OUR COUNTY . . .

Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

Mas. W. C. Hale, of Klamath Falls,is visiting her parents, N. Langell and wife.

John A.Bilger and F. Chambloss, of Portland, are spending the week in Jacksonville.

All the new county officers elect were here Monday attending to the filing of their bonds.

A large crowd of our young people attended the Bicycle-picnic Sunday and report a very pleasant time.

Chas. Nickel, of the Times, left Tuesday for Chicago to attend the democratic convention, which meets July 7th.

District Attorney Benson was up from Grants Pass Monday attending circuit court. The court has adjourned until July 27th.

Mrs. Chas. Moore and sons, who have been visiting friends for the past fortnight, left for Klamath Falls Saturday morning.

A. Bettenger, who has been visiting his daughter, Sister Alberta, of the St Mary's academy, returned home at The Dalles during the week.

County Clerk N. A. Jacobs has rented his residence property to George Jackson and will move his family to Medford in a few weeks.

Jacksonville has a new confectionery store. W. M. Snow and Henry Wendt are the proprietors and have christened the store "The North Pole."

W. E. Coul has returned to the grand Applegate mines, in which he is interested. His family are spending the month out there enjoying mountain air.

Miss Burnice Cameron, who was one of the 48 graduates of the state normal at Monmouth, returned home Friday, having passed a very credible examination.

A meeting of the Butte Creek Roller Flouring Mill Co. will be held in Jacksonville July 6th for the purpose of electing directors and the transaction of other business.

Mrs. Cathrine Booschey, who has been an inmate of the assylum for the past year, died at that institution Monday morning. The remains were brought to Jacksonville and buried in the family lot. The funeral services were held at 1 o'clock p. m. Tuesday at the Catholic church by Rev. L. P. Desmarais. A husband and a married daughter, a resident of New York, survive her. The decease is a native of Bavaria and age 71 years, 4 months and 1 day.

Peter P. Black, a bachelor who has lived a number of years on Forrest creek, committed suicide Sunday evening about 8 o'clock by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. Before committing the deed he gave the two men who were working for him,12 ounces of gold dust, stating that was their wages due them. He then went to the barn and made a bed of straw near his cart, placing his hat near the cart seat, then lying down on the straw, sent the fatal bullet hurling through his brain. It is thought that the recent clean up of his mine fell short of his expectations and being somewhat in debt, the shortage weighed on his mind. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge and was buried by that order. He was aged about 70 years.

Table Rock Items.

Mr. Moore is hauling hay to Medford every day.

More hay will be put up in this section this season than for years. Farmers have been a little short of help for a few days, but everybody seems to be working with a full force now.

Mr. Middlebusher has rented a farm about a mile from Eagle Point and as soon as he is through with his crop on the Johnson ranch he will move and begin work for a crop next year.

The many inquiring friends of Mrs Nettie Drum will be sorry to to learn that her health has not improved as she hoped it would when she moved to Colorado last spriug. She is not entirely in love with the country where she lives and thinks Oregon a pretty good place yet. She writes that in Oregon it doesn't know how to thunder and lightning.

Many people who have been attending the Central Point camp meeting, complain of the petty pilfering going on at the grounds. Whips, robes, gloves, parasols, and in fact any thing that is left in the wagons or buggies is liable to disappear. A good energetic officer could make a great record by watching a night or two. Such hoodlums should be punished.

Mr. E. B. Jennings thinks this a first-class location for a creamery and talks very earnestly about putting in a plant on his place here. The people here can well afford to lend a hand to encourage such an enterprise, for it means cash at home for the greater part of all we can produce and at a better profit to the farmer than to be compelled to compete with the outside world in hay and grain.

Prospect Pointers.

There will be a neighborhood picnic at the mill on the Fourth of July.

What can be the matter with our road supervisor? Is there a strike among the road workers?

The Woodruff sisters are hauling lumber from Gray's saw mill for their dancing pavillion.

Messrs. Johnson, Tibbets and Hoosic, who work at the mill, are intending to enjoy the Fourth in the city, having gone down Sunday.

The Adkins–Webb party have been enjoying themselves shooting squirrels. They are moving slowly toward the summit, having camped at various beauty spots along the route.

Messrs. Stice and Strobe are engaged in putting a private road from the main thoroughfare to the big huckleberry patch near Union creek, thus making another summer resort more accessible.

School Report.

