

OUR COUNTY . . .
Correspondents

Eagle Point Eagles.
BY A. C. BOWLETT.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Betz were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown one night last week.

O. McGee lost one of his fine work horses last week, which works a great hardship on him.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown and children were the guests of your correspondent and family last Sunday.

Miss Bessie Brown went to Central Point last week to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Holmes.

George Heckathorn took the stage for Central Point last Friday. He expected to go to Medford and consult a physician, as he is in very poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gregory, accompanied by Miss Snow March, spent a day and a night last week with the latter's grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Thomas.

Mr. Bradney, recently from Klamath County, who is a cripple and a veteran of the Civil war, has been trying to get to Medford to pass his final examination before the examining board, but his health is so poor that he was not able to stand the ride last week. He is still confined to his room.

Several people in this locality have lost some of their blooded cows lately. No less than four of them having died. Each of them died almost immediately after having given birth to a calf, and in every case the symptoms were the same. The last one to die was a fine Jersey, owned by R. G. Brown. Will some of your farmer readers tell us what's wrong?

Floy Florey, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Florey, came near being drowned one day last week. She, with two or three other girls, was playing on the bank of the creek and by some means she fell over the bank, a distance of several feet, into the water which was running very rapidly. She washed down quite a distance and lodged on a rock that projected from the bank and was rescued by her playmates.

Last Friday night two young men, apparently full of whiskey, passed through our town and on their way stopped and pulled the pickets off of Mesdames Thomas and Sinclair's fences, tore down their mail boxes, tore the pickets off of J. J. Fryer's fence, throwing them out in the street, then knocked the boards off of Mrs. Griffith's fence and made good their escape. What one wants to destroy the property of three old widow ladies for is hard to understand, but if they are ever found out the law will be enforced.

There has been considerable stealing in this neighborhood, as several persons complain of losing canned and dried fruit, clothing, etc. A. McNeil left his home, on account of poor health, to live with one of his daughter's, and left his bees in the yard. One day last week while D. P. Mathews was looking after his stock, he found where a beehive had been broken open and the honey taken out, and upon further examination found that another one had been carried off. The thief was tracked for quite a distance up the creek, but finally the tracks were lost sight of. It is pretty well known who the guilty parties are and a close watch is being kept on them, and the first thing they know your Eagle Point correspondent will have the names of the culprits in THE MAIL as inmates of the Hotel de Orme.

Phoenix Items.

By X. Y.
Mrs. Badger, of Talent, is spending a few days in Phenix.

Mrs. John Coleman is making some marked improvements on her house.

Mrs. C. Steadman and son, Douglas, made Medford a business visit Monday.

Mrs. A. Miller, of Portland, is visiting her brother-in-law, George Miller, and family. Mrs. Miller is

looking for a permanent location in this part of Oregon.

Mrs. H. H. Calhoun returned from Ashland last Saturday, where she had been visiting friends.

D. C. Herrin, grand master of the A. O. U. W., is in Phenix and will organize a lodge next Saturday evening.

Miss Jessie Rose, of Ashland, who has been teaching school near Woodville, spent a few days visiting Phoenix friends and the public school.

Brownsboro Items.

BY REBECCA.

Geo. Brown and J. A. Bish made a flying trip to Eagle Point Sunday.

Jon. Randles, of South Butte, is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

J. A. Miller, who has wintered his cattle on Pool hill so far this winter, intends bringing them down this week.

Chas. Hays, late of Iowa, but now on Big Butte, made a trip out Monday for part of his freight which was in arrears.

The young people made a surprise call upon the family of J. K. Bell a few evenings since. They passed the time very pleasantly in games and songs.

Dr. R. L. Parker, of Big Butte, made his first trip our Friday. The doctor has just fairly recovered from an injury received last fall from a horse falling with him.

Beagle Items.

Wood chopping is the principal pastime between showers.

We are sorry to say that B. F. Wade, who has been quite ill, is not improving.

Many have formed new resolutions. Keep them and be happy for 1900, at least.

All grain looks quite promising and the tiller of the soil feels somewhat encouraged.

Roy J. F. Wallace, of Ashland, preached at Antioch school house, Sunday, Jan. 14th.

W. Vincent and family, of Central Point, were in attendance at the funeral of their little grandson, Henry W. Cleveland.

If we can't have a railroad to tap the northern section of the county, give us at least one good winter road that would enable us to reach the valley towns.

