

OUR COUNTY ... Correspondents

Central Point Items.

Miss Laura Amy made Jacksonville a visit Saturday.

L. H. Newton made Prospect a business trip last week.

Mrs. S. B. Whittle is paying Ashland friends a visit this week.

Miss Gordon, of Prospect, is paying friends of this place a visit.

Lee Rodenburger made Jacksonville a business trip last week.

J. W. Vincent, of Sams Valley, was trading here one day this week.

C. Hedin and family, late of Merlin, have become residents of our city.

Charles Pomeroy, of Beagle, was here after supplies one day last week.

Mrs. F. Ross made a business trip to the county seat last Tuesday.

P. W. Olwell and family are sojourning at the Dead Indian springs this hot weather.

Elder A. J. Stevens, of Talent, preached to a large congregation here last Sunday.

A. A. Whiteman and family have gone to the soda springs for a few weeks outing.

A. S. Jacobs and daughter, Mary, made relatives in Jacksonville a visit last Wednesday.

Miss Nora Sydow, who is teaching school in Sams Valley, spent last Sunday at home.

Elder A. Buchanan, of Kubli, spent several days here last week looking for a location.

Lew Johnson's minstrels played here on Monday. Those who attended were well pleased.

Quite a number of our citizens are spending the hot days at the different summer resorts.

A. M. Ford moved to Jacksonville last Monday. He is now employed as janitor of the court house.

Max Muller, of Jacksonville, spent several days here last week looking after his interests in the flour mill.

Amos Fries and sister, Katie, spent several days last week in Ashland attending the chautauqua session.

Miss Lottie Brown, of Eagle Point, is staying a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Holmes, of this city.

Henry Baker took Sunday evening's train for Grants Pass, where he goes to cook for the Mes. Bros. lumbering company.

Mrs. A. Dodson, of Los Angeles, who has been paying her sister, Mrs. M. Cooksey, an extended visit, returned to her home last week.

Mrs. Florence Murphy, of Clackamas county, arrived at Toke last week to be with her mother, Mrs. J. McDonald, who is seriously ill.

Frank Hawk and wife, who have been spending a few weeks at Mt. Pitt, returned home Tuesday, and report having had a fine time.

S. W. McClendon and wife arrived home on Saturday evening's train from California, where they had been on their wedding trip.

P. O. Applegate and his surveying party, who have been surveying a lot of government land near Prospect, finished the contract last week and returned home.

J. A. Edington sold his farm near town last week, and will now live on his farm near Wellen. We were unable to learn the name of the gentleman who bought the farm.

Jacksonville News.

Ed. Helms has returned from a week's visit at Eugene.

Miss Mollie Reames has returned from a short visit with Woodville relatives.

Capt. A. M. Brown, of Grants Pass, made a visit to Jacksonville during the week.

Samuel McClendon has returned from Ft. Jones, where he went on his wedding trip. He was here on Monday.

Tuesday was the hottest day of the year. The thermometer registered 100 degrees in the shade at the bank.

Judge Neil has moved his office from the court house to the building formerly occupied by Dr. Will Jackson as a dental parlor.

Mrs. C. Vrooman and daughter, Miss Helen Strang, who have been spending the past year in Jacksonville, moved to their home at Medford on Monday.

Thos. Tongue, Jr., of Hillsboro, son of Hon. Thos. Tongue, arrived Sunday and on Tuesday left for an outing to Cinnabar, accompanied by Will and Clarence Reames.

It is reported that the seven-year-old son of John Schneider, of the

brewery, had one of his big toes completely amputated this week by dropping a heavy cellar door on it.

R. Daw, of Applegate, a partner of Joe Thomas, came to town for medical treatment last week. He was suffering from a badly swollen arm which is thought to have been caused by a bite from a spider.

Kasper K. Kubli returned from the east Saturday where he has been studying law at Harvard college. He brought with him several fine medals won by him in athletic sports. Kap graduated with high honors.

Deputy Sheriff E. E. Smith is taking a month's vacation and will leave this week for a few weeks' outing at Crescent City, accompanied by his family and a brother-in-law and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hereford, of Lakeview.