Miss Lulu Roberts has closed a spring term of school in the Pankey district, Sams Valley, and has been engaged for a second term which commences July 6, after a week's vacation. The spring term closed with an interesting entertainment, which was attended by a number of visitors, all of whom evidenced much concern in the welfare of the school. The following is the term report for the period commencing April 6th and ending June 26th:

No. visitors during the term, 35. Average of pupils at the final examination: Minnie Smith, 93½; Hulda Craddock, 97¼; Ardilla Gall, 96 2-9: Cora Gall, 94 4-7; Martha Moon, 90; Nettie Fleming, 87 1-7; Ruby Craddock, 97; Johnny Moon, 96¾; Johnny Childers, 97¼; Ray Fleming, 97½; Jimmie Moon, 97.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by Geo. H. Haskins.

Bryce's Tribute to Cecil Rhodes.

No man in South Africa has been more warmly attached to the British connection, or has done half so much to secure for Britain those vast territories to the west and to the north of the Transvaal, which were coveted by both the Transvaal Republic and by the German Empire. But in his political career in Cape Colony, of which he was prime minister from July, 1890, till January, 1896, Mr. Rhodes succeeded in obtaining the support of the Dutch party, and labored assiduously to bring about a unity of sentiment and aim between the Dutch and British elements in the population. The energy and firmness of his character, and the grasp of political and economic questions which he has evinced, make him the most striking figure among the colonial statesmen of Britain in this generation. He has been deemed by some a less adroit parliamentarian than was the late Sir John Macdonald in Canada, but he is possessed of a far wider outlook and far more conspicious executive capacity. The ascendancy which these gifts gave him enabled him, while extending British influence up to and beyond the Zambesi, at the same time to retain the confidence of that Dutch, or Afirkander, population which had least national sympathy with what is called an "imperial British policy."—"Impressions of South Africa," by James Bryce, M.P., in the July Century.

Keep Fruit and Vegetables.

They [illegible] fruit stored away in cellars [illegible] with some fungous [illegible] in the line, but the [illegible] every apple and [illegible] brought up to the light [illegible] fruit ought to be [illegible] washed and wiped. There is generally less danger from vegetables because they are cooked, but celery, which is brought on the table raw, ought to be carefully washed and wiped. It is now generally conceded that mold is a fruitful cause of diphtheria, and that it may be acquired from handling moldy apples, leather or anything where mold has the chance to grow. If there is this fall fruit stored in a clean cellar, well whitewashed and frequently ventilated, how much more disease must lurk in a neglected cellar where sometimes green mold covers the walls and dank, moldy debris of vegetables is allowed to hide in the corners. Keep the cellar clean, and air it occasionally in winter as well as summer.—N. Y. Tribune.

Taking It Literally.

"This morning the doctor ordered me to drink water an hour before every meal, and here I've been drinking for the last 40 minutes; but I'll be j'ggered if I can swallow another drop."—Humoristische Blaetter.

UNCLE SAM'S GRASS FARM.

Where Specimens from All Lands Are Experimented With.

Thousands of Plants Raised Every Year for Distribution Throughout the States — Scientific Research in Agriculture.

Back of the big brick seed barn of the department of agriculture is a very funny kind of garden, which has just begun to sprout. It covers about half an acre, which is divided up into ever so many little rectangular patches. Of the latter there are four hundred and fifty in all, which are sown with as many different kinds of grasses. The seeds for most of these have been obtained from foreign countries, through United States consuls, who have responded to a circular sent out by the department of state requesting them to send samples. In fact, says the Washington Star, they come from all over the world, and the purpose of the garden described is to make a fairly comprehensive exhibit of the grasses of all lands.

Included among the four hundred and fifty species are various kinds of forage plants. The idea of this novel exhibit is original with Prof. Scribner, the agrostologist recently engaged by the department of agriculture. When all of the plants are fully developed, along towards the autumn, the garden will be very pretty to look upon. There will even be bamboos, which belong to the family of grasses. Adjoining the garden is L. O. Howard's insect-rearing establishment, in which bugs of multitudinous varieties are bred render glass. The latter gentleman jocularly threatened to let out his bugs to browse upon Prof. Scribner's grasses, not to mention the plants of different kinds which Prof. Wiley is cultivating in the immediate vicinity.

Prof. Wiley has an outfit of a very peculiar sort. It consists of a shed with a glass roof out from under which run a series of parallel railway tracks for a distance of about sixty or seventy feet. On the rails are miniature flat cars, which carry huge earthen pots and wooden tubs. In each tub is a growing plant. There are a number of specimens of each kind of plant—potato, pea or what not—each growing in a different kind of soil. The purpose in view is to find out just how much available food is contained in various soils. The soils employed have previously been analyzed. The quantity of plant food in a soil may not determine its usefulness for producing crops, inasmuch as it may not be in such shape as to be easily absorbed.

Feeding plants is like feeding babies; the diet has got to be not merely nutritious, but easily digestible. Having ascertained by analysis just how much plant food is contained in each kind of soil, Prof. Wiley wants to know how much of it is assimilated in the process of vegetable growth. The soils experimented with are from all parts of the United States, and the information obtained is expected to be of much use to farmers. The days of farming by guesswork have nearly passed by, and agriculture is a scientific pursuit. The rails and cars enable Prof. Wiley to run his plants under shelter when it rains. Rain water contains nitrogen, which, being added in undetermined quantities, would interfere with the accuracy of his experiments. Only distilled water is furnished to the plants.

The department of agriculture raises every year on its farm many thousands of plants for distribution through members of congress and to applicants generally. This season it will take eighty-five thousand cuttings of grape vines, comprising twenty-five varieties. Of course, the grape vines were grown out of doors. Twenty-two varieties of olives will be grown under glass for the same purpose, to be distributed in the south. Of these ten thousand will be produced, some varieties being best for oil and others most suitable for pickles. Out of doors will be grown thirty varieties of figs, from which, perhaps, fifteen hundred cuttings will be taken. To the list will be added one hundred thousand strawberry plants of forty varieties; also five thousand camphor plants raised from seed, and pineapples, guavas, oranges and lemons. Olives and figs are distributed only south of North Carolina, camphor plants south of Savannah, and pineapples in southeastern Florida, due regard being had for the climatic conditions suitable for the raising of those products.

"RABBIT DOGS."

Vigorous Plea Against Their Prosecution by a Florida Legislator.

Among the amusing discussions during the legislative session at Tallahassee was that on a bill of Sullivan's of Escambia, providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The reading clerk, says the Florida Times-Union, had just read the title when an old gentleman, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose and with great gravity and dignity said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to this bill. I am opposed to it because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He isn't much on looks, but I tell you, when that dog gets on a hot trail in the broom sedge and a little later you hear his voice a-yelping in a high key and the yelps gettin' fainter and fainter till by and by you can just hear 'em down in the holler, and you go there and you see the little bench-legged yeller rascal barkin', his eyes bright and his forehead wrinkled with excitement, under a sartin tree, jes' get you a pole and meet is your'n for dinner."

There was breathless silence during the eloquent appeal for the rabbit dog. When it had been concluded others rose up and paid glowing tributes to the qualities of the rabbit dogs they owned, until one would have believed that a thing necessary to a man's candidacy in the state of Florida is a first-class rabbit dog. The bill, by the way, was killed by a large majority.

GOT ONE ON HIS WIFE.

Heartless Trick a Convivial Comedian Played Upon His Spouse.

A well-known comedian of convivial disposition not long ago received as a gift from his wife a handsome diamond scarf pin, together with the injunction that when he caught sight of the pin reflected in a mirror behind a bar it should serve to remind him that "some one was waiting at home." The comedian was deeply touched, but it was not long before he fell from grace. It was two o'clock in the morning before he caught the reflection of the pin, and then his conscience smote him. He hastened home, and, finding his wife in bed and apparently asleep, he hastily disrobed and turned in without disturbing her. While he was figuring out what kind of a lie he would tell her the next morning he became aware that she was really awake, but evidently believed that he had dropped off into a profound slumber. She got out of bed most cautiously so as not to awaken him, and going to the bureau where he had left his new scarf pin in his cravat she took the jeweled bauble out and dropped it into a vase on the mantel, all of which he was enabled to perceive by the dim rays of a gas jet upon the glass of a picture frame. Then the lady came back to bed with caution, and having kept herself awake by an effort for some time, she fell into the deep slumber of exhausted nature. Now it was the eminent comedian's turn. He gave his wife a good half hour to get soundly to sleep, and then he got out of bed, took the scarf pin out of the vase and put it back in the cravat where he had left it before. Then he got back to bed undetected and fell into the refreshing slumber of the just. At seven o'clock in the morning he was roused by a vigorous shaking and his wife's agitated voice, which said: "Wake up! You've been robbed! Somebody has taken your scarf pin!" "My scarf pin!" said the eminent comedian. "Why, it's in my scarf on the bureau. I remember I left it there last night." "Oh, did you?" said she with asperity, as she snatched the scarf from the bureau. "Just look here!" "Yes, there it is," said the eminent comedian. He says that ever since then his wife has been subject to occasional relapses into deep thought, when her eyes are fixed upon him with a far-away look, and he knows that she is wondering about her vivid dream of getting up in the night and dropping his scarf pin in the vase. —N. Y. Telegram.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The tea plant is said by Chinese writers to have been cultivated in that country from at least 3000 B. C.

