PURELY PERSONAL.

J. A. Whitman was at Ashland Saturday.

Wm. Owens was in from Wellen Saturday.

S. M. Nealon was in from Table Rock Monday.

Judge Neil was over from Jacksonville Monday.

Henry Holst was in from Dry creek last Saturday.

F. M. Centers, of Wellen, was a Medford trader last week.

Perry Foster was over from Beagle last week upon business.

L. J. Slippy, of Talent, was in the city yesterday doing trading.

Chas. Hamilton came over from Uniontown last week to do trading.

W. W. Estes, of Talent, was in the city last week upon business.

J. W. Marksberry was up from Gold Hill last Friday upon business.

A. M. Ford, of Central Point, was in Medford Monday upon business.

J. Croy, of Central Point, was doing business in the metropolis this week.

G. L. Wells, of Phoenix, was doing trading with Medford merchants Monday.

Attorney R. G. Smith, of Grants Pass, was in Medford Monday upon business.

Mrs. Fred Downing, of Central Point, was on Wednesday's train en route to Ashland.

Al. Crystal left Tuesday morning for Sacramento, Calif., where he expects to reside.

Mrs. Helen Little, of Central Point, was a Medford visitor Wednesday and yesterday.

Miss Lulu Crystal left for Ashland Tuesday, where she will remain for some time.

Perry McGee returned this week from a prospecting tour in the Applegate country.

Jas. McDonough, the veteran horse fancier of Willow springs district, was in the city Monday.

A. C. Ramsey, of Central Point, was in Medford this week visiting his brother, C. O. Ramsey.

Mrs. I. F. Williams was up from Central Point Wednesday paying a visit to her many Medford friends.

W. H. Beidler and T. J. Downing, two of Gold Hill's best citizens, were in our metropolis city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson left Medford last week, for Gold Hill, where Harry will do cooking in a hotel.

Uncle Jack Compton was over from Brownsboro last week visiting his many friends and doing business on the side.

R. J. Everett, the photographer, is visiting Mrs. Everett and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Butler, in Medford.

Postmaster Davis, of Asbestos, was in Medford last week for a couple of days' visit and business stay with friends.

Brakeman C. M. Wilson was taking a couple or three days' lay-off the fore part of the week and was visiting Medford friends.

F. W. Wait was at Grants Pass this week engaged in putting up a monument over the grave of the late Judge Chas. Walker.

Rev. Adolph Haberly was at Ashland Sunday where he conducted services in the Presbyterian Church, morning and evening.

J. W. Short, the Foots creek miner and farmer, was in the city Tuesday visiting J. A. Morey and family and attending to business.

Johnnie Jacobs was visiting Central Point relatives and friends over Sunday, returning Monday accompanied by Mrs. Jacobs and the baby.

Mrs. M. W Skeel and little Dorris, of Grants Pass, were visiting Medford friends this week. While here they were guests of Merchant G. L. Davis and family.

Mrs. F. E. Birge and her niece, Miss Bessie Coude, returned last week from their quite extended stay in San Francisco, and the many friends of both are extending to them a hearty welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Rhodes, of Talent, were doing business in Medford Saturday and were pleasant callers at THE MAIL shop. These good people will read THE MAIL and Oregonian another year.

Ruben E. Peyton, of Leeds, was at Jacksonville last Saturday making final proof on his homestead, also upon a homestead formerly owned by his mother, Mrs. Sullivan, deceased, as her only surviving heir.

O. L. Sargent and family have moved to Jacksonville for permanent residence. Mr. Sargent has taken a position as track repairer on the Medford-Jacksonville shortline and will also do firing on the locomotive.

Miss Sarah Griffin, who has been stopping at home, near Grants Pass, for several months, returned to Medford last week and will remain here for a couple or three months. The lady's health has not been good for some time, but she is hopeful that this locality will improve it.

