

OUR COUNTY . . .
Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

O. Biede's tamale stand is doing a fine business. He has all he can do every night, until a late hour.

Wm. and Grace Carroll, of Rosburg, were visiting friends in Jacksonville Sunday, the guests of Miss Kate Plymale.

Hon. Henry E. Ankeny, who went to Philadelphia as a delegate to the national convention, returned the last of the week, well pleased with the work of the convention.

Geo. McLean, of the Sardine creek mine, of Kelley & McLean, was at the county seat the first of the week. He says everything is moving along smoothly at the mine, and that development work so far is very satisfactory.

Jas. McCully has completed his census work and forwarded it to the commissioner, and has received notice of its approval, with the thanks of that officer for the perfect work done and the faithful and intelligent manner in which he performed his duties.

Prof. Horton and father fitted out a nice covered conveyance and have gone to the coast. After enjoying rock cod, clams, shrimps and other salt water delicacies for a while, they will return and take a trip east of the mountains. They have a good team and are splendidly fitted out for the trip.

John Bievenue, who left Jacksonville about six weeks ago, accompanied by two sons and a daughter, to work at Niagara, and who was badly hurt by a log rolling over him, was brought home by his children last week. It was thought his internal injuries were such that he could not live, but there appears now to be hope of his recovery.

Most of the forest rangers went out the first of the week. It is the proper time to go now, before forest fires have been started. There is a chance to control a fire when it is first started, but after it has gained headway and spread over a wide extent of territory it is almost impossible to do anything with it. This is preeminently a case in which an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure.

The beneficiary policy of \$2000, held by the late Geo. Hines in Banner lodge, A. O. U. W., of Jacksonville, was paid to Mrs. Pauline Hines, widow of deceased, by the treasurer of the lodge last week, just 30 days from the death of Mr. Hines. The order is allowed 60 days by law in which to pay a policy, but if the money is on hand, it is generally is, payment is made some time before the expiration of the legal limit. It is impossible to approximate the good this great order is accomplishing in the relief of distress, and the protection of widowed homes and dependent orphans. The figures representing the relief extended to bereaved families, though startling, convey but little idea of the world of distress which has been averted, and the number of homes saved from wreck and ruin. The order was organized Oct. 14, 1898, and since that date to Jan. 1, 1900, it has paid out in round numbers for relief, \$96,634,806.34. Think of it; the amount is simply stupendous. The small jurisdiction of Oregon since its organization, has paid out for relief the magnificent sum of \$1,700,000; and our people, our neighbors and our friends, and not strangers, have received this money. It is the duty of every man who has a family or persons dependent upon him, to associate himself with the order and become a member of the great army of relief that is growing and extending its usefulness until it will number millions in the grand work of humanity and protection.

The grand 4th of July rally at the Presbyterian Church Sunday night, under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, was a meeting inspired wholly by patriotic Christian sentiment, and during the proceedings developed into one of earnest solicitude for, and confident hope in the ultimate destiny of the American people. Miss Maud Prim occupied the chair of president and directed the course of the meeting with the grace and dignity of a person many years her

senior. During the evening the choir sang a number of beautiful and appropriate songs. The most important subjects discussed were: "What Nations Have Suffered for Safety," by Miss Lemberger; "Special Dangers of Prosperity," Henry Dox; "Cause of the Downfall of Nations," Lulu Jones; "What Reasons Are There to Believe the American Government to Be More Stable and Enduring Than Other Governments," J. C. Whipp. There were several other important subjects discussed but space will not permit us to mention more. However, they were all from a patriotic and Christian standpoint and commended themselves to the heart and conscience of all patriots and Christian believers present. Hon. Wm. M. Colvig made the chief address of the evening on the subject of "Christian Citizenship," which was given to him by the president after he was called forward to speak. The impromptu appeal of Mr. Whipp for assistance in the Sunday school and Christian Endeavor, was a veritable Maceonian cry for help. He spoke as one touched by the spirit of fire. It was an appeal which will be remembered and that will bear good fruit. W. W. Gore made a fine impromptu address on "Patriotism and Christianity." He said many good things which will be long remembered by those present. Mr. Gore also favored the meeting with a solo, "Jerusalem," which received many favorable comments. The meeting was more than a success and was greatly enjoyed by all present. Mr. Colvig's ground-work, largely formulated from the facts of the Bible, was a masterpiece of ideal mechanism, so constructed that it seemed easy for this able gentleman to rear a grand and beautiful literary structure which would please and fascinate, and at the same time indicate a correct course in life, and instruct in the principles which was his purpose to elucidate and impress upon the minds of his hearers. He could not be followed in his 30-minute talk, bristling with history, facts and similes, and bounding in fervent patriotism and Christian sentiment, without seeming to be invidious, and it were better to stop here with the remark that as an impromptu speaker, Mr. Colvig has few superiors. His address was received with much satisfaction.

