

TREES

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THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Novelized by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE From the Play of the Same Name by WINCHELL SMITH

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(Continued from last Saturday.)

"They disappeared. He wandered to the chair and threw himself limply into it. "That voice!" he said stupidly. "That rattle! I've got to see and who that! It serves me right," he concluded.

The most hopeless of humors assailed him, and he yielded to it with out a struggle. His attitude expressed his mood with relentless verity. Clin sunk upon his breast, eyes fairly distilling gloom, legs stretched out carelessly before him, he sat motionless, suffocating at the bottom of a gulf of discontent. His lips moved, sometimes godlessly, again in whis pers barely audible.

"Years of this! A matter of human endurance—no, superhuman! If it wasn't for the bargain, I'd chuck it all and— Well, the only way to forget your misery is to work. I suppose."

He pulled himself together and stood up, wondering where he had left his broom, and simultaneously stiffened with surprise, aware that he was not alone. A glance, however, established the connection between the rear door, which stood ajar, and the young woman who stood staring at him in a stupor.

He was quick to see the intelligence in Betty Graham's malicious eyes and the sweet lines of her mouth, too often shaped in sullen moil, and no less quick to recognize that she would care herself well, with spirit and dignity, once she were relieved of household toil and spoil, once given the chance to discard her shapeless, bedraggled and threadbare garments for those dainty and beautiful things for which her starved heart must be sick with longing.

"Good Lord," he thought, pitiful, "it's worse here than I dreamed. Old Graham must need a keeper, and this child has been trying to be that with nothing to keep him on."

"Who are you?" the girl demanded suddenly in a voice a little harsh and toneless. "What are you doing here? Where's my father?"

"Mr. Graham has stepped out on business," Duncan replied. "You are his daughter, I believe?"

"Yes, I'm his daughter, but—" "My name is Nathaniel Duncan. Mr. Graham has been kind enough to take me on as apprentice, so to speak."

Her stare continued, intense, resentful, undeviating. "You mean you're going to work here?"

"That's my intention, Miss Graham." He nodded gravely. "What for?"

"To learn the drug business." "Oh, hi!" She flung herself a pace away impatiently. "I'm not a child, and I don't want to be talked to like one."

"I didn't mean to annoy you—" "Well, you do. You've got no business in a rundown place like this, you with your fine clothes and your fine airs. You didn't come here to learn the drug business. You know as well as I do you've got some other motive."

There was a truth in that to sting him. He smarted under its lash, but held his temper in check because he was sorry for the girl. "Perhaps you're right," he conceded—"perhaps I have some other motive. But that's neither here nor there. I'm here, and it is my present intention to learn the drug business in your father's store."

"I don't believe you, Mr. Duncan, or whatever your name is." "I'm sorry," he said patiently. Betty's lips twitched contemptuously. "Well, saying you do mean to work here—" "I do."

particularly the young stratum thereof. From my window in the Citizen office I was able to keep a tolerably close account of events and obtain a consensus of public opinion. So far as the latter bore upon Duncan, it was divided into two rather distinct parties, one, of course, favoring him, and this was feminine almost exclusively. Tracey Tanner, to be sure, confessed within my hearing to predilection for the New York dandy, but was inclined to hedge and climb the fence when assailed by Roland's strictures. Roland, I suspect, was a wee bit jealous. He had been paying attention to—I mean, going with—Josie Lockwood for several months. Instinctively he must have divined his danger, and it's not in reason to exact admiration of the usurper from the usurped even when the act of usurpation has not yet been def-



SAM GRAHAM WAS WORRIED.

initely consummated. Roland went to the length of labeling Duncan "stony" and professed to believe that Hiram Nutt was justified in calling him a "suspicious character." Roland hinted darkly that Duncan knew New York no better than Will Bigelow.

"And if he did come from there," he asserted, "I betcher he didn't leave for no good purpose."

His temper inspired me with the sapient reflection that it's a terrible thing to be in love even if only with an old man's millions.

"There's gold to be a real New Yorker here before long," Roland boasted. "He's coming to see me on some special private business of ours."

"Huh," commented Tracey, the skeptical, "what kind of a New Yorker'd come all the way here to see you?"

"That's all right. You'll see when he gets here. He's a pro-motor."

"A pro-motor, a financier." Roland pronounced it "finnan ser," thus betraying symptoms of culture and bewilderment Tracey beyond expression.

"What's that?" he demanded aggressively. "That's a feller 'em can take nothing at all and incorporate it and make money out of it." Roland defined with some hesitancy.

"And that's why he's coming down here to take a look at you?" inquired Tracey, skipping nimbly round the corner. Curiously enough in my understanding for I own to no great faith in Roland's statements, taking them by and large I found from New York put in an unheralded appearance in Radville that same night on the evening train. The Bigelow House received him to its figurative bosom under the name of W. H. Burnham. He sent for Roland promptly and treated him to a dinner at the hotel, something which I have always regarded as a punishment several times too large for the crime. Later, having displayed him on the streets in witness to his good faith, Roland spent the evening with Mr. Burnham, mysteriously confabulating behind closed doors in the hotel.

Duncan was at the station a few days later superintending the transportation of the new stock, which had come by the early boat. Betty was busy with her housework upstairs, and only old Sam kept the shop. Sam wasn't in the best of spirits. His evergreen optimism seldom withered, but in spite of all that had already been accomplished in behalf of the store, in spite of the rozier aspect of his declining fortunes and his confidence in and affection for Duncan, Sam was worried. He had been over to the bank once even at that early hour, but Hinky Lockwood had driven out of town to see about foreclosing one of his numerous mortgages in the neighborhood, and his note, which fell due at the bank that day, was still a weight upon Sam's mind.

Roland and Burnham found him wandering nervously round the store, alternately taking his hat down from the peg, as if minded to make a second trip to the bank and replacing it as he realized that patience was his part.

forewarn. "What's that, Roland?" Sam turned curiously to them. "Oh, nothin'; I was—er—just goin' to say that this gentleman's my friend from New York, Mr. Burnham, and we just happened to look in."

"The friend you were going to write to about my burner?" inquired Sam. "It was here that Roland got a look from Mr. Burnham that withered him completely."

"Why, so, Mr. Graham," Burnham interposed deftly. "Mr. Burnette must have been talking of some one else he knew in New York. I"— "Didn't know he knew more'n one there," Sam observed mildly.

Burnham's glance jumped warily to Sam's face, but withdrew reassured, having detected therein nothing but the old man's kindly and simple nature. "At all events," he continued, "I don't remember hearing anything about the matter (what did you call it? A burner, eh?) from Mr. Burnette."

"I s'pose Roland forgot," Sam allowed. "He's so busy courtin' our pretty girls, Mr. Burnham—"

"Yes, that was it," Roland put in hastily, seeing his chance to me matters. "I did intend to write about it, Mr. Burnham, but it slipped my mind. We've had a lo important business over to the ba recently."

"By the way, Roland, did you just come from the bank? Is Mr. Lockwood back yet?"

"No; I got off this morning. I don't think he is, Sam. Did you want to see him?"

"Well, yes," Sam admitted. "I guess you know about that, Roland."

"Mean business, sometimes, asking favors of these bankers, eh, Mr. Graham?" Burnham remarked.

Graham nodded dolefully. "Yes, it is unpleasant," he admitted confidingly. "You see, there's a note of mine come due today, and I'm not able to take care of it or pay the interest just now. But I guess it'll be all right. Mr. Lockwood's kind, very kind."

"I'm afraid you're a little too sure, Sam," Roland contributed tartly. "When there's money due Lockwood he wants it, and most times he gets it or its equivalent."

"But," Burnham chanced the subject adroitly, "what was this burner, did you say—that Mr. Burnette forgot to tell me about?"

"Oh, just one of my inventions, sir. I've spent most of my life at it, sir, but somehow nothing has ever turned out well—not so far, I mean. But I mean to hit it yet."

"That's the way to talk," Burnham cried heartily. "Never give up, I say! But tell me about some of these inventions, won't you?"

"Well"—Sam knitted his fingers and pursed his lips reflectively—"I patented a new type thrashing machine once, but I couldn't get anybody to take hold of it. You see, I haven't any money, Mr. Burnham."

"How would you like to talk it over with me some time? I'm interested in such things—as a sort of side issue."

"Will you?" Sam's eagerness was not to be disguised. "Be glad to. Tell me, how did you get your power?"

"From gas, sir, though coal will do most as well. You see, I've got this burner patented that makes gas from crude oil—no waste, no odor nor trouble and little expense. It'd be cheaper than coal. I thought; that's why I invented it. I could get steam up mighty quick with that gas arrangement. I use it for lighting here in the store now."

Riding a Giraffe. General Wood of the English army was the hero of many adventures, but the one he called the strangest is the time he rode a giraffe in India. With a party of friends he was being entertained by the rajah of Jorah, who exhibited his rare collection of wild animals to his guests. General then Major Wood was a daring horseman and on a wager offered to ride the giraffe with no bridle save a rope. The rajah warned him of the danger, but he would not listen. So the giraffe was brought to a balcony, from which the major vaulted on its back. Instantly the great creature was off like the wind, and, once fairly started, it settled down into a curious gallop. It soon made the rider so sick and dizzy that he fell off like a log, receiving a blow on the head from the animal's knee and then in the face from its foot. He was unconscious for an hour, and the first use he made of his voice was to resolve that he would never ride a giraffe again.

Morgan as a Mathematician. J. P. Morgan was almost bred a mathematician. While at Göttingen Morgan specialized in mathematics, and with the professor of mathematics he would spend long hours at problems. Some years ago a number of New Yorkers who had been at the Göttingen university together held a dinner and invited their old professor of mathematics, who happened to be visiting this country, to be present. The German stood his ground—he gave them his own idea. Looking at Mr. Morgan, he said that he was indeed very glad his old pupil had succeeded so well as a banker. "But I regret," he went on, "that you did not remain at the university. Had you stayed with me you would have been my assistant as long as I lived, and unquestionably at my death you would have been appointed professor of mathematics in my place."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Dust Whirls. Seaward flowing waters are not alone responsible for the denudation of soils. Those who have watched dark dust storms approaching will be interested to know that estimates of solid material suspended in the air run from 100 to 125,000 tons per cubic miles of air where such storms are prevalent. The aecian geologist, Ud-den, taking conservative values and using fairly accurate data for the number, velocity and duration of the dust storms in the western states, concluded that "on the average about 820,000,000 tons of dust are carried 1,440 miles each year, thus doing in this region alone about 1,225,000,000,000 mile tons of transport." The dust whirls run each an average distance of 218 miles.

Millepedes. The little creature which possesses the distinction of having more legs than any other animal is that which belongs to the family of insects known as millepedes or thousand footed. There are several different species of these, but they all possess the common characteristic of having segmented bodies, each segment of which is provided with its own pair of feet. These are set so closely along the body as to resemble hairs, and when they move one after another with perfect regularity the effect is precisely the same on a small scale as that of a field of oats undulating under the influence of the wind. Some species of millepedes have as many as 350 separate and distinct legs. They are all perfectly harmless.

Encouragement Enough. "But why should you be so dreadfully surprised and disappointed when I decline your offer?" she asked recently. "I am certain that I never gave you the least encouragement to propose to me."

"You did!" he cried bitterly. "You gave me the greatest encouragement." "When?"

"When you told me your income was \$5,000 a year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sarcastic Will. One eccentric Frenchman directed that a new cooking recipe should be posted on his tomb every day, and another Frenchman, who was a lawyer, declaring that it was simply an act of restriction to the clients who were in sane enough to employ his services.

Staging a Play. "I can give you the part of a butler." "I couldn't take a small part like that."

"You are evidently not used to so ciety drama. The butler has his share of the epigrams."—Pittsburg Post.

His Intentions. Mrs. Russer—Has Mr. Goldcoin with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel? Mabel—Yes, aunt. Mrs. Russer—I am so glad! And what did he say? Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Trinidad's Pitch Lake. All efforts to ascertain the depth of the famous pitch lake of Trinidad has been unsuccessful. At the sides of the lake the pitch is hard and cold, but at the center it is almost constantly boiling.

Happiness. Happiness is rather a negative than a positive term in this world and consists more in the absence of some things than in the presence of others.—Sam Slick.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others.—Emerson.

No, indeed. Just because a man wants but little here below is no sign that he has anything coming to him on high.—Cincinnati News.

Monument to Captain Cook. Captain Cook was really the first navigator of the Pacific ocean. Others had discovered it centuries before, but he was the first to put those discoveries to practical use, and his explorations served as a basis for the first accurate maps of that great ocean. He is at last to have a fitting memorial of his services to England and the world. This memorial will take the form of a statue to be designed by Sir Thomas Brock, the sculptor who did the Victoria memorial, and will have a place in London near the Admiralty arch in the Mall.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

Somewhat Absentminded. Some amusing glimpses of the discomposure of chloroform are given in the "Recollections of Lady Priestly," wife of Simpson's assistant at the time of the discovery. "The professor," she writes, "used to make his experiments with chloroform on us girls, and with some of the liquid just poured on a handkerchief would have half a dozen of us lying about in various stages of sleep. Our mother feared nothing and was only too delighted to sacrifice, if unavoidable, a daughter or two to science." * * * He was extremely absentminded. I remember once lunching at his house when he had just arrived from some antiquarian expedition. The butler, who had been unpacking his things, came in and said confidentially, "Doctor, you have left all your flannel vests behind! 'Ah! Oh!' replied Simpson, feeling himself all over. 'I've got them all on.'"—Fall Mail Gazette.

Ooping the Baby. "At the first sign of an attempt to standardize and sterilize the babies," says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, "I organized the Fond Parents' Oop-de-baby Association of America. For thousands of years fathers have been permitted to oop-de-baby unrestrained, and this right was one of the first rights attacked by the advocates of the automatic baby. I considered it a double blow at the baby and at the father and resented it as such. If a father may not oop his own baby, what is the world coming to? Ooping a baby is a father's greatest pleasure. It is the act of grasping the baby under the arms, tossing the baby into the air and catching it on its down trip, while the words "Oop-de-baby" are repeated at each toss. This is repeated until the baby is hysterical or drops on the floor by accident. It is then handed to its mother."

Bones Stronger Than Oak. The distinctive power of bone structure has been tested scientifically to show how that hollow bone bears strain. A very small bone, only one square millimeter (0.155 square inch) in diameter, will hold thirty-three pounds in suspension without break ing, while a piece of the best oak of the same thickness will hold up only twenty-two pounds. The bone is therefore half again as strong as the solid oak, thus showing that nature is economical in the weight given to bones, making them hollow and at the same time makes them stronger than if they were solid and much heavier.

Tobacco in Vienna. "They have a way of asking a stranger when he comes to Vienna," says a letter from that city. "Who is the largest, the most reliable, the smallest, the best and the worst dealer in cigars and cigarettes in Vienna? Of course the stranger does not know the answer, and the native tells him triumphantly. 'The government.' The government has the monopoly, and every person employed in a tobacco shop—they call them 'trank'—is a government employe."

Presence of Mind. He—Our love is opposed and we are destined to be unhappy all our lives. Let's commit suicide and die together. She—All right, darling, I couldn't live without you. He—How shall we do it? She—Don't you think ice cream promades would be about the quickest way?—Burlington News.

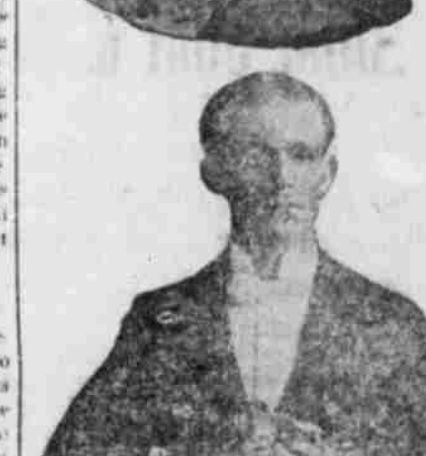
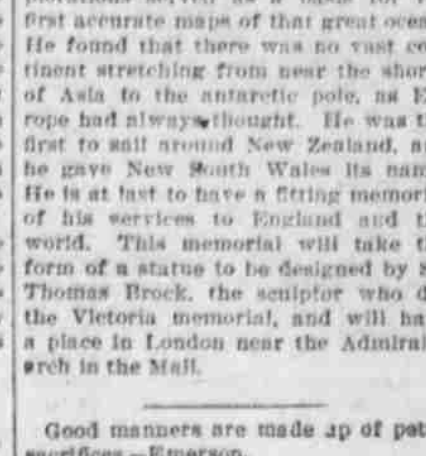
The Thing to Get At. Chief Counsel—The first thing to do is to get at the root of this trouble. Associate Counsel—The root of the trouble is the late Mr. Bigwad's fortune. Chief Counsel—Exactly, and we must get at it.—New York Tribune.

Woman's Method. "Mr. Floorwalker, I wish you would give me a clerk who can show me what I want?" "And what do you want, madam?" "How do I know until I have looked?"—Houston Post.

A Sure Way. Ethel—Their parents made them match, I believe. Arthur—I thought they opposed it? Ethel—Yes; that's how they made it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Forgotten. The Russische Korrespondent, under the headline "Forgotten," tells of the discharge from the imperial service of three officers of the prison at Mious sink because of a lapse of memory on their part. It appears that last winter a political prisoner of the name of Sachatschow was placed by them in an unheated dungeon and was then "forgotten" for a long time. When the poor fellow was finally thought of again he was found terribly frozen. He died shortly after his frozen feet had been amputated.

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Where there's catarrh there's thousands of catarrh germs. You can't get rid of catarrh unless you kill these germs.

You can't kill these germs with stomach medicine or sprays or douches because you can't get where they are.

You can kill these germs with HYOMEI a penetrating antiseptic air that you breathe a few times a day directly over the raw, sore, germ infested membrane.

For catarrh, asthma, croup, coughs, colds and catarrhal deafness Hyomei is sold on money back plan by Chas. Strang. Complete outfit \$1. Extra bottles of HYOMEI if afterwards needed only 50 cents. Remember HYOMEI does not contain morphine cocaine or any drug that could possibly do harm.

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