F. M. Wade, the mining man who was connected with the once existing Grand Applegate Mining Company, was in Medford for a few days this week. Mr. Wade is hopeful of again putting the company on a firm footing and that the property may be developed and work on the mines and water ditch resumed.

R. A. Proudfoot started for the Olson mills last week but after laboring for about four or five hours in half a mile of sticky road somewhere en route he decided to return—and after laboring as many more hours to get back off of the same piece of road he returned to Medford—and the mill has not as yet been visited.

Enos Conger, by letter from Iowa:—"Enclosed find $1.50 for a year's subscription to THE MAIL. No doubt you will wonder at a subscriber so far away, but as I have twice resided in Rogue river valley, and expect to again, I want to keep posted and know of no better way than to get THE MAIL. Think it is better than a letter."

Attorney and Mrs. A. S. Hammond returned Monday morning from a few days' visit with their daughter, Miss Bessie, and Mr. Hammond's parents at Eugene. They were accompanied upon their return by Mrs. John Butterworth, a cousin of Mrs. Hammond, and whose husband is express messenger on the S. P. between Ashland and San Francisco. The lady will visit in Medford for a while.

County Judge J. F. Willetts and wife, of Klamath County, were in Medford last week upon a visit to Merchant C. W. Wolters and family. These people left Ashland yesterday for a couple of weeks' visit in San Francisco. Mr. W. was elected county judge of Klamath County at the last election and—as all who know him expected would—is proving himself a most worthy and reliable gentleman for the position.

J. Mosher, he who last fall rented Frank Galloway's place, up near Beagle, was in Medford last week upon business. Mr. Mosher is but recently from California but he is becoming fully convinced of the superiority of Southern Oregon over that part of California in which he resided, and he is not backward in making known his opinions. He is a thorough hustler and will surely do well now that he is located on some of Southern Oregon's fertile acres.

Mrs. J. Beek, Jr., arrived in Medford last week from Albany, Ore., for a week's visit with relatives and many friends. She left last evening for Portland where she will be joined by Mr. Beek, and they will go from there to Billings, Montana, where Mr. Beek has secured a position as salesman in a hardware store at $75 per month. Their friends here, and there are a great many of them, will wish them all kinds of success and happiness in their new home.

Miles Cantrall, our good farmer friend in the Applegate country, was a visitor to Medford Saturday. Miles lives in a mining country but, strange to relate, he has never struck a pick in the ground in quest of the yellow metal—which is ofttimes delusive and is not there when you think you have it corralled. In his own words he "allows not gold in the rough to 'jolly' him on" but prefers rather to till the soil and trade its products for coined gold with the eagle's profile thereon.

T. W. Judy, of Healdsburg, Calif., arrived in Medford this week and is now out at Mr. Helmroth's farm home enjoying a few days' visit. Mr. Judy is here intent upon purchasing a piece of farm property in the valley. He is formerly from Missouri and has been in California for about a year. He says that farm land in California that is any good at all is worth more than gold dollars and land that can be bought at a reasonable figure is in a locality where the purchaser may reasonably expect a failure of crops and where the chances are sixteen to one that his expectations will be realized.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The United States contains 35,467 drug stores.

Waltham has joined several other Massachusetts cities in adopting a curfew ordinance.

According to a census taken by the Maine bureau of statistics there are 1,577,252 hens in that state.

At the Peach day observance in the Omaha exposition 1,500 baskets of Nebraska peaches were distributed among the visitors.

About 5,000 words in the English language have no rhyme to them. These include such important words as honor, virtue, gulf, month and echo.

The whisky production in North Carolina last year from the 467 registered distilleries was 629,716 gallons. It is thought that the product of the illicit distilleries was fully as large.

It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow.

The duke of Cambridge, who is fond of collecting swords, always wears on state occasions the diamond-hilted weapon which was presented to him by the shah of Persia. He dislikes donning a military uniform, believing that his stoutness is not so apparent in evening dress.

Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

HAS INFINITE PATIENCE.

