luggage. This The vessels bore evidences of being ends the trouble with the matron, to his private booms at his mill below. roughly handled by the elecents. Por- Mrs. Susan Davis. Mrs. Davis, after Orde spent the day before the jam tions of sails were carried away and forbidding any occupant of the dor- appeared in constructing what he callmintory to leave on her Christmas ed a "boomerang." vacation until December 17 because. as she claimed, an agreement had plained to Newmark. "I'm going to RETURNS DIAMONDS been reached wherein the women were to pay their board up to that date, locked up the trunk room to bind Through the honesty of William Don- her arguments. She failed to reckon pates, of course, that I'll run the ennelly, a newsboy, Mrs. Mackey, wife with the ways of co-eds and as a tire drive into the booms and do all of a detective sergeant of this city, result the dormintory is being rapidly my sorting there. Naturally if I turn

recently. Young Donnelly found the try to save dimes when he knew he them until everything else is sorted purse and watched for the advertise- would later lose dollars. This ap- only Heinzman's logs will remain, and plies particularly to the fruit grower; don't buy poor stock because its lower sorting booms, where he can be Ella Gaunyaw, public stenographer, cheap. See L. E. Hoover and get the ready to raft them. In that way he

room 4. Palm building.



McClure

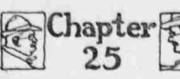
Edward

empany.

enyright

107, 1908, by

By Stewart **Edward White**



TIKEE days later the jam of the drive reached the dam at Redding. After the rear had dropped down river from Redding Carroll and Orde returned to their deserted little box of a house at Mon-

tyfied town, with its yellow hills and

"Hanged If I know what's struck me," he mused, "Never experienced any remarkable joy before in getting back to this sort of truck."

him. This was home, and over yonder

The rest of the week Orde was ab-

shut it would close the main channel and shunt into the booms the logs floating in the river. There, penned at last by the piles driven in a row and held together at the top by bolted timbers, BERKELEY, Cal., Dec. 14. - Using they would lie quiet. Men armed with into the open river. From these each owner's property was rafted and towed

"Secret invention just yet." he exhold up the drive in the main river until we have things bunched; then I'm going to throw a big crew down here by the swing. Heinzman anticihis logs loose into the river as fast as I run across them he will be able to A business man would be foolish to pick them up one at a time, for he'll only get them occasionally. If I keep as we have no right to hold logs we'll have to turn them loose through the gets them all right without paying us

> a cent. See?" "Yes, I see," said Newmark,

"Well," said Orde, with a laugh, "here is where I fool him. I'm going to rush the drive into the booms all at once, but I'm going to sort out Heinzman's logs at these openings near the entrance and turn them into the main channel."

"What good will that do?" asked Newmark skeptically. "He gets them sorted just the same, doesn't he?"

"The current's fairly strong." Orde pointed out, "and the river's almighty wide. When you spring seven or eight million feet on a man all at once and unexpected and he with no crew to handle them, he's going to keep almighty busy. And if he don't stop as much oxygen as four adult per- gas or oil lamps when you consid- them this side his mill he'll have to raft and tow them back, and if he doesn't stop 'em this side the lake he

may as well kiss them all goodby." The boomerang worked like a charm, Orde, in personal charge, watched that through the different openings in his boomerang the "H" logs were shuntin imminent danger of tragic, sudden ed into the river. Shortly the channel was full of logs floating merrily away. "I've got to go down and see how the

He drove to Heinzman's mill. There citement. Boats plied in all directions. breath. A tug darted back and forth. Constantly the number of floating logs

augmented, however. Many had already gone by. "If you think you're busy now," said Orde to himself, with a chuckle, "just wait until you begin to get logs. What's he doing with that tug?" thought he. "Oh, ho! He's stringing booms across the river to hold the whole outfit."

He laughed aloud and drove frantically back to the booms "He's shut down his mill," shouted Orde, "and he's got all that gang of highbankers out and every old rum blossom in Monrovia, and I bet if you say 'logs' to him he'd chase his tail in circles. I'm going to take Marsh and the Sprite and go to town. Off Heinzman," he added as an after-

river-obstructing navigation." "Marsh," he called, "got up steam?" There appeared a short, square man, eyes blue as the sky.

"I'p in two minutes." he answered. "Harvey, fire her up!" Captain Marsh guided his energetic

stream with the marvelous second instinct of the expert tugboat man. Orde noted with satisfaction that many of the logs had found lodgment among the reeds and in the bayous and inlets. One at a time, and painfully, these

would have to be salvaged. Shortly Orde, standing by the wheel in the pilothouse, could see down the stretches of the river a crowd of men working, autlike,

"They've got em stopped," commented Orde. "Look at that gang working from boats!" "What do you want me to do?"

asked Captain Marsh "This is a navigable river, isn't it?" replied Orde. "Run through!"