Anson Ford, of Central Point, was appointed janitor of the court house and grounds at the last session of the county court at a salary of \$324 a year, and he will saw all the wood used by the officers. Mr. Ford assumed his duties on Monday morning.

A miner by the name of Chas. Howell met with a severe accident last Saturday while mining on Jackson creek. A bank caved in on him breaking his leg. Dr. DeBar and Dr. Pickel were summoned and made the patient as comfortable as possible. He was taken to the hospital for further treatment.

Hon. T. and Zack Cameron, who have been at Waldo for the past month assisting in the clean-up of the Simmons and Cameron mine, returned to their homes Tuesday. They were well pleased with the outcome of the past year's work. This mine has been in operation for the past five or six years but is only just opened at the present time.

Table Rock Items.

Will Pickens and his sister, Minerva, came down from Medford Monday and made Table Rock friends a visit. Come again; you will always be welcomed by the neighbors at your old home.

Mr. E. B. Jenaings is doing some prospecting on the coal vein on his farm here; if reports are true, he has a very flattering prospect, and Mr. J. is just the man to develop such a property if the quantity will justify the expense.

Grain is ripening very fast and all the headers and binders will be kept busy until everything is harvested. While it has been extremely hot we hear very little complaint of shrunken grain, and wheat will be up to the average.

Tuesday morning a party of six of our young people left for Ashland to attend the chautauqua for a few days. This will be an intellectual treat for them as well as an outing at the prettiest mountain town on the coast. The party consists of Clarence Gunn, Otis Frieson, T. H. Pendleton, Misses May and Libbie Pendleton and Miss Edna Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, Mrs. Frieson and Miss Florence Adams drove down from here to Ashland Sunday morning in time for service at Chautauqua Hall; then listened to Dr. Dille, of San Francisco, at 11 o'clock. In the afternoon there were two services and at night Dr. Martyn, of Chicago, preached. The party drove home the same evening—this would seem to make a very busy day—but all say it was well worth the fatigue to be able to listen to so many great men in one day.

One More Unfortunate.

Well, Mr. Editor, it is all over now—the Fourth—and I feel constrained to say, thank the Lord—the governor, I mean. I was all the time expecting to celebrate with the Grants Pass folks. They wanted me to deliver one of my somewhat famous lectures down there the Fourth. The committee on city ways and means wanted to know if I could speak extempore and I then told them that I was not acquainted with that piece, but if it was not too hard I rather thought I could. However, they did not engage me. So several other young ladies and myself went up to Wimer to enjoy the celebration. Nearly everybody and their wives were there and all seemed bent on having a good time. Everything passed off pleasantly, except one or two incidents where some of the boys in conversing got a long so far that there was nothing in the 30,000 words of English strong or emphatic enough to express their ideas so that they had to resort to something a little more forcible. But as is usual in such cases they found out it was only a mistaken identity. Did we have any fun did you say? Well not a great deal, still we had some. We had the usual ceremonies in their regular order and at 4 p. m. we (the young folks) began dance

ing and gradually increased as the temperature lowered until Saturday night 3 p. m. I was not as fortunate as some, for something after the as of Edgar Poe.

On a midnight hot and dreary. As I sat weak and weary, Pondering over fool things did in the days of yore. While I sat there a napping, Gradually there came a scrapping. In an unbroken sleep, And I had such—feelings I had seldom had before. Back into my lumber region turning All the good things in me burning. Surely, said I, there's something in me churning—ing—

This it is and nothing more. A kind of vague interest seemed to take precedence and I wished I hadn't come. With little or no reluctance I could have thrown up home, fortune, friends and, in fact, my boots, but I would not yield to temptation and with a resolution born of despair I grinned and bore well knowing that "yet a little while and all would be over." My lady escort—my assistant I should say—she who held my head—timidly asked me if I had ever tried lopping crosswise a big log. Alas, no, said I, and circumstances over which I now have no control, warned me to "rather bear the ills I have than fly to others I know not of."

