

Eagle Point Eagles.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

Mr. Cline has moved into the Emery house, recently vacated by Mrs. Taylor.

Born—In Eagle Point, on April 9, 1900, to the wife of Benj. Fredenburg, a daughter.

James Culbertson, of upper Little Butte, was trading in Eagle Point one day last week.

Dr. I. L. Arnold, of Medford, was visiting our section of the country last Sunday.

Dr. Cole has rented the old In-low store room and fitted it up for a drug store and office.

Mrs. E. M. Cox, of Big Butte, has been the guest of Mrs. J. W. Compton for several days past.

Mrs. G. W. Daley returned to her home last week. She was accompanied by her mother.

D. P. Mathews is putting up a new fence around his premises and improving things generally.

Dr. Madison took down his sign last week and moved to the Johnson farm, where he is interested in raising vegetables.

Mrs. Andrew Taylor, who has been living in the Emery house the past winter, has gone to California to live with her daughter.

D. P. Mathews, one of our leading stockmen and farmers, started for Montana last Thursday to look after his stock interests in that state.

Mrs. Mollie Bays, niece of O. P. McGee, accompanied by her uncle, Charles McGee, came up from Josephine County last Thursday for a short visit, returning home Monday.

Some of our ball players laid off a new ball ground last week. They have leveled it down and removed everything objectionable, so that we now have one of the best grounds in the valley.

David Cingade has plowed up a tract of new land on the left of the road leading from here to Central Point, and is now fencing it. He expects to sow it to grain and pasture his hogs on it.

Died—Near Way Side, Wash., March 26, 1900, Elva Maud Allan, aged three years, one month and seven days. Deceased was the youngest daughter of T. J. and Harriett Allan, formerly residents of Eagle Point.

Miss Snow March, who has been stopping with her grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Thomas, returned to the residence of Col. Maury, near Jacksonville, last Sunday. She was accompanied by Henry Maury and his sister, Miss Mollie.

T. E. Nichols and Geo. Givens are preparing to dig a ditch to carry water from Rogue river, with which to irrigate their farms. The ditch will be several miles long and will carry sufficient water to irrigate a large tract of land.

Joseph Van Hardenburg, who lives near Tolo, came up Sunday to see his old acquaintances. He was pitcher for the Eagle Point ball team which played against the picked team at Jacksonville last Fourth. He expressed his willingness to play with the Eagle Point team again this summer.

Rev. J. C. Cole's brother passed through here last week, on his way to the Gray-Proudford mill, at Prospect, to visit Mr. Manning, who was ill. He stopped here over night and delivered a lecture, giving a brief account of his experience as a missionary among the South Sea Islanders. He will lecture here again, on his experiences in the Fiji Islands.

Died—At the family residence, near Eagle Point, on Saturday morning, April 7, 1900, George W. Heckathorn, aged sixty-one years, eight months and twenty-six days. Mr. Heckathorn was born in Ohio, July 11, 1838, and at the age of twenty-two was married to Miss Isabelle Diveny. In June, 1876, he settled in this valley, having lived most of the time since in the Butte creek country. He lived to see all of his children, except his only son, Jerry, grown and married. They were all present at the funeral, except one daughter, Mrs. Ball, who resides in California. Besides his six children, he leaves a devoted wife, a number of grandchildren, one brother and one sister, and a large circle of friends to mourn his death. Funeral services were conducted at the residence on Sunday morning, by Rev. J. P. Moorman. Interment was made in the Central Point cemetery. A. C. Howlett conducting the services at the grave. A large number of his friends followed the remains to the cemetery.

The Best in the World.

Do you believe Chamberlain's Cough Syrup is the best in the world? A few weeks ago we suffered with a severe

cold and a troublesome cough, and having read their advertisements in our own and other papers, we purchased a bottle to see if it would effect us. It cured us before the bottle was more than half used. It is the best medicine out for colds and coughs.—The Herald, Andersonville, Ind. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Beagle Items.

Jack Frost has made his appearance and fruit men say the crop is somewhat injured.

Judge Gail, of Sams Valley, registered fifteen legal voters at Antioch last Saturday.

Rev. Wallace, of Ashland, preached one of his familiar practical sermons Sunday at Antioch to a good sized audience.

