

SOCIETY

Mr. Robert Telfer, city recorder, is confined to the house with a gripe.

Mr. R. H. Parsons of the Hillcrest orchard returned last week from a trip to Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanley and family left Saturday for California.

There will be a special meeting of the Rebekahs Tuesday evening.

The Junior Bible society met Saturday afternoon at the manse.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. J. E. Watt Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Mr. L. B. Warner left for Portland last week, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and Miss Dawson. They will drive the entire way.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Olwell had as their dinner guest Wednesday evening Mr. Fred Hopkins of Portland.

The Pythian Sisters will hold a meeting the 19th of September.

Mr. H. Gerig left Saturday for Eugene, where he will attend the University of Oregon.

Mr. Howell Carey left Friday for the University of Washington, which he will attend this year.

Mr. Fred H. Hopkins, former owner of Snowy Butte orchard, spent a few days in Medford last week.

Dr. K. R. Sleeper of Redlands, Cal., is the guest of T. E. Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Foster entertained at dinner Tuesday evening with Mr. B. F. Heidel as guest of honor.

Mrs. O. H. Reichman left for San Francisco Thursday for a three weeks' visit.

Mrs. S. A. Nye left last week for Minneapolis, where she will spend several weeks.

Mr. A. S. Rosenbaum returned Friday from a business trip to Portland.

The sophomores of the Medford high school gave a straw ride Friday evening, when they drove to Talent. Misses Palmer and Foster were chaperones. A dainty lunch was provided by the young ladies of the class, and all had a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. W. H. Meeker left Thursday for Portland, where she will spend several weeks as the guest of Mrs. P. M. Cadduck, Mr. Meeker's sister.

Mr. Tronson of Eagle Point left last Sunday for a short trip to Portland.

Mr. H. T. Findley leaves Tuesday for Gridley, Cal., where he will make his future home.

PAIR EXCHANGE.
A New Back for an Old One—How It Is Done in Medford.

The back aches at times with a dull, indescribable feeling, making you weary and restless; piercing pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, and again the loins are so lame to stoop is agony. No use to rub or apply a plaster to the back in this condition. You cannot reach the cause. Exchange the bad back for a new and stronger one. Follow the example of this Medford citizen:

Mrs. William Charley, Grape street, Medford, Or., says: "The public statement I gave in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills in 1907 still holds good. I occasionally take this remedy now and I find that it keeps my kidneys in proper working order. A fall was the cause of kidney complaint in my case. The kidney secretions were unnatural and sometimes I had such acute pains in my back that I could hardly bend over. I did not sleep well and despite the use of plasters, liniments and remedies of various kinds, I continued to suffer. While in that condition, Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and, procuring a box at Hasel's drug store, I began their use. In about two weeks I felt better and the contents of four boxes of this remedy made me well. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many other people."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A SUMMER IN THE WILDS OF SOUTHERN OREGON

(Continued from Page 9.)

dred ways to escape from the stinging, burning barb. Then up the pool, past the astonished Pitt, who found himself unable to take up his slackening line. Reaching the other end of the pool the trout renewed his efforts to break away. But his struggles were weaker. Several times it seemed as if the tiny hook must give—but he was doomed. With a well-hooked fish and a careful angler there can be but one result. Finally tired nature gave out and then, like a true steelhead, he was forced to give up. Pitt waded out into the stream, the landing net was cautiously dipped in behind and without a quiver the eight-pound steelhead allowed its waiting meshes to encompass his splendid form.

Day by day we worked our way up Rogue river until at last we came to the Crater Lake national park, in which is situated beautiful Crater Lake, which Edward H. Harriman was wont to class as the eighth great wonder of the world. We spent the night at the Arant camp, signed our names in the big register kept there by Uncle Sam and bright and early the next morning we left for the rim of the lake, five miles distant.

From the camp the road ascends, gradually at first, then with sharp rises near the summit. Finally we toiled up the last rise, and there before us, 1500 feet below, lay a sea of sapphire in a rough-hewn setting of burnished gold. It was beautiful, grandly beautiful—far too vast to even attempt to describe. The sun shone strong on the water, bringing out a wonderful color effect. The water seemed a deep indigo blue, blending to a soft turquoise in the shallows along shore. On all sides the precipitous cliffs reach down to the water, in some cases from a height of 200 feet. Where the water is not ruffled by the breeze the reflection is so near perfect that it is impossible to tell where land and water meet. Out over the lake is Wizard island. It appears to be only a few hundred yards away, and yet it is over two miles from shore. And over everything is the most mysterious stillness, an intense silence that fairly grips one. People move about as though at church; not a sound is heard from bird or beast; it is like a vast temple in which every one is forbidden to break the solemn silence. After gazing for a while the spell of mystery fairly grows on one, and the whistling of the passing breeze in the tree tops is a most welcome sound.

The lake rests in the crater of a mountain, the top of which at some time disappeared, leaving a cauldron 4000 feet deep and six miles in diameter. The water fills this vast cauldron half full. Near the western shore of the lake is a cinder cone 845 feet high, known as Wizard island, in the top of which is still another extinct crater, 100 feet deep and 500 feet in diameter. Near the shore on the eastern side is a huge pile of jagged rocks, which have received the name of Phantom Rock. With these exceptions, there are no islands, and the water in the lake is so clear that a six-inch plate can be seen at a depth of 92 feet. Usually in the early hours of the morning the surface of the lake is like glass, and in its depth is reflected every object that the sky and earth contain. At night, when this condition prevails and the moon is full, the view that is reflected in the still depths is beautiful beyond description, as well as awe-inspiring. There can be seen, as if in a huge mirror, the Milky Way and its myriad of stars, unknown to a less clear atmosphere, the constellations which shine with a brightness undreamed of in other climes, and the moon, which seems larger and more brilliant than anywhere else, and all the other glories of the heavens.

The region about the lake is full of historic and legendary interest. In the mysterious depths of the lake, so the Indians believe, dwells the great spirit, and until recently no Indian dared scarcely to look upon it for fear that the giant crawfish, or Loa, would in its wrath reach up its arms even to the top of the cliffs and drag into the cold depths of the lake any who dared to invade its mysterious realm.

How this great scenic wonder was created, none will ever know. On account of the vast amount of pumice spread for a distance of 20 miles in all directions about the base of the mountain some scientists declare that here must have occurred the most awful explosion in the history of the Cascade range. That this explosion had the force to tear away the mass of rock and earth that lies in a mountain cone 6000 feet high and hurl it upon the surrounding country, leaving in its place a yawning chasm, is maintained by many.

It was midsummer when we began

to make our way down the Rogue, leaving this truly wonderful bit of nature behind us. The hills beckoned in garb of green and gold. The withered, fragile petals of spring were still strewn upon the ground, but a riper fragrance filled the air. The fields had lost their coat of many colors and were wearing a jacket of brownish yellow. Trees in leafy fullness lured to the shadows where the streams tinkled with silvery laughter. In the meadows, redolent with the perfume of ripening grasses, barley heads were growing strong, and the scent of new-mown hay was wafted with the clover and alfalfa bloom. In glistening waves, the wind-billowed fields of tasseled grasses. The warble of a vireo, the solitary song of a thrush, the harsh call of a flicker and the liquid melody of a meadow lark mingled with the drowsy hum of bees and insects into a harmony of the season.

The days were long and full of glory. Myriad blades of grass sparkled and reflected the beauty of the rising sun, each dewdrop a glistening jewel of the morn, while the breezes passed on moistened feet. A cloudless sky set the splendor of a summer noon. With lingering afterglow the cool of evening came with its violet shadows that glided into the darkness of night.

For three weeks we fished our way down the Rogue, then leaving the stream behind we made our way overland to the "marble halls of Oregon," a series of caverns second only to the world-famous Mammoth cave of Kentucky. These caves lie in the midst of the most picturesque mountain scenery imaginable. Descending into a little valley over rugged granite boulders, the forest-covered mountains rising on every side, we came to Cave creek, which bursts from the foot of a perpendicular granite wall 100 feet in height. Nature has draped the white facade with luxuriant green moss, in beautiful contrast to its uncovered portions. It is like a grand overture introducing the theater of wonders that follow.

Entering a low passage by following the bed of the stream, we gradually ascended over rugged rocks to the upper levels, leaving the water below. A hundred feet and then the real beauties began to disclose themselves. The walls were of creamy whiteness, while stalactites hung like icicles from the ceiling; stalagmites rose from the floor; fantastic formations of the same self-whiteness abounded on every hand. Darkness absolute and impenetrable, was but intensified by our candles as we moved through the larger chambers. Silence as in a vacuum reigned—not a sign of life existed in air or water. Every stalactite had its drop of crystal liquid, yet it never seemed to fall, and the caves were in most places remarkably dry.

There are many different chambers, but the "ghost chamber" is modelled on the grandest scale of all, though so irregular in its outline that dimensions convey but little meaning. Emerging into this great salon, one is startled by a gigantic shadowy white outline lost in the obscurity of the further end. Unlike most of the other rooms, the "ghost chamber" is hollowed out of brownish rock, and the stalactite formation only appears in one place, where it covers the wall, producing the spectral effect that names the room. The dome of the room is fully 100 feet high, while the chamber is over 200 feet in length.

Scores of passages lead from this room in every direction, and yet the fact that but a single one leads to the outside air gives an idea of the intricacy of the caverns and the danger in visiting them alone. So seldom are the caves visited that should an over-daring explorer lose his way he is certain to perish.

These caves have formed the basis of a remarkable story written by Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras."

But the tinge of frost now becoming more and more marked in the morning air, warned us that our vacation days were at an end. The time was early autumn and the noon-day sun was showering the multi-colored hills with gold; a delicate touch of winter had painted in brilliance the fast falling leaves, and yellow and crimson and the dark of the evergreen mingled in tangled profusion along river bed and hill slopes; the russet summer brown of the fields was changing as if by magic into a tender green; the stubble of grainfields was losing itself in long, straight black furrows. The orchards had lost their emerald dress, had yielded their fruit and their once laden branches stretched forth in naked and needed rest; the mountains that towered in the distance on either hand were beginning

Beautiful Windows

ONLY POSSIBLE WITH A WELL ASSORTED STOCK.

When you pass down the street you are almost compelled to stop and admire the beautiful collection of Jewelry novelties on display in our window. The window only gives you a very small idea of our immense assortments of Watches, Clocks, Rings, Bracelets, Diamonds, Necklaces, Brooches, Ear Drops, Stickpins, Charms, Hatpins and many other articles too numerous to mention.

ALL PRICED VERY LOW.

B. T. Van DeCar WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER
PHIPPS BUILDING

JOHN A. WESTERLUND

Candidate for the Republican Nomination for State Representative



John A. Westerlund.

I was born in Henry county, Illinois, 45 years ago. Until my twenty-second year worked on a farm, then attended Bethany college, Lindsburg, Kansas, from which institution I graduated in 1891.

I have been interested in fruit and horticulture for fifteen years and during the last seven years actively engaged in such work in the Rogue River valley.

I believe in the initiative and referendum and State-ment No. 1, and shall, if elected, vote for that candidate for the United States senate who receives the largest number of votes at the election.

I believe in good roads and shall favor legislation tending to give us improved highways.

I shall oppose all extravagant creation of salaried officers and commissions and shall favor an economical administration of the affairs of this state.

I favor state aid for the Ashland Normal school and such legislation as shall constantly improve our public schools.

I shall, if elected, devote my best energies for the welfare of the state of Oregon and Jackson county in particular.

JOHN A. WESTERLUND.

(Paid advertisement)

A Snap For a Quick Sale

I have a corner lot, 100x100 three blocks from new Hotel Medford, with good house of 8 rooms, concrete foundation, fenced, garage, etc.; good well, house can be remodeled and three or four more rooms added for a few hundred dollars; would make fine rooming house; plenty of room on lot for modern bungalow; owner wants to make quick sale and makes the snap price of \$4000 if taken within ten days; \$2500 cash will handle. Call on owner between 12 and 1 o'clock at 127 SOUTH GRAPE STREET.

to wear their winter dress of white. And so with reluctance we turned our way back to the city.

Our outing had but convinced us that so long as a man live he should hope to preserve that spirit which leads him to commune with nature—the source of all that is beautiful and best. A sequestered nook where the tall trees shake shimmering shadows down, where the perfume of flowers steals in upon the senses, where the song of the birds and the hum of insects creep through the tangled wildwood, and the glint and gleam of the sun on the back of the trout as he leaps to catch the careless fly—these, we learned, have as much to do with life as the topics and problems of the workaday world.

Special Meetings.

The Seventh-Day Adventists will hold a general meeting in their church building on North Riverside avenue, near the North school. These meetings will last ten days, beginning Friday night, September 1st. Elder C. W. Flaiz of the North Pacific union conference, will be present; also Pastor J. Mark Conner of St. Paul, Minn.; Elder F. S. Bunch, president of the Southern Oregon conference, and other speakers as well. Their subject will be of live interest to all. Evening meetings at 8 o'clock, preceded by a 15-minute song service. The daily program will be announced from the desk. Everybody welcome.

Haskins for Health.

Regular Republican, Flat Salary Candidate For State Printer



William J. Clarke

Annual income of State Printer under present fee system, \$30,000, would pay expenses of any two departments of State. Printer's income much greater under new law which goes into effect in January, 1911.

Greater than combined salaries of Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Bank Examiner and Attorney General.

William J. Clarke, only Republican, Flat Salary candidate for State Printer, would save \$25,000 to the State annually which now goes into the pocket of the State Printer.

Has has over 30 years' successful experience in the printing and publishing business and a lifelong Republican.

Will the taxpayers vote to rob the State to enrich the individual?

State printing office the last relic of the old fee system.

(Paid advertisement)

UNIVERSAL BRAND

HEATERS

are considered by a great many of the best judges of Heating Stoves to be the best ever turned out from a stove factory. The drafts are so arranged that a quick fire may be had—fire may be kept almost indefinitely and so that the least amount of fuel is consumed.

BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD.

Call and inspect our line of Heaters before you purchase.

\$2.25 TO \$22.50.

Nickolson Hardware Co.

MAIN AND BARTLETT STREETS

Announcement

We wish to announce that we are the exclusive agents for California's famous ORANGE BLOSSOM CANDY, the finest Chocolates made.

Medford Pharmacy Inc.

Dr. and Mrs. Gale are guests of Judge and Mrs. Colvig. Dr. Gale is much improved in health, and it is hoped he will decide to make Medford his future home.

Mr. H. L. Hamilton and family left for San Francisco last week, where they will spend the winter. The Misses Venita and Ena will attend Miss Hamlin's school.