

# ASHLAND'S NEW BOOKLET ARRIVES

Work Is Complete and Has Much of Interest Regarding the Valley of the Rogue.

ASHLAND, Jan. 28.—The first installment of Ashland's new booklet has arrived and hope long deferred has given away to a sense of gratification over the beauty and completeness of the work. It is of convenient size and contains 48 pages of mingled illustrations and letter-press in addition to the cover, the entire pamphlet constituting a work of artistic excellence, the merits of which far excel those of any other publication hitherto gotten out by the community.

The front cover has a representation of the upper falls of Ashland creek, very familiar to the residents of this vicinity. On the title page the artist has brought into requisition a scene from Grand View orwards on Terrace Heights, wherein are depicted Master Grover, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Howard, and Miss Lannice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Peters, gathering the luscious fruit. No names are given in connection with the engraving, but the representation is from an actual photograph, nevertheless, and the little folks have reason to feel elated over the prominence given them in the illustrated portion of the work.

Illustrations of creek and canyon, hill and dale, mountain and valley, are interspersed with those of parks, orchards and typical homes, while school buildings, grand scenic attractions and "Some Ashland Industries" are not overlooked.

Descriptive matter regarding scenery, soil, climate and productions occurs in just the right proportion to balance the illustrated portions of the booklet, and the facts given constitute a very concise and fair statement regarding actual conditions prevailing in this locality.

Instead of the parting of the ways, after perusing this elegant booklet one arrives at the point "where the pine and palm meet," as depicted on the back of the cover. This trite aphorism is a most happy expedient and expresses a truism especially applicable to the latitude in which Ashland is situated. The wealth of coloring of fruit, pine and palm give added charm to the inscription, and in this design the artist caps the climax in the way of fine printing and pictorial effects by the application of a phrase which is entirely original and unique, as well as one that is found to be popular, for the sentiment will be heralded far and wide in regard to Ashland as an ideal resort.

This publication has experienced even more of the vicissitudes than falls to the lot of the average community booklet. Originally planned to be ready for distribution at the time of the A-Y-P exposition, its delivery has been delayed until patience has well nigh ceased to be a virtue. But it is now here and first installments will be followed by others as needed. Disappointment incident to its delivery on time will be offset by the fact that it is one of the finest productions of its kind gotten out by this or any other community.

The publication is issued under the auspices of the Commercial club, and was planned under the regime of O. Winter, president; H. F. Pohland, secretary, and Messrs. J. W. McCoy, Louis Dodge and H. L. Whitted, when these gentlemen constituted the board of trustees. The printing was done by the home-seekers' bureau of the Sunset Magazine, really the exploitation organization of the Southern Pacific system, and a number of writers, artists and directors have been Ashland visitors from time to time as the work progressed. The edition is 25,000.

Medford, Oregon: This certifies that we have sold Hall's Texas Wonder for the cure of all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles for ten years, and have never had a complaint. It gives quick and permanent relief. Sixty days' treatment in each bottle. Medford Pharmacy.

### Personal.

If you want quick returns on real estate, list your property with us. Several eastern buyers will arrive in a few days that desire large and small tracts. Siskiyou Land Co., 206 Phipps bldg. 273\*

### Notice.

Is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the regular meeting of the city council of Medford, Oregon, on February 1, 1910, for license to sell malt, vinous and spirituous liquors in less quantities than one gallon for a period of six months, at lot 11, block 20, in Medford, Oregon. W. M. KENNEDY. Dated January 21, 1910.



# THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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"The Guest of Quesnay" tells the story of a pure woman's love and sacrifice for a debased, mistle, pleasure loving man; it tells in captivating vein of picturesque Paris, too, of the cosmopolitan life of the famous capital. Its character sketches of continental society as well as peasantry are unmistakable in their picturing, and its romance, its mystery and its refreshing comedy give the same qualities to the novel that placed the author's "Monsieur Beaucaire" among the masterpieces of contemporary fiction.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE are old Parisians who will tell you pompously that the boulevards, like the political cafes, have ceased to exist, but this means only that the boulevards no longer gossip of Louis Napoleon, the return of the Bourbons or of General Boulanger, for these highways are always too busily stirring with present movements not to be forgetful of their yesterdays. In the shade of the buildings and awnings the loungers, the lookers-on in Paris, the audience of the boulevard, sit at little tables, sipping coffee from long glasses, drinking absinth or bright colored sirups and gazing over the heads of throngs afoot at others borne along through the sunshine of the street in carriages, in cabs, in glittering automobiles or high on the tops of omnibuses.

From all the continents the multitudes come to join in that procession—Americans tagged with race cards and intending hilarious disturbances, puzzled Americans worn with guidebook prodding, Chinese princes in silk, queer Antillean dandies of swartly origin and fortune, ruddy English thinking of nothing, pallid English with upper teeth bared and eyes hungrily searching for signboards of tea rooms, over-Europized Japanese unappetizingly immaculate, burrowed sheiks from the desert and red fazed Semite peddlers, Italian nobles in English tweeds, Sudanese negroes swaggering in frock coats, slim Spaulards, squat Furks, travelers, idlers, exiles, fugitives, sportsmen. All the tribes and kinds of men are tributary here to the Parisian stream, which on a fair day in spring already cverts the banks with its own much mingled waters—society of cads, bourgeois, bearded, amiable and in no fatal hurry; well kept men of the world swirling by in airacious limousines, legless cripples flopping on hands and leather pads, thin whiskered students in velvet, wairus mustached veterans in broadcloths, keen faced old prelates, shabby young priests, cavalymen in casque and cuirass, workmen turned horse and harnesses to carts, sidewalk jesters, itinerant vendors of questionable wares, shady loafers dressed to resemble gold showing America, motor cyclists in leather, hairy musicians, blue gendarmes, baggy red zouaves, purple faced, glazed hatted, scarlet waistcoated, cigarette smoking cabmen, calling one another "onions," "camels" and names even more terrible. Women are prevalent over all the concourse—fair women, dark women, pretty women, gilded women, haughty women, indifferent women, friendly women, merry women, the women in fine clothes, rich women in fine clothes, poor women in fine clothes, worldly old women reclining befurred in electric landaulets, worldly old women boldly strutting cartful of flowers, wonderful automobile women, quick glimpsed, in multiple veils of white and brown and sea green; women in rags and tags and women draped, coiffed and befurred in the delirium of maddened dream-tailiners and the hashosheed poets of ladies' tailors.

So if you sit at the little tables often enough—that is, if you become an amateur boulevardier—you begin to recognize the transient stars of the pageant, those to whom the boulevard allows a dubious and fugitive role of celebrity and whom it greets with a slight flutter, the turning of heads, a murmur of comment and the incredulous boulevard smile, which seems to say: "You see—madame and monsieur passing there. Evidently they think we still believe in them."

This flutter heralded and followed the passing of a white touring car with the procession one afternoon just before the Grand Prix, though it needed no boulevard celebrity to make the man who lolled in the tonneau conspicuous. Simply for that, notoriety was superfluous; so were the remarkable size and power of his car; so was the elaborate touring costume of flannels and pongee he wore; so was even the enameled presence of the dancer who sat beside him. His face would have done it without accessories.

My old friend George Ward and I had met for our aperitif at the Terrace-Larue, by the Madeleine, when the white automobile came snaking its way craftily through the traffic. Turning in to pass a victoria on the wrong side, it was forced down to a snail's pace near the curb and not far from our table, where it paused, checked by a blockade at the next corner. I heard Ward utter a half suppressed guttural of what I took to be amazement, and I did not wonder.

The face of the man in the tonneau detached him to the spectator's gaze and singled him out of the concourse with an effect almost ludicrous in its incongruity. The hair was dark, lustrous and thick, the forehead broad and finely modeled and certain other ruminous vestiges of youth and good looks remained, but whatever the features might once have shown of honor or worth or kindly semblance had disappeared beyond all tracing in a blurred distortion. The lids of one eye were discolored and swollen almost together. Other traces of a recent battering were not lacking, nor was cosmetic evidence of a heroic struggle on the part of some valet of infinite pains to efface them. The nose lost outline in the discolorations of the puffed cheeks. The chin, tufted with a small imperial, trembled beneath a sagging gray lip.

The figure was fat, but loose and sprawling, seemingly without the will to hold itself together. In truth, the man appeared to be almost in a semi-stupor, and contrasted with this powdered Sthenus, even the woman beside him gained something of human dignity. At least, she was thoroughly alive, bold, predatory and, in spite of the gross embouchure that threatened her, still savagely graceful. A purple veil dotted with gold floated about her hat, from which green dyed ostrich plumes cascaded down across a cheek enameled dead white. Her hair was plastered in blue-black waves, parted low on the forehead. Her lips were splashed a startling carmine, the eyelids painted blue, and from between lashes gammed into little spikes of blacking she favored her companion with a glance of carelessly simulated tenderness—a look all too vividly suggesting the ghastly calculations of a cook wheedling a chicken bearer the kitchen door.

"Who is it?" I asked, staring at the man in the automobile and not turning toward Ward.

"That is Mariana—'la bella Mariana la Mursiana.'" George answered—"one of those women who come to Paris from the tropics to form themselves on the legend of the one great famous and infamous Spanish dancer who died a long while ago. Marianna did very well for a time. I've heard that the revolutionary societies intend striking her sister, Miss Elizabeth, looks after him now. She came with him when he returned to Paris after his disappointment in the unfortunate Harman affair, and she took charge of all his business as well as his social arrangements (she has been accused of a theory that the two things may be happily combined), making him lease a house in an expensively modish quarter near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Miss Elizabeth is an instinctively fashionable woman, practical, withal, and to her mind success should be not only respectable, but 'smart.'"

It was George's habit to come often to see me. He always really liked the sort of society his sister had brought about him, but now and then there were intervals when it wore on him a little, I think. Sometimes he came for me in his automobile, and we would make a mid excursion to breakfast in the country, and that is what happened one morning about three weeks after the day when we had sought pure air in the Luxembourg gardens.

We drove out through the Bois and by Suresnes, striking into a roundabout road to Versailles beyond St. Cloud. It was June, a dustless and balmy noon, the air thickly glided by a faint haze, and I know few things pleasanter than that road on a fair day of the early summer and no sweeter way to course it than in an open car.

"After all," said George, with a placid wave of the hand, "I sometimes wish that the landscape had called me. You outdoor men have all the health and pleasure of living in the open, and as for the work—oh, you fellows think you work, but you don't know what it means."

He indicated the white road running before us between open fields to a curve, where it descended to pass beneath an old stone culvert. Beyond stood a thick grove with a clear sky flickering among the branches. An old peasant woman was pushing a heavy cart round the curve, a scarlet handkerchief knotted about her head.

"You think it's easy?" I asked.

"Easy? Two hours ought to do it as well as it could be done—at least the way you fellows do it!"

He was interrupted by an outburst of the shrill scream of a steam-horn, as a great white touring car swung round us from behind at a speed that sickened me to see and, snorting thunder, passed us.

"Seventy miles an hour!" gasped George. "Those are the—Oh, Lord! There they go!"

in his own country was reached during a midnight quarrel in Chicago, when he shot a negro gambler. Harman's wife left him, and the papers recorded her application for a divorce. She was George Ward's second cousin, the daughter of a Baltimore clergyman; a belle in a season and town of belles and a delightful headstrong creature from all accounts. She had made a runaway match of it with Harman three years before, their affair having been earnestly opposed by all her relatives, especially by poor George, who came over to Paris just after the wedding in a miserable frame of mind.

Harman next began a trip round the world with an orgy which continued from San Francisco to Bangkok, where, in the company of some congenial fellow travelers, he interfered in a native ceremonial with the result that one of his companions was drowned. In Rome he was rescued with difficulty from a street mob that unreasonably refused to accept intoxication as an excuse for his falling down a child on his way to the tomb. Later we had been hearing from Monte Carlo of his disastrous plunges at roulette.

I still take three home newspapers, trying to follow the people I knew and the things that happen, and the ubiquity of so worthless a creature as Larrabee Harman in the columns I dredged for real news had long been a point of irritation to this present exile. Not only that. He had usurped space in the continental papers, and of late my favorite Parisian journal had served him to me with my morning coffee, only hinting his name, but offering him with that gracious satire characteristic of the Gallic journalist writing of anything American. And so this grotesque wreck of a man was well known to the boulevard—one of its sights. That was to be perceived by the flutter he caused, by the turning of heads in his direction and the low laughter of the people at the little tables. Three or four in the rear ranks had risen to their feet.

Some one behind us chuckled aloud. "They say Marianna beats him."

"Evidently!"

The dancer was aware of the flutter and called Harman's attention to it with a touch upon his arm and a laugh and a nod of her violent plumage.

At that he seemed to rouse himself somewhat. His head rolled heavily over upon his shoulder, the lids lifted a little from the red shot eyes, showing a strange pride when his gaze fell upon the many staring faces.

Ward pulled my sleeve.

"Come," he said, "let us go over to the Luxembourg gardens where the air is cleaner."

Ward is a portrait painter, and in the matter of vogue there seem to be no pliancies left for him to surmount.

He has painted most of the very rich women of fashion who have come to Paris of late years, and he has become so prosperous, has such a polite celebrity and his opinions upon art are so conclusively quoted that the friendship of some of us who started with him has been dangerously strained.

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(To be continued.)

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# BANDITS DOING TERRIBLE WORK

Gang of Desperadoes Burn Man to Make Him Tell Where Money Is Secreted—Other Cruelties Are Practiced.

NEEDLES, Cal., Jan. 28.—A human foot, found on the desert by Dr. D. F. Watson, indicates today that a horrible murder has been committed and the officers of Arizona and California started another search for the Abo Pass robbers, who have been terrorizing settlers along the Arizona-New Mexico border.

It is believed that the murderous band has extended its operations into this district. This belief is strengthened by the recent attack upon John Rogers, an aged man, and his two companions at Ash Fork, which resulted in Rogers' death in a hospital at Phoenix.

Rogers and his friend were set upon by the murderous thieves, who, after binding them, saturated their clothing with kerosene and ignited it because Rogers refused to tell where he had secreted his money.

The human foot shows evidence of having been burned off, and the authorities suspect that a man met his death at the hands of the desperadoes, who later burned his body.

It is believed that there are 12 bandits in the band, as that was the number counted when Espiasano Virgil and his wife at Abo Pass were bound and their clothing saturated with oil when they refused to divulge the hiding place of their savings. The couple saved their lives by telling where the money was. The robber leader held a burning match in his hand when Virgil told. The thieves secured \$280.

Later Charli Ray was visited by the desperadoes. He surrendered his money without protest.

As a result of the latest evidence of their crimes it is probable that the authorities of the southwest will combine to run the murderers to earth. Possibly the federal and Mexican officials will be called upon to aid, as it is believed the robbers have their rendezvous beyond the Mexican border.

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- 360 acres 1 1-2 miles north of Eagle Point, \$18,000, easy terms.
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