Not a pound of hay has Hon. J. W. Merritt fed to his 1500 head of fine sheep, now ranging on his newly purchased farm on Rogue river, and their good condition is remarkable.

Died—Jan. 16, at the farm home of Hon. J. W. Merritt, on upper Rogue river, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Cleveland, of pneumonia fever. These good people have the kind sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

Real Estate Transfers.

J R Cooper to Miss J. H. Sharp, lots 1 and 2, blk T, R R addition to Ashland, \$ 50
P Dunn to Eva and Elva Miller, lots 1 and 2, blk H, R R addition to Ashland 150
O and D Harbaugh to W Knips, 115 acres d 1 c No 37, r 2 w 5000
J F Rodgers to H E Rodgers, 672 acres. 1
Wm Ulrich to D W Stephenson, lots 1 and 2, blk 89, Medford, 750
J M Rodgers to Howard E Rodgers, 15 acres, r 1 e, 100
G W Crowson to J D Bolton, 400 acres, sec 16, tp 39, r 1 e. 25
A Alford to Wm Hovever, lots 25, 26 and 27, Hunsaker addition to Ashland 250
C A Ellason to Harriett H Carter, lot 5, Pracht's addition to Ashland, 310
Clara E Lynch and Harry S Lynch, to the directors of school district No 56, property in sec 2, tp 39, r 1 w. 1
John S Lacy to Donna Grama, lot 5, blk 52, Medford, 1
Benj Raymond and F G Birdsey to God Hill lodge No 129, I O O F, River lot, No. 5, sec 19, tp 38, r 3 w. 50
Mabel and Ernest Carter to T W and Sarah C Brittan, property in sec 3 and 16, tp 39, r 1 e. 1
Clara E Lynch and Harry S Lynch, to the directors of school district No 56, property in sec 2, tp 39, r 1 w. 1
Jas McDonald to W F Counts, 52.25 acres, tp 38, r 3 w. 2000
Lucinda Ganiard to Mabel and Ernest Carter, lots 1 and 2, blk 21, Chitwood tract, Ashland, 1
R A Dronofort to W J Vawter, 440 acres, sec 33, tp 32, and sec 4, tp 33, r 3 e. 1
Callie Williams to C B Dresser, 160 acres, sec 28, tp 39, r 2 w. 20
Cavi Phelps to A Cowing and W J Townsend, Lost Cabin claims, Wards creek district, 100

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state in the union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher, of Liberty, W. Va., only reports what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

A. Slover, the drayman, got him to do your hauling. Household goods and heavy articles carefully and safely handled. Terms always handy and terms courteous.

LEGEND OF SANDY HOOK.

Being an O'er True Tale of the Great Race Between the Yachts Columbia and Shamrock.

Years had passed since the commencement of the great yacht race. Indeed, there were few among the people who could remember the beginning. From the shore upon a clear day the two boats could be seen lying motionless a few lengths from each other.

Standing in the prow of the Shamrock Sir Thomas looked over the sea. The sails had long since crumbled away, the ropes were dust. He had grizzled hair, deep furrows of sorrow lined his face, his spare, attenuated form told of the awful privation which he had endured for years. The snows of the winter had just departed. Daily the skipper of the Columbia shouted across the bay:

"Sir Thomas!"

The hoarse, thin voice sounded strange through the megaphone.

"Breeze freshening, Sir Thomas!"

But after the fifth year the Irishman had no heart left to answer.

A sort of superstition had arisen. Other craft could be seen scudding before the wind; the salt sea spray leapt over their bulwarks; but the breeze never reached the sails of the fated boats.

"Three bells!" Whistling time; the emancipated men stood up. Sir Thomas gave the signal; the lips of the crew moved, they strained every nerve, but no sound emanated.

The mate stepped out.

"It is no good," he said, sulkily; "a go of grog."

"Have some tea," said the owner, sternly.

"Never!" shouted the men, in unison. "Jam?" suggested the owner.

With marlinpike, mainbrace and loaded jibbooms they advanced upon him. They climbed over the hatchways. Already the foremast man was rapidly sealing the spinnaker, but Sir Thomas never flinched. Rolling up one of the wrappers which he always carried with him, he threw it at the assassin. The seven-pound weight caught the wretched man full in the forehead. He fell; the planks of the deck were stained with his blood. The "Thing" rolled over the side into the water. The whirling eddies raced round it as it sank. A slight shock.

