

COLVIG WAXES MOST SARCASTIC

District Attorney Mulkey Refers to Prisoner's Scars and is Called Down Hard by Opposing Counsel.

The jury in the case of the state vs. J. W. Morris, accused of assault on two young girls, brought in a verdict of guilty Thursday afternoon.

Morris is accused of attempting to feloniously assault his granddaughter, Gussie Duffield, aged 14 years. The girl, her younger sister and a brother all swore to the facts and there was no opposing evidence except that of the old man himself, who declared that the fracas arose from his trying to force the girl to get supper, which she refused to do.

Morris will be sentenced at the opening of court on January 31, the court having adjourned while the jury was out.

Old Veteran.

Morris is a veteran of the civil war and at the battle of Williams Creek his left eye was shot out, leaving his face badly scarred. In his argument District Attorney Mulkey referred to his facial disfigurement in these terms:

"Look, gentlemen of the jury, at his old scarred face; every mark on it shows his vicious disposition."

Judge Colvig in defense replied as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The district attorney has seen fit to refer in scathing terms to the scarred face of the helpless defendant. In any case the prosecuting attorney would do wrong to so assail a prisoner, but doubly wrong is it when those scars were received in the red forefront of battle, fighting for the preservation of the Union. It is told of the late Justice Brewer, one side of whose face was badly blackened and disfigured that a young lawyer of police court proclivities once closed his argument with the remark: 'I will now close my argument until I hear what my friend, Scarface Charlie, has to say.' Justice Brewer replied: 'Gentlemen, I have a badly scarred face. When I was a small boy a beautiful young sister was playing before the open fire and fell into the flames. Boy as I was, I rushed to her rescue. I saved her life, but fell with my head under the footstool. My face is burned and blackened, gentlemen, but not half so black as the heart of he who would remark upon it.'"

"Gentlemen," concluded Mr. Colvig, "my client might have said, if he could have the opportunity, something like the above. He might have said that 'my scars were received in fighting for my country and my flag, that the man who would make such a reference to a defenseless prisoner is no one who would stand in the forefront of battle and have his eye struck out by the enemies' bullet.'"

ONLY 17 YEARS OLD AND PROBABLY IS A WIDOW

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—At the Oakland home of Captain Harry L. Hansen, of the lost lumber schooner Susie M. Plummer, his 17-year-old wife is waiting today for news of the fate of the missing vessel's crew. No word has been received since a relief ship was sent out yesterday after the dismantled schooner was reported by wireless to be laying off the Washington coast.


It is thought that the schooner, bound from Everett to San Pedro with a cargo of lumber, encountered the rough weather of two weeks ago and that the crew either took to the boats when the masts were blown away, or were taken off by a passing vessel.

Although the owners of the Susie Plummer today expressed themselves as hopeful for the safety of the crew they admit the fact two weeks have elapsed since the storm in which she is supposed to have met disaster, with no message from the crew, make the outlook less hopeful.

FIREMEN DIE AT THEIR POSTS OF DUTY IN MAINE

LEWISTON, Maine, Dec. 24.—Two firemen were killed and two others seriously injured in a fire that destroyed the Callahan block in Lewiston early today. The building was one of the largest in the city and the fire burned stubbornly for hours despite the efforts of the firemen.

Be sure you are right before you go ahead, is good advice that applies to the light business as well as other business. Electric light has stood the test of time as the safest and most economical light and before considering cheaper lights get the experience of people who have used them several months at least. 240



The Riverman

By Stewart Edward White

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(CONTINUED.)

within hearing. "And get Marsh up here with the Sprite. We're got to get afloat."

He paid no more attention to the ejected crew.

A few minutes' hard work put the driver afloat. Fortunately its raft of plies had not become detached in the upheaval.

"Tom," said Orde briskly to North, "you know the pile driving business. Pick out your crew and take charge."

Orde took charge of the situation in its entirety, as a general might. He set North immediately to driving clumps each of sixteen plies, bound to solidity by chains, and so arranged in angles and stanch as to direct the enormous pressure toward either bank, thus splitting the enemy's power. The small driver owned by the Boom company drove similar clumps here, there and everywhere that need arose or weakness developed. Seventy-five men opposed to the weight of 20,000,000 tons of logs and a river of water the expedients invented by determination and desperation.

Orde gave over formal defenses and threw his energies to saving the weak places which rapidly developed. By the most tremendous exertions he seemed but just able to keep even. Piles quivered, but slowly outward. Immediately before the logs behind them could stir, the pile driver must do its work. Back and forth darted the Sprite and her sister tug, the Spray, towing the pile drivers or the strings of plies. Under the frowning destruction the crews had to do their work. And if ever a break should come there would be no escape. Crushed and buried, the men would be borne to an unknown grave in the lake. Every man knew it. Darkness came. No one stopped for food.

Morning found no change in the situation. The water rose steadily. The logs grew more and more restive; the defenses weaker and more inadequate.

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Chapter 33

ALL that day and the next night the fight was hard to hang without the opportunity of a breathing space. Then Orde, bareheaded and disheveled, strung to a high excitement, began to be harassed by annoyances. The plies gave out. Newman left, ostensibly to purchase more. He did not return. Tom North and Jim Denning, their eyes burning deep in their heads for lack of sleep, came to Orde, holding to him symbolically their empty hands.

"No more plies," they said briefly.

"Get 'em," said Orde with equal brevity. "Newman will have enough here shortly. In the meantime get them."

North and his friend disappeared, talking with them the crews of the drivers and the two tugs. After an interval they returned towing small rafts of the long timbers. Orde did not make any inquiries, nor until days later did he see a copy of the newspaper telling how a lawless gang of rivermen had driven away the railroad men and stolen the railroad's property.

Orde was everywhere. Miles and miles he traveled, running along the tops of the booms, over the surface of the jam, spying the weakening places and hurrying to them a rescue.

Toward noon the plies gave out again.

"Where in h— is Newman?" exploded Orde. He sent North and a crew of men to cut plies from standing timber in farm wood lots near the river.

"If the owners object stand them off with your peavies!"

Down river the various mill owners were busy with what men they had left in stringing defenses across the river in case Orde's works should go out. When Orde heard this he swore vigorously.

"Crazy fools!" he spat out. "They'd be a lot better off helping here. If this goes out their little booms won't amount to a whiff of wind."

He sent word to that effect; but, lacking the enforcement of his personal presence, his messages did not carry conviction, and the panic stricken owners continued to labor, each according to his ideas. However, Welton

answered the summons. Orde bailed his coming with a shout.

"I want a dredge!" he yelled as soon as the lumberman was within distance. "I believe we can relieve the pressure somewhat by a channel into Stearn's bayou. Get that government dredge up and through the bayou as soon as you can."

"All right," said Welton briefly. "Can you hold her?"

"I've got to hold her," replied Orde between clenched teeth. "Where in h— is Newman? I need him for fifty things, and he's disappeared off the face of the earth! Purdy, that second cable! She's snapped a strand! Get a re-enforcing line on her!" He ran without another thought of Welton.

But flesh and blood has its limit of endurance, and that limit was almost reached. Orde heard the first premonitions of reaction in the mild grumblings that arose. Although the need for struggle, against the tireless dynamics of the river was as insistent as ever, although it seemed certain that a moment's cessation of effort would permit the enemy an irrefragable gain, he called a halt on the whole work.

"Boys," said he irrelevantly, "let's have a smoke."

He threw himself full length against a slanting pile, leisurely billing his pipe. The men stared a moment and then followed his example. The horizon lay low and black against the afterglow. Beneath it the river shone like silver. Over beyond the rise of land that lay between the river and Stearn's bayou could be seen the cloud of mingled smoke and steam that marked the activity of the dredge.

Orde was apparently more at ease than any of the rest, but each instant he expected to hear the premonitory crack that would sound the end of everything. Finally he yawned and got to his feet.

"Now," said he, a new ring in his voice, "come on and let's get something done!"

They responded to a man.

By midnight the water had gone down slightly. Half the crew snatched a little sleep. For several hours more the issue hung in equilibrium. Then, with the opening of the channel into Stearn's bayou, the heaviest pressure was relieved. For the moment the acute danger point was passed. Orde spent the next two days in strengthening the defenses. The men were able to take their quota of meals and of sleep.

The jam had been successfully held at the iron railroad bridge above Redding, but only by the most strenuous efforts. Braces of oak beams had been slanted where they would do the most good. Chains strengthened the weaker spots, and on top of all ton after ton of railroad iron held the whole immovably. Nolan had all the help he required. Every device known was employed to strengthen the jam. For only a few hours was the result in doubt. Then, as the Clarion jubilantly expressed it, "it's a hundred dollars to an old hat she holds!"

Orde received all this with satisfaction, but with a slight skepticism.

"It's a floating jam, and it gets a push from underneath," he pointed out. "It's probably safe, but another flood might send it out."

"The floods are going down," said North.

"Good Lord, I hope so!" said Orde. Newman sent word that a sudden fit of sickness had confined him to the house.

Now Orde decided to break out a channel through the jam itself. This was a necessary preliminary to getting the logs in shape for distribution. An opening was made in the plies, and the rivermen, with pike poles and peavies, began cautiously to dig their way through the tangled timbers. The government pile driver, which had finally been sent up from below, began placing five extra booms at intervals downstream to capture the drift as fast as it was turned loose. The troubles appeared to be quite over when word came from Redding that the waters were again rising. Ten minutes later Leopold Lincoln Bunn, the local reporter, came flapping in on Randall's old white horse, like a second Paul Revere, crying that the iron bridge had gone and the logs were racing down river toward the booms.

"It just went out!" he answered the eager exclamations of the men who crowded around him. "That's all I

know. It went out! And the other bridges! Sure! All but the Lake Shore! Don't know why that didn't go out. No; the logs didn't jam there—just slid right under!"

"That settles it," said Welton.

"You won't quit?" cried Orde.

"Certainly. You're crazy!" said Welton, with some asperity. "If they can't stop a little jam with iron, what are your wooden defenses going to amount to against the whole accumulation? When those logs hit the tail of this jam she'll go out before you can wink. It's sure death, and I'm not going to sacrifice my men."

Already the news was spreading among the workers on the jam. Orde saw the government driver below casting loose from her moorings. A moment later her tug towed her away to a side bayou of safety out of the expected rush to the lake.

"But we can hold her!" cried Orde in desperation.

"It's no use, boy," said old Carlin; "it's sure death."

"Sure death!" Orde laughed bitterly. "All right; sure death, then, isn't there a man in this crowd that will tackle this sort of sure death with me?"

The hammer ran smoothly to the top and fell. A half dozen times more it ripped. Then heavy chains were thrown around the winch, and the steam power began to draw the clumps together.

"Done!" cried Tom North.

North unmoored, and the driver dropped back with the current. The tug churned forward to accomplish the last duty of binding the defenses together by means of chains and cables. Two men leaped to the floating booms. Orde and the Rough Red set about the task. They worked from either end toward the middle. When they met Orde ordered Red aboard the tug.

"I'll do this one, Jimmy," said he.

Aboard the tug all was tense preparation. In the engine room Harvey, his hand on the throttle, stood ready to throw her wide open at the signal. Armed with sharp axes, two men prepared to cut the mooring lines on a sign from the Rough Red. They watched his upraised hand. When it should descend their axes must fall.

Orde folded a knot. Upstream the jam settled deliberately forward, cutting a clump of plies like straw.

"She's coming!" cried the Rough Red. "Give me every second you can," said Orde, making the last turns.

The mass toppled slowly, fell into the swift current and leaped with a roar.

"Jump!" the Rough Red cried, and his arm descended.

Orde leaped blindly for the rail, where he was seized and dragged aboard by the Rough Red. The axes fell; Marsh whirled over the wheel; Harvey threw open his throttle. The tug sprang from its leash like a bound. And behind the barrier the logs, tossing and tumbling, the white spray flying before their onslaught, beat in vain against the barrier, like raging wild beasts whose prey has escaped.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Los Angeles Times says Oregon is sick of the primary law and wants to go back to the old convention plan. The Times should have said that Oregon's political machine was sick of the primary law.

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