

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.)

Eagle Point Eagles.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

Born.—To Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hazelton, May 20th, a son.

Mr. Hatley and John Caton started last week for Montana.

Miss Allie Watking has gone to Medford to remain during the summer.

Miss Bessie Brown, of this place, is visiting her sister in Central Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl, of Dry creek, were here attending church last Sunday.

Rev. L. L. Grover will preach at this place next Sunday at 7:30 p. m., sharp.

Last week Mr. McKee, of Big Butte, was in town looking after his lumber interests.

Mrs. M. F. Hurst has gone to Round Top to visit her daughter, Mrs. T. J. Howard.

Mr. Newman had another very severe attack and his friends are fearful of the consequences.

J. E. Stickel, one of our leading blacksmiths, has gone to Klamath county to look for a situation.

Mr. Ratliff, of Big Butte, formerly of Nebraska, was in town last week interviewing our business men.

Wat Hurst, who has been here visiting his parents for the past few weeks, started for Montana last week.

Grandma Lewis, in attempting to catch a chicken, struck her forehead against a nail, making a deep wound.

Scott Pool, who has been working in the mines at Sterling, returned last week and expects to remain here in his father's shop.

J. J. Fryer had the misfortune to fall in attempting to get on a horse. The block slipped and he fell across a log sustaining severe bruises.

I am glad to be able to announce that Prof. P. H. Daley has so far recovered that his friends have taken him to Medford where he can be near his physician.

W. F. Hyde, secretary of the Big Butte ditch company, and J. S. Howard, chief engineer, were in town last week employing men to work on their ditch.

Porter Robinett and wife, our newly married couple, have moved to the Big Butte country, where Mr. Robinett expects to be engaged on the Big Butte ditch.

The many friends of Miss Leah Fryer were glad to meet with her again last Sunday evening. She has been visiting friends in Ashland for the past six weeks.

Mr. Fuller started last Monday morning for Klamath county with a load of supplies for Ben Abbelesse, who is located on a part of the Langell place, where he proposes to run a dairy farm.

I understand that Samuel Gary, of Trail, came down and gave himself up to the authorities last Saturday, but was released as the prosecuting witness—a Mr. Dunn—had disappeared. They had had a row and both parties had sworn out arrests for the other.

Last Sunday John Rader and family, J. M. Lewis, family and mother, Geo. Morine and family, Geo. Hoyt and Fred Mitchell were the guests of your correspondent. After dinner a few hours were spent in vocal and instrumental music, chatting, etc., and all hands seemed to enjoy themselves finely. The latch string is always on the outside for all such visitors. Come again.

Central Point Items.

Frank Bybee, of Jacksonville, spent Tuesday in our city.

C. B. Rostel, of Jacksonville, spent Thursday in our town.

Dr. Jones, of Medford, made this place a professional call on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. McConnel, of Beagle, were trading here on Monday.

Ralph Newman, of Eagle Point, came over for supplies last Tuesday.

Prof. M. E. Rigby, of Medford, spent Monday in our city.

J. J. Fryer and daughters, of Eagle Point, spent Sunday in our town.

Thos. J. Cook, of Draper, made our city a business trip on Wednesday.

Frank Bybee, of Jacksonville, made a business trip to our city last week.

Mrs. A. A. Whiteman made her parents at Woodville a visit a few days ago.

Dr. E. P. Geary made a profes-

sional visit to our city the first of the week.

Dr. E. Kirchgeessner made this vicinity a professional visit the first of the week.

Mrs. Jeff. Linville, of Sams Valley, made friends of this place a visit last week.

C. Heffling, of Josephine county, was here on business the first part of the week.

Mrs. Dennis Dugan, of Sams Valley, made our town a business trip last Saturday.

Nathan Stidham has opened a shop in the Scott building near Worth's meat market.

Miss Edna Gibson, who has charge of the Rock Point school, spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. A. S. Jacobs has returned from an extended visit with her many friends at Ashland.

Rev. H. L. Pratt, of Portland, is paying his sister, Mrs. R. C. Blackwell, of this place, a visit.

Mrs. C. T. Nicholson, of Medford, is paying her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Leevers, of this place, a visit.

Mr. Jennings, who bought Fred Hansen's farm, near Table Rock, met his family here Sunday.

M. Perkeppile, who has been quite ill, is now improving under the treatment of Dr. Pickel, of Medford.

Jay Perkeppile is now depot agent at Gold Hill. The railroad company has made a good selection; Jay is the right man in the right place.

