

**OUR COUNTY**  
**Correspondents**

**Eagle Point Eagles.**

BY A. G. HOWLETT.  
Miss Mamie Wood started for Dunsmuir last Sunday.

Quite a number of our citizens went to Ashland to celebrate the Fourth.

Haying is about over in this section, except a small amount of late sown grain.

Wm. Ulrich and family, of Medford, were the guests of O. McGee last Sunday.

Miss Hazel Davis has been visiting the family of George Brown during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Daley and Geo. W. Daley were doing business in Medford last Saturday.

Miss Lottie Brown, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Holmes, returned home last week.

Our Sunday school was well attended last Sunday by the children, although there was a scarcity of adults.

Emmanuel and Scott Pool and their families started last Sunday for Mt. Pitt, to attend the celebration at that place.

Holmes Bros. have been renovating their mill and getting ready for the coming harvest. They anticipate a big run this season.

A. J. Florey and Benton Pool entered upon their duties as justice of the peace and constable of this district last Monday, the 4th.

A large amount of posts and shakes are being brought out from Big Butte this season to the Hub and other sections of the valley.

Benj. Moomaw, one of our rustlers, has accepted a position as advance agent for a traveling troop. He started south the first of the week.

R. R. Minter and Mrs. Woods were in Medford last Saturday upon business. Mr. Minter treated himself to a new Mitchell wagon recently.

J. P. Van Hardenburg had the misfortune to run a sliver into one of his thumbs one day last week, and as a result he is now carrying it in a sling.

Our citizens have discovered that it is but a pleasant ride from here to Medford, and the result is that almost every day one or more of them go to the Hub.

Lewis Bros. have their new thrasher ready to commence work as soon as the threshing season opens. They have a large amount of threshing already engaged.

Isaac Williams, one of the subcontractors for carrying the mail from Central Point to Big Butte, commenced last Friday to carry the mail from Central Point to this place.

Mrs. Woods and family, of Modoc County, California, came over last week to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Minter. She expects to remain until about the middle of August.

The various binders in this section of the country are beginning to bind the golden sheaves. J. P. Moomaw commenced cutting his oats last week. They stood about five feet high and were well filled.

The result of Mrs. Howlett's foraging expedition, mentioned in last week's MAIL, was seventeen gallons of strawberries nicely bottled, a good time and three days' recreation. They procured an old pressed pan that had been burned and converted it into a kind of cooking range, and on it they cooked and bottled their berries.

Prof. A. L. Haselton and family were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ashpole last Sunday. While the professor may understand the art of teaching the young, he also understands the art of raising a fine garden, as he has one of the finest in this section of the country and can raise more on an acre of land than any other man of my acquaintance.

James Lewis and family were our guests last Sunday. He reports the prospect for wheat throughout the valley very good. He recently found two bunches of wheat growing which are of a different variety from anything he has ever seen. There are sixteen stalks in one bunch and eleven in the other, all from two grains, and the heads measure six inches in length. He is going to save them and get a start of that kind of wheat.

**Brownboro Items.**

BY REBECCA.

The nation's day was enthusiastically observed in our part of the country.

T. Baldwin and others of our people attended the celebration at Lost Creek and report a good time.

C. A. Casebolt called for supper Saturday evening, having come

from Pelican Bay, Klamath County, since morning.

Mrs. J. W. Slinger, of Lake Creek, has been staying with her mother, Mrs. W. P. Farlow, for some time past.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Slinger are the happy parents of a fine baby girl, which was born Wednesday, June 29th.

J. Nichols and family attended the celebration at Big Butte.

Mrs. M. M. Brown, accompanied by her son, George, visited relatives at Clinax on the Fourth and also attended the celebration.