I now feel that the supreme moment is fast approaching and fair maid, said I, if you'd love me when I'm old hold fast my hand and "when I am forgotten as I shall be" say I taught thee a sure and safe way to enjoy the Fourth though my humble servant missed it. Lay me in the earth and from my decomposition may thistles grow to nourish the more intelligent reminder of my congeniunity. Then with one great convulsive throb there came a rustling as of many waters and my pent up feelings and so forth gushed forth in a seething effervescent conglomeration of Fourth of July. Extravagance et hoc genus omne. Our speaker was telling us what science had done, but science is simply an auxiliary when it comes to hold anything down that nature wants to throw up. After the eruption as I lay there, my pale face upturned to the scrutinizing gaze of the man in the moon, a feeling of deep chagrin—and relief—came over me and I said in my heart, son of man, learn of Baalam's saddle horse and mend thy ways. As I looked on the panorama before me where it had spread out on the landscape, I was reminded of a bird's I view of the suburbs of Oh Me Haw. My escort having partially recovered from the shock of the unprecedented catastrophe—she took a pencil and on the fly leaf of her fan, made a partial inventory like this: lemonaid, orangeaid, beeraid, popaid, black rasp and strawberry pie, ounce cake, pound cake,—some ten pound cake—chicken, ham, peanuts custard pie, onions, almonds, candy, varigated and otherwise, dates (quite recent) peaches, smoked herring, pickled beets, switzer kaise, string beans and honey. A young lady was heard to remark: "The old fool! string beans and honey! Heavens! I asked a friend if he did not think the trouble was caused through lack of assimilation, and he replied: "No I think it was caused by too much assimilation."

I am better now, thank you Mr. Editor, and I hope you may have many like returns. The Tail Holt pharisee, T. H. B. TAYLOR.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The biggest moose ever taken in the Aroostook region of Maine, the state's best hunting ground, was killed recently by Col. A. A. Baker, of Newport, R. I. A game official measured the animal, and his figures are: Weight, dressed and including hide, with the bobbed on which it was hauled, 1,360 pounds; spread of antlers, 49 inches. The antlers have 15 prongs on one side and 13 on the other.

—The addition of 75,000 acres to the Adirondack park is a cause for satisfaction. The land purchased from Dr. Webb make the largest single block yet acquired in furtherance of the purpose of extending the park to include the 2,807,760 acres fixed upon as a proper reserve for the maintenance of the forest and streams so necessary to the state. With this addition the public domain will amount to 675,000 acres.

—The prospect of another Ashantee war recalls Sir Wilfred Lawson's summary of the English campaign of 1873. He asked in the house of commons what England had gained by her victories over the Ashantees. "An old umbrella and a treaty," he made answer to his own question. He was reminded that there had been no treaty. He remarked that he was not sorry, as the treaty would have been worth no more than the umbrella.

—One of the smallest men and one of the biggest girls in the country live down in Georgia. The former is Mr. Tom Coster, of Hazlehurst, who is 24 years old, is three feet nine inches high, and weighs 36 pounds. He has two younger brothers who are each more than six feet tall. Mr. G. W. Roddenberry, of Okenfenokee, has a girl 13 years old who weighs 175 pounds, and a boy seven years who weighs 110 pounds and weighs a number six shoe.

—One big firm of ranchers near Miles City, Wash., employs all the year round two hunters and a pack of 15 Russian wolf hounds to keep the range free of wolves and coyotes, which are a pest to stock raisers all over the region. So far

this year the hunters have taken the scalps of 223 wolves and many coyotes. Whenever any traces of wolves or coyotes are found the pack is taken out and put on the scent, and usually the pests are quickly run down and killed. This method is the only one that has proved effective, as the wolves refuse to take poisoned bait.

—Another queer happening attributed to the recent earthquake that shivered up through the middle states from the gulf to the lakes is that many wells have gone dry, and not a few cisterns and reservoirs have become empty since the shock. In the case of the latter it is probable that the cement cracked or the construction was otherwise weakened, but this explanation does not entirely explain the case of the wells. The bottom of a well in Legro township, near Wabash, Ind., dropped out entirely, and nothing that has been used to sound the depths of the hole has touched the bottom. To all appearances there is an immense cavern under the well hole.

