

Our County Correspondents.

Central Point Items.

Dr. Danielson, of Medford, spent several days here last week.

L. Savage, of Woodville, was in town several days this week.

Mrs. Wm. Nichols, of Sams Valley, was trading here Tuesday.

Henry A. Rohkopf, of Applegate, was trading here one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dickinson spent a day here the first of the week.

Miss Elva Galloway is receiving a visit from her cousin, who is from the east.

Mrs. Mary Hickler returned from her trip to San Francisco the first of the week.

Mrs. M. M. Cooksey went to Sams Valley Wednesday to make relatives a visit.

Dr. Hinkle returned home last Thursday from his trip through Coos County.

Joseph Grimes, of Jacksonville, made our city a business visit the first of the week.

Mrs. A. A. Wimer, of Arago, Coos County, is making relatives and friends at this place a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis left last week for Klamath County, where they go to spend the summer.

Miss Martha Matney left for her home on Applegate the first of the week to spend a short vacation.

Wm. Holmes is having a new barn built on his home property.

I. J. Carson and L. E. Van Vliet are doing the carpenter work.

ADDITIONAL CENTRAL POINT ITEMS.

Miss Maude Downing, who has been visiting Ashland relatives and friends, has returned home.

Miss Rose Hookenjos, who spent the past year in Portland, has come home to spend the summer with her mother, who has been in poor health lately.

Miss Pearl Hall was making farewell calls in our city Thursday morning before taking the train that evening for Myrtle Point, where she will spend her summer vacation with her mother.

Some of our ladies are planning an entertainment to be given soon, the proceeds of which will be applied toward a fund for sinking a well at the cemetery. We assure them a large audience as we are all interested in the object in view.

Mrs. J. W. Merritt went to Ashland last Thursday morning to visit with friends and especially to meet Mrs. Dr. Patterson, who was on the evening train from San Francisco going to her future home at Gardner. The train being held in Ashland that evening was a plan just suiting the ladies and the time was pleasantly spent in visiting.

At Medford a party of friends from her old home here joined them and a jolly party they made, the call, Central Point, came only too soon and amid good-bye's they left the train wishing Mrs. Patterson and little Ruth a safe journey and a pleasant home.

L. M.

Jacksonville News.

Wm. Reames, of Gold Hill, is paying Crescent City a visit.

Prof. G. A. Gregory, of Medford, was over on business one day last week.

A marriage license was issued June 24, to L. S. Greene and Ethel Melville.

Married—In Ashland, June 24, 1898, by Rev. F. G. Strange, Ernest F. Snyder and Miss Fannie M. Banta.

Capt. Wheeler, of Grants Pass, was attending circuit court here one day last week.

The meetings of Adarel Chapter, No. 3, O. E. S., have been suspended until September.

Mrs. Geo. Hines visited her brother, W. H. Holt, and wife, of Williams creek, during the week.

Attorney Robert G. Smith and Judge H. L. Benson, of Grants Pass, were here during the week upon legal business.

The county commissioners' court was in session Thursday to approve the bonds filed by the county and precinct officers elect.

Mrs. J. D. Stevens entertained the birthday club at her home on Tuesday evening. A pleasant time was had by all present.

Miss Anna Mahoffer, who is quite well known in Jacksonville, is reported dangerously ill with pneu-

monia at her home in Crescent City.

Miss Theresa Bryant, who has so ably assisted Geo. A. Jackson, county clerk, during his administration, will be retained by Gas Newbury.

Mrs. Henry Klippel, of Medford, was calling on Jacksonville friends Monday. Mr. Klippel's health did not improve during his stay at the Bybee springs.

Mrs. T. T. Tongue and daughter, Florence, who have been visiting Mrs. A. E. Reames for the past six weeks, left for their home at Hillsboro on Monday.

Mrs. T. J. Kenney and the little girls, Mervina and Frances, left Tuesday for Redding, Calif., to visit for two weeks with Mrs. Kenney's sister, Mrs. L. L. Savage.