**Gold Hill Nuggets.**

Summer fights have opened in earnest in Gold Hill. On Sunday, the 3d, Arthur Colwell spat in Mannie Smith's face, for which Smith was fast getting the better of Colwell when Marshal Jos. Owen appeared and arrested both parties, who were placed under bonds to appear on Tuesday at 10 a. m., at which time Smith was cleared and Colwell was fined \$7 and costs. Bad feelings still exist between the parties.

Gold Hill lodge, No. 129, I. O. O. F., gave a public installation of officers last Saturday evening, at which the following officers were installed by Jos. L. Hammersley, D. D. G. M.: H. A. Cryder, N. G.; Jos. Owen, V. G.; W. A. Carter, secretary; W. H. Beidler, treasurer; A. R. Morrill, R. S. N. G.; J. L. Rowe, L. S. N. G.; W. T. Lewis, R. S. V. G.; W. D. Moore, L. S. V. G.; A. L. Gall, R. S. S.; J. W. Hay, L. S. S.; Lewis Smith, warden; J. W. Marksberry, conductor; T. J. Downing, chaplain; E. Ray, I. G.; I. J. Beidler, O. G. After the installation ceremonies an excellent supper was served by the Rebekahs of Amethyst lodge, No. 97, which was partaken of by the Odd Fellows, Rebekahs and their invited guests. Mr. Hammersley acquitted himself well as an installing officer and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

The celebration at Gold Hill was a success, the program being carried out in full, except the ball game. The oration by Jos. L. Hammersley was a masterly effort and reflects great credit upon him as a public speaker. A great crowd was present, probably the greatest ever assembled here. Among the amusements were climbing the greased pole, catching the greased pig, tug of war between married men and single men, and races of different kinds. Everything passed off nicely and there was not an accident of any kind to mar the happiness of the occasion. All who took a part acquitted themselves well, and J. H. Beeman deserves especial mention for his untiring efforts for the success of this celebration. A dance at night closed the festivities.

**Jacksonville News.**

G. W. Trefren, an attorney of Ashland, was here Tuesday on business.

The sisters of St. Mary's academy have gone to Portland to spend their vacation.

E. V. Carter, the newly elected representative, of Ashland, was here last Thursday.

All of the new county officials took charge of their respective offices on Tuesday.

Rev. Father Desmaris left for Douglas County Saturday evening on a business mission.

Dr. John Reuter arrived from Portland Monday for a short visit.

Ex-Sheriff A. S. Barnes and Ex-Recorder Anderson will move their families to Ashland and Eden precinct this week.

Joseph Martin, and family, of Humboldt County, Calif., are visiting in Jacksonville, the guests of Henry Wendt and family.

Mrs. Wm. Merriman, who has been visiting relatives in the valley for a short time, left for her home at Junction City during the week.

Owen Keegan was appointed court house janitor by the county court at a special session held last Thursday, vice Anson Ford, resigned.

Mrs. Wm. D. Hanley, who has been visiting relatives in this vicinity for the past month, left for her home in Burns, Oregon, Sunday, via Portland.

Patriotic services were held at the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening. A large crowd was present and the exercises were most excellently rendered.

Fred Wagner, W. J. Virgin, Geo. N. Anderson, Geo. W. Dunn and H. E. Hicks, all of Ashland, were here last Thursday, they having been bondsman for Clerk G. I. Newbury.

Miss Belle Potter, the popular school teacher, who is teaching at Steamboat, came over on Saturday to sign a contract with the directors of the Jacksonville schools, she having been selected for the primary department for the coming year.

—Mining location blanks for sale at this office.

**Milling a Runaway Herd.**

THE PERILOUS TASK OF COWBOYS IN A STAMPEDE OF CATTLE.

"EVER SEE a cattle stampede?" asked a grizzled plainsman who has passed the greater part of his life upon the great cattle ranges of the west. "I don't mean a promenade of milk cows frightened by a neighborhood dog, but the maddened flight of several thousand head of long-horned Texas steers, almost as wild as the buffaloes of former days, whose tramping hoofs raise a noise like thunder and whose long horns toss among a sea of waving heads; the whole moving mass plunging madly over hill and plain, ready to dash over a precipice or a cliff, and not to be halted until the leaders of the stampede have been turned back into the body of the herd, and the band is made to circle about until the maddened animals become so closely wedged together that it is impossible for them to move further. I tell you, it is a magnificent spectacle, at once grand and awe-inspiring.

