

OUR COUNTY . . .
Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

Jas. Helms, the capitalist of Talent, was at the county seat Monday on business.

J. E. Davis, of Gold Hill, an upholsterer, has moved to Jacksonville, where he will work at his trade.

John Bievenue, who was hurt by a log rolling over him, is very much improved and is able to be about the house.

J. D. Wix, of Elk creek, was at the county seat on business Monday. He says the hay crop is unusually good in his section.

Mrs. L. M. Judd, of Fort Jones, Calif., a daughter of John S. Miller, came over on Monday's train for a visit with her father and brother who live on Applegate.

John and Otto Failing, Walter Oglesby and Frank Plymale, left for east of the mountains last week to work during hay harvest. If good works are secured they will remain there indefinitely.

Frank Ennis, of San Francisco, for many years a resident of Jackson County, and former superintendent of the Sterling mine, is sojourning in Jacksonville to escape the heated months in the golden state.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Stine, of Yreka, who have been visiting relatives and friends in Jacksonville, the guests of Miss Kate Plymale, left for their home on Saturday morning's train, accompanied by Bennie Plymale.

Judge Prim married his first couple Monday. They went to his house and surprised him. The judge thinks he fixed them up all right, but knows as felt as shakd about the sneeze he belshazzar did when he saw the handwriting on the wall.

John Huffer has closed his shop for a while and is now learning the art of candy making under Mr. Learned, of the Boss candy store. Mr. Learned is doing a large and increasing business and has employed Miss Maggie Eaton as saleswoman, to assist him.

A large crowd of young men left for east of the mountains Wednesday morning to work during hay harvest. They went over the Rogue river route. It looks now as though some trouble might be experienced by farmers to get hands enough to handle the present crop.

Lyman Goodell, 70 years of age, was examined before Judge Prim by Dr. J. M. Brower, at Ashland, Monday, and adjudged insane. He is not so insane as he is afflicted with dementia from softening of the brain. He was taken below Wednesday evening by Sheriff Orme and E. A. Carter.

The new county board, with Judge Prim presiding, held its first session Thursday, July 5th. Nothing but the usual routine business was done except the approval of a few official bonds. Thos. Riley seemed to fit into the business all right and showed he would make a good, active and painstaking commissioner.

About five hundred people from Jacksonville attended the celebration at Medford on the Fourth. All the business houses except a few saloons were closed, and did not open all day. The streets were entirely deserted and resembled the desolate appearance so graphically described in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." A dog fight, which is considered to be a star attraction in a town, would not have drawn more than a half dozen persons. The business part of town was literally deserted.

Mrs. G. Karewski met with a painful accident Sunday evening in front of one of her residences in Jacksonville. She had brought Adam Schmidt, the house decorator, down from his home in a cart to look at the house, with a view to having some finishing work done on the inside. On reaching the place, Mr. Schmidt got out and while Mrs. Karewski was in the act of getting out, the horse backed over her and stepping on her broke her collar bone in two places. Dr. Robinson was called at once and adjusted

Is Baby Thin
this summer? Then add a little **SCOTT'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. 50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

the fracture, but up to Monday morning she suffered intense pain.

Wm. M. Holmes, of Central Point, was at the county seat Wednesday upon business.

Miss Sylvia Hazel and Mrs. Mattie Bowden, of Medford, came up on their wheels Wednesday.

J. C. Whipp and W. M. Taylor will go to Salem Sunday evening as representatives to the grand lodge, A. O. U. W., which convenes there Tuesday, July 17th.

N. Hosmer, C. T. Anderson, F. M. Lance, G. W. Mathews and A. W. Sanders, of Footh Creek, and L. L. Duffield, of Gold Hill, came up to Jacksonville Wednesday to attend a meeting of the Masonic lodge.

Esquire Knutzen, of Thompson creek, an early pioneer of the county, came over from his home Wednesday to attend a meeting of the Masonic lodge, of which he has been a member for many years. Mr. Knutzen has been justice of the peace in Applegate precinct as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember.