The meetings at the New Hope Baptist Church, which have been so successfully conducted by Rev. Davis, have closed for the present.

Harvey Richardson, the prophet and leader of the Populists of Trail creek, called last week on his way to the Populist convention in Medford.

It is quite sad indeed that we have to chronicle the death of Grandpa B. F. Stevenson, one of our highly respected pioneer citizens, of Sams Valley. Funeral services were conducted Monday by Rev. Haberly, of Medford. Deceased was eighty-four years of age and leaves an aged wife and two daughters to mourn his loss.

W. J. Freeman, the popular implement and harness merchant of Central Point, was here this week interviewing his many patrons. Mr. Glass and sons have invested in a self feeder, fork and other minor extras for their new steam threshing machine which will greatly increase its capacity for threshing and will class it among the leading machines of the valley.

F. M. Bailey, of Squaw Prairie, on Elk creek, is visiting with friends here. He reports no snow, good grass, pleasant winter and quite a stir and activity both at the Elk creek mines and in locating timber claims for lumber manufacturing purposes. He reports the government fish hatchery at Sam'l Geary's place, twelve miles from the mouth of Elk creek, completed and doing a very successful catching of steel heads, for which it was built.

The high line ditch that borders around on the foothills on the north side of Rogue river has only two men employed at present but I am credibly informed that work will generally begin about June 1, 1900. This ditch is ninety-four miles long, nine feet at the bottom, six feet across, which is perhaps the largest ditch built in Oregon or perhaps in the northwest, and the building and engineering of this great and grand enterprise will be a feat of no small magnitude, considering the many mountains, hills, canyons and different formations of soil that would make a safe foundation to carry water and guard against breakage and leakage.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Galls Creek Items.

BY M. S. R.

H. Deboy, of Gold Hill, was the guest of H. B. Olson Saturday.

Born—March 26, 1900, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Flippin, a 11-pound daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dunkin were the guests of H. B. Olson and family Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Hays, of Gold Hill, was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Flippin last Friday.

Mrs. Benj. Miller and daughter, Maggie, were the guests of Mrs. Thos. West Tuesday.

Mrs. Geo. Hammersley, of Wards creek, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Maggie Christholm.

Miss Carrie Cook came down from Ashland Thursday to spend a few weeks with her parents.

How Is Your Wife?

Has she lost her beauty? If so, constipation, indigestion, sick headache are the principal causes. Karl's Clover Root Tea has cured these ills for half a century. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Money refunded if results are not satisfactory. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Talent News Items.

Mrs. Phipps, of Medford, was a Talent visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. Taggart, of Phoenix, came up to Talent Tuesday on her wheel.

Mrs. Effie Seaman and children, of Southern California, arrived in Talent recently for a visit with rela-

tives. Mrs. Seaman is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Terrill.

Joshua Patterson shipped a carload of hay to Grants Pass this week.

Revs. Moore and Smith, of Medford, were in Talent the first of the week. Rev. Smith will preach here every two weeks for the remainder of this conference year.

Little Fannie, the two and one-half year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Low, of Wagner creek, met with a distressing accident on Friday of last week, which resulted in her death. Mrs. Low was preparing to scrub and had just filled a tub, which was placed on the floor, with scalding water to be used for that purpose. She stepped outside to get a bucketful of cold water, when Fannie, who was playing in the room at the time, fell into the tub. The mother, hearing the child's cries, returned to the room, but not in time to save her. The little one lingered in great pain until Saturday evening, when death came to her relief. Mr. and Mrs. Low have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction.

Does This Strike You?

Muddy complexions, nauseating breath come from chronic constipation. Karl's Clover Root Tea is an absolute cure and has been sold for fifty years on an absolute guarantee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Sams Valley Items.

Rev. Adolph Haberly begins a series of meetings at Moonville this week.

Mrs. Frank Stevenson and little daughter, of Medford, attended the funeral of B. F. Stevenson.

Mrs. L. C. Sisemore and children went to Jacksonville Friday for a two weeks' stay with home folks.

Elder J. A. Slover, who has been attending services at the New Hope church, returned to Medford Friday.

Mrs. A. L. Gall and babies are visiting her mother, Mrs. P. J. Van Hardenburg, at Central Point, this week.