The tug headed straight for the slender line of booms stretching quite across the river.

Orde looked at his watch. "We'll be late for the mail unless we hurry," said he

Marsh rang the engine room bell, The water churned white behind. "Vat you do? Stop!" cried Heinzman from a boat.

"You're obstructing navigation!" yelled Orde. "I've got to go to town to buy a postage stamp." The prow of the tog, accurately

aimed by Marsh, hit square in the and day," he bluffed, "and by tomor junction of two of the booms. There ensued a moment of strain; then the of timber above my booms." He joyously through the opening. The down to business almighty sudden," booms, swept aside by the current, floated to either shore. The river was sadly away and the whole drive, "H"

"Let's see the show."

Up river all the small boats gathered tion in a line, connected one to the other by a rope. The tug passed over to paign," he said to Newmark. them the cable attached to the boom. Evidently the combined efforts of the ter decidedly rowboats were counted on to hold the tug brought out the other half. When the tug dropped the cable Orde laughed. "Nobody but a Dutchman would

telescope, the tears of laughter streaming down his face.

"They'll have to have two tugs before they can close the break that way," commented Orde.

"Sure thing," replied Captain Marsh. around the bend from above came the faint uneasiness, Lucy Belle

The Lucy Belle was the main excuse for calling the river navigable. In appearance she was two storied, with twin smokestacks, an Iron Indian on her top and a "splutter behind" paddle

"There comes his help," said Orde. Sure enough, the Lucy Belle stopped. After a short conference she steamed clumsily over to get hold of one end of the booms. The tug took the other. In time and by dint of much plashing, some collisions and several attempts

the ends of the booms were united. By this time, however, nearly all the logs had escaped. The tug, towing a string of rowboats, set out in pursuit. The Lucy Belle turned in toward the

"She's going to speak us." marveled

"Tug ahoy!" bellowed a red faced individual from the upper deck. He was dressed in blue and brass buttons and was liberally festooned with gold braid and embroidered anchors. "Hello there, commodore! What is

it?" replied Marsh. "They want a tug up there at Heinzman's. Can you go?

The Lucy Belle sheered off magnificently.

"What do you think of that?" Marsh asked Orde.

Heinzman saw the Sprite coming and rowed out frantically, splashing

"Don't you go through there! a minute! Stop, I tell you!" "Hold up!" said Orde to Marsh.

> "I forgot the money to buy my stamp with," said Orde sweetly "I'm going back

to get it." "Not through my pooms!" "Mr. Heinz man," said Orde severely, "you are obstructing a navigable stream. I am doing bustness, and I can-

not be interfered with." "But my logs!" "I have nothing to do with your logs. You are driving your own logs," Orde

Heinzman vituperated. "Go ahead, Marsh!" said Orde.

For a second time the chains were snapped. The severed ends of the booms swung back toward either shore. Between them floated a rowboat. In the rowboat gestlenlated a pudgy man The river was well sprinkled with logs. Evidently the sorting was going on

"May as well go back to the works," said Orde. "He won't string them together again teday, not if he waits for that tug he sent Simpson for."

Orde detailed to an appreciative audi-

ence the happenings below. "Why, be hain't sorted out more'n a million feet of bla logs," cried Rollway Charlie, "He hain't seen no logs yet." They turned with new enthusiasm to the work of shunting "H" logs into the channel.

A stableman picked his way out over the booms with a message for Orde. "Mr. Heinzman's ashore and wants

to see you," said he, Orde found the mill man pacing restlessly up and down before a steaming pair of horses. Newmark, perched on stump, was surveying him sardonic-

"Here you poth are!" burst out Helnzman. "I must not lose my logs! Vat is your probosition?"

Newmark broke in quickly "I've told Mr. Heinzman," said he, "fint we would sort and deliver the rest of his logs for \$2 a thousand." That will be about it," agreed Orde.

"But." exploded Helpzman, "that is as much as you agreet to drive and deliffer my whole cut!" "Precisely," said Newmark.

"Put I haf all the eggspence of driv-ing the logs myself. Why shoult I pay you for doing what I had airetty paid to haf done?"

forced to bother with your logs, and you're lucky to get out so easy. If I turn your whole drive into the river you'll lose more than half of it outright, and it'll cost you a heap to salvage the rest. And, what's more, I'll turn 'em in before you can get hold of a pile driver. I'll sort night row morning you won't have a stick links snapped, and the Sprite plunged laughed again. "You want to get

When finally Heinzman had driven logs included, was pouring into the "Slow down, Marsh," said Orde, main boom Orde stretched his arms over his head in a luxury of satisfac-

> "That just about settles that cam-"Oh, no, it doesn't!" replied the lat-

"Why?" asked Orde, surprised. "You half boom across the current while the "den't imagine he'll do anything more?" "No, but I will," said Newmark.