L. C. Coleman, of San Francisco, was in Jacksonville during the week. He has extensive land interests in Rogue river valley and is making one of his periodical visits to look after his crops.

Judge E. K. Hanna, an attorney from Colfax, Wash., was here upon legal business last week. He is one of the contestants against John Broad over some mining property situated on Forest creek.

Mrs. Joseph Patterson and two boys, of Woodland, Calif., arrived in Jacksonville last Thursday evening and are the guests of Mrs. M. Armstrong. Mrs. Patterson will soon join her husband in Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pendleton, of Table Rock, were here Friday for the purpose of revising the premium list for the coming year. They were accompanied by Miss May Pendleton and Miss Lucy Brewer, of San Francisco.

Prospect Items.

BY WILD BILL.

Crops are fine in this part of the county.

School at Prospect is getting along nicely with Miss Wisley as teacher.

They expect to have a grand time at the Red Blanket ranch on the Fourth.

C. W. Knighten and family passed through Prospect last week on their way to Klamath County on business.

School at Flounce Rock closed June 24th. The teacher, Miss Minnie Hockenjos, will return to her home near Medford.

Travel is increasing on this road every day, and there would be more if the road boss would clean the roads and have them fit to travel.

Mrs. M. F. Loosley, from lower California, who has been visiting Mrs. C. W. Knighten, has gone to Klamath County to visit relatives.

Table Rock Items.

S. F. Morine has been hauling some fine cord wood to Medford.

E. B. Jennings is still highly pleased with his quicksilver prospect.

Hon. S. M. Nealon attended the G. A. R. meeting at Medford Saturday.

Benton Vincent made a tour of the valley towns Saturday preparing for harvest.

N. C. Gunn and E. B. Jennings are out with new teams, lately bought from outside parties.

Chas. Dickson and family went to Ashland Tuesday for a few days' outing and a visit with friends there.

The Brobet brothers came out from the Elk creek mines last week and will not return for some time.

Several families with covered wagons have passed through here lately from the sun-dried plains of California. They seem to think Oregon almost a paradise.

At least one hundred people spent last Sunday on the river near here. We suppose they were all picnicing—at least we would not dare accuse anyone we saw of fishing—even though they had fishing paraphernalia with them.

J. C. P.

Phoenix Items.

Harvest hands are in demand in Eden precinct at the present time.

Miss Clara Mingus, of Ashland, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. A. Rose, of Phoenix.

John Dayenport was over from his mine last Friday on business. He returned on Saturday.

Furry Bros. have sold sixty tons of hay to a gentleman from Sacramento, the consideration, \$550. The

hay is to be baled in the field from the shock and delivered on the cars at Phoenix.

Miss Holt, of Ashland, daughter of Senator Holt, is in Phoenix visiting her sister, Mrs. F. T. Miller.

Mrs. Peter Harvey and children, of San Francisco, are in Phoenix visiting Mrs. Harvey's mother, Mrs. Short.

Mrs. L. E. Rose was called to Ashland last Thursday on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Dollarhide.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Calvert, of Grants Pass, came up Sunday to visit Mrs. C.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Coleman. They returned home on the evening train.

The Honolulu Feast.

From the Honolulu Evening Bulletin:

"The luau given the soldier boys yesterday will live long in their memories if what they say is to be believed. Never in the history of this city has such a display of good feeling been shown as the reception tendered the boys in blue.

The day began when the soldiers arrived at the grounds about 11:30, from when the feast was in progress and kept up till 5:30. During the whole time there was music either by the Government band or the California band. Special mention must be made of the songs by the Kamehameha boys which were eagerly listened to and loudly applauded by the visitors.

The boys by their orderly behavior and gentlemanly bearing have made a name for themselves in the town and the Islands have 3000 missionaries who will work for them with the object of annexation.

All day long the rooms of the House of Representatives and the Senate in the Executive building were crowded with men writing letters home. Those who could not find room at the desks and tables were stretched out on the floor of the lanai writing.