A Jersey City Railroad Man Who Obligingly Answers 10,000 Questions a Day.

Some men are great in silence, some are grand in talk. The Pennsylvania Railroad company has a man in charge of its bureau of information in Jersey City who answers on an average 10,000 questions a day, and the person does not live who has seen his feathers rumpled. Remarkable man! The traveling public can ask more fool questions than any other public on earth; but to interrogate stupidly, foolishly, idiotically or otherwise R. B. Caldwell is to discover a reversal of the Biblical injunction to answer a quick wit according to asininity. Over 300 trains go and come daily at the Pennsylvania station, and all these Caldwell must have at his tongue's end, as well as a complete map of the universe, says the New York Press.

Caldwell is everyone's main dependence. I have heard people inquire after lost parcels. I have heard others ask: "Have you seen a man around here looking as if he expected to see some one?" "Did a long, thin chap with eyeglasses leave a message here for me?" "Did a young woman with a child tell you she expected her husband to arrive on the Chicago limited? I'm the man." Caldwell knows at sight every politician that travels, every prominent man in public life, every regular and nearly every irregular patron of his road. Being a man of varied knowledge he is in demand among his fellows when arguments wax hot. In political forecasts he has an unbroken record.

BEATS THE KLONDYKE.

DENVER, Jan. 30.—A special to the News from Cripple Creek, Colo., says of the recent strike in Isabella ground: Your correspondent saw chunks of sylvanite that were three inches thick, and solid metal, and chunks of oxidized ore of same width that he whittled with a pocket knife. No assays have been made on the rock; it is not necessary, but pieces of free-gold ore, if ore it can be called at all, run over $500,000 per ton. The Mollie Gibson never produced any ore that carries more ounces in silver per ton than this Isabella does in gold. With every hour's work the streak is lengthening and widening. Joining this metallic body there are six feet of quartz that will run from $1000 to $2000 per ton..

Manager Kilburn said: "I don't like to say anything that will excite people any more than they are at present. The metallic ore body has doubled in size both ways since yesterday moring. Some of the pieces of ore are 80 per cent gold. I never saw such mineral, and I do not believe its like was ever mined in this or any other camp in the world. We have no assays taken on the rock, but a ton of it could be picked out that would run anywhere from $50,000 to $200,000. The strike was made in a new ore body at a depth of 850 feet. The chute has been cut at the seventh level 200 feet above, and also at the fifth. At the latter place the assay was obtained in the breast of the drift yesterday, on two feet of ore that went better than $1000 per ton. There is at least blocked out in one level, between the ninth and seventh levels, $5,000,000 worth of ore."

The Corps and Its Good Work.

Few people there are who know that the Women's Relief Corps is, aside from a social order, a benevolent institution. Such, however, is a fact, and many homes in this and other towns of the land have been made glad because of the administering hands of its members and donations of food and clothing from the homes of those of its members more fortunate in worldly possessions than are others. The following quarterly report has been handed us for publication by the relief committee of Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 34, of this city:

Cash on hand as per last report	$ 17 09	
Amount added to fund since last report	3 00	
Total receipts		$ 20 09
Total cash disbursements		11 50
Balance in hands of relief committee	3 00	
Total cash balance on hand		$ 15 90
Value of clothing donated	$ 20 00	
Value of fuel, provisions, etc., donated	30 00	

No. of families assisted with food....10
" in families assisted with food....60
" of persons assisted with clothing..20
" of visits made by relief committee, including visits to the sick....50

DOCTOR MEYERS & CO.
Specialists for Men

These physicians have been curing weakness and contracted ailments since 1881. They have the largest and best equipped medical institution, and the most extensive practice in the U. S.

No Pay Till Cured.

Unfortunate men who cannot call should write for advice and private book—

ALL FREE.

Thousands cured at home.

ESTABLISHED 17 YEARS.
All letters confidential: No Charge for Consultation.
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LADIES MAKE OLD THINGS NEW!
With Gerstendorfer Bros' Famous
Household Specialties.