G. K. Walker has disposed of his property in Moonville, consisting of three lots and his store, to Wm. Stacey; consideration, \$950.

The heavy frosts of last week damaged the entire fruit crop. There were fair prospects for a goodly amount of fruit this year, but old Jack Frost has played havoc with everything.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one whose life has been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or who has been cured of chronic diarrhoea by the use of that medicine. Such persons make a point of telling of it whenever opportunity offers, hoping that it may be the means of saving other lives. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

School Report—District No. 10.

Report of school in Lone Pine district, No. 10, for month ending April 6th: No. of pupils enrolled, 32; average daily attendance, 26; deportment, boys, 93 per cent; girls, 98 per cent. The following constitute the roll of honor: Howard Norton, Jessie Taylor, Leon Taylor, Florence Taylor, Roy Castor, Harry Childers and Harry Houston. HATTIE EATON, Teacher.

On Every Bottle

Of Shiloh's Consumption Cure is this guarantee: "All we ask of you is to use two-thirds of the contents of this bottle faithfully, then if you can say you are not benefited return the bottle to your druggist and he may return the price paid." Price 25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of M. P. Priddy, order appointing Tuesday, May 8, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., for final settlement. In the estate of Thos. Head; inventory and appraisal, showing personal property valued at \$600. In estate of Tobias Miller; order for sale of real property. In matter of guardianship of Chas. A. Foster, insane; report of Perry Foster, guardian, showing property valued at \$448.40, belonging to estate of said Chas. A. Foster. In estate of Mary A. Stewart; inventory and appraisal showing property valued at \$21,021.49. In estate of Robert Westport; final account and report of J. G. McDonald, administrator, approved and Tuesday, May 8, 1900, appointed for final settlement. In estate of Chas. Harper; J. W. Osborn, appointed administrator with bonds fixed at \$500. Frank Burkhardt, Miles Wakeman and James Owens appointed appraisers.

The Stellar Universe.

In Knowledge for November, Dr. Roberts gives a photograph of a new nebula, in the midst of which a dark sinuous vacancy, or rift, appears, "through which we can see into the starless vacancy of space beyond." Some of those who argue that space is finite hold that if it were infinite the infinitely distant stars in their aggregation would cover the face of the sky with light. This, however, assumes that stars are equally distributed throughout space, and such an assumption is contrary to all observable phenomena. Nothing warrants the idea that the infinity of space involves the assumption of its occupation by an infinite number of suns symmetrically arranged throughout it.

THE MAGICAL DANCE.

Dance me the dance that you danced, Clarime,
That day, with your mystical art,
When joy had fled,
And I love was dead,
And you danced over a dead man's heart!
Never a curve or a swoon again—
Dance as you danced that day, Clarime!

Dance me the dance that you danced, Clarime,
From the beautiful dancers apart,
For I'm weary tonight,
And I'm lost to the light,
And I haven't the ghost of a heart!
Dance me a dance for a woman's lost kiss,
In a rainbow of ribbon, Clarime, Clarime!

Dance the dance that you danced, Clarime,
That day, with your wonderful art!
Dance down the sorrow
Of now and tomorrow,
And dance down the love in my heart!
For I'm weary at heart of a world like this;
Here! I love you a bracelet. Now dance, Clarime!
—Atlanta Constitution.

LA CRUZ.

How Two Lovers Were Reunited at the Foot of the Cross.

The light of day had died from the foothills of the Mexican city of Jalapa as I mingled with the crowd walking leisurely toward the Plaza Grande to hear the Sunday evening band concert. For a moment the jollity ceased as the brightly dressed señoritas and the gay cavaliers came into the view of the wooden cross which rose near the path leading over the mountain against whose bosom the little city nestled. Each uttered a prayer while viewing the crucifix as it stood out against the moonlit sky.

La Cruz was the subject of much comment by the señoritas as they walked around the plaza, and likewise by the men, whose conversation was varied by a few remarks upon a particularly striking mantilla worn by some young car.

"Why is every one so interested in the cross?" I said to my Mexican companion as we seated ourselves on a rustic bench.

"Have you never heard the story, señor?" he inquired.

"Never. And why are so many stones piled around it?" I answered.

"Tell me about it," he began slowly.