week. He has sold all his land and stook in that county and will rest for a while.

Mrs. Cal Winingham is in Douglas County upon a visit to relatives and friends. Mr. Winingham has returned to work in the mines, he having purchased Charles Jones' interest in the Coffman mine.

Rev. Eby, of Jacksonville, and Rev. Hoxie, of Williams, Josephine County, conducted services at the Forest creek school house last Sunday. Sunday school was held at ten o'clock, and at eleven Rev. Hoxie preached an interesting sermon. After the morning services a bountiful dinner was spread on tables in the school house, to which all did ample justice. At three o'clock we were favored with a sermon by Rev. Eby, after which all returned home feeling that the day had been well spent.

The railroad carpenters are repairing the depot at Talent.

Sam'l Netherland came up from the mines at Keswick, California, Tuesday.

George Black came up from California Tuesday to spend the Fourth with friends in Talent.

A. Alford, who has been prospecting over in California for some time, spent the Fourth at home.

Talent was nearly deserted Wednesday, most of the people having gone to Medford to spend the Fourth.

W. G. Knighten, who has been working in a logging camp at Pokenama, came up a few days ago for a visit with his family.

B. F. Myers came up from Pokenama the first of the week. He went over to Montague Tuesday to spend the Fourth with friends there.

A. T. Bell, who has been in California for the past couple of months at work in the mines, came over the first of the week to spend the Fourth.

Woodville Items.

(Received too late for last week.) The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox is now convalescent after a lengthy illness.

Mrs. Anna Dimick returned home Sunday from a several days' visit with her mother, Mrs. Lizzie Magerle.

Mrs. I. E. Deboy, of Gold Hill, returned to her home Monday morning. She had been here a few days with Mrs. A. R. Merritt, whose baby is seriously ill. Mrs. Harvey, also of Gold Hill, came down Monday evening and remained with Mrs. Merritt until Wednesday.

The pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Milton was the scene of a happy wedding on Sunday, June 24th, at high noon, the bride being their accomplished daughter, Miss Ollie. The groom was Wm. Beck, a highly respected citizen of this

place. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Osborne, J. P., in the presence of a few relatives and friends. The many friends of the young couple wish them a happy and prosperous life.

Mrs. Helen D. Harford, state president of the W. C. T. U., lectured here last Thursday evening to an attentive audience. A union was organized here a few weeks ago by Mrs. McCain, of Medford. Much interest is manifested by the ladies in this vicinity in this work and new members are coming into the union at each meeting.

Our school closed last Friday evening with an entertainment which reflected much credit on both teachers and scholars. The literary selections were well chosen and delivered in a proper manner. A noticeable feature of the exercises was a series of Greek poses, in which the girls were all dressed in Greek costumes, and showed careful training by their teachers, Miss Maud Merritt and Miss Lulu Newton. After the entertainment ice cream was served to all, and dancing was indulged in until a late hour.

School Closing Exercises.

BEAGLE, Ore., June 28th.

PUBLISHER MAIL:—School closed here last Friday with an excellent literary program. There had been no time taken from the studies but one would have thought, from the promptness with which everything moved along, that several weeks had been required. It shows how much interest pupils take in school when they have an instructor they like. As a usual thing all children are glad when the last day comes, but this was not the case Friday. Your humble servant heard all of them saying such as "I wish school had just commenced." "I don't want to take my books home," etc.