"Our Favorite" Washable Gold Enamel
Perfection for all Gold Decorations on any material.

"Sear Enamels"
Produce a hard, washable and brilliant Porcelain Surface on everything.

"Sear" Bathtub Enamel
Gives old, rusty Bathtubs a glossy, snow-white finish; resists hot and cold water.

"G" Aluminum Enamel
Puts a finish like frosted silver on any article, untarnishable and washable.

"G" Varnish Stains
Change the appearance of all soft woods to rich hardwoods; varnish and stain in one operation.

"G" Stovepipe Enamel
Puts a raven black, glass like surface on stovepipes, metals, etc.; does not burn or crack off and is washable.

All these goods are ready mixed and put on with a brush. No experience necessary. A child can apply them. For every cent invested you get a dollar's worth of newness. The best "Home Beautifiers." Samples of the work are on exhibition at

G. H. HASKINS'.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Welcome Back.—She—"Are you one of our Seventy-first heroes?" He—"No, I ain't no hero. I'm a regular."—Life.

He—"If I stole 50 kisses from you, what kind of larceny would it be?" She—"I should call it grand."—Yonkers Statesman.

She—"Are you fond of canoeing?" He—"Immense. You don't have to take off your clothes when you bathe."—Boston Transcript.

Exceptional Fortune.—"Aaron Burr was a remarkable man." "Decidedly. Notwithstanding the fact that he was vice president of the United States he has not been forgotten."—Truth.

"Marie, I don't want you to tie any more strings on my finger." "Why, John?" "I wasted two whole hours this morning wondering what it was you wanted me to remember."—Detroit Free Press.

Diagnosis of Love.—He—"Hold on! We cannot sit on this bench. It is freshly painted." She—"If you were really in love, as you say you are, you would never have noticed the paint."—Fliengende Blaetter.

What It Was.—"Just listen how they are pounding the floor with their feet," said the tragedian behind the curtain. "Yes," said the leading ingenue, "that is the stamp of public approval."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lots of It.—"Is there any movement in Botcher's new play?" "Movement? You ought to have seen the author move off the stage when the audience yelled for him after the first act."—Philadelphia North American.

"Oh," said the girl who was looking over Miss Cayenne's shoulder, "you are reading the account of Mrs. Van Snubber's party." "Yes." "You want to see who was invited?" "No, dear. I want to see who wasn't."—Washington Star.

THE WESTERN FARMER.

It Is a Great Race That Is Peopling the Plains and Prairies of Our Country.

When one hears testimony, says Dr. Albert Shaw in an article on the Trans-Mississippi exposition, to the fineness and beauty of all this array of machinery—a beauty that lies in the ever-increasing perfection of its fitness for the conditions that have to be met—one is really paying a tribute to the brains, energy, and character of the western farmer. I have been on the Hungarian plains and witnessed the costly attempts of the progressive government to teach the landowners and peasants the use of improved farm machinery imported from America or else adopted from American types. I have also observed—what is confessed by the government and noted by all who visit those regions—the persistent fact of scores of men, women and children in the cornfields with old-fashioned hoes, while long rows of white-tunicked men, in the hayfield or the ripe grain, are swinging sickles and scythes. And a little later in the season it is common enough to see the oxen treading out the grain, or to hear the thud of the descending flail. Meanwhile, the new-fashioned corn plows are rusting; the rejected mowing and reaping machines rot in their neglected corners; and the threshing machine is viewed as an ill-omened monstrosity.

It is all simply a difference in men. It is a great race that has peopled our prairies and plains, and that is producing corn, wheat, and oats by the thousands of millions of bushels where only a few years ago there was the ancient matted sod of the prairies, unbroken for centuries. The men who drive the gangplow, ride the sulky cultivator, manipulate the twine binder, and send millions of horned cattle, hogs, and sheep to the packing establishments of Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago are to be credited with a series of achievements worthy not merely of respect, but even of enthusiasm. I cannot for a moment doubt the ability of such men to rear a fine and varied fabric of civilization upon so great a material foundation.—Century.