Mrs. E. C. Plimell, wife of Dr. T. J. Plimell, of Henley, Calif., who has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Beck, near Eagle Point, for some time, died at her sister's home Monday evening, July 9th, of dropsy, aged 66 years. Mrs. Plimell was a Seventh Day Adventist, a good, amiable and benevolent woman, and a consistent and conscientious Christian. The Dr. came over and was with her during her last illness. The funeral took place Tuesday at 2 p. m., under the auspices of the church of which she was a member. Rev. C. J. Cole officiating. Interment was made in the Jacksonville cemetery.

Harry Helms, Chas. Nunan, Sam DeRoboam, Harry Luy, Wm. Cook and several others, left for Winnabar Saturday, followed by Hyde Rickey, Irving Ray and Russell O'Neil on Monday. This is coming to be a great place of resort during the heated term. The only drawback to it being the one distinctive retreat for pleasure seekers during the hot summer months is the dread of the trail. It is not a bad trail, as trails are understood by stockmen and mountaineers, but it is not an enticing one for the plebeian tender foot. The great difficulty is in getting supplies in. Everything must be packed from the Phil Gleave place, on Little Applegate, a distance of 25 miles over a series of brokers and chopped up mountains, then down an immense mountain 5 miles, and so steep that many persons forget their early teachings before they get half way down it. It is not a picnic to get there, but once on the ground, it is a lovely place to spend the summer; good shade, fine springs, ice cold water, trout by the million and game every where. Don't get excited and go before making suitable preparations.

Brownboro Items.
BY REBECCA.
B. F. Edsal, of Big Butte, was trading in town Monday.
Frank Monroe, of Portland, was in town upon business Monday.
Several parties of campers have gone to the soda springs within the last few days.
Miss Belle Williams, accompanied by her father, paid a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Frenenburg, one day last week.
In a beautiful grove near town our people met for the celebration. A stage had been erected and was prettily decorated with flags, flowers and pictures. The principal feature of the exercises during the forenoon was the following program: Song, "All Hail to This Glad Morning," by a chorus consisting of Misses Mabel and Donna Bell, Eva Conley, Edna Chaney, Sophia Rattie, Messrs. Geo. Brown, John Tyrrell, Orin Bell, John Moomaw; prayer, by Mrs. O. Bell; reading Declaration of Independence, by Miss Nellie Towne; song, "Freedom Forever," followed by a Fourth of July talk, by Miss Mabel Bell. The youthful speaker handled her subject admirably, touching along the line of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the homage of a grateful people to the memory of Washington, not forgetting our late achievements, and expressing the hope that the government may ever be run with justice and honor, that the Stars and Stripes may float forever, and that we may have many more celebrations. This was followed by a song, "Freedom's Banner," and the following program by pupils from Miss Towne's school: Recitation, "Our National Banner," Hazel Charley; Recitation, "The Fourth of July," Colla Handies; Dialogue, "Holiday Convention," Four Little Girls; Song, "Hallelujah for the Flag," Edna Chaney; Recitation, "Boston Tea Party," Eva Conley; Recitation, "Our Flag," Iva Wright; Recitation, "The Glorious Fourth," Hazel Charley; Recitation, "By the Bay," Everett Oulbertson; Recitation, "The American Flag," Miss Sophia Rattie; Recitation, "A Flag on Every School House," Arden Tyrrell.

The exercises were good and every

part was highly applauded. Considerable interest was manifested in the afternoon races, and at night there was a good display of fireworks. The party was thoroughly enjoyed by all in attendance. We highly appreciate the hearty cooperation of the friends from South Butte and Lake Creek, and we hope they may again meet with us in Brownsboro.

Central Point Items.

Frank A. Hawk is having a siege with the manes this week.

Thomas Penley left for Gold Hill Tuesday to work on the dredger.

Miss Mamie-Nicholson, of Medford, visited relatives here last week.

Prof. L. A. Stocking is spending a few weeks with relatives in Tacoma.

Dr. Hinkle has a fine driving horse and a new buggy for sale, cheap.

Elder Buchanan and wife, of Roseburg, are visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Warren-Mee and children, of Grants Pass, are visiting relatives in Central Point.

Mrs. J. H. Davis is at Ashland caring for her sister, Mrs. Elita Kever, who is very ill with typhoid fever.

Misses Estella and Elizabeth Stidham, who are teaching school at Glendale, spent the Fourth at home.