"To mill a stampede, as the operation of circling the leaders is termed, is a task fraught with extreme danger, as it is necessary for the cowboys who have charge of the herd to ride at breakneck speed side by side with the leaders of the affrighted cattle, gradually nearing them until the cattle veer from their original course and turn back into the remainder of the band. The misstep of a pony in this mad race of life and death is fatal to the rider, who is cast beneath a thousand pairs of tramping hoofs in the twinkling of an eye, to be crushed and trampled out of recognition. And yet rarely a season passes but the hardy cowboys are called upon, sometimes at dead of night, to mount their horses and away in a headlong chase after a stampeded herd. They become hardened to the danger, and take the call to horse as a matter of course. But the uninitiated rider would hesitate long and carefully before riding away in pursuit of a stampeded herd, going at headlong speed side by side with the long-horned and lank-bellied leaders of the affrighted cattle, gradually approaching closer and closer, and finally driving them back with a whoop and a yell into the midst of their followers, and then circling around the band until the stampede has been milled and the danger of self-destruction to the band has been averted.

"I remember once in the spring of 1886 we were coming over the trail with a band of fully 4,000 head of the wildest-eyed Texans that ever found resting place in a slaughter house. The season was a stormy one, and unusual care had to be exercised to prevent frequent stampedes. Thunderstorms are the worst enemies of the peace of the cowboys and trail riders, and they were frequent and of great violence. Several times the stampede of the herd was averted only by the prompt appearance of the entire band of cowboys, who rode around the herd until the storm had passed. At night four night riders were regularly detailed to circle about the band, standing guard, as it is termed, and singing to the immense herd. Strange as it may seem, cattle are quieted quicker by the notes of the human voice than by any other known agency. When night falls and the night riders begin upon their circles about the gathered cattle, the sounds of familiar airs ring out clear upon the night air, and you may see the cattle gradually sinking down to the ground, as though soothed and consoled by the singing. Round and round the band ride the night riders, meeting each other as they circle in opposite directions, and always singing. Trifling incidents have been known to stampede the quietest band. Occasionally an inveterate cigarette smoker will strike a parlor match and the short, sharp snap of the match as it is ignited will arouse the sleeping steers and in a trice they are up and away in a mad chase over the gloomy prairie.

"We were about four days from the end of our journey and looking forward with pleasure to a speedy cessation of the continued anxiety of the trip, when a tragedy was enacted which cast a gloom over the spirits of the outfit, and from which old plainsmen predicted disaster to the trail herd. Our cowboys were for the most part Texans and Mexicans, the former hot-headed and quick to take offense, the latter treacherous and revengeful. Between two of the riders there was ill feeling, arising from some trivial disagreement at the beginning of the trip. The difference between the men was gradually aggravated until only a spark was necessary to cause an explosion. The climax came in the morning. Lum Jeffreys, a Texan rider, lighted a cigarette after he had finished his breakfast, and after taking a few whiffs of the smoke tossed it carelessly away. It was carried some distance by the wind and fell directly into the coffee cup in the hands of Perfect Noblez, a Mexican, the bitter enemy of Jeffreys. Whether accidental or intentional, the act was attended with tragic consequences. Noblez sprang to his feet and reached for his six-shooter, his face flaming with passion. One of the boys called loudly to Lum, whose face was turned away, to look out for Noblez. Jeffreys turned, realized the danger that menaced him and leaped behind the huge supply wagon, drawing his revolver at the same instant. Noblez sprang to the other side of the wagon to meet him as he reappeared. As Noblez leaped forward his head was thrown forward, presenting the top of it to the aim of Jeffreys, and the latter planted a heavy 44-caliber ball in the very center of Noblez' skull. The Mexican dropped like a stricken bullock as the heavy ball crashed through his skull and into his brain. All was excitement,