Many of the men after a ride to Waikiki came back to the grounds to eat again. Nearly every one of them could be seen carrying either a cocoanut, a pineapple or some other fruit on their way back to the ships. On their arrival at the boats they were ordered to throw away whatever fruit they had. They did so but threw it all on the decks of the vessels, where it was snatched up by companions and secreted.

So ended the day. The committee of ladies were tired but gratified.

AN EGG TRICK.

Mean One Played by Klondike's "Swiftwater Bill."

Mr. Gardner, reports the Milwaukee Sentinel, exhibited a paper in which was an article on the Klondiker and a portrait showing a Frenchy-looking man with a big diamond in his shirt front, swell cut of clothes and a stovepipe hat the prince of Wales would have been proud to wear. Mr. Gardner laughed as he looked at the picture again and related some anecdotes of "Swiftwater Bill," the man who had struck "\$5,000 the square foot on bedrock." "Bill," had the second best claim on the Yukon, and was so self-important on his return that he kept a private secretary through whom the reporters had to interview him. He married the sister of Gussie LaMore, a vaudeville dancer who danced in a tent in Dawson. "Swiftwater Bill" paid her attention, but got mad at the dancer and married her sister. The dancer was very fond of eggs while in Dawson, and after their quarrel "Bill" bought up every egg there was in the place, paying one dollar apiece for them to the number of about 400, and then ate his meals near her so as to enjoy her annoyance at not being able to have her egg order filled. While he was eating his fill of eggs in a tantalizing way she had to be content with bacon at \$25 an order.

STATUE WITH A WARDROBE.

Figure of a Nude Boy in Brussels Has Nine Different Suits.

One of the most curious things in Brussels, a thing that must be characteristic to some extent of the temper of the people, is the little manikin statue and fountain, says the Kansas City Journal. It is a statue of a naked boy, said to have been erected by a nobleman whose lost son was found on this spot. But there is not the least excuse for the boy's nakedness, for he is well supplied with clothing of many sorts, and is rich enough to buy more suits occasionally. Louis XV. decorated the statue with the order of the Holy Ghost, possibly at a moment when another sort of spirit had possession of him, and it is the owner of nine handsome costumes belonging to nine different periods. On festive days the boy is gorgeously clad; sometimes in old French costumes, sometimes in the uniform of the Guard Civique. All this is funny enough, but not as curious as the rest. It is the fashion for wealthy maiden ladies of Brussels to fall in love with the statue, and remember it handsomely in their wills. Through one such bequest this petted boy is provided with a valet at a salary of \$40, and a short time ago another unwedded admirer left \$200 for the completion and maintenance of his wardrobe.

—Mother and the girls (ecstatically)—

"My, isn't it high?" Popper (in a gloom that reaches to the base of the tower)—"Well, what of it? Have you seen any thing in Paris this summer that wasn't high?"—Lila.

The Prince of the Zoo.

By Mable Hay Barrows.

"NOW do come away from those monkeys. I've stood 'em just as long as I can. Land sakes! I don't see how you can abide 'em."

"I'm coming, Miss Hitty, but they're so cute I can't a'most tear myself away. I'd lotted more on acin' them than anything at the Zoo."

"Well, Mima, it's getting late, and I do want you should see the giraffe, and if we don't go right along they'll have his house locked up."

The visitors who still lingered before the monkey cages glanced smilingly at the two women from "up country way" as they hurried, the little one with eager step, and the tall one with backward glance, along the path to the giraffe house. It was early summer, and the sun was not set, though it was nearly closing time. The grounds were quite deserted, and the guards stood expectantly by the gates.

Miss Hitty Pearson and her guest found the giraffe alone, but not socially inclined.

"He looks so haughty that I kinder hate to offer him a cookie," said the tall woman, "and I don't s'pose he'd so much as look at a peanut. I dunno as 'twould be worth while to swaller a little thing like that when it had such a long way to go down. Seems kinder wasteful, having such an awful lenth o' neck, an' his head don't amount to anything after you get there."

Miss Hitty was clearly disappointed. "Why, Mima Johnson, I think he's elegant. I come to see him every time I'm in town. My brother's folks say I spend more time here than I do with them. You just come up here close and see his soft fur, if that's what you call it, and his handsome polka dots. He's got a real nice face, too—gentle, but not to be put upon."