"It has reached the bed of the ocean," murmured Sir Thomas, when he regained his balance. The rebellion quelled, he turned his attention to the Columbia. "Ahoi, ahoi, there!" he shouted, using all the little strength which remained to him.

"Base villains! They are shoving their boat!"

"Too true! Under cover of the slight fog the crew of the Columbia had slipped over the leeward bow. Swimming noiselessly to the stern, they formed into a phalanx.

"Heave!" shouted the captain. Their legs shot out simultaneously.

"She moves!" shouted Sir Thomas; "she moves!" Indeed, she had advanced three inches. By night full four feet had been covered.

Winter gave place to spring; spring merged into summer.

"We have only three men left," said the first mate, crawling to the feet of the owner.

"I will navigate the boat myself," replied the brave man, hitching his trousers.

"To think that I cannot raise the wind with Lipton's!"

But was that a breath of air, a ripple, a catpaw, a swell? Far away in the west the whistling of the wind came over the sea. At last! At last! With marvelous activity the men sprang to their posts, the great Atlantic rollers approached, irresistible, awful in their strength. The driving rain beat upon the fated bark, a flash of lightning silhouetted their spars against the water, the crash of thunder which followed shook their vitals.

"Hoist the binnacle, unfurl the bow sparker!" But the ancient timbers could not bear the strain. The great waves washed them into sections. Slowly they settled down. One pitch, one toss, and all was over.

The full, white moon, the cold, metallic stars, gazed upon the sea. A black expanse of water, a shrieking seabird roared upon the waves.

Where the Shamrock had lain for half a century nothing was visible but one white wrapper, which gleamed in the cold light.—St. James Gazette.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J. A. Dodgen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

In Probate Court.

Estate of Tobias Miller; order of citation to show why order of real estate should not be made.
Estate of Robert Westrop; order for sale of lots 8 and 9, Central Point.
In the matter of the guardianship of the minor heirs of Nettie M Drum; annual report of administrator.
Estate of Allen J Sherrill; final discharge of administrator.
Estate of Jas G Birdsey; final account of executor filed and a petition for final discharge.

His Cork Leg.

A man tried to drown himself in the North river by jumping off a ferryboat. Unfortunately for his purpose, he wore a cork leg, and the leg not only refused to sink out of the water that he could not drown. He was very much disgusted, particularly when he found himself under arrest in Jersey City on a charge of disorderly conduct. Suicide is not a punishable offense in Jersey City. Had he tried to drown himself in New York waters he would have found himself in much worse plight as regards the law.—New York World.

WAR IN THE TRANSVAL.

Progress of the Fight Between British and Boer.

LONDON, January 21.—The war office shortly after midnight posted the following dispatch from General Buller dated Spearman's Camp, January 20, evening:

"General Clery with a part of General Warren's force has been in action from 6 a. m. till 7 p. m. today. By a judicious use of his artillery he has fought his way up, capturing ridge after ridge for about three miles. The troops are now bivouacking on the ground he has gained, but the main force is still in front of them.

"The casualties were not heavy. About 100 wounded had been brought in 6:30 p. m. The number of killed has not yet been ascertained."

SPEARMAN'S CAMP, January 21.—After ten hours of continuous fighting and terrible fire yesterday Generals Hart and Clery advanced 1000 yards. The Boers maintained an irregular fire during the night, but the British outposts did not reply.

This morning at daybreak the Boers opened a stiff fire. The British stood to the guns where they had slept and an engagement was renewed vigorously. The field artillery poured shrapnel into the enemy's trenches.

A rumor that Ladysmith had been relieved enlivened the British, who sent up a ringing cheer. This was taken for an advance. The first kopje was carried at the point of the bayonet, and the Boers retreated to the next kopje, which, like most others, was strewn with immense bowlders, surmounted by mounds on the summit.

The British advanced steadily and the Boers relaxed slightly. The latter did not show such tenacity as previously. The Nordenfeldts were fired at long intervals and their cannon but seldom. Apparently the Boers were short of ammunition. All day the roar of musketry fire continued. The British took three Boer positions on the mountain and found shelter behind the bowlders.

SPEARMAN'S FARM (Natal), January 20.—General Lyttelton's brigade, with a howitzer battery, crossed the Tugela river at Potgieter's drift on Tuesday, January 16. The Boers fired two shots and then recalled their forces to the trenches, the passage being uninterrupted. The British advanced in skirmishing order and the small kopjes on the summit were occupied by 6:30 p. m.

Wednesday the Boer trenches were vigorously shelled in front of Mount Alice, while the British remained in possession of the kopjes and plains. The naval guns and the howitzer battery made good practice, thoroughly searching the trenches. On the Boer right a breach was made in a sandbag emplacement, where it is supposed Boer guns had been placed.

The cannonade was heavy and continuous and the Boers were observed leaving the trenches in small parties. The hill facing the British position was shelled next. General Warren has forced a passage of the Tugela seven miles west.

Six miles above Boulder creek, a man named Maxwell was shot in the neck by his brother-in-law, named Thompson. Maxwell visited Thompson's house and threatened to clean out the Thompson family, after which he left the house. Thompson saw him coming toward his house later and shot him through the neck with a rifle. Maxwell's chances for recovery are about even.

Frank Barron, a rancher of Inglewood, Los Angeles county, accidentally shot and killed himself recently while hunting coyotes.

William A. Wall, who suddenly left Sacramento about a year ago short in his accounts with several secret societies, is reported to be on Puget Sound. It was supposed that he was dead. He will be prosecuted if he can be caught.

Work has been begun on the reservoir of the San Joaquin Electric company in Craze valley, Fresno county. It is proposed to make an artificial lake a couple of miles in length and impound enough water to supply power during dry summers.

About 150 newboys went on a strike against the Evening Telegram at Portland recently because the paper would not take back unsold papers. The boys tore up every paper seen on the streets and abused boys who tried to sell them.

William Walter Shipp, one of the oldest and best-known residents of Fresno county, was struck and instantly killed by the south-bound Santa Fe train north of the depot in Fresno. Shipp tried to drive across the track and a rapidly approaching train struck him.

William O. Campbell has been appointed postmaster at Los Gatos, Cal.

War between Japan and Russia is considered inevitable, according to well-informed travelers from the Orient.

George W. Lamoureux, clerk and recorder of Ada county, Ida., has been arrested on a charge of embezzling \$3000. The complaint was made by one of his bondsmen. His bail, pending preliminary examination, was fixed at \$10,000, which he has been unable to give.

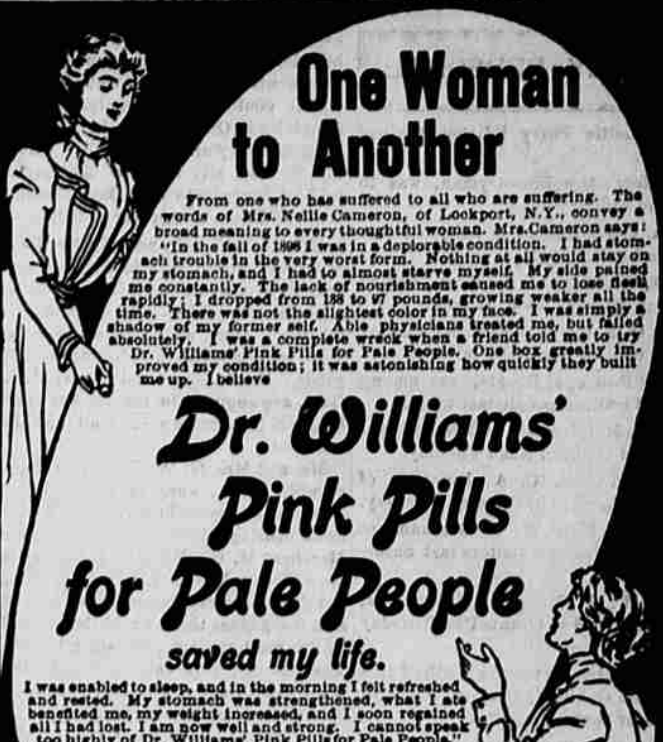
Walter Bull, a pioneer of Kava county, was found dead in his buggy on Union avenue at Bakersfield recently. Death resulted from fatty degeneration of the heart.

A bill has been introduced in the house for the repeal of the bankruptcy law, with reservation that proceedings now begun may be closed up.

All the Great Northern railway employees talk strike.

Nelson Dolavergue, an aged express man of San Jose, was buried to death there a few days ago. Dolavergue was ill and alone and a lamp is supposed to have exploded which set fire to his home and consumed it.

One Woman to Another



From one who has suffered to all who are suffering. The words of Mrs. Nellie Cameron, of Lockport, N.Y., convey a broad meaning to every thoughtful woman. Mrs. Cameron says: "In the fall of 1898 I was in a deplorable condition. I had stomach trouble in the very worst form. Nothing at all would stay on my stomach, and I had to almost starve myself. My side pained me constantly. The lack of nourishment caused me to lose flesh rapidly; I dropped from 138 to 67 pounds, growing weaker all the time. There was not the slightest color in my face. I was simply a shadow of my former self. Able physicians treated me, but failed absolutely. I was a complete wreck when a friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. One box greatly improved my condition; it was astonishing how quickly they built me up. I believe

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life.

I was enabled to sleep, and in the morning I felt refreshed and rested. My stomach was strengthened, what I ate benefited me, my weight increased, and I soon regained all I had lost. I am now well and strong. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."
NELLIE CAMERON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 24 day of July, 1898.
STACY D. BERRY, Notary Public.

All womankind should know and understand the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.
Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

HUNGRY SUPPLICANTS FED.
A Chicago Hospital and its Singular Method of Dispensing Charity.

Belief in the Divine principle that the hungry shall be fed has led the sisters of charity in a certain Chicago hospital to segregate one portion of their building to the reception and comfort of penniless wanderers. While this section of the hospital outwardly resembles a prison, it is comfortably furnished, and those who enter its portals find hope and encouragement to continue the battle of life.

For years the sisters were annoyed by the depredations committed upon their premises by indigent characters. It was this and their desire not to turn the hungry away that induced them to prepare their haven for the foodless. They summoned a carpenter and informed him what they required. His ingenuity solved the problem, and after a few days' work the dining-room for the penniless was completed.

The entrance is at the northern end of the basement. It is found usually by some mysterious sign which the last applicant has left behind. The hungry supplicant raps at the grated door, and is surprised to see it slide back noiselessly, as if in response to his magic touch. He hears a voice bid him "Come in." Somewhat awed by his quiet reception, he enters the corridor, and turns to his right. Half a dozen steps carry him to another grated door, which opens into a dimly lighted room. Reassured by the jet of light, he shifts forward and seats himself in an easy chair at a clean, iron-topped table, the door of the room swinging to and snapping behind him. He is a prisoner for the time being, but a kindly voice of a sweet-faced sister dispels the queer feeling which came over him when he observed the resemblance of his quarters to a prison.

A lift drops at the side from an upper floor, and the sister, who appears to be ministering to his wants with mechanical assistance, advises him to help himself. He inspects the dishes as he transfers them to the table, and finds that he has an excellent meal before him. Feeling like a lord, he sits down and disposes of the tempting food. The future looks more rosy as he finishes and arises to replace the empty dishes in the lift. He hears the door open again, and passes out, lowly muttering his thanks in an audible tone to his unseen benefactor as he returns to the sunlight.—Chicago Chronicle.

William's Kidney Pills
Has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you neglected your Kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire pass urine? William's Kidney Pills will impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the system and make a new man of you. By mail 50 cents per box.
WILLIAMS MFG. CO., PROP., CLEVELAND, O.

For sale by G. H. Haskins, Medford.

Eureka Harness Oil
Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best restorer of old leather. It oils, softens, blackens and protects. Use on your best harness, your old harness, and your carriage top, and they will not only look better but wear longer. Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes from half pints to five-gallon. Made by STARBUCK OIL CO.

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The - Shasta - Route
OF THE
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Dr. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine ever known to science. A few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a fact which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough, we earnestly ask you to try it. In United States and Canada 25c. 50c. and \$1.00, and in England 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

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|------------|--------------|----------------|
| 7:00 p. m. | Lv. Portland | Ar. 8:15 a. m. |
| 7:30 p. m. | Lv. Roseburg | Ar. 7:50 a. m. |

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|-------------|---------------|----------------|
| 7:30 a. m. | Lv. Portland | Ar. 8:50 a. m. |
| 11:15 p. m. | Lv. Corvallis | Ar. 1:00 p. m. |

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of O. C. & E. railway.

| | | |
|------------|------------------|----------------|
| 4:40 p. m. | Lv. Portland | Ar. 8:25 a. m. |
| 7:30 p. m. | Lv. McMinnville | Ar. 8:55 a. m. |
| 8:30 p. m. | Lv. Independence | Ar. 4:40 a. m. |