Early in the fall the baby was born. have thought of that!" he cried. "Now It proved to be a boy. Orde, nervous as a cat after the ordeal of doing Immediately the weight fell on the nothing, tiptoed into the darkened small boats they were dragged irre- room. He found his wife weak and sistibly backward. Marsh lowered his pale, her dark hair framing her face. a new look of rapt inner contemplation rendering even more mysterious her always fathomiess eyes. She held her lifs to him. He kissed them.

Grandma Orde brought the newcomer in for Orde's inspection. He But at that moment a black smoke looked gravely down on the puckered. rolled up over the marshes, and shortly discolored bit of humanity with a

hesitated. "Does the doctor say he's

going to be all right?" "All right!" cried Grandma Orde indignantly. "I'd like to know if he isn't all right now! What in the world do

you expect of a newborn baby?" But Carroll was laughing softly to herself on the bed. She held out her arms for the baby and cuddled it close

to her breast. "He's a little darling." she crooned. "and he's going to grow up big and strong, just like his daddy." She put her cheek against the sleeping babe's and looked up sidewise at the two standing above her. "But I know how you feel," she said to her husband. When they first showed him to me ! thought he looked like a peanut a



[TO BE CONTINUED.] Made a Dull Boy Smart.

Once upon a time a stern father called his son to him and severely addressed him. "Child," he said, "you are walking in the way of stupidity instead of pursuing the path of intelligence. You are neglecting your books and allowing your mind to sink into duliness. I must do something to awaken in you a realization of your error. Go to the orchard and bring me a switch as long as your arm and no smaller than your little finger."

The boy went as directed, and after he returned he and his father were alone in the attic for several painful minutes.

Moral.-There is more than one way to make a boy smart.-New York Her-

Plants That Mimic Stones. In South Africa there is found a

plant of the genus Mesembryanthemum, growing on stony ground, which so closely resembles a pebble that it is invariably taken by the stranger to be

Another species of the same plant growing on the bills round the Karoo produces two senves about as large as ducks' eggs, having a surface resembling weathered stone of brownish gray color, tinged with green. These plants look like stones, but for a short time they put forth bright yellow flowers. Still another species of the same plant resembles the quartz pebbles among which it grows. -New York Tribune.

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ou for doing what I has siretty paid has done?" Orde chuckled. "Heinzman," said he, "we aren't

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ed with gas or oil? Remember what a long, relishing what light is there that compares draught of pure night air your poor with it in quality for a moment? lungs breathed in when you left that house. Remember what a relief it was? A gas or oil flame cannot burn for a minute in air from which oxy-

gen has been extracted. An electric light burns in a vacuum enclosed in an air tight glass bulb. .Catch the point?

light in your home you are just chasing so much unsanitariness out of your home. Is electric light more expensive

when you consider this? Would you not consider buying, at however cheap a price, a piece of your temper. furniture, or drapery, which was under suspicion that it harbored disease time yet.

Do you consider there is any econ- sense to complete the list, and see omy in buying and using any form the point. We know it won't take of light (no matter how cheaply it long.

Are you aware that every other may be bought that vitlates the atform of artificial illumination, ex- mosphere and tends towards sick-

Another point: Electric light is eminently safer ments of which the air we breathe than any other kind of light. No

matches are required. A gas flame, or an oil lamp flame, burning in your home is consuming

Once more: That means that if there are six and three burners (gas or oil) are room is the same as if there were

Ever go out in the evening to a card party, or some similar affair, than gas or oil lamps when you think Dutchman is making it," announced and stay for several hours in a room it over? in which twenty or thirty people were

perfection of quality. No flickering uncertainties.

No nerve-irritating roar. No fus, or soot to blacken ceiling

No stale, unpleasant odorr.

No wicks to trim. No broken down mantels to ruffle thought, "is stringing booms across the

But, we'll leave it to your own

er this? people in your parior in the evening, little neglect-a little absent-mindedness-a trifling act of thoughtlessness-and you and your family are

congregated-and that room light- real and tremendous arguments in favor of electric light in the home-

> No shadows on the book or papers No chairs to climb on to light it. No matches to strike to light it.

Now-when you install electric or curtains.

No lamps to fill.

HEALTH HINTS

ygen in the air, and robs your lungs Truly there is none. -and your family's lungs of the most essential and life-giving ele-

> And-matches cause more fires than anything else in the wide world. Is electric light more expensive than

Is electric lighting more expensive Besides - if there weren't these

No coal oil can in the kitchen, No lamp chimneys to clean.

cepting electric light, cats up the ox- ness or discomfort?

Gas and oil are both expensive-a

Think of its brilliancy, its steadiness, its convenience, its absolute

And - we could go on for a long

Orde. "Sure!" cried Marsh, choking.

"Head upstream again." he found evidences of the wildest ex- at every stroke and yelling with every

> Heinzman rowed alongside. "Vat you do?" be demanded.

reminded him,