"It was the custom," he began slowly, "among the Indians of this country to carry their dead on their backs to the place of burial, and when the burden bearer sat aside his load that he might rest he, upon continuing his journey, planted a cross where he last rested the remains. And whoever passed that way was destined to cast a stone at the foot of the cross as a prayer for the soul of him whose mortal remains had rested there."

Music interrupted him. And, as the last echoing refrain of "La Paloma" was lost in the mountain air, I sat gazing at the cross.

"Santa Maria will bless you, señor, for your interest in the cross," he continued, reverently crossing himself. I inclined my head in response, and he related to me the following story:

"Years ago, when this little city was but a village, there lived a family who used to raise vegetables for a neighboring town. They had but one daughter, Jesita by name. Across the valley dwelt a stalwart young fellow named Leon. A friendship which grew into affection arose between the two. Often in the evening they would wander through the valley by the side of yonder stream or climb the ascent and watch the setting sun.

"One day there passed through the valley a man burdened with the weight of his dead father. He stopped to rest and refresh himself. Upon continuing, he planted that cross on the side of the hill. From the door of her adobe home Jesita had observed the burden bearer make and plant the cross, so when Leon came that evening they went up the mountain side to the emblem and cast, with reverence, a stone at its foot."

Here his story was interrupted by the soft strains of music floating through the orange trees and mingling itself with the gentle zephyrs heavy with the fragrance of the blossoming orange. Just behind us a little stream cheerily sang over the stones.

The music ceased, and the relater continued:

"Often after this they wandered to the cross and would seat themselves near its projecting arms. 'Twas there Leon told Jesita of his love for her, and there he met Jesita when she told him she would be his life companion. One evening as Leon started through the valley to drive the cattle to the corral, lest they stray into the next valley during the night, he stopped at Jesita's home. As lovers will, a quarrel ensued. In the midst of it Leon left Jesita, saying to her as he pointed toward the cross:

"Señorita Jesita, the Holy Virgin is displeased with us for quarreling, for see the dove perched on the cross and hear it mourn."

"But the señorita stamped her pretty foot, and her eyes snapped as she answered:

"Go your way, Señor Leon."

"Without answering he continued on his errand looking for the cattle. He walked by the cross, casting a stone at the foot and making the sign of holiness as he passed. Jesita watched him as he left her, thinking he might glance back as usual, but he did not. As she gazed after him tears dimmed her eyes, and she turned, seeing him no longer.

"Darkness crept into the valley, clouds floated threateningly, and soon an occasional flash of lightning in the distance told of an approaching storm. Leon had not returned. The sky grew black, and the thunder rolled with a heavy resonance. The lowing winds rose, and all nature seemed to belch forth in accompaniment by the resounding roar. The señorita's heart beat violently. She remembered she had spoken harshly to her Leon. The tears

streaming down her beautiful face, she looked toward the cross into the how wild night. As she did so a screaming clap of thunder broke forth, and the lightning rent the heavens, darting about the sacred cross, illuminating it as it stood against the sky. Horror struck itself deep into the girl's soul. She fell to the floor, then hastily arose and started out into the fierce night. She must find her Leon. He must forgive her for her wicked words against him."

Again the sudden outburst of music interrupted us. Many señoritas passed by, and one smilingly bowed to my companion from behind her fan. He arose and responded profusely. The last sweet strain of the trio was lost, and as it died away it seemed to be absorbed by the moon illumined design. The señor continued:

"On she went, hastening toward the monumental cross. A mountain lion snarled diabolically in the distance. He, too, had been caught in the storm. Half paralyzed with fear, groping her way in the darkness, she fell over an obstacle washed into the path by the rain. For a moment she lay where she fell and breathed a prayer, 'Santa Maria, protect my Leon and forgive me—forgive me.' Something crawled over her feet as she lay there. It was a snake disturbed by the torrents of water. She jumped up screaming, and as she did so the lightning played about the cross, illuminating again and again its every point. Just above it she thought she saw a dove hovering and heard its dismal mourn piercing the wildness of the night. Still the storm continued, venting its fury in the wild mountains.

"When Leon had left Jesita's home, he had passed the cross and hastened over the mountain into the valley below. Not finding the cattle and seeing the storm brewing, he started to return, but before he reached home the storm broke forth with terrific violence. At each burst of thunder his heart was relieved. The lightning quieted his spirits, while the furious winds breathed balm relief in his ear. At last he reached the summit of the mountain near the cross, when a flash of lightning illuminated the benighted darkness, displaying a horrible sight to Leon's view, for there on the stones at the foot of the cross was the figure of a woman lying, her hands about the base of the rough wooden emblem. He rushed forward as fast as he could in the darkness. There was a sudden lull in the storm, the quietude of which was oppressive. As he advanced his heart beats resounded in his ears. Again the lightning made vivid the black clouds. His blood, writhed in his veins, for he stood before the cross. There lay the prostrate figure embracing the great rough crucifix. It was Jesita.

"Me Carita!" he ejaculated, rushing toward the dejected girl. Violently sobbing she looked up. He could see her baby face by the light of the flashes.

"Leon! Oh, forgive me—forgive me!" she sobbed, loosening one hand and reaching toward him.

"Let us go from here, Carita," he said sadly. Assisting her to her feet, they started down the mountain side toward the girl's home. The roll of thunder gradually distanced itself, then grew less and less; the wind sobbed less dismally, and the lightning seemed but to furnish the two light for their pathway."

The relater hesitated. Then pointing to the cross he continued: "Leon and Jesita were married by the good Father Moreno under this same cross on a holy Sunday years ago and lived happily and long in yon valley."

After a moment's silence I asked, "How do you know the story so well, señor?"

"Jesita is my mother," he answered, "and Leon, my father, leads this band."—St. Louis Star.

Holland has sent Baron Geyers to Washington to represent that country. Queen Victoria is visiting in Ireland.

Happy Women

who have been relieved of painful menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are constantly writing grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cured them. It always relieves painful periods and no woman who suffers should be without this knowledge.

Nearly all the ills of women result from some derangement of the female organism. Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine makes women healthy; of this there is overwhelming proof.

Don't experiment. If you suffer get this medicine and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

An Egyptian Flower Show. Under the patronage of the khedive of Egypt, who is a rare lover of gardening, an exhibition is to take place at Ghezireh, Cairo, on March 20 and 21 and April 1, 1900, at which Americans are especially invited to be competitors. A programme in very good English has been prepared, which may be had by addressing W. Wilfred Carey, secretary, Kasr-el-Doubara, Cairo, Egypt. Carnations, lilies, pansies, phlox, stocks, violets, roses and "any good thing not specified" are among the special articles to be exhibited by florists, for which silver medals and sums of money are offered.—N. Y. Journal.

NEW BARBER SHOP

J. R. Harden, Prop.

Shop on Seventh street, opposite Union Livery Stables.

SHAVING 10.
HAIR CUTTING 20.

Give me a trial and you will come again.

BUTLER JEWELER



Watch Repairing

Thousands are Trying It. In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Gold in Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents. Get it of your druggist or send 10 cents to ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no cocaine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail.

Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best restorer of old leather. It oils, softens, blackens and protects. Use

Eureka Harness Oil

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 gallons. Made by STARBARD OIL CO.

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EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY.

South	Portland	Portland	South
8:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Lv.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Medford	Ar.
10:45 a. m.	Lv.	Medford	Lv.
7:45 p. m.	Ar.	San Francisco	Ar.
8:45 a. m.	Lv.	Oregon	Ar.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Denver	Ar.
7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Kansas City	Ar.
7:45 p. m.	Ar.	Chicago	Ar.
1:20 p. m.	Lv.	Los Angeles	Ar.
5:00 p. m.	Ar.	El Paso	Ar.
6:30 a. m.	Lv.	Fort Worth	Ar.
5:25 a. m.	Ar.	New Orleans	Ar.

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Pullman first-class and tourist cars attached to all through trains.

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8:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. Roseburg 1:30 p. m.
5:30 p. m. Ar. Roseburg Lv. Portland 8:30 p. m.

CORVALLIS MAIL—DAILY (Except Sunday).
7:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. Corvallis 1:30 p. m.
12:30 p. m. Ar. Corvallis Lv. Portland 4:30 p. m.

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

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4:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. Independence 1:30 p. m.
7:30 p. m. Ar. Independence Lv. Portland 4:30 p. m.

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