FORTY-SIX MARRIAGES A DAY.
A Novel Breton Custom with Many Picturesque and Wonderful Features.

The peasants of Brittany and their quaint dress and customs have long furnished rich material for the artist and writers who flock thither in summer. It is in the winter, however, when the painters and frivolous Parisians have flocked homeward that a unique ceremony takes place in the picturesque commune of Plougastel. Since time immemorial, says the New York World, it has been the custom there not to marry during Advent, and so early in January each year there is a day set apart for the wholesale wedding of those who have succeeded in arranging their affairs of the heart during the holy season. The number of couples united on these occasions is generally above a score, but the record was broken this year when forty-six were married in a single day.

There is no better example of the proverbial thriftiness of the Bretons than this custom. The families of the young people combine and secure from the innkeepers a considerable abatement in the cost of the eatables and drinkables which are consumed in large quantities after the ceremony. A great number of people from neighboring towns are always present at this annual knot-tying, which is made exceedingly attractive by the picturesque costumes of the participants. The maidens wear white caps from which stream long, brightly-colored ribbons. Their dresses are trimmed with gold fringe or yellow satin, and they wear light green or greenish yellow aprons. About the waist is bound a gold-fringed sash of blue silk. The men wear short trousers of brown cloth, round jackets of various shades of blue, worsted belts of the same color, green vests and black hats ornamented with white and blue ribbons.

The religious ceremony is preceded by the civil one at the Mairie, or town hall. At this, in order to conform with the French law, it is necessary to read to each couple that lengthy portion of the code which relates to marriage. The strain upon the voice of M. Nicole, the mayor, was so great at the last occasion that he was compelled to devote two entire forenoons to the forty-six couples.

After the ceremony at the church the newly wedded pairs, observing an ancient custom, proceed in a body to a shrine of great antiquity outside the village, after which they scatter among the wine shops of the town, where feasts have been prepared for them and their guests. This year the accommodations were insufficient, and many ate in tents. The fetes which follow the weddings last a week and are marked by a vast consumption of food and drink, the singing of Breton songs, and general mirth and jollity.

For generations none of the inhabitants has ever married outside of Plougastel, for he or she who seeks a mate in the world beyond the narrow bounds of the commune is condemned to perpetual and complete ostracism.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Kodecke is a lazy scamp." "That so?" "Yes; Mrs. Kodecke takes in the washing and he does the 'rest.'"—Boston Courier.

—"Had Some Good Points."—"I can't use this poem, miss," said the editor, but if you'll shorten it a little I'll publish it as a new college yell."—Chicago Tribune.

—"A little fellow who wore striped stockings was asked why he made barber poles of his legs. His reply was: 'Well, ain't I a little shaver?'"—Credit Lost.

—"I don't object to anybody having music in the soul," says the Manayunk Philosopher. "What I kick about is that they allow it to escape."—Philadelphia Record.

—"Precise.—Examiner—"What do you know of the life of Frederick the Great? Tell me as briefly as possible." Student—"Born, educated, caned, loved, married, died!"—Lustige Blatter.

—"The world owes me a living," he said, bitterly. "Of course," replied the other, sarcastically. "But I don't seem to get it." "Well, you never were much good as a collector."—Chicago Evening Post.

—"An All-Round Utensil.—Digger—"See here, Maria, yer've had my gold-dish to mix yer flour in, an' to set yer milk in, and to bathe the kid in—but I'll be hanged if yer'll use it fer a frying pan!"—Sydney Bulletin.

—"An Appropriate Keepsake.—"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive!" "Yes, sir; but his hair is all gone."—Lo Spirito Folletto.

—"It's all very well, Soper, for you to talk about the advantages of marriage, but my idea is that no one should have more of a family than is absolutely necessary." "What do you call absolutely necessary?" "Having a father and mother."—Brooklyn Life.

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