

EAGLE POINT EAGLETS

By A. C. Howlett

Among the many callers at Eagle Point since I wrote last I will note: I. McLellan of Medford, County Assessor Wm. Grievie and Charles Kinsey of Wampa, Idaho. The latter two were out to look at a tract of land above here on Little Butte Butte creek and Mr. Grievie was also simply smiling on his many friends out here.

The many friends of the Ewen sisters, Misses Clara and Ethel, are glad to learn of their good fortune in securing their part of the old home place that was taken on a mortgage while they were but small children, and now they have needed the land to N. L. Narrigan, the man who had made the last purchase, the consideration being \$11,000.

G. H. Wamsley and daughter, Miss Mabel, returned from an extended visit to Los Angeles and vicinity to visit his sister and other relatives. While on their trip they took a sea voyage from Los Angeles, or rather a shipping point eighteen miles from the city, to San Francisco. Miss Mabel says that she rather enjoyed the voyage but her father was rather "squeamish."

Mrs. Floyd Pierce of Forest Creek came over to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Frazer last Saturday.

Porter Robinson arrived last week from San Francisco, his family having preceded him several months.

Mrs. Caroline Pool of Butte Falls, who has been spending the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tungate of Jacksonville, came out last Saturday and went to her home at Butte Falls on Monday.

In my last I spoke of Mr. Owings having bought the old pool hall and now J. W. Smith is putting in partitions and cutting it up into bedrooms, something greatly needed in these parts.

Some of our citizens are about ready to go up in smoke or some other way, for the railroad company have actually put a switch out on the desert and are going to pull the town up there in spite of the fact that there is neither road, water nor grass or anything to raise; but if it does go we can raise vegetables to supply the new city.

Grant Harvey while running a

horse with another young man last Saturday night had his horse fall and when young Harvey struck the ground he found that his collar bone was broken and that he was pretty badly bruised up.

There has been quite a number of the employees on the railroad and the right of way for the railroad come out the past week but the most of them only temporary.

John Edell came out last Saturday after a load of supplies for his railroad camp, the men who are getting out the timber and building short bridges and culverts up the timber. He reports that the contractors have the right of way cleared almost to Butte Falls.

Died—February 9, 1910, at the family residence on Reese creek, Mrs. Jennie L. Johnson, aged 46 years, 3 months and 25 days. She was born in Monroe county, Ohio, of Quaker parents and adhered to many of the peculiar tenets of that church, although in after-life she united with the Methodist Episcopal church and lived in accordance with the teachings of that denomination. I had the pleasure of visiting her a few times during her sickness and she was always ready to give a reason for the hope that was in her. She died a peaceful death and has gone to her reward. Her husband, Prof. J. C. Johnson, is now teaching his second term of school in the Reese creek district, and is universally liked by all the patrons of the school. In addition to her leaving her husband, she also leaves a young man whom they have raised, by the name of Penn. They have no children of their own. The lady came here for her health and being sick all the time formed but few acquaintances. The remains were interred in the Central Point cemetery and religious services were conducted in the Eagle Point church by Elder J. P. Moorman, assisted by A. C. Howlett.

Your Eagle Point correspondent has been and still is on the sick list and has not been able to gather many items of news and in this connection will say to the readers of the Mail Tribune that I will not be able to go to Table Rock and Sams Valley next Sunday.

HER PROPOSAL.

By MARION GOLDBERG.

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Marion Hathaway, though she was not interested in the rights of women, was deeply interested in the rights of a woman, and that woman was herself. Miss Hathaway was twenty-six years old and unmarried when it suddenly occurred to her that there was one right belonging to her that she had been denied, not by any law, but by the most imperious of all rulers, custom.

"A man," she said, "may say with impunity, 'I'm looking for a wife,' but let a woman say the same thing about a husband and she would be considered immodest in the extreme. Indeed, her statement would be held up to ridicule and would defeat her purpose to marry. Furthermore, a man may ask a dozen women one after another to marry him, while a woman is forbidden to ask even one man. Now, I'm not going to submit to such injustice any longer. I wish a husband, home and children. I know the man I should like to marry. I decline to angle for him. I'm going to assume with regard to him the same privilege he has assumed toward me. I shall propose marriage."

Mr. Archibald Howe was the man to whom Miss Hathaway decided to propose. He was thirty-two years old, doing a good business and of good standing both socially and as a citizen. Miss Hathaway had an income of \$1,000 a year. In a business point of view the elements for a partnership existed. The question in the lady's mind was this: First, had the man ever thought of her as one he would like to marry; second, if not, could she lead him to so think of her? He was permitted to discover her feelings for him. Why should she not be permitted to learn his for her?

All this reasoning was well enough, but to put it into practice was another matter. Miss Hathaway winced at the first fine. A brave way to act in the case was to send for Mr. Howe and make her proposal by word. Her feelings constrained her to do it by letter; but, after writing and tearing up some twenty epistles, she concluded that she must either "take the bull by the horns"—that is, make her proposal in person or not at all. Summoning all her resolution, she wrote him to call on her.

When Mr. Howe's card was handed her the next evening she caught sight of her face in a mirror. Dismay was written on every feature. She was a strong character, though with a tendency to enter upon innovations that only the concurrent opinion of large communities can effect. At any rate, she was determined and, having once put her hand to the plow, would not turn back. But it required ten minutes before her heart beat would subside to a normal rate. At the end of which time she descended the staircase and entered the drawing room. Her heart had recommenced its kettle-drum performance and her knees threatened to let her down on the floor. That woman's nature had something to do with the custom of proposals for the first time rushed upon her with great force. Mr. Howe rose, she mechanically extended her hand, he received his seat, and she sank on one end of a sofa.

"What can I do for you?" asked the caller.

Miss Hathaway's reply was a shiver. "A matter of charity?" asked the gentleman after a pause to help her out.

"Well—yes—in a way."

"For whom or what do you ask aid?"

"Myself."

Mr. Howe looked surprised.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Howe," she continued, with every show of resolution. "In order that I may do something—something very disagreeable, and I wish you to help me."

"Something disagreeable?"

"Very."

"Is it something we can do together?"

"No; one or the other must do it."

"I shall be very happy to do it for you if I can."

"That's impossible."

Mr. Howe thought a bit before saying:

"If one or the other must do it, and I can't do it, I don't see but that you must do it yourself."

Miss Hathaway didn't look as if she could.

"Tell me," added the caller, "what it is and I'll see what I can do for you." He rose from his seat and sat down beside her.

"No; I have resolved to do it myself, and I will."

"Proceed."

Miss Hathaway gathered her faculties for a beginning.

"Did you ever think of me—that is, in the friendship that has existed between us—has it ever occurred to you?"

She stopped.

Mr. Howe was looking at her intently. Her bosom was heaving; her eyes were like those of a hunted fawn. It occurred to him that he would like to put his arms about her, take her head on his shoulder and comfort her.

"I have freely resolved," she went on, with a gasp, "always to remain single."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And I have thought that we might derive ourselves to some world's work together."

He gazed upon her, still intently, for some moments, then said:

"Yes, and that work will be to build up a home for ourselves."

She turned her face up to him lighted by a smile and said:

"There, I knew I could do it."

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\$13,000—Twenty acres; 16 acres in 7-year-old Newtowns and balance in 3-year-old Bartlett pears; no buildings.

\$7500—Ten acres, all planted to Newtown and Spitzenberg apples, 7 to 11 years old.

\$18,000—Thirty-five acres, about 25 planted to apples and pears, in bearing. Trees are from 6 to 15 years old; buildings; four miles from Medford.

\$14,000—Thirty-five acres; buildings; exceptionally fine place for a home; twelve acres in apples and pears 3 years old; about an acre of bearing orchard; 11 acres in alfalfa; all fine deep free soil.

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EDEN PRECINCT ITEMS

Mrs. Lloyd Colver was visiting with Mrs. A. S. Furry last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Merian Hortley of North Talent was attending the Aid meeting Thursday at Phoenix.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Croy were calling on Mr. and Mrs. C. Carey Thursday evening.

Lloyd Colver was a Medford business visitor last Thursday.

E. Gibbs of North Talent was at the county seat last Thursday.

Bowerman Hartley and wife of North Talent went to Jacksonville to visit Mrs. Hartley's parents last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Croy of North Talent were visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hoyer of Valley View orchard last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Carey were in Medford last Saturday. Mr. Carey was delivering a lot of his fine berry vines to N. S. Bennett and getting some trees to replant.

Oscar Low, a former Talent resident, was down to the Hub city last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Graffer of North Phoenix were in Medford Saturday.

W. E. Anderson and wife were doing trading in Medford Saturday.

Harry Lynch of Talent was a Medford business visitor last Saturday.

John Most was in Medford trading last Saturday.

H. H. Taylor and wife were down to the city of Medford Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen were doing trading in Medford last Thursday.

Mrs. Fred Pratt of Phoenix was visiting friends in Jacksonville last Thursday.

F. E. Furry of Phoenix was a Medford business caller last Thursday.

Mrs. J. W. Dean of Wagner Creek came down to Phoenix on the evening train to visit with her daughter, Mrs. L. O. Colver.

Mrs. E. Calhoun of Rocky Ford peach orchard, was up in North Talent last Tuesday visiting their daughter, Mrs. S. S. Stephens.

Miss Clara Allen of North Talent was among the several young couples from this part that attended the play, "The American Lord," last Saturday night in Medford.

ford.

JEFFRIES TO SHOW IN FRISCO NEXT SUNDAY

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 15.—Jim Jeffries will be placed on exhibition here next Sunday afternoon at Recreation park for the purpose of allowing local fight fans to "get a line on the actual condition of the heavyweight championship challenger."

Jack Gleason, the promoter, has arranged a program of athletics to interest the sports while they settle for themselves the mooted question of the chance Jeffries stands with Jack Johnson.

The carnival events will be subordinated to the Jeffries attraction, and a bout between Jeffries and Berger will be made a star feature of the afternoon's entertainment.

Jeffries is expected here next Thursday evening. He will be accompanied by Berger and probably by Tex Rickard. After a conference the promoter and fighters will reach a definite decision as to whether or not the fight will be held at Salt Lake City. Gleason and Rickard have promised the Salt Lake sports that they will give a definite answer by February 20. It is considered a certainty that the fight will be staged at Salt Lake.

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