His Interest in the Tree.

A man stood on the bank of Chapman creek, in Dickinson county, the other day and gazed long and curiously at a big cottonwood tree that stood well down on the bank and then to a reporter he told of the interest felt by himself in that particular tree. In 1869 a cloudburst in the vicinity flooded Chapman creek and washed away many farmhouses. While the flood was at its height one Peter Bergman saw a baby floating along in the torrent. He rescued the child, and then, with his shirt torn into strings, tied it up in the branches of a cottonwood tree beyond the reach of the water. There the baby remained nine hours before being taken to a place of greater safety. The name of this baby was John Bostwick, and he it was who stood and gazed for the first time in many years at the old cottonwood tree that had served as his asylum.—Kansas City Journal.

New Way to Preserve Bodies.

A Neapolitan physician has introduced a new system of preserving bodies from corruption. He simply gives the body a series of baths for an indefinite period. For anatomical purposes the body may be made to resume its primary freshness, but if the bath treatment is sufficiently indulged in the subject attains the density and consistency of marble and gives forth a metallic ring when touched with metal. Though the sole intention of the inventor was to preserve subjects for the dissecting-room, it is believed that his process may supersede refrigeration in cases of long transit of carcasses of beasts.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ICE CREAM CENTURIES AGO.

The Delicious Summer Confection First Manufactured in Italy—How It Originated.

Early June days generally see the ice cream and soda parlors doing a steadily increasing business. Ice cream is a much older sweetmeat than many persons suppose. In the beginning of the seventeenth century goblets made of ice and also iced fruit—that is, fruit frozen over — were first brought to table. The limonadiers, or lemonade sellers, of Paris, endeavored to increase the popularity of their wares by icing them, and one, more enterprising than the rest, an Italian named Procope Couteaux, in the year 1660, conceived the idea of converting such beverages entirely into ice, and about 20 years later iced liquors—that is, liquors changed into ice—were the principal things sold by the limonadiers. By the end of that century iced liquors were quite common in Paris.

Ice cream, or iced "butter," as it was first called, from its supposed resemblance to that substance, soon followed. It was first known in Paris in 1774. Duc de Chartres often went at that time to the Paris coffee-houses to drink a glass of iced liquor, and the landlord having one day presented him with his "arms" formed in edible ice, this kind of sweetmeat became the fashion. German cooks at once took up the new art. It was not long in reaching England, for in 1776 a French cook resident in London, named Clermont, wrote "The Modern Cook," in which sweet ices were first described for the instruction of English cooks. The ice cream of these days is an enormously elaborated sweetmeat compared with that of the olden time.

THE GINGER HABIT.

When Once Formed It Is an Exceedingly Difficult Thing to Get Rid Of.

"What is it I am chewing?" asked the man coming out of the drug store in response to a query from his companion. "Why, it's ginger root, and it is a fine thing to nibble on between meals. It is a great tonic, too, and a digester. Will you have a nibble?" and he extended a bit of the root to the other man.

"Thanks, no," said the other. "How long have you been doing it?"

"Couple of years, or such a matter."

"Have you tried to quit it since you began?"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

"Suppose you try to quit."

"Why?"

"Simply to test the strength of the ginger habit. I had it once. A friend of mine talked to me just as you are doing, and I, thinking it was a harmless kind of thing, bought a nickel's worth and tried it for indigestion, I think it was. Anyhow, whatever it was, I tried the ginger, and before I knew what I was about it was as necessary for me to have ginger root to chew as it is for a tobacco chewer to have tobacco. Its stimulating effect had become a need I had to meet, and as soon as I felt the force of the habit I proceeded to break myself of it. I did it, as any habit almost may be got rid of, but I want to tell you it was no easy job, and if you doubt me, just you throw that away you have and try going without it for a week."

ONE EXAMPLE AT LAST.

Young Citizen Who Had No Money, But Nevertheless Became Prominent in Society.

There was a young man from New York visiting in Cleveland some time ago, says the Plain Dealer. He was a great talker on the theme of social democracy and had all the writers on the subject and a good deal of what they said at his tongue's end.

"Bah," he said, "the worst forms of sham aristocracy are found in the west. Out here you give social recognition only to the money bags a man carries. We are bad enough in New York, but we don't look down upon humble beginnings as you do here. I'm told that the only thing to make your society people pardon a man's humble parentage is a bushel of bonds or other wealth."

"Somebody has told you wrong," laughed his Cleveland entertainer.

"Can you point me out a single instance that will prove me wrong?" queried the positive New Yorker.

They were at the opera house and the Cleveland man looked over the audience.

"Yes," he answered. "Notice the young man in the fourth row, end seat, left section. Do you see him?"

"Yes, I see him."

"Well, that young man is one of our prominent citizens, both in business and society. He isn't rich, and his father when a boy drove horses on the canal towpath."

The New Yorker looked aghast.

"What's his name?"

"Garfield."

Then the subject changed and the curtain went up.

LOSER'S NAME FIRST.

It Is So Placed in Many Cases When Speaking of War Between Nations.

We are commonly known among third parties by the names of the two nations involved, and it is a serious fact that the name of the losing nation usually precedes that of the victor. Considerations of euphony and not sentiment obtain. In the war between France and Prussia France was completely crushed in a short time, but the contest, by general consent, is known as the Franco-Prussian war. The recent war in the far east, which led to the partition of China now actively in progress, was known as the Chinese-Japanese, or, in European phraseology, the Sino-Japanese war. A still more recent example is the Graeco-Turkish war, in which Greece was badly whipped.

To the superstitious the name currently given to our conflict with Spain may, by analogy, seem an augury of success for our arms. Europe calls it the Spanish-American war. An objection to the name is that it gives rise to ambiguities, as the term Spanish-American is commonly used to designate the various countries of South America. Perhaps for this reason there is a growing tendency in Europe to call the war Hispano-American. Another objection in the eyes of Europe to either of these names is the jealousy with which it regards our assumption of the name America. America, it is contended, applies to the whole of North and South America, and this country is more often referred to as "the States," even by England.

THE delights of an evening spent around a well-lighted reading table are not half understood. An illustrated magazine with its wealth of illustrations, its stories of adventure and love, its descriptions of travel which carry you to the remotest ends of the earth, and its instructive articles for young and old—these are the first requisites for your own enjoyment and the entertainment and proper education of your children.

To secure for you the best and most interesting of the great illustrated magazines at the lowest possible price has been the aim of the editor of this journal. That we have succeeded we leave our readers to judge. A special contract recently entered into with The Cosmopolitan, which seeks to become better known in this neighborhood, has enabled us to offer you a year's subscription to the greatest of the illustrated magazines together with a year's subscription to this journal,

Both Together One Year for Only $ 2.00

In this way you secure your own home paper and an illustrated magazine at a price that is only about a fourth of what some of the illustrated magazines sell for. For three years The Cosmopolitan has undisputedly claimed that it reached the largest clientele possessed by any periodical, daily, weekly or monthly, in the world. It was The Cosmopolitan which sent Julian Hawthorne to India to let the world know the real horrors of famine and plague. It was The Cosmopolitan which established at its own cost a great Free Correspondence University which now has over 20,000 students on its rolls. It was The Cosmopolitan which offered a prize of $3,000 for the best horseless carriage and prizes for best plans for public baths, and best arrangement of sewer and pipe systems for cities. It was The Cosmopolitan which set the presidents of great schools and universities seriously discussing the defects of existing educational systems. It is The Cosmopolitan whose enterprise is always in the lead in advancing the world's civilization.