They wandered about in the great glass-roofed room where the giraffe lived. His halter rope was fastened to the roof, and high up on the wall was his crib, which the keeper had just filled with hay. He thrust it down through the skylight, and so did not see Miss Hitty and Jemima in the gathering shadows below.

As they talked and coaxed the great creature's attention they lost track of the time. In fact they were so absorbed that they did not hear the great gong that announced the closing of the Zoo. Neither did they notice the click of the door to the giraffe house. It is surprising how much there is to see and admire in a giraffe if you set about it.

"Miss Hitty, you haven't got your watch on, have you?" asked Jemima, after she had exhausted the giraffe's charms. "I wouldn't be polite if I was late to supper, long as I am at your brother's, and I seem to feel it supper time."

"Sakes, what a child you are!"—Mima was past 30—"I feel 's if I'd only done dinner," replied the reluctant Miss Hitty. "But sister Jane will want to hear all about our shopping before tea. John says it takes his mind off his victuals if we talk about bargains at the table, so we'd better step along."

They turned to the door at one end, but it was fastened. They walked the length of the room to the other door, but that, too, was locked.

"Sakes alive, Mima Johnson, what are you giggling at?" demanded Miss Hitty with some asperity.

"Why, don't you see we're locked in, and have to stay all night with your lovely giraffe?" and Mima's giggle became hysterical.

"I'd rather spend it here than with those monkeys you took such a shine to," retorted Miss Hitty, with great presence of mind. "But I don't intend to stay with either. Here, you! Here!"

She began to call and pound on the door with the end of her umbrella. Jemima joined in the cry, but there was no response. The usually noisy Zoo was quiet as dawn. The animals were left in peace, and the guards had gone to supper. Fortunately it was not yet dark, and plenty of air came in at the open skylight.

"Whatever shall we do?" gasped Mima.

"Do? I rather guess we stay where we are, for the present," Miss Hitty replied. "You jest sit down on that box while I think."

Miss Hitty thought at some length, but to little purpose. It was clear that nothing could be done till the guards finished their supper. At the mention of supper Jemima caught her breath. Ever since 11 o'clock she had been sight-seeing, and her first day of the city had been quite enough for her.

"There, child, I know you're hungry. Never knew a young one who wasn't. Ain't it a mercy we didn't give all our sweeties to the elephant? Here's three seed cookies and a bun, and I guess you got an orange and the bag o' peanuts, ain't you? Come, now, that's famous. We'll eat right away, then it won't seem so long waiting. I'll spread my clean pocket handkercher for a tablecloth and we'll play we was to a Sunday school picnic."

The timid Jemima soon recovered her spirits, and they had quite a merry meal. While they ate darkness settled over the Zoo, and night came on, but there was no sign of the returning guards. When they had eaten the last peanut Miss Hitty began to look anxious. It was all very well to have something queer happen to her; it always did; but here was Mima, and the Johnsons would never forgive her if anything happened to their Mima. She wished to goodness she'd never brought her; but, then, nothing would happen. She wouldn't let it. She turned determinedly to Mima and said:

"Now, Mima Johnson, you're all tired out. Just you curl up on that fresh straw and take a cat nap. Likely

that's his bed, but he won't begrudge it to you. I'll speak to the guard when he comes by. That's a dear."

Her faith in Miss Hitty was strong, and her weariness was great, so in a few minutes Jemima was sound asleep. Miss Hitty spread her shawl over the younger woman's feet and sat down on a wooden box in the corner. "The poor dear!" she soliloquized, "and this is the first night she ever spent away from home!"

The giraffe had been busily eating his hay, with no eye for such lowly beings as his visitors, but now he had emptied the crib and turned his soft eyes on Miss Hitty.

"If those ain't the loveliest eyes!" said Miss Hitty, admiringly, "but I kinder wish he'd look at me straight on, and not round the corner, that way. Nice giraffe, handsome fellow! If only I knew his name; seems foolish to talk baby talk to a great big thing like that. I might call him Spotty, though it don't suit as well as it might. Wish he'd let me feel him."

She spoke coaxingly, but quietly, so as not to wake Mima. The great timid creature regarded her with curiosity, turning its head and viewing her from the most impossible angles. He craned and twisted his neck till Miss Hitty feared he would "get a stitch." It was quite dark, though the twilight had not ended. But Miss Hitty had become accustomed to the dusk. The giraffe came gradually nearer, apparently puzzled by the unusual voice.

"I hope I'm not keeping him awake. I should think he'd want to go to sleep, but perhaps he's like a horse and don't like to lie down before folks. Land, I'm glad he ain't a horse. I should be scared to death. It always makes me nervous just to hitch up a team, but Spotty—I'll have to call him that till I get something better—he's so gentle that I couldn't be scared leastways."

"Spotty" seemed to ignore Jemima's presence, though he rolled his eyes once or twice in her direction. His curiosity in Miss Hitty was absorbing. He gradually came as near her as his tether would allow and bent his great neck towards her.

"Now I call that real friendly of him!" exclaimed Miss Hitty in delight. "Maybe he remembers me. I should almost think he might, I've been here so often. It does seem a shame he should have to have that halter on all night. They oughter take it off. I declare if I could only reach I've a mind to take it off myself. He couldn't come to no harm while I'm here to look out for things. There, dear, couldn't you get your head down a mite lower?" She rose cautiously, not to startle him. "I'm such a sawed-off, I ever could reach anywhere, and even this box ain't high enough." She groped around the room in the dusk till she stumbled against a barrel, and with much panting mounted it. Then she reached down for the box and placed that on top of the barrel. By this time the giraffe had become suspicious and had retreated. It took some time to coax him back, but finally he came near enough for her to pat him. He rubbed his neck against her caressingly and nearly caused Miss Hitty to lose her balance.

"There, there, easy, dear. Just hold still a bit till I unbuckle this strap. There you are—my, I guess it's a relief!"

The giraffe appreciated his freedom and became more friendly than ever. "I declare, I wish I had something for him to eat. Not that I suppose he's hungry, after all that hay, but he'd reish a morsel of something green. If Mima were awake she'd give me a spray out of that bunch o' flowers she's taking to Sister Jane. I don't see why Spotty shouldn't get the good of them; they'll be all withered before we get there. I don't believe she'd say a word."

Miss Hitty slid off the barrel and took the bunch of old-fashioned posies out of Jemima's bag. One by one she held the flowers out to Spotty, and he curried his long tongue about them and carried them up to his mouth. It was while she was feeding him that there came footsteps along the gravelly walk outside.

"I clean forgot to slip old Long-neck's halter," one voice was saying.

"Well, you'd better step in and do it now," replied the other. "If the inspector should come round—"

There was a click in the lock and a lantern flashed into the room.

"Gosh!" gasped one of the men. "What on earth!" They both stood speechless, regarding the little old lady on the box who was patting the giraffe's pretty head.

She looked up and smiled.

"Good evening, sir. I guess you didn't expect to see me here. We got locked in, and Mima Johnson she's gone to sleep in the corner there; she was clean tuckered out; so I thought I'd be friendly with Spotty. I'm real fond of him. I took his halter off, so's he'd feel more freedom. I hope you don't mind—I thought 't would be all right so long as I didn't leave him alone." She smiled so pleasantly that the men gradually recovered their speech.

"Much obliged, ma'am," the keeper stammered. "I was just coming to do it myself. Lucky I forgot, though," he added, with a smile, "or you wouldn't have got out to-night."

"Why, sure enough," said Miss Hitty. "I do declare if I hadn't forgotten we was prisoners."

Jemima, awakened by the sound of the men's voices, had hastily risen and seized her bag.

"I'm sure we're much obliged," she hastened to say, "and glad enough to get out."

"Why, Mima, you had a splendid nap; you oughtn't to complain."

Then, turning to her deliverers and shaking each cordially by the hand, Miss Hitty added: "Yes, I've allers liked the giraffe, and somehow I seem to think more of him now than ever—I've had a real pleasant time. Good night, Spotty."—Woman's Journal

Now Look Pleasant.

MY BROTHER, G. W. MACKEY, has taken charge of my Photo Gallery for a few weeks, while Mr. Weston, late of Des Moines, Iowa, and myself make a trip to the mountains with a Photo Tent for health and pleasure.

H. C. MACKEY,
The Leading Photographer of Medford.

VAUDEVILLE VAPORINGS.

War Talk Furnishes a Fine Field for the Merry Fansters of the Variety Stage.

"Looks like war this morning, sure enough. I see they have sent for Lee, cleared the decks of the ironclads and closed the Congressional library, for the first time in 40 years."

"Closed the library. What for?"

"Afraid the magazines would explode."

"Yes, and I see they have sent for Mrs. Bradley Martin. Such a good hand to get up balls."

"Better send for that man that lives on the sea coast, for he's great at gathering shells."

"I see the Episcopalian preachers have to go, too. They know all about oceans."

"I heard that Buster's boy whipped his school teacher. Got mad because she told him she would make him walk Spanish."

"That's not as bad as Grubb. His cook got mad and left because he brought home some Spanish onions."

"Too bad. Hear about the trouble they're having with the smokestacks of the Spanish cruisers. No? Too smutty."

"That 238 is worse than that."

"How so?"

"Two gross."

"Girls are going to war, they say."

"Too dangerous. The powder on their faces might go off."

AUSTRIA'S DECADENCE.

There is No Place in the Tranquil Empire for Great Men, Says Mark Twain.

I must take passing notice of another point in the government's measures for maintaining tranquility, says Mark Twain, in Harper's Magazine. Everybody says it does not like to see any individual attain to commanding influence in the country, since a man can become a disturber and an inconvenience. "We have as much talent as the other nations," says the citizen, resignedly, and without bitterness, "but for the sake of the general good of the country we are discouraged from making it over-conspicuous; and not only discouraged, but tactfully and skillfully prevented from doing it, if we show too much persistence. Consequently we have no renowned men; in centuries we have seldom produced one—that is, seldom allowed one to produce himself. We can say to-day what no other nation of first importance in the family of Christian civilization can say: That there exists no Austrian who has made an enduring name for himself which is familiar all around the globe."

The Great Pyramid.

The great pyramid of Gizeh is the largest structure of any kind ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions at the base were 754 feet square, and its perpendicular height in the highest point is 488 feet; it covers four acres, one rood and twenty-two perches of ground, and has been estimated by an eminent English architect to have cost not less than £30,000,000, which in United States currency would be about \$145,200,000. Internal evidences proved that the great pyramid was begun about the year 2170 B. C., about the time of the birth of Abraham. It is estimated that about 5,000,000 tons of hewn stone were used in its construction, and the evidence points to the fact that these stones were brought a distance of about 700 miles from quarries in Arabia.

Organ Made and Organ Playing.

Organ music reached its climax with Bach. It may perhaps be said that all music did. At any rate, one thing is certain—viz, if there has been any progress in music since the day of Bach, it has been due to him. Bach's music is polyphonic, and polyphony is true music. To its foundation upon this school is due the fact that there has been no decadence in music in Germany. There has been no advance in polyphony since the days of Bach. Such advance as has been made has been in originality and boldness of modulation. For pure organ music Bach still is and probably will always remain the greatest of all composers. Even with all the modern mechanical appliances that have been attached to the organ, his works are still very difficult—perhaps the most difficult of organ compositions. He must have been as great an organist as he was a composer. That he should have been able to play upon the organ of his day works so exacting in technique as his own is simply marvellous.

It is one of the phenomena of musical history that, while orchestral, operatic and other branches of music were in their infancy in Bach's day and have developed since then, Bach brought organ music to its climax. He was not the small source whence flowed a rivulet which in time was to expand into a broad stream; he was the broad stream itself. The word "Bach" in German means a brook, which led a famous German composer to say punningly that this great master was not a Bach, but an ocean.—Forum.