and there were various views of the Jeffreys. The Mexicans insisted that Jeffreys had intentionally provoked the trouble, and there were angry looks exchanged among them which presaged more trouble. Finally the matter was compromised by the arrest of Jeffreys by the entire band of riders, who deprived him of his weapons and made him give a solemn pledge to appear regularly for trial when the outfit should reach the nearest town.

"The body of Noblez was buried and the boys went about their usual work. But there was a general feeling of depression. In the afternoon the heavens were overcast and dense masses of black clouds were ominous of trouble with the cattle. The usual guard was doubled, and as darkness settled around vivid lightning began to play among the cloud banks, accompanied by peals of thunder. The lightning flashed still brighter and at shorter intervals, and the rumbling of the thunder grew deeper and almost incessant. The cattle were uneasy, refusing to lie down, tossing their heads wickedly and threatening to stampede at any instant. For perhaps an hour the night guards sought in vain to quiet them. With each succeeding peal of thunder they became wilder. At length there was a sudden roar of thunder like the noise of cannonading, a rippling volley of short, sharp crashes like the rattle of musketry, a flash of blinding light which enveloped the swaying herd in a lurid glare, and with a roar that rivaled the thunder away sped the thousands of bewildered and frightened animals across the prairie.

"Forth from the camp rode the cowboys, and on through the darkness they spurred their horses after the flying herd. It was a wild ride. Occasional flashes of lightning lighted up the scene and enabled the riders to catch fleeting glimpses of the forms of their companions. In the distance the irregular outlines of the moving mass of cattle could be seen as they fled with undiminished speed. The race lasted for hours before the herd was surrounded, milled and successfully rounded up. Then began the work of driving the herd back to the neighborhood of the camp. Exhausted and footsore, the cattle were quiet enough now, and several hours were consumed in retracing the miles that had been covered in the mad race in the darkness. It was nearly daylight when camp was reached.

"In the morning it was discovered that Lum Jeffreys was missing. There was consternation among his friends, who would have gone bail with their lives that Lum would answer for trial as he had promised. The Mexicans sneered at his flight, insisting that he feared the result of a trial. Only one explanation was offered—that Lum had taken advantage of the confusion of the previous night to seek refuge in flight.

"The trip ended uneventfully enough after that, and the herd was safely discharged upon the broad ranges for which it was destined. The incident of Jeffreys was nearly forgotten. It was fully a year after the memorable stampede when two of us were riding across the same country through which we had ridden on that wild night. The prairie was brown and sere, where the hot sun had robbed the grass of its green, and a stretch of unbroken prairie offered a monotonous vista of unrelieved grazing land. In the distance there was one irregular object which shone white in the sunlight, resembling the barkless trunk of a fallen tree. Curiosity impelled us to ride closer, and at length we distinguished the skeleton of a horse. Dead horses were too common to invite close investigation, and we were about to ride away again when one of the men insisted that the animal's bones were surmounted with a saddle. Again we neared the skeleton and were shocked to distinguish in addition the skeleton of a man. The memory of the stampede of the previous year and the disappearance of Jeffreys inspired us at once with the belief in the identity of the bones which lay there bleaching on the prairie and the manner in which the unfortunate victim had come to his death. The prairie roundabout was deeply marked, where it had been trodden by the hoofs of flying cattle. The bones lay directly in the path of the stampede, and the saddle and trappings of the horse were at once identified when we dismounted and made a closer investigation. Jeffreys had not fled, after all, but had lost his life in the performance of his duty, and the whitened bones which lay there in the sunlight atoned mutely that the aspersions upon the honor of Jeffreys were undeserved and that he had gone to a higher judgment than ours, instead of having endeavored to escape it."—N. Y. Sun.

