

OUR COUNTY . . . Correspondents

[TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only. This will prevent our re-writing the matter written on the reverse pages, which must invariably be done, and will also prevent many interesting items from being entirely overlooked. Correspondents who are short on supplies should notify this office, and we will promptly furnish what is needed.]

Central Point Items.

J. T. Bailey, of Spikenard, was here on Saturday.

Frank Bybee, of Jacksonville, spent a day here last week.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Heselgrave, of Gold Hill, spent Thanksgiving here.

Miss Mary A. Mee spent last week with her mother, at Crants Pass.

Miss Edna Gibson was visiting her many friends, at Medford last week.

Rev. J. Merley is now holding a protracted meeting in the Baptist church here.

John Ross, who has been spending the summer at Lakeview, has returned home.

There was a large attendance at the Thanksgiving ball and a good time is reported.

Mr. Tuttle and family, late of Willamette valley, have become citizens of our town.

Frank and Warren Mee, lumber dealers of Grants Pass, spent several days in the valley—on business.

O. R. Pankey had the misfortune to break his right leg below the knee, by a horse falling with him last Monday evening.

There was a large attendance at both the Thanksgiving dinner and supper given by the good ladies of the Methodist and Baptist churches respectively. Each netted a neat sum.

Kanes Creek Items.

BY SINE DIE.

Mrs. Damewood spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Masterson, of Gold Hill.

Mrs. Maud Stover, of this place, spent several days visiting with Mrs. Neff at Central Point.

We are glad to chronicle the recovery of Mrs. Hammersly, who has been confined to her room some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutton have returned home from Jacksonville, at which place they have been visiting friends.

Messrs. Knotts and Rhoten are engaged in prospecting at present. They have already found some very flattering prospects.

Everybody is jubilant over the recent heavy rains, which were greatly needed to moisten the ground, so farmers could plow and sow their fall grain.

Grandma Wav, of this place, celebrated her 80th birthday November 28. Her daughter, Mrs. Knotts, gave a dinner in her honor, and invited in several of her friends and relatives, among whom were Dr. Braiden, Mrs. Damewood and her son, Willie, R. W. Swinden and family, P. A. Knotts and wife and others. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves and the day will long be remembered by many.

Big Sticky Items.

BY BILL NYE'S BROTHER.

Mrs. D. Cingcaid and son, Chas., were doing business in Medford last Thursday.

Messrs. Wright and Bolles, from the Dead Indian country, spent last Friday night at J. W. Smith's.

John Schneider was out from Jacksonville a few days ago, looking after his interests on Big Sticky.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Morgan and daughter, Bertha, of Eagle Point, visited friends on Big Sticky recently.

Mound school closed November 22. The afternoon's entertainment was a spelling match, which proved quite interesting.

An evening recently a number of young people, friends of Will Head, took him by surprise. The party, being provided with a violin, was permitted to dance as soon as Will recovered from his "surprise," which permission was readily accepted and a few hours were quite pleasantly spent. Will, accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ed. Head, has since moved to California.

Once more we hear the sound of joyous wedding bells, and this time it is no less a personage than our friend, James Owens, of Big Sticky, who weds Miss Anna Young, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Nick Young of Eagle Point, who were made one November 20th by Judge Neil, of Jacksonville. The happy couple spent Wednesday and Thursday with relatives and on Friday they repaired to their new home. Here a whole host of friends found and surprised them Saturday

evening. The bride looked charming in a beautiful suit of tan, while the groom was as smiling as a "basket of chips." The crowd went well supplied with music and the room was soon cleared and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Russ Moore and Al Smith furnished the music.

Griffin Creek Gatherings.

BY OCCASIONAL.

Miss Eva Randies, of Medford, visited friends here last week.

Rev. Brower, of Talent, will hold services here next Sunday at 11 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McPherson entertained Mr. A. Andrews and wife last Sunday.

Mr. Foley and daughter, Clara, of Ashland, made relatives here a visit Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bellinger, of Jacksonville precinct, paid Mr. True and wife a visit the first of the week.

School commences next week for the winter season with Prof. Allen, of Jacksonville, as teacher. He is a gentleman from Dakota and comes well recommended.

Our school closed here Friday after a term of three months taught by Miss Titus. Several visitors were present to hear the exercises in the afternoon, which were very good.

Eagle Point Eagles.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

Three loads of hogs came to the Snowy Butte pens on Thanksgiving day.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Cal Pence, on Rogue river, November 25 1895, a ten pound boy.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, near Eagle Point, November 26, 1895, a son.

There will be preaching at the Eagle Point school house next Sunday at 6:30 p. m.

Ben Abbeelose and Wilbert Ashpole started Sunday for Klamath county to look at the country.

Hon. Chauncey Nye, of Prospect, has been at the home of his son-in-law, J. A. Florey, for the past week unable to return home on account of a stitch in his back.

A number of persons from this neighborhood visited Medford on Wednesday of last week, among whom were John Pelling, C. Wooley and wife, Miss Lizzie Wilson and Mr. Hart.

J. E. Stickle and one of the young Ormsteads, who have been out on a hunt for some time, returned on Wednesday of last week. They killed but two deer, and report that the deer are very scarce in the region where they hunted.

Lee Caton, living on Rogue river, came down on Wednesday of last week and had a grain of wild oats extracted from his ear that had been there since the 18th of last January. The grain was perfectly sound at the time, and had caused him considerable trouble and no little anxiety.

A short time ago Mrs. J. E. Stickle and Miss Gladys Fryer took a trip to Applegate to visit relatives—Mrs. Stickle visiting Mr. Pierce's family and Miss Fryer visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Lewis. They report that everywhere they went they found THE MAIL and that every body on Applegate seemed to like it very much.

There was a Thanksgiving ball given at Eagle Point Thursday night. The Misses Woodruff furnished the music. Some of the unthinking ones brought whiskey and consequently there was more noise than was becoming. I heard a young lady remark it was a pity that they could not have a dance at Eagle Point without some one bringing whiskey.

While F. Morgan and Miss Hart were driving to Medford last week they came near having a fearful conflagration. They had placed some brick for warmers in the buggy. A fire broke out behind them and the smoke emitting from the front of the buggy, and investigation proved that it was the cloths wrapped about the bricks that were burning.

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PRICE'S
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Most Perfect Made.
40 Years the Standard.

THE SAND-HILL CRANE.

An Old Sportsman Tells What He Knows About the Frolicsome Bird.

One of the most delightful hunting sports that was indulged in to a large extent twenty-five and thirty years ago on the wide, level prairies of Illinois has been forever suppressed by the encroachments of civilization; I allude to sand-hill crane hunting. There was more delicate skill required in this sport than in any other kind of hunting, perhaps, for the sand-hill crane is one of those birds that is noted for its extreme shyness, and for acuteness of sight and hearing; and, therefore, the hunter had to employ the most skillful artifices to attain any success whatever in the sport. The crane is a wading bird, conspicuous in its make-up for legs and neck as exceedingly slim and long as those of the obnoxious animal, genus duck. It has a long, sharp-pointed bill, long wings, short tail and short, strong claws. They are very large birds, some measuring from tip of bill to the end of the claws sixty-five inches; extent of wings ninety-two, and bill six. They are generally of a pure white color, but some have a bluish gray tint. The sand-hill cranes frequent marshes, muddy flats and open plains, migrating to warm climates in winter and returning to the North in the summer to breed. They fly usually at night in large flocks, following a leader in two

diverging lines, at a great elevation, and at times uttering loud cries. Their food consists principally of small snakes, fish, mice, insects, seeds, roots and grain. The old sand-hill cranes used to come in immense flocks in the middle of October and remain until the middle of April in Illinois, and their familiar cries were heard along the large sloughs and low, swampy depressions in the vast prairie regions of the State. They fed upon the worms and fish and ground mice in these marshes. Some very peculiar habits were exhibited by these sand-hills, and it seemed that they were divided into colonies, each of which had a leader, whose cry was the supreme law. In the airy mornings of the early autumn days large numbers of the cranes would congregate around a slough and all join in a regular quadrille, forming in couples in due form, and going through all the intricate mazes of this particular style of Terpsichorean pleasure as faultlessly as the beaux and belles in a West End dance. True, some of the young cranes were awkward, but the old ones presented all the long-limbed grace of a Mary Anderson in her dance of Perdita. But while the flock indulged in dancing, the leader stood alone and still, some distance away, with head erect, as if a sentinel to give the cry of alarm on any approach of danger. And it was only

ABOUT PIANO LEATHER.

A Valuable Article Made by a Half Dozen German Tanneries.

America is often called in the newspapers by Europeans the Land of Patents. It justly deserves this cognomen, for nowhere on the globe are so many applications for patents made to the United States Patent Office and patents secured for inventions of machineries, or for the protection of certain secret processes in the manufacturing of goods, as in the United States. Every one must really be afraid of infringing any inventor's patent right in manufacturing goods, and to become liable to pay a royalty to the inventor. One might think there is hardly a field any more where some valuable invention could still be made.

But there is the manufacturing of piano leather, which has no home at all in the United States. This kind of leather that is used for covering the hammers in pianos and organs is not made in the United States, nor in the British Isles, nor in any other country, except and exclusively in Germany; and there are not more than half a dozen tanneries there that make their special business to manufacture this kind of leather. Two factories that make a far superior kind are located in Central Germany, near Leipzig, in the Elster Valley, in Thuringia. They are run by the father, Mr. Kretschmar, at Eisenberg, and his son-in-law, Mr. Schlesier, at Gera. Their goods are world-famed. The wants and demands of all the piano and organ factories in any country on earth are supplied by these few piano leather tanneries in Germany.

Deerskins only can be used for that purpose. But deer is very scarce in Europe. It would hardly suffice to supply the want and demand for one year; they had to look for a supply from somewhere else. The American deer furnishes now the supply, and particularly the gray deer, living in the countries bordering the lake regions—called, also, "paper skins." The skins of the red and blue deer are unfit for good piano leather. Deerskins are bought by the pound and paid from twelve to twenty-five cents for a pound, when green. For salted or Indian dressed skins the price is of course higher.

A German business house of Detroit, exports annually deerskins by the carloads to Germany, to its agency at Gera, Thuringia.

There is a secret in the manufacturing of piano leather that is strictly guarded. The best kind is smoked or fumed, in a similar way as in Kentucky and Tennessee the heavy export tobacco is cured by fire and smoke. When this piano leather is imported again into this country, its value equals its weight in silver—\$12 to \$15 a pound.

POLLY AND THE HENS.

An Educated Parrot That Got Himself Into Trouble.

Our next door neighbor, writes a correspondent of Munson's World, owns an amusing parrot which is always getting into mischief, but generally gets out again without much trouble to herself. When she has done any thing for which she knows she ought to be punished, she holds her head to one side and, eying her mistress, says in a sing-song tone: "Polly is a good girl," until she sees her mistress smile; then she flaps her wings and cries out: "Hurrah! Polly is a good girl!" She has been allowed to go free in the garden, where she promenades back and forth on the walks, sunning herself and warning off all intruders.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast, when Polly marched up to her and called out "Shoo!" in her shrill voice. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Polly, who screamed "Shoo!" at every step.

A few days later Polly extended her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner, till she came to the old hen on her nest. The hen made a dive for Polly's yellow head, but missed it. Polly, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run, the hen, with wings wide spread, following close after.

As she ran, Polly screamed in her shrillest tones: "O Lord! O Lord!"

A member of the family, who had witnessed the performance, thought it time to interfere in Polly's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out and stooping down held out his hands. Polly lost no time in traveling up to his shoulder. Then from her high vantage ground she turned and, looking down on her foe, screamed: "Hello there! Shoo!"

The frightened hen returned to her nest as rapidly as she had come.

HOUDIN'S INGENUITY.

Curious Domestic Amusements of the King of the Conjurers.

Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his art; and he built a handsome villa at St. Germain, near Blois.

When he had retired from business, he amused himself by practicing various curious domestic amusements in his place and the grounds attached to it.

The gate was situated some four hundred yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker, and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face—making but a faint sound—when a large bell was set in motion in the villa. At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate, bearing the name "Robert Houdin," disappeared, and another took its place, on which was engraved the word, "Entree."

When the postman delivered the letters he had brought, he was instructed to drop them through a slit in the gate into the receptacle provided for the purpose. The box, directly this was done, started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house by means of a miniature elevated railway.

Houdin invented, too, an ingenious contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stable fifty yards from the villa; for, on touching a small button, there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above.

By another curious piece of mechanism a little bench that stood beside a ravine in a remote part of the grounds, was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it the machine automatically traversed a narrow bridge that spanned the gorge, and, having deposited its occupant on the other side, the bench returned to its original position.

A young woman who had just returned from abroad said that color balls are frequently given at Nice. "I attended two there," she said, "one red, the other white. The red was the more brilliant, but the white was exceedingly beautiful, too. At the former, the men appeared in red-satin coats, white-satin breeches and red-silk stockings and shoes. The ladies wore white, with red roses. All the decorations and hangings were red, lamp-shades and all, and the supper ornamentations were all of the same bright color. At the white ball every thing was white. The men wore suits of white satin, with white shoes, and the ladies, of course, white dresses and flowers. Both were given by the nobility and were very gay and attractive. As a novelty, I was told, a black ball was once given, white shirts for the men and white flowers for the women being the only relief."

—Reviving the Lost Arts.—The pastor at Cactus Four Corners, A. T., announces that on the following evening Prof. Artoch, of Shinar City, would lecture in the church building on "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon." The announcement was received with general enthusiasm. "I'm goin' to hear that," said Baldy Bludsoe, "that's just the very thing we need in Arizona. This thing of havin' to walk five miles to find a trestle work or a railroad bridge every time we have some person to hang is a disgrace to our civilization. No wonder they want admit us as a State."—Burdette.

—Lawbreaker.—"Sambo, would a ten dollar gold-piece stop your mouth?" Sambo—"It might, boss, but I've pow'ful feared it ud leak round de alges—you bettah try a twenty."—Epoch.

Are You Going to Prove up?

Parties who contemplate making final proof on their land can save a big item of expense by having us prepare their paper, which work we will do free of charge. Bring or send us the name of party making proof, description of land, the names of four persons who appear as witnesses and the date upon which proof is to be made, giving time for six weeks' publication.

—Rogue River Mills flour at Woodford's feed store. You will make no mistake in using this brand of flour.

OUTNIMRODS OLD NIM.

The Petaluma Pot Hunter Tells a Story of a Wondrous Chase.

Frank Timins, the Petaluma pot hunter, had the floor, and the crowd breathlessly awaited a thrilling story of the chase.

"You want a story of the chase, eh?" repeated Timins. "Well, I'll tell you about the greatest bit of chasin I ever did in my life. I wuz out huntin one day for quail with my ole muzzle loadin shotgun, when three quail jumped up out of a bush right ahead of me. One flew to the right, one to the left and the other straight ahead, but I got 'em all three."

"Killed three quail going in different directions with a muzzle loading shotgun?" repeated one of his listeners incredulously.

"Yep; that's what I done."

"Your gun must have had three barrels then."

"Nop; only two."

"How did you do it?"

"Well, I killed the one that went to the right with the right barrel; then, quick as a flash, I killed the one that went to the left with the other barrel; then I took after the one that went straight ahead and knocked the stuffin out of it with the ramrod."

"I wouldn't believe that if I told it myself," declared one of the assemblage.

"Huh! That ain't nothin. I killed

six quail with one barrel once, and they wuz all flyin in different directions."

"Run 'em all down?"

"Nop; never moved out o' my tracks. When they all started out o' the same bunch of grass, I held the gun away over to the right, and as it went off I swep' it aroun to the left. The result was that I slung shot in every direction, same as you can sling water outen a pan, and a little of the shot ketches ev'ry one."—San Francisco Post.

—Hiroller—"So Algy is dead?"

Tuffboy—"Yes, and some of the boys have clubbed together to get a monument for him. All we want is to decide on an appropriate inscription for it." Hiroller—"Why don't you put that line: 'Can storied urn or animated bust—'"

Tuffboy—"Animated bust!" The very thing. That will remind every body of Algy."

—Minister (to choir-master)—"The music went splendidly this morning."

Choir-master—"Yes; I flatter myself it did." Minister—"I am glad to see the singers give their whole energy to the important religious work. There is no deception in such singing as that." Choir-master—"Well, no; I should say not. You see, Mr. Thumpner, I told the choir last night that an operatic manager would attend church to-day for the purpose of finding some good voices."—Judge.

—Legal Blanks for sale at this office.

J. W. LAWTON, . . .

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...FAIRVIEW ADDITION

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Lying but a few rods more than one mile to the east of

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Is situated 160 acres of land which is especially adapted to

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Now on the Market

This land has recently been placed upon the market and is now offered for sale in tracts of from

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Commands an Excellent View of Medford

The name, "Fairview," is given this property because, that being located as it is, on a slight eminence, a view of all parts of Medford and a good portion of the valley can be had from any part of the land. Nearly all of this land has been cleared and has been under cultivation for a number of years. The soil is of an exceptionally fine quality and its adaptability to fruit-growing has been proven. This land will be sold upon the

Installment Plan.

How Payments may be Made

Payments may be made at \$1.25 per week, \$5 per month or \$15 every quarter, or a liberal discount will be made for all cash purchases.

Fruit and Fruit Culture

The success attending fruit culture is no longer an experiment. By direct analysis the soil is found to contain all the elements required to produce fruits from the semi-tropical to the hardiest varieties. Over these favorable conditions hangs a climate co-ordinated and adjusted to the nature of the soil.

Who to Address

For further information concerning this desirable property call on or address

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