—As wood is largely wanting in Australian gold fields several steamships are now engaged in carrying timber from the Pacific coast for use in Australian mines. The steamships carry from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 feet each. The wood is California pine or fir.

—Though Ireland has 3,000,000 acres of bog land, large quantities of peat litter are imported from Belgium and Holland. Mills are being fitted up to separate the litter from the turf, and it is hoped that peat moss litter may soon be an article of export.

—After two seasons of failure Oregon has an abundant crop of tomatoes. There are oceans of them, and fine ones, according to the Portland Oregonian. One factory alone is using four to five tons per day, which are bought for $10 per ton, and are made into catsup.

—A correspondent of an English party says: "I sent you on September 20 a white turnip which I pulled from a large field near Burnmoor. About one-half of the field is white turnips and the other half swedes; the whole of the whites are swarming with green fly and rotting away, while the swedes are quite healthy."

—The hygienic value of soap is hardly realized by the general public. Recent experiments have shown that a solution of soap will kill typhoid or cholera microbes. A one per cent. solution will do so in 12 hours, while a seven or ten per cent. solution will do it in a few minutes. This is about the simplest and most reliable means of disinfecting that we have at our disposal.

—Geological conditions have changed a great deal since the Cambrian age. The continents then were much smaller and the ocean much larger, while being shallower. The greater part of North America was submerged in Cambrian times. Cambrian rocks, though covered by later deposits in most places, are exposed in a few others, chiefly on mountain peaks in America, Asia and Australia.

—In cultivating strawberries under glass of various colors Prof. Zacharewicz, of Vaucluse, France, has obtained the following results: Ordinary clear glass gave the best and earliest crop; orange glass increased the vegetation but injured the quality and firmness of the fruit; violet glass increased the yield at the expense of the quality; red, blue and green glass were hurtful to all kinds of vegetation.

—Rhode Island Peculiarities.

It is not necessary to go to the far south or west, says the Boston Budget, to find provincial customs or hear peculiar dialect. There are some very primitive people not further off than the Rhode Island border of Connecticut. In this thin line of little villages the grave-faced men and women still live as simply and take life as seriously as a Massachusetts Puritan. They solemnly make two strangers known to each other by "Mr. Smith, here's Mr. Brown to you." "Mr. Brown, here's Mr. Smith at you." They confess to an interrupted state of good health by saying they "feel maugra the day," to a contrary state of well being by: "I am feeling light the day." The Sanderer finds enough good Shakespeare, but "kidge" is as yet beyond him.

Witchcraft in England To-Day.

At Long Sutton, between Cambridge and Boston, in England, a farmer's wife recently discovered that an old woman in the neighborhood had bewitched her. The only remedy was to beat the witchcraft out of her, which she and her husband at once did, breaking the old woman's wrist before they were successful. As they were convinced that the spell was broken they cheerfully paid a heavy fine.

Her Only Chance.

On the corner of two Boston streets a young man was peering through a surveyor's leveling instrument and making signals to his partner, who stood in front of the schoolhouse above. A little girl, coming from out the schoolhouse later than her mates, caught sight of the instrument, smoothed out her dress and posed in front of it. A big policeman came along. "Move on, little one," said he. "I can't," simpered the child. "Don't you see I'm getting my picture took?"

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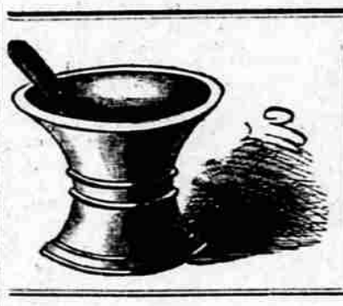

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