Prospect Items.

BY MINERVA.

The new school district, No. 80, elected as directors Mrs. L. M. Greene, M. A. Shirley and R. W. Gray, and Chauncey Nye, clerk.

During Henry Pegg's absence recently some miscreant entered his house by tearing off part of the roof, removing everything eatable.

Perry Ellis is taking views of Rogue river falls and other scenes for Stan Aiken, which he will have cuts made of to use on his stationery.

A special school meeting was held May 21 at which Macdonald Perdue and Perry Ellis were elected directors to serve two and three years respectively. A tax of two and one-half mills were levied. We understand Miss E. L. Benson will be offered the position of teacher.

A School Report.

The following is the school report of school district No. 47 for the month ending May 22d:

Total number enrolled, 27; average daily attendance, 22.

The following are the names of those included on the roll of honor: Harrison Gray, Arthur and Fred Billows, Arta, Roy, and Alex Vestal, Dora Dayhack and Ada Riddle.

Those who were neither absent or tardy since entering school are Collie Gray, Alvin Conover, Elvin Hayes, and Millie Vestal.

LUTIE BURCH, Teacher.

Concerning Chinese Marriages.

The following letter recently received by the Christian church people, addressed to Mrs. Eli Fisher, has been handed us for publication. It was written by a native of the Flowery Kingdom and may be of interest to many readers:

PORTLAND, Ore., April 25, 1896.

DEAR SISTER FISHER:—Your special letter just at hand, and I am glad to know that you have created such an interest in missionary work in your city among those who love Christ and his cause. I hope and pray that the missionary spirit will continue to exist and grow in your city, that the cause of Christ may not suffer for want of interest among its followers. It is a noble move to be a Christian, but it is far better to be both a Christian in faith and in work, in deed as well as in word.

Concerning the desired subject I will say that in China marriage is a matter concerning the parents more than the young men and young ladies, or in other words, the young people have nothing to do with it there any more than the parents have to do with the marriage affairs of their sons and daughters here. The young people are to remain in silence and passive; that love has nothing to do with any marriage there. Some one asks, "suppose I go to China and try to get a wife by the same method as we use in this country, don't you think I can make a success of it?" Well, if you are a white man, of an old bachelor class, having met failure in this country without number and, at last cast your eyes upon China with the intent of finding one there, you may succeed in finding one among your own people there; but you will meet the same failure there as you did here if you were to find one among the Chinese families, for the ladies always remain in the house, so there will be no opportunity for you to meet them either at church or at any meeting house. Am I not right in my conclusions?

Now coming back to the original subject, our parents always have their sons and daughters engaged or contracted to other party when they are young. The have a go-between to find out

about both parties. This go-between is to receive a certain sum for her trouble and her service is paid for by both parties. It is a common practice among professional go-betweens to tell tales and in this way divide the bride and groom and are not a few. After two parties have entered into a contract for marriage, they are obliged to fulfill their contract, even though things may turn out that one does not love the other, for from the very nature of the thing love has nothing to do with it. When they are old enough to get married the bride will cry from three to fifteen nights, in her eldest brother's home. In this crying it consists of returning of thanks to her parents, relatives and friends. On the day of the marriage the bride will be taken in a sedan chair to the groom's house and there the marriage ceremony is to be performed by the so called "hair dresser." His wife (the hair dresser) will wash the bride's hands before the groom, who sits on the bed with his feet folded up. After the washing of the bride is over the wife of the hair dresser will throw some kind of Chinese cake all over the bed and the children who gather there to see the bride will pick these cakes up as fast as she throws them on the bed. I have lots of experience in picking up these cakes when I was a boy. A wedding lasts three days and three nights there, and during these days and nights the groomsman have lots of fun in playing jokes on both the groom and the bride, especially on the bride. They worship their ancestors, and during this marriage, and the groom do many foolish things that I have no time to tell in this letter, but I hope and pray that my hearers will try to do his or her part for the sending of the people the way that they may know the true way of worshipping God and believe in Jesus Christ and be saved. May God bless you all in his sincere prayer.

Yours in Christ,

JEN HAWK.

TOLD OF A PARK SNAKE.

A Policeman's Explanation of a Worm Spot in the Asphalt Walk.

A Central park policeman was standing near the entrance at 100th street and Central park west the other day looking very thoughtful. He stroked the left-hand side of his fine red mustache with his right forefinger and gazed in an abstracted way at the lower rims of the wheels of carriages and bicycles as they passed.

"What is weighing on your mind so heavily?" asked an acquaintance.

The policeman turned savagely with: "None of your—." Then he broke off and said: "Oh, it's you, is it?" The savage look gave way to a half smile, and then the serious look came back again.

"I don't think," said he. "I don't know, and what's more, I don't give a cuss." Then he stopped talking to look at his questioner through the corners of his eyes. After a little urging and much hesitation he told this story:

"You asked me once if I'd ever seen any snakes here in the park, and I told you yes. That was early last spring, wasn't it? Yes, I thought so. Well, I've seen some snakes since then. Maybe you would like to hear about one that I've got to know pretty well? Yes? Just as I thought. Let us go down this walk a ways. I want to show you something first. Here we are. Do you see this little knob or hummock in the asphalt? Well, last spring, the first time I noticed it, it was an inch high. You can see for yourself that it's not more than half an inch high now. What do you suppose were it down so much?"

"The scuffling of shoes on it," the man guessed.

"Well, I rather think nit. The feet of men don't touch the edge of this walk twice a year. Do you see that robin's nest there in that oak? Well, the first time I saw that snake it was just swallowing the last of five eggs that had been in that nest. I know that there were five eggs in the snake because they showed in five bunches in the snake's middle—the cuss had swallowed the whole. He was a black one, by the way, and could climb like a gray squirrel.

"But, as I was saying, that snake had five unbroken eggs in him, and I was wondering about what he was going to do with them. I found out pretty soon. The snake climbed down the tree head first and crept toward the walk, here, getting along pretty slow, for he was only 14 inches long, and the five eggs made a pretty big load for him.

"The snake came straight toward this hummock here, and I was standing right here by these bushes. He crawled around the hummock several times, then stuck his head in this little hole here in the asphalt, and then drew himself up into a hump, with his tail sticking in this little crack here—only the crack wasn't so large then—and then he stood up just like a letter U upside down. Then he straightened out, and down came one of the eggs on to that hummock there. I heard the shell break. The snake raised up again and another egg was broken, and so on until there wasn't a whole egg in the snake. That's what wore that hummock down, for all summer the snake broke his eggs on it."

"Is that what made you think and look so seriously?" the man asked, as the policeman stopped to light a cigar.

"Oh, no. I was just wondering if it wouldn't be a good plan for us policemen to be made auxiliary observers of natural history here in the park.—N. Y. Sun.

HAPPENED IN A SLEEPING CAR.

The Deplorable Result of a Change of Berths Made Late at Night.

"My friend and I had secured two lower berths opposite each other. He was not a smoker, so he concluded to tumble in, while I went forward to the smoking compartment for a cigar before I followed his example. Possibly I found the game of cards which was in progress between the two commercial travelers interesting, or else the cigar was more soothing than usual, but, however it was, I remained longer than I had intended.

"In the meantime we had made a stop and taken on a couple of passengers, an aged couple of dignified and aristocratic appearance. Every lower berth was taken and over half of the uppers, so the worthy pair were not jubilant over the prospect of climbing into an upper berth, and their objections were plainly audible to others than the porter. At last that sable gallant, driven to his wits' end, came in to where I sat placidly smoking, apparently unconscious of what had been going on in the car. With a deprecating air he approached and asked me if I would exchange my lower berth for an upper in favor of the old people. I readily assented, and the couple, grateful and contented, immediately took possession, and judging from the duo of discordant vocal sounds which soon ema-

nated from 'lower 10' they had fallen into peaceful slumber.

"In the meantime my friend, being a heavy sleeper, was quite unconscious of the change that had been made in the arrangements. So, early in the morning, he crawled out and proceeded to get his shoes from under the berth, sitting upon the edge of the bed while he leisurely drew on one shoe. Then he began to think I had enjoyed myself undisturbed quite long enough, and commenced to shake the curtains and call to me to get up. Meeting with no response he concluded to make it more effectual, so he calmly drew aside the curtains, noting nothing unusual in the dim light, and gave several resounding slaps with the remaining shoe upon the most obvious portion of the anatomy. At the same time he called out: 'Come, aren't you ever going to get up?'

"For answer several feminine shrieks rent the air, while two wrathful faces rose up and confronted my friend, who shrank back aghast. Every head popped out between the curtains, my own included, but quickly grasping the situation, I sank back convulsed. In the meantime the porter had appeared, and in due course of time and with many explanations succeeded in pacifying the aged couple.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

WHERE BRAINS GO BEGGING.

College Educations at a Discount in New York's Labor Market.

For the student of social science there is food for reflection in the fact that an advertisement for "a person of good education to do some pen copying for small compensation," inserted recently in the Sunday papers, says the New York World, brought forth several hundred letters, largely from educated men and women out of employment.

As showing that the old proverb about knowledge being power is not universally true, the following answers to the advertisement are especially significant:

"I am a linguist, and can do the necessary copying not only in English, but also in German, French, Italian, Latin and Russian."

"I am of good education, well qualified to do some pen copying for a small compensation, either in ancient or modern dialects and languages. Am a teacher, bookkeeper, compiler, translator, typewriter and stenographer in English, French and Spanish."

"I matriculated at the London university, and took my degree of B. A. (bachelier-es-lettres) in Sorbonne, in Paris."

"I am a graduate of St. John's college, London, England, and have had great experience in educational work."

"I am a bachelor in science of the University of Brussels, Belgium, a good Franco-English scholar and a rapid worker."

"I beg to apply for the copying mentioned in your advertisement. I am an Englishman, and was educated at Cheltenham college, in England."

"I am an Englishman, thirty-nine years of age, and have received a thorough education at an important public school in the city of London. I am a lawyer, but have given up practice. I am energetic, careful and correct in business, and can furnish references as to character and ability."

A young woman sets forth her references from the Young Woman's Christian association. Another has been a government copyist.

"I have been educated for the church," writes an unfortunate young man, in pale ink, "but was compelled to seek other employment through not having the necessary funds. I speak English, French and Italian; am honest and reliable; am now five years in my present place, where I have to work hard; would like, if possible, to add to the support of my two little motherless children. My writing, for want of practice, is nothing to be compared to what it was some years ago."

HIS MEMORY HONORED.

Impressive Funeral of a Japanese War Correspondent.

One of the largest funerals ever held in Japan, says Tokio papers, was that of the war correspondent, Kumayosi Yamashita, in Hiroshima, the present residence of the mikado, a few weeks ago. More than six thousand people, including representatives of the emperor, the members of the cabinet and scores of high and powerful officials, attending it. It was a tribute of the nation to journalism, says the New York Tribune.

Yamashita was sent to the front by the "Toshin-Koku," of Hiroshima. At the storming of Ping-Yang, while in the midst of the fight, he was struck by a bullet and killed.

But attendance at the funeral was not the only honor paid to the memory of the first correspondent shot at the front. On the day of the burial the newspaper men, authors and politicians of Tokio met and adopted the following resolution:

"The duties of the correspondents who are detailed because of their education and great abilities to the front to describe for the fatherland the incidents of the war do not differ in any way from the duties of the officers and the troops. The law comes to the aid of warriors who fall in battle and provision is made for their widows and orphans. But no one cares for the correspondent, and therefore we have decided upon the following: First—If one of our colleagues fall, all newspaper proprietors of Japan are bound to print that fact in a prominent place in the issues of their paper for three days. Tributes of regret may be sent to the editorial rooms. Second—All newspapers are bound to contribute, in proportion to the fortune of their owners, to a pension for the dead man's family. Subscribers are also to be requested to contribute. If, because of sickness or wounds, the correspondent is obliged to submit to treatment for a considerable time, the expenses are also to be borne by us."

The proprietor of the paper gave the widow of Yamashita a large sum of money. He was one of the most brilliant writers in the country.

A Small Spot May Be Cancer!

It is very often that the most insignificant symptoms are forerunners of the most violent disease. There is not a more destructive disease than Cancer, and in a majority of cases it is first indicated by a very small scab or sore, to which no attention is attracted, until it before long develops into most alarming conditions.

Here is such a case, where the first symptoms were too small to be noticed for quite a time. Mr. J. B. Arnold belongs to one of the oldest and best families of Carolina; he is well and favorably known throughout South Carolina, and has resided at Greenwood for years. Cancer is hereditary in the family, an aunt on each side having died from it. Several years ago a small spot, like a tiny ulcer, about the size of a bird-shot, appeared just under his left eye, above the cheek bone. He thought nothing of it for some time, until it began to grow rapidly, spreading all the time, and destroying the flesh as it went.



MR. J. B. ARNOLD.

He says: "It gave me a great deal of pain—those sharp, darting pains so characteristic of cancer. I took many so-called blood medicines, without the slightest effect, and sought the help of the best physicians, but they did me no good; one told me, however, that I was incurable and had better make my arrangements accordingly. I was on the verge of despair, when Dr. J. L. Miller, one of the leading druggists of my town, recommended S. S. S. The first bottle seemed to make me worse, but Dr. Miller told me this was a favorable symptom, and by the time I had taken the second bottle, the cancer began to discharge, and as I continued this became quite profuse, and kept up for some time. Then it gradually grew less, and after awhile ceased altogether, and to my delight the place dried up and is cured entirely, so that nothing remains but a scar."

"I consider S. S. S. a boon to suffering humanity, and feel that I owe my life to it, as the cancer had made such progress when I began S. S. S. that my death was declared to be only a matter of a very short time. The cure effected in my case is considered by every one most remarkable, and clearly demonstrates the fact that S. S. S. does cure hereditary cancer. No one who is afflicted with this dreadful disease can afford to fail to give S. S. S. a trial, for that is all that is necessary to convince them of its virtues."

The above is but one of many remarkable cures being daily made by S. S. S. Cancer is becoming alarmingly prevalent, and manifests itself in such a variety of forms, that any sore or scab, it matters not how small, which does not readily heal up and disappear, may well be regarded with suspicion.

The fact that S. S. S. cures hereditary cancer, which is considered incurable, places it without an equal as a sure cure for all manner of real blood diseases, such as Scrofula, Eczema, Contagious Blood Poison, or any other form of bad blood.—Atlanta Constitution.

—Legal blanks at THE MAIL office.

If it required an annual outlay of \$100 to insure a family against any serious consequences from an attack of bowel complaint during the year there are many who would feel it their duty to pay it; that they could not afford to risk their lives and those of their families or such an amount. Any one can get this insurance for 25 cents, that being the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy. In almost every neighborhood some one has died from an attack of bowel complaint before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. One or two doses of this remedy will cure any ordinary case. It never fails. Can you afford to take the risk for so small amount? For sale G. H. Haskins.

James Perdue, an old soldier residing at Monroe, Mich., was severely afflicted with rheumatism but received prompt relief from pain by using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "At times my back would ache so badly that I could hardly raise up. If I had not gotten relief I would not be here to write these few lines. Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done me a great deal of good and I feel very thankful for it." For sale by Geo. H. Haskins.

DROP INTO THE



...CRATER

And catch a breeze from the little fan. The Crater is headquarters for cool and refreshing summer drinks. Agent for Siskiyou Mineral water, nature's own beverage. Families supplied at \$4.50 per case of 50 bottles. There's no flies on us when the fan runs.

D. I. Waldroop, Prop'r.

"VIAVI IS KING!"

Viavi praises loudly ring. Have gained the palm, therefore, and sing: Sound the tocsin far away. Viavi's here and has come to stay.

Viavi Cerate for external use.
" Rheumatic Cure, special.
" Capsules for internal use.
" Tablets for the stomach.
" Ideal Tonic for the stomach.
" Liquid Catarrh, special.
" Sano Capsules, Hemorrhoids.
Ladies' Pri-mo-use, not words, tell of its merits.
Any information desired cheerfully given upon application.

MRS. JAS. RILEY,
Central Point, Oregon

PALACE

Tonsorial ...

Isaacs & Bunch, Prop's.

Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing and Beards Dyed. All work first-class or we will refund the price.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Agent for Salem Steam Laundry. Seventh Street, opposite Postoffice.

MEDFORD, OREGON.

O. K. Barber Shop...

W. L. TOWNSEND, Proprietor

First door south of Jackson County Bank....

All work strictly first-class and guaranteed satisfactory.

THE MORTAR DRUG STORE,

G. H. HASKINS, Prop'r.

HAS ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Books, Stationery.

PAINTS AND OILS, Tobaccos, Cigars, Perfumery, Toilet Articles and Everything that is carried in a first-class DRUG STORE

Perscriptions Carefully Compounded.
Main Street, Medford Oregon.

Oriental Livery Stables

W. T. CRANE, Proprietor

We are now located in our new brick stable, on North D street, and are better prepared than ever to accommodate the traveling public. Our rigs are all new and first-class; our horses are good roadsters and perfectly gentle....

Commercial men, hunting parties and tourists given special attention. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed....