

Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

Mrs. Wm. Colvig has been quite ill for a week, but is now improving.

Dr. J. M. Keene, the dentist, was at his office Monday, after a several weeks' vacation.

Mrs. E. Lang, Miss Cora and Jas. Linn have returned from a ten days' outing at Coleson.

Mrs. J. A. Wilson is spending the week at Untontown, the guest of Z. Cameron and family.

Married—In Ashland, Aug. 20, by Rev. S. E. Meminger, Peter A. Nelson and Anna C. Miller.

Married—At the U. S. hotel in Jacksonville, by R. S. Dunlap, H. G. Brantlaucht and Mrs. Nancy Parker.

Monta and Irma Meagly, of Portland, granddaughters of Mrs. J. Karowski, arrived a few days since for a visit.

Mrs. F. M. Love and Miss Alice Hanley were called to Big Butte this week, owing to the illness of Mrs. M. F. Hanley.

Mrs. T. G. Reames and daughter, Nellie, who have been sojourning at Pescadero, Calif., since July, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Kate Lumberger, the court stenographer, who has been visiting relatives at Los Angeles since July, returned home Tuesday evening.

Wm. Dennis, who was run over by a wagon in June, died of his injuries last Saturday. Deceased was 56 years of age and leaves a wife.

Chris Ulrich and family returned home Thursday from their mountain trip. The continued rains made their trip anything but pleasant.

Miss Lottie Reed, who has been employed in the Portland schools for a number of years, is visiting Jacksonville relatives.

Miss Lillie Hill, of San Francisco, who has been visiting her cousins, the Orth sister and Mrs. Wilkinson, left for Roseburg Thursday for a visit with relatives.

Mr. McCullen and family, of Lakeview, arrived in Jacksonville Tuesday to remain for the winter. Two of the daughters will attend school at St. Mary's academy.

Brownsboro Items.

BY REBECCA.

Mrs. James Miller has improved in health the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Geer returned Monday from a trip to the coast.

Vint Beall, of Central Point, spent Saturday night as the guest of J. A. Miller and family.

Miss Bessie Conde, of Medford, has been visiting with Misses Mabel and Bessie Bell the past few days.

G. W. Stevens hauled a load of lumber for his sawmill last Friday from the Daley sawmill, on Big Butte.

J. H. Hookersmith and family, accompanied by Mrs. E. Stewart, of Medford, were the guests of J. K. Bell and family Tuesday night.

Items from Poorman's Creek.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Henry Bowen and Mr. Crump visited Medford Saturday.

Ellis Gilson was smiling on his old friends here last Sunday.

Chas. Cofer made a business trip to Jacksonville last Tuesday.

Firman Crump and Willard Wilson went over to Sterling Sunday.

Mesdames Weins and Wilson attended the campmeeting two days last week.

Mrs. Fry and children, of Griffin creek, were the guests of Mrs. Wilson last Wednesday.

A. J. Beck and family and Mrs. Plimell are attending the Advent campmeeting at Jacksonville.

F. Youm and family, who are now living on the DeBar ranch, near Central Point, have been out here at their old home putting up the hay.

Table Rock Items.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walker have been spending several days with the Dickson family. They returned to Medford Sunday.

Mr. Burnison and family moved

back to Medford Thursday, and are now domiciled in Mr. Isaacs' house, near the Christian Church.

E. B. Jennings was out Sunday, making arrangements for the return of his family, to their place here, the latter part of this week.

The heavy showers lately have not only interfered with thrashing but have also kept teams from hauling off the grain already thrashed.

Assessor Pendleton expects to get his clerks started on the big roll the latter part of the week, and the work will be pushed with all possible speed until it is completed.

W. I. Nichols returned from the mountains on Sunday. He is looking much better than when he went away and reports having had a successful summer with the sheep.

We are informed by our school clerk, Mr. Nealon, that Miss Lizzie Ferguson, of Medford, has been chosen to teach the fall term, of three months, to begin Sept. 11th.

W. T. York and family spent Sunday with Table Rock friends, and all enjoyed the visit in spite of the threatening weather. The "wee girls" are great favorites in this quarter.

Mrs. C. A. Dickson left Wednesday for San Francisco, where she expects to enter McLean's hospital for a time. Her many friends are all wishing for her a short stay and a speedy return to good health.

Vint. Beall, of Central Point, visited Table Rock a few days ago, bringing with him his guest, Hyman Fairchild, of Grafton, Calif.

These two gentlemen were partners in the early fifties, and with others owned all the land upon which Central Point is built. Mr. F. has been away from Southern Oregon for many years, and in California has amassed quite a fortune.

While sojourning with his family at Shaasta Retreat, he bethought himself to run up and visit the scenes of his younger days with his old partner, Mr. Beall, and incidentally try to find Mrs. Frierson and Mrs. Pendleton, whom he had known for years in California.

Needless to say that the ladies were most agreeably surprised and delighted, or that the time passed all too quickly in inquiries about mutual friends, interspersed with anecdotes by the two gentlemen on early Oregonian days and ways. Mr. F. saw many changes for the better and did not wonder that his California friends were more than satisfied with their Oregon home.

On leaving, the gentlemen carried with them a gentle reminder of the sport afforded by old Rogue, in the shape of a twenty-seven-pound salmon taken that morning by the prowess of Prof. Buck, of San Francisco.

J. C. P.

The Rev. W. B. Costley, of Stockbridge, Ga., while attending to his pastoral duties at Ellenwood, that state, was attacked by cholera morbus.

He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and I think it was the means of saving my life. It relieved me at once." For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist, Medford; Dr. J. Hinkle, Central Point.

Central Point Items.

Miss Ella Clark is very ill with fever this week.

Dr. Braden, of Gold Hill, was here one day last week.

Henry Gregg, of Applegate, spent a couple of days here this.

T. R. Howard made a trip to Pokeyama, Calif., last Sunday.

C. M. Fries, of Medford, spent Monday with relatives here.

Dr. Kirchgesner and family are spending a few weeks at Union creek.

Miss Lottie Morris, of Rock Point, spent a day here this week with friends.

Benj. Haymond, a prominent citizen of Rock Point, spent Tuesday in our city.

Holmes Bros. are shipping a great quantity of flour and feed to the outside trade.

W. J. Freeman and S. Heatherly and families returned from Dead Indian last week.

Mrs. J. S. Sims is paying her mother, Mrs. S. Cornutt, of Pokeyama, Calif., a visit.

Jay Davis has bought Mr. Enoch's interest in the Mossner & Enoch blacksmith firm.

P. M. Cortum, one of our popular teachers, has just finished a very successful term of school on Applegate.

W. T. Constant left for his Klamath County home Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Jas. Hopwood and children.

Mr. Truax, of the S. P. D. & L. Co., of Grants Pass, was here Monday buying hay for the Josephine County market.

John Wright has purchased the saloon building formerly owned by W. J. Flippin, and Wm. Cary purchased the residence.

Dr. Hinkle visited his mine, on



ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM. DISPERS EFFECTUALLY COLDS, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES HEADACHES & FEVERS. HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MAY'D BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Sardine creek, Tuesday. He has two tunnels now that show six-foot ore veins and three hundred feet underground.

The ninth annual Sunday school convention will be held at the M. E. Church here, beginning August 31st. A splendid program is arranged and a profitable time is expected.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, stony and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion.

Farm and Fruit Notes.

From the Rural Northwest.

Canneries in California paid \$35 per ton for blackberries this year.

The matter of selling poultry by weight instead of by the dozen is now being agitated at Los Angeles.

Between winter killing last winter and dry weather this summer the alfalfa hay crop has been light in eastern Oregon this year and the price of hay is high—at least from the standpoint of the feeder.

The Long Creek Eagle reports that Newt. Livingston and P. P. Kilbourne, of Grant County, Ore., a few days ago sold 125 head of cattle at \$28 per head for two year-old steers; \$26 for dry cows; \$18.50 for yearling steers, and \$16 for yearling heifers.

The Oregon Orchard Co. has been incorporated at Chicago with a capital stock of \$50,000. The object of the incorporation is stated to be the cultivation of a fruit orchard in Oregon. The incorporators are J. C. Skeen, G. H. Hess and A. O. Butler.

The Roseburg Review reports that Edwin Weaver, of Myrtle Creek, Oregon, has contracted his crop of prunes to T. N. Segar, of Eugene, on the basis of 44 cents for 40 50's in 80 pound boxes. The size of the boxes indicates that the prunes are wanted for a foreign market.

T. Greiner, the well known horticultural writer, finds that it pays well to thin fruit. In the case of Bartlett pears saleable fruit can only be obtained in western New York by thinning. The canneries are the principal buyers there and they refuse to touch small pears.

The enormous scale on which frozen meat is shipped from Australasia to England is shown by the fact that one steamship recently arrived at London which unloaded 8,000,000 pounds of frozen mutton, 15,000,000 pounds of frozen rabbits and 10,000,000 pounds of frozen beef, cheese, etc.

In densely settled portions of New England electric railroads are being extended through the country in all directions. Many of these roads carry passengers by day and freight at night. In some cases farmers drive their loaded wagons onto flat cars and thus reach the city in time for the early market.

Pears draw very heavily on the potash in the soil. In orchards which have borne a number of heavy crops of fruit it will pay to

experiment in using potash in such a way as to determine whether its use is sufficiently beneficial to pay for using it. Actual experimental tests are the only satisfactory method of determining whether the use of potash or of phosphate will pay.

No person who is raising winter apples for market in Oregon and Washington can afford to forget the importance of the late sprayings for the codlin moth. The testimony of successful growers is practically unanimous to the effect that they have found the most important spraying of all to be the one given about the end of August.

Some California paper tells a pretty big story about canning asparagus. It is alleged that the asparagus from 80,000 acres of rich land in Boulder Island, San Joaquin County, was this year put up by one cannery at Terminus in that county. When one begins to figure up the amount of asparagus that can be grown on one acre he soon wonders how many trainloads of asparagus that cannery could put up in a day.

The ox-eye daisy is steadily spreading in the country about Portland. Old fields which have been used as pastures for a number of years are literally taken by this pest. It spreads rapidly in any pasture in which it gets started. The only way of getting rid of it is by thorough cultivation of the land. It spreads by root as well as by seeds, hence it is not eradicated by simply mowing off the plants. Clean cultivation of the land for two years in succession is the proper treatment for fields in which the plant has established itself.

A man named W. O. Hemlow went to Roseburg and represented that he had last winter processed two carloads of prunes for Bushnell & Mahon, of Junction, Oregon, as a result of which the prunes were sold to Mason, Ehrman & Co., of Portland, for eleven cents per pound, packed in 25 pound boxes.

The story was too fishy to receive credence from any person familiar with the prune business. It has now received its quietus by a statement from Bushnell & Mahon that the processed prunes were sold at from 4 to 5 1/2 cents per pound, very few bringing the higher price. They say Hemlow's process makes fruit look very nice, but has objectionable features and they will not use it again.

The old reliable—The Weekly Oregonian.

A deputy state attorney-general is at San Luis Obispo to institute proceedings to bring the affairs of the County bank into liquidation. The bank was given an opportunity to reopen if it could secure the signatures of persons representing 80 per cent of its deposits to the effect that they would make no "run" on the institution and would only draw out money at stated periods. Only 73 per cent was signed. Many who refused to sign now signify that they would do so, but the bank commissioners will not grant another opportunity.

IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY? Does it tell you of some little streaks of gray? Are you pleased? Do your friends of the same age show this loss of power also? Just remember that gray hair never becomes darker without help, while dark hair rapidly becomes gray when once the change begins. Ayer's Hair Vigor will bring back to your hair the color of youth. It never falls. It is just as sure as that heat melts snow, or that water quenches fire. It cleanses the scalp also and prevents the formation of dandruff. It feeds and nourishes the bulbs of the hair making them produce a luxuriant growth. It stops the hair from falling out and gives a fine soft finish to the hair as well. We have a book on the Hair and Scalp which you may obtain free upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

TO MY SISTER.

From the city in a plain Where I linger, sore or pale, Let this token join us twain— "Gedenske Mein." By the blue forget-me-not, And the pansy, color shy, And the faithful lover's knot— "Gedenske Mein." By the nursery where we play'd, You a merry, romping maid, I an unwhimpering straggler— "Gedenske Mein." Children of your own today In another nursery play, Let our vanished childhood say— "Gedenske Mein." By the garden near the sea, With the stricken mulberry tree, Where your long legs Sam'd a seat— "Gedenske Mein." Tho' the stricken giant dead, And the sea we play'd beside Is the sea which doth divide— "Gedenske Mein." Tho' I fell a little lower Than the promise of my dower, And the harvest mock the sower— "Gedenske Mein." By the peace I must forever, And the hopes whose fruits you bear, And the memories we share— "Gedenske Mein." —Blackwood's Magazine.

THE JILTING OF MASTER TOMMIE.

By W. R. ROSE.

Letter carrier No. 400 was swinging back to the postoffice at a fine clip. It was late in the afternoon, and he had finished his last delivery.

Letter Carrier X had an east end route. It wasn't an aristocratic route, but they were nice people, and they appreciated their obliging and good looking carrier, for carrier No. 400 was really one of the most presentable men on the force. He wasn't exactly a young man, he had stepped over the 30 line, but there wasn't a younger man on the force who could outclass him in any way.

In fact, he was what the feminine lexicon would define as an eligible party. He was quite alone in the world; he had a tidy amount in the bank; he carried a goodly sum of life insurance; he had no cause to fear for the future. Added to this he was sober, faithful, intelligent and hadn't a vice worthy of the name.

Possibly his only defect was an entire indifference to the improving sex, which certainly was not their fault, for he was, as has been emphasized, a decidedly goodly man to gaze upon.

As he turned the corner on to the avenue a young woman carrying a small handbag suddenly confronted him.

"If you please," said the young woman.

Letter carrier No. 400 stopped. She was a comely young woman with dark eyes and a clear complexion, and when he had further noticed that she had a dimple in her left cheek, it suddenly occurred to him—she was a quick thinker—that when you own as pretty a dimple as that, one of them is quite enough. Besides this, her voice was low and quite musical, and the carrier—who knew really nothing about such things, felt sure that her clothes, although quite plain, gave her a strikingly neat appearance.

He stopped short and lifted his hat. "If you please," the young woman timidly repeated, "I want to ask a favor."

"Certainly," said the carrier. And his smile seemed to reassure her.

"I came to the city," she rapidly explained, "to find an aunt whom I had not seen for years. I had written to her I was coming and knew her address. But when I went to the house I found she had suddenly moved away—out of the city, the neighbors said. And now I am quite at a loss what to do. I have never been in a city before, and I do not know where to go. The young woman's voice trembled a little. "They told me at home," she added, "that if I got lost or wanted to know where to find places I must speak to a policeman."

"I am not," said the carrier, "a policeman, but that," he hastily added, "makes no difference." He added it just in time, for the young woman seemed quite startled.

"I am only one of Uncle Sam's postmen," said the carrier, "but I fancy I can meet this emergency quite as well as if I walked a beat instead of a route."

He smiled as he said this, and his smile was so infectious that he fancied the young woman fairly echoed it. "I have it!" he cried. "You must go to Mrs. Torrens. She'll take care of you tonight anyway. Tell her what you told me and say that I sent you." Here he blushed slightly. He was playing quite a new role.

"And your name?" the young woman timidly asked. "George," replied carrier 400. "George Tolliver. Here's my card. Mrs. Torrens knows me. Go back to the first street, turn the corner; it's a white cottage with blue chairs on the porch."

She thanked him gratefully and they went their several ways.

As he strode down the street carrier 400 suddenly noticed that he was whistling as he hadn't whistled since he was a boy.

The next morning when he stepped on the Torrens porch the door suddenly opened and the young woman stood on the threshold. She looked amazingly well without her hat and wonderfully neat with her white collar and cuffs.

"Mrs. Torrens said you were coming up the street," she murmured, "and I wanted to thank you for your kindness. She is a lovely lady, and I am to stay and help her with her sewing for a week, at least. Thank you so much."

Carrier 400 walked up the street

firmly convinced that that was as goodly a dimple as the law allowed.

He saw the young woman almost every day, and the days he didn't see her seemed quite empty and wasted, but good Mrs. Torrens seemed quite loath to let her go. And one morning carrier 400 said to her as he shuffled over his letters, "You don't seem to bother the postmen to any fatiguing extent."

"No," she answered a little sadly, "there is nobody to write. I am quite alone in the world."

And if it needed any bond of sympathy to draw carrier 400 to this village maiden here it was.

One day he boldly said to her, "Have you seen much of the city?"

No, she hadn't. She guessed she was a little timid.

"May I call for you Sunday morning?" he asked with a nerve that he felt was really paralyzing, "and take you for a little trip on the suburban cars?"

"I will ask Mrs. Torrens," she said with a happy smile. "I would like to go over so much."

So they went, as the weather was delightful, and carrier 400 knew where to order such a nice luncheon, and, really, when they came back late in the afternoon the man of the party felt that he had never spent quite such a delightful day.

But, alas, there was a dark cloud in the offing.

As the carrier looked over his letters the next morning there was one for "Mrs. Tom Trimble." It was in the care of Mrs. Torrens, and the address was written in a stiff, vertical hand.

He read this address to the next young woman at the door, and when she heard it she hesitated a moment, and then with a merry laugh and a quick blush said, "Yes, that's for me."

And Carrier George walked away with a heavy heart, and the sky lost its color, and the grass seemed dull and brown.

She had told him her name was Anna Havens. And she looked so honest and so innocent.

He came and went as usual, but he no longer had a smile and friendly word for the false girl at the Torrens door. He was all business now. Nevertheless his heart was bruised and sore.

He couldn't help but notice that she looked at him curiously, and almost appealingly, and he even fancied she was getting paler.

"Worrying about that brute of a husband, I suppose," thought Carrier George, and he felt that the neglectful Trimble would do well to keep off that particular carrier's route.

One morning she mustered up courage and said to him: "I fear I may have unintentionally offended you. You—you—she couldn't stop her voice from trembling a little—'have been so kind and so helpful to me that I would not for the world have you think that I am not truly grateful.'"

"Do not distress yourself, Mrs. Trimble," said Carrier George coldly. "It isn't worth while."

"Mrs. Trimble!" echoed the girl. "Mrs. Trimble! Why do you call me that? Oh, oh, did you think I was really married?"

"I had an idea," said Carrier George a little shakily, "that when people are married at all they are really married."

"But I'm not married at all!" cried the girl with a merry laugh. "Tommy Trimble is only a 9-year-old boy! It's all a joke. He belongs to a neighbor family at home, and almost since he could talk he has claimed me as his sweetheart. It was just his boyish fun putting that address on the envelope. Wait! I'll show you his letter."

"No," said Carrier George huskily. "I'll—I'll see you again."

He walked away feeling he had had a shock. At the same time he noticed the sky was quite blue again, and the air fairly seethed with sunshine.

He knew just what he wanted to say as he came up the street next morning. What he did say was this, and he said it very quickly:

"Miss Havens, Anna, would you be willing to change that address to Mrs. George Tolliver? Will you jilt Tommie Trimble for me?"

"Poor Tommie!" said Anna very softly as she put her little hand in the carrier's strong grasp.

And so it presently happened that a substitute was put on in the place of carrier 400 and two happy Tollivers went away for a brief wedding journey.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Umbrella Diplomacy.

A man with an umbrella was walking in the rain. An umbrellaless friend joined him and shared the protection. The umbrella owner noticed that now he was getting only half protection, as the rain and the drippings from the umbrella as well fell on one shoulder. Seeing another friend without an umbrella, he invited him in out of the wet, saying, "There is plenty of room for three." By this new arrangement he now had complete protection, as he had to move the umbrella to the position he carried it when he was using it alone, and a friend on either side protected him from the rain while receiving the drippings from the umbrella.—John Gilmer Speed in Woman's Home Companion.

It Would Flatter Man.

Few men have deserved and few have won higher praise in an epitaph than the following, which was written by Lord Byron on the tomb of his dead Newfoundland:

"Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland May 3, 1808, and died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

Is Baby Thin this summer? Then add a little SOOTT'S EMULSION to his milk three times a day. It is astonishing how fast he will improve. If he nurses, let the mother take the Emulsion. See and feel all druggists.