Every patron as well as child is speaking in the highest terms of the work done during the past three months, and all are eager to secure Miss Lila Sackett again for the fall term.

LIVELY MAIL SORTING.

Stirling Experience of a New York Man in the Colorado Mining Country.

Nicholas D. Bragaw, now a staid commercial man in New York, was a citizen for many years of Colorado and other mining regions. His brother Robert was heavily interested in mines and was postmaster and mayor of Ouray. One winter, what with busy times in the camp and such unexpected accidents as premature blasts and lynching bees, there was a dearth of men, and to help his brother in the post office Mr. Bragaw took charge of the railway postal service for the government in that district, says the Philadelphia Post.

"It was not an unpleasant life after you once got used to it," he said, recently, in describing it. "The grandeur of the scenery, the bracing air of the mountains and forest, the ice cold water of the streams and the good-nature of the people more than offset the accidental bullet and the occasional bowie knife. One day, in 1882, we started from Leadville out at the top of a long incline which followed the meanderings of the California gulch. We were 15 minutes late on account of a blizzard, and wanted to make up lost time. The day was a very dark one in January; my lamps were burning and my little stove blazing fiercely. I noticed the train was going very fast, but supposed we were making up lost time. As the velocity increased I suddenly realized that the train had run away. Nothing was to be done. If we were going to smash no power could prevent it, and if we were not my mailbags would have to be ready for delivery. I worked hard, it seemed, for hours. As a matter of fact, however, it was only a few minutes. Then the front of the car, the ashpan and the mailbags seemed to rush at me, and I became unconscious. When I came to I found myself thumping the floor with my head and struggling with imaginary foes. I then recalled where I was, and slowly and painfully extricated myself from the mountain of letters, papers and mailbags which had providentially served as safety buffers for my body.

"We had run into a train ahead of us, and the mailcar had been crushed at both ends, while the middle had been left intact. We were not far from a telegraph station, and in a few minutes the news had been carried in every direction. Now here comes the queer part; a locomotive and a wrecking car were not far away and were sent promptly to our relief; the track was cleared, the mails were transferred, and I had the pleasure that evening of alighting at my destination on time and with all of my mail. I was received with a wild welcome by the population of the place, who had come prepared to receive the dead."

To Rover.

A faithful companion, more loving and trustworthy, more constant than man. Sir H. Sebon-Gordon, Bart.

The time will surely come when the Washington dog and cat graveyard will fade away and die in the hope of being interred in such a congenial and beautiful spot.—Washington Post.

Exaltation of the Hohenzollerns.

South Carolina's Coming Exposition.

South Carolina in 1901 proposes to hold a state exposition which will be illustrative of the new departure of that state in the swift development of its material resources. The undertaking has the general approval of the political and business interests of the state.—Chicago Chronicle.

A VISIT TO PARIS.

Americans Who Go to the Exposition Will Need Much Cash.

Hotel Rates Raised and Everything Will Have a Fancy Price Tacked On to Please Visitors.

Ben C. Truman, well known as a newspaper writer in Chicago, is now in Paris and in a recent letter offers, through the Chicago Chronicle, some suggestions to those contemplating a visit to that city during the exposition. He says:

"The hotels have all raised their rates from 40 to 80 per cent. The Grand hotel is the leading robber of the gang. Twenty years ago a good room could be secured there for six francs per day, candles and attendance included; coffee for two francs, dejeuner a la fourchette, four francs, and dinner for six, including wine. Ten years ago, during the exposition of 1889, the same room was seven francs, coffee three francs, dejeuner five francs and dinner seven, including wine. Now, however, the same room (incandescent light) is 15 francs, coffee four francs, dejeuner five francs and dinner seven, or about \$6 per day, and all the meals skimpy—same thing every day; same old poulet and chicken salad twice a day. Can you imagine so prodigious a steal as 80 cents for a cup of abominable coffee and a few counted rolls? The Continental and L'Athenee charge about the same. All the other hotels of account charge about from 18 to 25 francs per day for full board per month or per day—everything is so much per day, even if it is by the month or year.

"And then you are compelled to see from six to ten people almost continually. Elegant pensions, engineered by widows of distinguished and lamented army and navy officers, are higher priced than the high-rate hotels, while life at a regular pension means taking chances of being starved or frozen to death. Next to the hotels and pensions as freebooters come the stores, that have put up their prices quite 40 per cent.

"Hats and shoes are 50 per cent. dearer than in 1899; neckties that range from 25 cents to 50 cents in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, range from three francs (60 cents) to seven francs (\$1.40) here—and this is the country of silk manufactures! Cotton, linen and woolen goods have nearly all advanced from 30 to 50 per cent. over what they were in 1899. Canes and umbrellas and such from 20 to 40 per cent. Shirts, handkerchiefs and gloves seem not to have advanced so much.

"Druggists' goods have gone diabolically out of all sight of all grades of polite robbery. A prescription that would cost 25 cents in San Francisco is \$1 here. An ounce of castor oil is 30 cents, a pint of witch hazel is 90 cents and an ounce of borax 40 cents. Candies, fruit, clarets, tobacco, cigars and cigarettes are the only things that have not been atrociously advanced. Soap, lead pencils, pen, ink and paper have advanced 100 per cent. Omnibus rates are six cents as against four cents some years ago. The only thing cheap in Paris to-day is the cab, which is still only 30 cents from any one point to another within the city, for from one to three persons, or 40 cents per hour for same. I have met a score or more of Americans who had come here to stay for several months, but who are going back on the North German Lloyd steamer of the 18th. All of these go home without making purchases, and none of them will return by the French line. Really, the foreign feeling against the hotels and stores here is intense, and the American and English papers of Paris publish complaints of some kind daily." Truman is an old traveler and knows what he is talking about. It would seem as if the exposition were a good place to stay away from.

EARTH IS GROWING.

This Globe of Ours is Gaining in Weight at Rate of Five Hundred Tons a Year.

The earth is growing heavier at the average rate of 500 tons a year. The meteors or shooting or falling stars (of which now and again such brilliant displays rejoice the careful watchers) in passing through the earth's atmosphere are burnt up and fall on the earth's surface, occasionally in a heavy mass, but most usually in small meteoric dust. Prof. Nordenskjold, from his great experience, estimated that, from the cause named, 500 tons fall uniformly and steadily over the whole globe in each year, and the observations of Russian scientists yield a similar result. These meteor streams, says another astronomer, are really small planetary bodies, revolving around the sun in fixed orbits by the force of gravity. The earth revolves on its axis at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, and speeds through space in its orbit around the sun at the rate of 1,000 miles every minute, and in August and November plunges into the very midst of the meteoric stream going in the opposite direction. The rapidity with which they enter our atmosphere, and the friction thus generated, are so enormous that they are set fire to, the smaller ones being consumed and falling in dust, while the larger ones occasionally reach the earth in the shape of meteoric stone or iron.

The affairs of the Comanche tribe are absolutely controlled by Quannah Parker, who is supreme in everything, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He has the white man's keen perception, and the Indian's cunning. He converses well in English, and away from the tribe he wears the white man's dress. At home he paints his face and dons a blanket. His residence is a large, two-story house, on the southern slope of the Wichita mountains. The rooms are elegantly furnished and carpeted, and his dining table amply supplied with china and silverware. Costly pictures adorn the walls, among them one in oil of his mother. Quannah may as well abandon all hope of a congressional career—he is the husband of seven wives. His last domestic acquisition is a beautiful and charming woman, said to have been purloined from a neighboring Indian, who threatened dire vengeance, but was induced to stifle his anguish upon receiving \$1,000 in money and mustangs.

"Give Him an Inch, He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment in your body and your whole system will be diseased. The microbe is microscopic. But the germs become inches and then ell's of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the blood and effects a permanent cure.



PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

First Waiter—"How's the new guest?" Second Waiter—"Tip-top."—Town Topics.

"Jones is very superstitious." "Why do you think so?" "He owes me \$15 and won't pay it."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Bacon—"You say your son at college writes a bold hand?" Egbert—"I should say so. He's just written for \$150 more."—Yonkers Statesman.

On the Road—"And what does the local critic say of me?" asked the Ghost. "Oh! he lets you down easy," replied Hamlet. "He merely says that the Ghost wasn't true to life."—Puck.

Senility.—Mr. Dullerby—"I wonder why they call those tall, old-fashioned clocks grandfathers' clocks." Mrs. Dullerby—"Oh, I suppose it's because they're generally run down."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Remote and Safe.—"Our literary club is going to study the Elizabethan era." "Isn't that rather hackneyed?" "Yes; but in discussing people who are dead you know, we won't be tempted to gossip."—Detroit Free Press.

A schoolmaster sends us an answer given by a boy in a "general information" examination. Asked who Tom Mann was, the boy replied: "Tom Mann is what one calls a woman who behaves like a man, as one calls a boyish girl a tom boy."—London Truth.

"Can you trace the resemblance of a baby to anything under the sun but another baby?" "Oh, yes, indeed," replied the social diplomat. "To what?" "To whichever parent asks me about it." All the masters of diplomacy are not in public life.—Detroit Journal.

HIT EVERY TIME HE MOVED.

Unenviable Experience of a Gordon Highlander in a Fight with Boers.

A private soldier in the Second battalion, Gordon Highlanders, recounts an experience in the following letter, indicating that the marksmanship of some of the Boers at least is better than has been alleged:

"We, the Devons, Imperial Light Horse and others, had a fight at Elandslaagte with the Boers, and I never enjoyed myself so much before. You first have to get christened to fire, and then you think nothing of the shells bursting about you, and the bullets which go whistling past like bees.

"We went forward by 50 yard rushes, and at every rush you could hear a groan, and down would go one of our comrades, either killed or wounded, poor chap!

"When we were miles from the enemy they opened fire on us with shell, and as we were going along in mass one of the shells burst on the left of the company and one of our men of my section—Bobby Hall—got shot dead with a piece of the shell going straight through his head. That was what made more than one wish to turn and run. But what would Britain do if her soldiers ran from the enemy?"

"At last we got to where we could get a shot at the Boers with our rifles, and you may bet we gave them more than one, as, perhaps, the papers have told you.

"I got through the rifle fire down to the bayonet charge on the hillside, when I felt a sting in the left arm, and looking down found I was shot in the wrist. In changing my position I got shot in the center of the forehead. The bullet did not go straight through. It glanced off my nose bone and came out above my right temple. . . . On looking round I was just in time to see the blood squirt from the first wound.

"I shifted my position in quick time, for I did not want another from the same rifle. I lay still after doing this for awhile, when the thought came to me to get my wrist bandaged and try to shoot again. On changing my position I got a bullet right in the 'napper.' I was out of action then, for all was dark. I heard the officer I was going to get the bandages from say: 'Poor chap, he's gone.' But no, I am still kicking."—N. Y. Herald.

The Chief of the Comanches.

The affairs of the Comanche tribe are absolutely controlled by Quannah Parker, who is supreme in everything, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He has the white man's keen perception, and the Indian's cunning. He converses well in English, and away from the tribe he wears the white man's dress. At home he paints his face and dons a blanket. His residence is a large, two-story house, on the southern slope of the Wichita mountains. The rooms are elegantly furnished and carpeted, and his dining table amply supplied with china and silverware. Costly pictures adorn the walls, among them one in oil of his mother. Quannah may as well abandon all hope of a congressional career—he is the husband of seven wives. His last domestic acquisition is a beautiful and charming woman, said to have been purloined from a neighboring Indian, who threatened dire vengeance, but was induced to stifle his anguish upon receiving \$1,000 in money and mustangs.



BALD Without help, a bald spot never grows smaller. It keeps spreading, until at last your friends say, "How bald he is getting."

Not easy to cure an old baldness, but easy to stop the first thinning, easy to check the first falling out. Used in time, baldness is made impossible with—

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

It stops falling, promotes growth, and takes out all dandruff. It always restores color to faded or gray hair, all the dark, rich color of early life. You may depend upon it every time. It brings health to the hair.

Write the Doctor. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

SCROFULA

thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting.