

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Peerless Baking Co., 135 W. Main street, corner Grape and Main, delivers fresh bread every morning to your home.

Bread, pies, cakes and ice creams at the Peerless Bakery. Prompt delivery, both phones.

Salder's bottled milk at De Voe's, 279*.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Benson of Breckenridge, Minn., arrived in Medford Sunday night and will remain here a couple of months visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Attorney and Mrs. F. J. Newman. This is Mr. Benson's third visit to Medford. He was here in 1905, again in 1908 and now, four years later, he has positively settled the matter as to where his home is going to be, and next fall he will come here to remain. Many changes have taken place since his first visit here.

Attorney F. J. Newman was in Central Point Tuesday on legal business.

Phone that order for wood to the Standard Wood Yard, Pac. 6501; Home 103. 257

L. S. Spessard, of Annville, Pa., arrived in Medford Monday.

E. W. Carder came down from Derby Saturday and spent Sunday and Monday with his family in Medford.

Suits cleaned and pressed, \$1.50. Medford Dye Works. Both phones. 276*

E. C. Montgomery and Elsie Broadley were united in marriage at the Presbyterian manse by Rev. W. F. Shields, January 15th. Mr. Montgomery is an assayer who had for a time an office in this city. His home is in Alameda, Cal., where he will take his bride. Mrs. Montgomery is one of the talented young ladies of Medford, being known as a lover of music. Prosperity and success is the wish of their many friends.

S. A. Nowell, ladies' tailor, 4th floor M. F. & H. Co. bldg. * Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds of Nitchfield, Neb., who have been visiting in Medford for a couple or three weeks, left Monday for San Diego.

L. S. Beveridge, who has been a teacher in the sixth grade in the Washington school, has been promoted to the position of principal of the Roosevelt school.

If you want good wood, good measure and prompt service call Home phone 103 or Pacific 6501. 257

Miss Anna Garrison, who has been in Medford visiting her sister, Mrs. M. F. Bartley, left Monday night for her home in Portland.

See R. A. Holmes, The Insurance Man, over Jackson County bank. * Mrs. E. D. Proust, of Salt Lake city, arrived in Medford Monday for a visit to her sister, Mrs. C. H. Denton, and family, at 1123 West Main.

Dry wood at the big sheds, corner Ninth and Fir. Home phone 103, Pacific 6501. 257

Mrs. E. R. Seely and her brother, E. C. Simpson, visited Ashland friends Monday.

Emily T. Standford, examiner for the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, piano, harmony, musical history. 428 West Fourth. F. K. Deuel left Monday night for Fort Wayne, Ind., where he goes to look after business matters appertaining to the settlement of his mother's estate. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Deuel's mother, Mrs. Stewart, died 12 years ago, a considerable of the estate is still unsettled.

Fresh candy daily at McDowell's. * Try McDowell's ice cream and sherbets.

While on route to southern California Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pelton and daughter, Miss Gladys, were entertained at Oakdale, the spacious orchard home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. King, near Sebastopol, Cal.

Home made bread at De Voe's, 257* Mrs. Ed. Andrews, teacher of voice at Medford conservatory, Nat building. 276*

Miss Etta Harmon, of San Francisco, arrived in Medford Monday night. Robert Harmon, of Miles City, Mont., arrived Tuesday morning. These are daughter and son of C. F. Harmon, living on Capitol Heights, who is seriously ill. Their coming is in response to telegrams telling of their father's illness.

We pay cash for cast-off clothing, hats and shoes. Will H. Wilson & Co., 106 North Front street. 255*

Dr. E. B. Pickel returned Tuesday morning from a visit to Portland. Rooms 50c and up. Hotel Moore. Special rates by week or month. *

FOR SALE—Cottage, close in, cheap, easy terms. Inquire Stuart Knapp, at Medford Business college. 282

BOY WANTED to learn printing business at Mail Tribune.

