

**A CHRISTMAS AT
CAPE HORN**

(Continued from page 14.)

of money is also more welcome to most helms than a chestful of tarred rags. Besides, the sea auctions give the ship-mates of the dead an opportunity to "raise his reputation" by adding generously to his account.

Everybody wanted to fill the Christmas stockings of poor Bob's folks. The chief mate, Dickson, good naturedly consented that the auction should be held then and there and came to the fore-castle with pencil and paper to record the sales as fast as they were made.

"Here you are, boys—here you are! Get your money ready. The greatest Cape Horn sale ever held will now start," rasped the old chief. "First

article is a valuable straw pillow. Remember what Mr. Shakespeare says, 'Uneasy rests the head that hasn't got a pillow.' What am I bid? Two dollars? Thank you! Three—four—five—six—six I have. Cape Horn prices, gentlemen. Eight—ten—ten—are you all done? Tom, you can have it for \$10. You may get a better one in San Francisco for 50 cents, but you can't duplicate it for \$50 within a thousand miles of this place.

"Next article is a handsome stand-up linen collar. It has only been worn by poor Bob in Liverpool and can be washed absolutely clean for the small price of 5 cents. It is the only article of its kind that has ever been for sale at Cape Horn. What am I bid—a dollar—two, two-fifty, three-fifty, four—four—are you all done? Sold to Dick for \$4. Dick is a sport now. Wait a minute; there is a button in the back

of the collar. You will have to buy the button separately, Dick."

And so each worn and patched garment of poor Bob was sold at "Cape Horn prices." Bob's shipmates took

care that none of them contributed less than a month's wages to Bob's final pay day.

The mate at last put his hand to the bottom of Bob's chest, and from a corner he brought up a bundle of papers wrapped in an old piece of canvas tied together with yellow silken cigar bands. The mate held the bundle thoughtfully in his hand. He hesitated to trespass.

"Open it up!" shouted the men in chorus.

"Hem! Well, we will see what is in it anyway," assented the mate.

When the canvas cover was opened a score of letters in soiled and torn envelopes dropped out.

"I see no harm in letting you fellows get a little home sentiment out of these old letters," said the mate, "but you must not keep them. They must be forwarded to Bob's friends. You boys can bid for the privilege of reading the letters."

Dick for \$9 bought the right to first pick. He took the best preserved envelope and its inclosure and went away to read the letter.

The sale continued, letter after letter fetching a neat sum. Half the letters were sold when Dick came from his corner and interrupted the sale. He looked troubled and shook his letter in our faces.

"Boys, this letter is from the girl," said he. "She's a dandy. Bob was no good. He didn't go home when he was paid off in Liverpool; he didn't go home from New York; he didn't go home from San Francisco when he could have made the trip in a day. The girl is waiting yet."

The mate, who had been intently reading one of the letters, here interrupted.

"Bob's mother is getting old, and she is poor. She does not ask for money, however. All she wants is her boy. He will never return to her now. Poor Bob's mother! Poor Bob!"

At four bells the lookout gave us his "All's well! Side lights burning bright." Suddenly he began to beat the forward bell like mad.

The lookout was shouting and waving his arms from the fore-castle head, where he stood clinging to the rail. When we reached the fore part of the house the lookout attracted our at-

tention to a dark object leaning limply against the starboard light-house.

It was Bob Jones.

We carried him into the fore-castle. The mate and the whisky bottle were brought forward, and Bob slowly came to his senses.

"I was slambanged something fearful, boys," drawled Bob. "That breaker caught me right, and the blamed strap broke. Then over she rolled to leeward."

"And I saw you go over the side," interrupted Dick.

"Not I. It may have been the sheet coil," continued Bob. "I was washed away up under the fore-castle head. I guess I went clean off in a faint after I had crawled to a dry place. When I woke up I made for the fore-castle, but I couldn't make it. I dropped right off again at the light-house."

When Bob had been bandaged up and given a warm breakfast he was the old Bob once more. The boys poked lots of fun at him when they returned his things to him.

"Hold on, boys! let us make a bargain with Bob," the imperative Dick broke in. "Here is my Bible. If Bob will swear to go home to his mother and the girl from San Francisco he can take the auction money along as a Christmas present."

"That's right! Come on, Bob. Swear, man, swear!"

"I do, so help me, God, and a merry Christmas to you all, boys!" sobbed Bob. "I will go home, boys—I will!"

And he did.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Worm.
The Henpecked Husband—Is my wife going out, Elsie?

"Yes, sis."

"Do you know if I am going with her?"—Exchange.

Deferred.
The Optimist—We'll pay for all this fine weather later on. The Optimist—Well, cheer up! That's the regular time for paying for things, isn't it?—Puck.

Out of the Ordinary.
"I have tried to write something out of the ordinary in this novel."

"Well, my boy, I think you have succeeded."

"In what particular?"

"Your heroine acts as if she had sense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A VALUABLE STRAW PILLOW.

A VALUABLE STRAW PILLOW.



THIS is the maiden so dainty and sweet
Who regretted she wasn't provided with feet
Elephantine—so the stockings she wore
Might hold Santa's stock and very much more.

THE MIDWAY TRACT

This is the name selected for the subdivision of orchard land which we are plating between Phoenix and Talent. The name was sent in by Mrs. Addie K. Rippey of 207 West Main street, Medford, who has been awarded the \$10 we offered to give the person suggesting a name for the tract which we should accept. There were six other persons who sent in the same name, but Mrs. Rippey's letter was the first received at our office, and for this reason she has been awarded the prize.

Replies to our advertisement were received from 39 different persons, offering 191 names to select from.

The name is appropriate, because the land lies midway between Ashland and Medford, midway between Talent and Phoenix, and midway between the hills on either side of the valley.

As soon as the survey is completed we will have other announcements to make concerning this tract, than which no better orchard or garden land has yet been put on the market in the Rogue River valley.

W. T. YORK & CO.

15 ROUNDS 15 BOXING CONTEST

AT THE MEDFORD THEATER, MEDFORD, OREGON

Monday Evening, Dec. 20

RALSTON vs. DOAN IN A 15-ROUND GO

HILDERBRANT vs. BURK, in a 5-Round Go

Young Jeffries of Medford, 75 lbs. vs. Young Corbet of Medford, 75 lbs. in a 3-Round Go

This is the one Best Bet of the season and he who fails to attend will always regret it

TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT HASKINS' DRUG STORE
PRICES FROM 75 CENTS TO \$1.50