**Some High Structures.**  
Washington monument, 555 feet; city hall, Philadelphia, 537 feet 4 inches; Cologne cathedral, 510 feet; Strasbourg cathedral, 468 feet; St. Peter's, Rome, 448 feet; St. Stephen's cathedral, Vienna, 441 feet; St. Rollox's works, Glasgow, 430 feet; Salisbury cathedral, England, 404 feet.

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**Klamath County Items.**

From the Republican.

M. S. Damon and family, of Rogue river, are now located at Keno. Mr. Damon has the contract to carry the U. S. mail between Keno and Picard, on the desert, a distance of 15 miles.

Felix M. Green, of Lakeview; E. R. Reame, of Klamath Falls, and J. F. Adams, of Merrill, have been appointed inspectors by Gov. Lord for the examination and quarantine of cattle that may be imported from California. These appointments were made upon the recommendation of State Veterinarian James Withycombe.

Capt. O. C. Applegate left Monday with his family for Klamath agency and will forthwith assume his duties as Indian agent of the Klamath reservation. Mr. Applegate was the first government employe on the reservation when 33 years ago the reservation lands were set apart to the Indians. The Indians all know him as their friend, and it is needless to say that his administration as Klamath Indian agent will be satisfactory to government wards and to department officials as well.

Rufus Cox and son, John, Rogue river valley gentlemen, were in the Falls Monday and filed a deed for 1120 acres of Wood river land which they purchased of J. L. Hanks and son, Marion, at \$5 per acre. This land is all under fence which they will further improve and use as a stock ranch. Mr. Hanks and son will remain in possession of the land until fall. Mr. Cox, Sr., is delighted with our section, it being his first trip into these parts. Many Rogue river valley people have recently invested in property and land in our section.

The English Postoffice in 1677. The postmasters were free from all public offices, from liability to quarter soldiers, and they received gazettes free of postage, "whereby they advantage themselves in their common trade of selling drink, and they have their single letters free to London."

The rates of postage in 1677 were comparatively low. A single letter—i. e., a letter consisting of one sheet of paper only—could be sent for any distance up to 80 miles for twopence, and beyond 80 miles for threepence. A letter weighing an ounce cost eightpence for 80 miles and a shilling beyond.

The mails were dispatched from London about midnight on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and were due to arrive in London early on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. They were carried on horseback at the rate of five miles an hour, and they were liable to a detention of not more than half an hour at each postoffice (stage) on the road. England was divided into six runnings, or roads—viz, west, Bristol, Chester, north, Yarmouth and Kent, starting from Plymouth, Bristol, Chester, Edinburgh, Yarmouth and Dover respectively.—Notes and Queries.

There was a disastrous fire at Peoria, Ill., in the building occupied by Hysinger & Rosen's hat department store. The loss is almost total on the stock, valued at \$83,000.

Five persons were drowned recently by the expiring of a ferryboat in the Big Horn river, near Thermopolis, Wyo. The names of the victims are: Harry Bees, C. H. Gray, Martha Catlin, Mrs. Harry Bees and the infant child of Mrs. Bees. The parties were all visitors at H. Springs and were attempting to cross the river in a ferryboat, which they were endeavoring to manage themselves.



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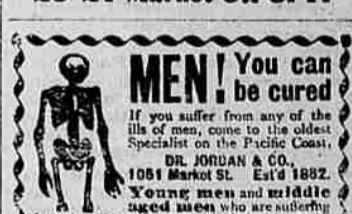
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Produce of Fractions of a Penny.  
The old lesson as to "little drops of water, little grains of sand" making the universe has had one more exemplification. It is the custom of the Bank of England not to pay fractions of a penny. In the case of dividends on government stock these fractions have in the course of years amounted to one hundred and forty thousand pounds, which amount, it is stated, was a few years ago paid over to the chancellor of the exchequer.