FOR SALE—Plymouth Rock cockerels, Pacific phone 732-J-4. 260

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

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Benson's Bargains on page 5. Look them over.

The Pacific & Eastern railroad carpenter gang has completed three sets of section foremen buildings. One of these is at Butte Falls, another at Derby and the third one is situated four miles east of Eagle Point. The track between Medford and Eagle Point is kept in repair by section crews at Eagle Point and Medford, these crews working the track half way out of each of these places. The buildings consist of a foreman's house and a bunkhouse for the men.

Carkin & Taylor (John H. Carkin, Glenn O. Taylor), attorneys-at-law, over Jackson County Bank building, Medford.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Christian church will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Quisenberry, 425 South King. All members are requested to be present.

We want 168 pairs of old shoes this week. 106 North Front. 255*

Stephen Tobin, of Casper, Wyo., arrived in Medford Monday.

Mrs. Meryfield, of Omaha, Neb., who has been a guest at the Cottage for a few days, left Tuesday morning for Portland. She will return to Medford before going to her home and may invest in Rogue river orchard land.

Carrie Louise Alton, violinist and teacher, Medford Conservatory 276*

Hot chili at McDowell's * Mrs. Ada Percival left Monday night for Portland.

The Medford Conservatory of Music and languages is the only music school in southern Oregon with a full corps of teachers. G. Tallandier, director. Send for catalogue. 276*

Fred Nichols, of Alaska, arrived in Medford Tuesday. He comes all this distance to make Miss Lillian Anning of this city his bride. They will be married within a few days, when they will leave for Alaska to reside.

Col. R. C. Washburn, of Table Rock, was in Medford Tuesday.

Mrs. H. N. Butler visited Ashland friends Tuesday.

Rooms 50c and up. Hotel Moore. Special rates by week or month. * street. Telephone 7211. 266

R. H. Bennett, assistant manager for the Medford Grocery company, was in Grants Pass Tuesday on business for his company.

Attorney E. A. Reames was in Grants Pass Tuesday on legal business.

Dr. J. E. Shearer, physician. Office 419-420 Garnett-Corey building. * Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Wright, of Eagle Point, took train No. 15 Tuesday for a visit with relatives in Fresno, Cal. Mr. Wright is Pacific & Eastern station agent at Eagle Point.

H. A. Barnum left Tuesday morning for San Francisco.

Say kid want some money? I'll tell you where you can sell old clothes, hats and shoes. Wilson, on Front street. 255*

Mrs. M. E. Price of this city visited Central Point friends Tuesday.

D. Williams, of Wolf Creek, was in the city Monday.

Mrs. Louise Muller left Tuesday morning for a three months' visit to relatives in Oakland and Los Angeles and other California cities.

Hot tamales at McDowell's. * Mrs. K. K. Kubli, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Miller, in Jacksonville, returned Monday night to her home in Portland.

Phone your orders in to Eads Bros. Transfer Co. Office phones: Bell 3152; Home 350-K.

R. Picard, of Hornbrook, Cal., returned to his home this morning after a visit with Medford friends.

E. T. Staples of Ashland was in Medford Monday and Tuesday.

Rooms 50c and up. Hotel Moore. Special rates by week or month. *

J. Meserve, window trimmer at the Golden Rule, is visiting friends in Central Point.

Mrs. Will Hanley returned to Portland Monday night after a visit with relatives in Medford.

Dr. J. E. Shearer, physician. Office 419-420 Garnett-Corey building. * Mrs. R. C. Washburn, of Table Rock, and her mother, Mrs. H. E. Jones, of Portland, left this morning for a pleasure trip to Honolulu, H. I.

Edgar Martin, violin and piano instruction, at Palmer's Piano Place. 267

City Recorder R. W. Telfer and Mrs. Telfer will leave Wednesday for San Francisco, where within a few days there will be held a reunion of all of Mr. Telfer's living relatives, some of whom are coming from the east for the occasion and others, who are seafaring men, will put in at the San Francisco harbor to be present at this time.

Haskins for health. *

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THE FORTUNE HUNTER

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

Copyright, 1910, by Winchell Smith and Louis Joseph Vance

(Continued from last Saturday.) "Honest, Mr. Duncan?" "I guarantee it, Tracey. Listen to me." And Duncan expounded Kel-



"I WAS ONLY THINKIN' ABOUT ANGIE"

logg's rules at length, adapting them to Tracey's circumstances, of course, and throughout maintained the gravity of a graven image. "You try and you'll see if I'm not right," he concluded.

"Gosh, I believe you are!" Tracey cried admiringly. "I'm just goin' to see how it works."

"Do, if you'd favor me, Tracey." "Say, Mist-Nat, you've treated me somethin' immense."

"Your mistake, Tracey. I haven't treated anybody since I've been here. I'm on the wagon."

"I mean just now, when we was talkin' 'bout me an' Angie. I'd-I'd like to help you the same way if I could."

"You would?" Duncan eyed the boy apprehensively, wondering what was coming.

"Yes, indeedly. I would. An' p'rhaps I kin tell you somethin' that will."

"Speak, I beg."

"You-er—you're tryin' to court Josie Lockwood, ain't you?"

"Oh!" said Nat. "So that was it! That's a secret, Tracey," he averred.

"All right. Only if you are sure's your'n."

"Just how do you figure that out?"

"Oh, I kin tell. She was in here to-night with Roland."

"Tonight?"

"Yes, just afore you come home from prayin' meetin'. She was lookin' for you, an' when she seen you wasn't here she wouldn't wait for no soda nor

holdin' him at arms' length and looking him over. "What in thunderation are you doing here?"

"On my way to Cincinnati on business. Thought I'd drop off for a night and size you up. How are you?"

"Met? Look at me—picture of health Harry, you've made a new man of me." Duncan pranced round his friend in a mild frenzy. "No booze, no smokes, no swears—work! I feel like a two-year-old. I could do a Marathon without turning a hair. Watch me kick up my heels and neigh! And listen! Nat, crowd. 'I'm a business man. Didn't you believe it? Pipe my shop!"

Kellogg turned to obey the admonition of Duncan's gesticulations and took a long look round the store. "Gad!" said he. "I'm blowed if it isn't true! It was hard to credit your letters. But it's great, old man. I congratulate you with all my heart. 'Just wait and I'll tell you all about

"Thank you for those kind words, Tracey." Nat sighed and passed a troubled hand across his brow. "You're a true friend."

"I'm tryin' to be, Nat, same's you are to me." Tracey thought this over. "But you ain't foolin' me, are you?" he asked presently. "I mean 'bout bein' a true friend?"

"Why should I?"

"Ah, I dunno. You're so curious sometimes. I ain't never sure whether you mean what you're sayin' or not."

"Oh, don't say that."

"Well, I ain't the only one. Everybody in town says they don't understand you half the time."

Duncan moved over to Tracey. His face was entirely serious. "Tracey," he said, dropping a hand on the boy's shoulder, "do you know, nothing in life is harder to bear than not to be understood?"

Tracey wrestled with this for a moment, but it was beyond him.

"Then why the dickens don't you talk so's folks 'll know what it's about?" he demanded heatedly.

"Because—hm!" Duncan hesitated, with his enigmatic smile. "Well, because the rules don't require it."

"What'd you mean by that?" Tracey exploded.

Nat couldn't explain, so he countered nently. "This is one of your Angle evenings, isn't it, Tracey?"

"Yep, but—"

"Well, you hurry along. I'll close up the shop."

"Tu Duncan, now seated on the edge of an upturned box in a corner of the store, came an idea. He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and stripped off the top one."

"Here's \$5," he said to Tracey. "Girls can usually be captured by judicious expenditures. I wish you luck."

"Ah, thanks, Mr. Duncan."

"But, Tracey—"

"What?"

"Remember what I told you. Don't you make too much love. Let Angie do that."

"Gosh, that 'll be the hardest rule of all for me." A shadow clouded Tracey's honest eyes. "But I got to do it that way, anyway. I can't ask her to marry me yit. I can't afford to get married."

"It's a contrary world, Tracey, a contrary world," sighed Nat in a tone of deepest melancholy.

"What makes you say that? You kin git married 'a soon's you want to."

"You think so, Tracey?"

"All you got to do 'a ask Josie—"

"I'm almost afraid you're right."

"Why? Don't you want to git married?"

"Well—Nat smiled—"No. Don't believe I do, not just now, at any rate."

"Well, you don't have to if you don't want to. G'd night."

"Yes, I do." Nat told Tracey's back. "The rules say so. If the girl asks me I must."

He grimaced ruefully beneath his wisp of a mustache. "Anyhow, I've got a few months left."

So the winter wore away, and as spring drew nigh upon our valley Duncan seemed to grow perturbed, even as he had been in the autumn before Betty went away.

Duncan urged Sam to move his house and jumped as if he had been stuck with a pin. His jaw dropped and his eyes bulged. "Great Scott!" he cried and in a twinkling was round the counter, throwing himself into the arms of a man whom he hailed ecstatically. "Harry, by all that's wonderful! He fairly danced with delight. "Henry Kellogg, Es-quire" he cried.

"Thought I'd drop off for a night," holding him at arms' length and looking him over. "What in thunderation are you doing here?"

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hold from over the store to a house. He pointed out that a separate residence distinctly befitting the dignity of a man who was at once a prominent inventor and one of Hadville's leading merchants (vide a "Personal" in the late issue of the Hadville Citizen, to say nothing of the social position of his daughter—meaning Betty. And the house Duncan had his metaphorical eye upon was large enough to shelter Nat himself in addition to the Graham family.

Graham fell in with the scheme without a murmur of dubiety or dissent. Whatever Nat proposed in Sam's understanding was right and feasible, and even if it wasn't really so Nat would make it so. They engaged the house and moved. Miss Ann Sophronisba Whitmarsh, a maiden lady of forty-five or thereabouts, popularly known as "Phony," had been coming in by the day to "do for" old Sam in the rooms above the shop. She was engaged as resident housekeeper for the new establishment and entered upon her duties with all the discreet joy of one whose maternal instincts have been suppressed throughout her life. She mothered Sam, and she mothered Nat, and she panted in expectation of the day when she would have Betty to mother.

CHAPTER XVIII. JOSIE LOCKWOOD came home again for the Easter holidays, but she didn't return to finish her term in the New York school—just why we never discovered. The Lockwoods furnished us with no really satisfying explanation. They said that Josie didn't like New York, but I've always doubted that, especially since Josie married and insisted on moving straight away to that metropolis. I suspect she didn't get along with the class of young women with whom she was thrown at school, and I'm pretty certain she was uneasy about Nat all the time she was so far away from him.

It was during this period, between the Easter vacation and the end of the spring school term, that Roland Barret's animosity toward Duncan became virulent.

Josie, of course, was prompt to oust Angie Tuthill from her place in the choir. After that she sang with Nat on Friday nights as well as Wednesdays and twice per Sunday. Between whistles she was a pretty constant patron of the store. There was no longer the least doubt in the collective mind of the town as to the inclination of Josie's affections.

The culmination came the day before Betty was to return—a day late in May, I remember, and a Friday at that.

It began along toward evening. Duncan, alone in the store, was busy behind the prescription counter. Absorbed with his task, he thought himself quite alone until a well-kenned voice reached his ear.

"Well!" he said, unctuous with appreciation of the sight of him. "Old Dr. Duncan?"

He let the pebble fall from his hand. But first tell me how long you're going to be here."

"Well, I plan to hang around with you a couple of days. My business in the west ain't pressing."

"Good! I wrote you about taking a new place for the Grahams?"

"Yes, and I'm mighty keen to meet 'em. The girl here?"

"Betty? No; she's coming home tomorrow. But Graham himself is upstairs in the laboratory. Take you up in a minute, but not before I've had a good look at you."

Kellogg found himself a chair. "Well," he inquired, twinkling, "how's the scheme working out? Are you really living up to all the rules?"

"Every singletary one."

"You have got a strong constitution. Even prayer meetings?"

"The church thing? Honest, Harry, I own it."

"Bully for you, Nat! But how does it work? Was I right?"

"I should say you were. It's so easy it's a shame to do it. If this thing ever should get into the papers there'd be a swarm of city men lighting out for the country so thick you wouldn't be able to see the sky."

"I knew it! Trust your Uncle Harry." Kellogg waited a time for further particulars, but Duncan seemed stuck. "And you've made a strong play for the fond affections of Lockwood's daughter?"

"Certainly not!"

"Not?"

"You forget your rules." Nat grinned, whimsical. "I let her to make a play for me."

"Of course. My mistake. But how has it worked?"

"Oh, immense!" Duncan's tone, however, was wholly destitute of enthusiasm. He stuck his hands in his trousers pockets and half turned away from his friend, looking out of the window.

Kellogg smiled secretly. "You mean



JOSIE WAS UNHAPPY ABOUT NAT WHILE SHE WAS AWAY.

you've won her already? Then you're engaged?" Kellogg had understood perfectly, you see.

"No, not yet. I've got two months left—almost."

"So you have. And since she's so strong for you there's no hurry. Let her take her time."

"I only wish she would." Duncan removed one hand from the pocket the better to tug at his mustache. It's got beyond that—to the point where I have to keep dodging her."

"You don't mean it! That's splendid." Kellogg got up and slapped Nat's shoulder heartily. "But don't overdo the dodging. She might get her back up."

"Not she. She'd eat out of my hand if I'd let her. You don't understand."

"What's the matter, then? Aren't you strong for her?"

"I wish I were."

"But why? Is there another?"

"No." Nat shook his head, honestly believing he was telling the truth. "Only I don't look at things the way I did once."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

Nat, squaring himself to face Kellogg, was very serious now and troubled. "See here, Harry," he said, "do you really want me to carry out the rest of the agreement?"

"Most certainly I do. Why not?"

"Because I'm pretty well fixed here. The business is making good, and so am I. It won't be long before I can pay you back, with interest, as we agreed, without having to marry that poor girl and draw on her money to make good to you."

"You want to go back on your agreement?" demanded Kellogg, with a show of disappointment and disgust.

"Yes and no. I won't break faith with you, if you insist, but I'd give a lot if you'd let me off—let me pay back what you advanced and cry quits. When you outlined this scheme I was down and three times out, willing to take a chance at anything, no matter how contemptible. Now—well, it's different."

"Good heavens! You don't mean you'd be willing to live here?"

Nat smiled, but not mirthfully. "I don't know," he hesitated. "I'm afraid I'm beginning to like it."

"You, Nat?" Kellogg's amazement was unfeigned. "You ready to spend your life here slaving away in this measly store?"

Duncan grunted indignantly. "Hold on, now. Don't you call this a measly store. There isn't a more complete drug store in the state!"

"Do you hear that?" Kellogg appealed vehemently to the universe at large. "Is it possible that this is Nat Duncan, the fellow who hated work so hard he couldn't earn a living? Gad, I believe I've arrived just in time!"

"In time for what?"

"To save you from yourself, old man. Here's the helms you came here to cop out, ready and anxious, everything else coming your way, and—and you're more than half inclined to back out. You make me tired."

(To be Continued.)

Famous Diplomat Deed. FLORENCE, Italy, Jan. 16.—Henry Labouchere, former editor of London Truth, and a famous diplomat, died here today. He served 16 years in the British house of commons.

You can't make an interesting advertisement of an uninteresting store—but really you should be careful that your really interesting store is not misrepresented by an uninteresting advertisement.

BENSON'S BARGAINS