## A CHRISTMAS AT

(Countined from page 14.)

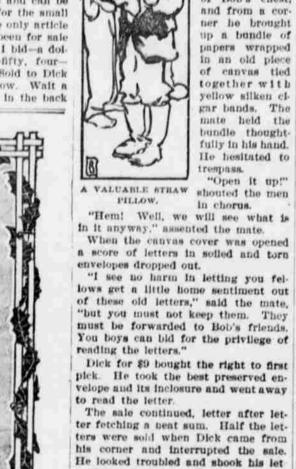
of money is also more welcome to most heirs than a chestful of tarred rags. Besides, the sea auctions give the shipmates of the dead an opportunity to "raise his reputation" by adding generously to his account.

Everybody wanted to fill the Christmas stockings of poor Bob's folks. The chief mate, Dickson, good naturedly held then and there and came to the forecastle with pencil and paper to record the sales as fast as they were

"Here you are, boys-here you are!

article is a valuable straw pillow. Re-CAPE HORH member what Bill Shakespears says, 'Uneasy rests the bend that hasn't got a pillow.' What am I bid? Two dollars? Thank you! Three-four-fivesix-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 standup linen collar. It has only been worn consented that the auction should be 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 bld-a dollar-two, two-fifty, three-fifty, four-Get your money ready. The greatest | four-are you all done? Sold to Dick Cape Horn sale ever held will now for \$4. Dick is a sport now. Wait a start," rasped the old chief. "First minute; there is a button in the back



no good. He didn't go home when he was paid off in Liverpool; be didn't go home from New York; be 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 inter-

"Boys, this letter is from the girl,"

said he. "She's a dandy. Bob was

ter in our faces.

"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 forecastle head, where he stood clinging to the rail.

When we reached the fore part of the

house the lookout attracted our at-

of the cellar. You will have to buy | tention to a dark object leaning limpthe button separately, Dick." ly against the starboard lighthouse. And so each worn and patched gar-It was Bob Jones.

of Bob's chest,

trespass.

In chorus.

We carried him into the forecastle. ment of poor Bob was sold at "Cape The mate and the whisky bottle were Horn prices." Bob's shipmates took care that none of | brought forward, and Bob slowly came them contribut to his senses. ed less than a "I was slambanged something fear-

month's wages to ful, boys," drawled Bob. "That break-Bob's final pay er caught me right, and the blamed strap broke. Then over she rolled to leeward"last put his hand "And I saw you go over the side,"

to the bottom Interrupted Dick. "Not I. It may have been the sheet

and from a cor- coil," continued Bob. "I was washed ner he brought away up under up a bundle of the forecastle papers wrapped head. I guess in an old piece went clean off : of canvas tied a faint after together with had crawled to a yellow silken ci- dry place. When gar bands. The woke up 1 mate held the made for the bundle thoughtforecastle, but I fully in his hand. couldn't make !! I dropped right He hesitated to off again at the

"Open It up!" lighthouse." shouted the men When Bob had been bandaged 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:

IT WAS BOB JONES.

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 Henpecked Husband-Le my wife going out, Elsie? "Yes, sir

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

Deferred. The Pessimist-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?-

Out of the Ordinary. "I have tried to write something out of the ordinary in this novel." "Well, my boy, I think you have suc-

ceeded. "In what particular?" "Your heroine acts as if she had

sense."-Louisville Courier-Journal.



This is the name selected for the subdivision of orchard land which we are platting 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.



HIS 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

## 5\_\_\_ROUNDS\_\_\_15 BOXING CONTEST

THE MEDFORD THEATER, MEDFORD, OREGON

Monday Evening, Dec. 20

RALSTON vs. DOAN

HILDERBRANT vs. BURK, in a 5-Round Go

IN A 15-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