Frank Mee, one of Josephine County's prominent lumbermen, spent last Sunday with his sister, Miss Mary Mee.

Wm. Holmes' brother and family arrived here Sunday from Chester, Illinois, and will make this place their future home.

Mrs. W. T. Leever, who has been very ill with Bright's disease for several months, is not expected to survive many days.

Dick Bess, who has been in Gold Hill for the past two months, is now employed in driving livestock for I. F. Williams.

Joseph Hoagland and family left for the Dead Indian springs Monday for a month's camping out. They were accompanied by Misses Jennie Crippen and Mildred Elliott.

L. F. Pate died at the home of his son-in-law, Mark Welch, on July 3d, after a long illness with dropsy. He leaves a family of grown children, who have the sympathy of all in this sad bereavement.

Table Rock Items.

Mrs. Frierson is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, near Central Point.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kellogg were here with friends Friday and Saturday, returning to Gold Hill Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Stacy, of Moonville, made a visit to Medford Monday. Mr. S. is doing quite a nice business

in the mercantile line.

Myron and Grace Jennings spent Saturday in Medford and witnessed the balloon ascension which they considered very successful and interesting.

Rev. Gregory, of Central Point, preached a very interesting sermon at our school house Sunday p. m. The people here should give him good houses and some good solid support.

Will Nichols returned to the mountains Monday, where he has J. W. Merritt's sheep, taking with him a lot of supplies. Will says range is good and his flock doing nicely.

These are busy days for farmers, with finishing up haying, and taking care of the new grain crop. Hands have been hard to get, but as yet no one has been seriously discommoded. The crop is not up to the estimates made a month ago.

Prof. Buck reports fishing good in Rogue river now, and to prove his assertion showed eight spotted beauties that would stir the heart of any Knight of the Rod. We can sincerely vouch for the good qualities of the fish, for Prof. is one of the kind who thinks it "more blessed to give than to receive."
J. C. P.

CITY'S DEAD ANIMALS.

Much Profit in Removing Them from the Streets.

One Dollar a Year - Money Made in Rendering the Carcasses.

The superintendent of streets and alleys reports that 32,990 dead animals were removed from the city during the last year. That is nearly 100 for each day of the 365 days in the year. They were all kinds of animals that are seen in the city—horses, mules, cows, goats, dogs and cats. The superintendent adds that these removals have been made without expense to the city.

At an early day, when the town was small, it was the custom to appoint a scavenger whose duty it was to remove dead animals and all noisome objects and matters out of the streets and into the country. First the scavenger was paid by the day, next by a fee of so much per head, but when the city had greatly increased its area and population the job was let out to the lowest bidder. After awhile it fell into the hands of a contractor, who was paid a lump sum to do the work. He did it to the satisfaction of the authorities, and so he held the job for many years.

In the earliest days nothing was done with the dead animals, except to cart them out into the country and there throw a little dirt over them. As the country more and more filled up with people it was required that the dead animals be buried. But when the contractor got control of the business he soon found out how best to dispose of the flesh and bone product of his scavenging. He erected a rendering plant out in the country and by means of it converted dead horses, mules, etc., into phosphates and several other valuable by-products. He made a good deal of money in the sale of these various products and at the same time received a large sum from the city. The office of scavenger of Chicago is one that few persons would like to fill and for that reason only a very few persons know that it is worth a considerable sum. This ignorance served to protect the contractor in the position for a long time, during which it never occurred to anyone to inquire if he was getting rich out of scavenging. The work of removing dead animals increased enormously in proportion. Better than that for him, the amount of money the city was paying him increased too. Finally he was paid on a contract with the city \$37,000 a year. His business had grown up naturally, but now it was so large that naturally it attracted the notice of other men who could see, or smell, a good thing.

It is a good thing to be scavenger of Chicago, even without pay from the city. Two years ago John McDonald astonished the contractor, who was getting \$37,500 from the city, by putting in a five years' bid of one dollar a year and offering to guarantee that the work would be well and thoroughly done. Of course he got the contract and then, with his two sons, he commenced business. He introduced at the start some improvements in the teams and wagons used in the city and in the cars for conveying the dead animals out into the country. Formerly the wagons were not well adapted to their purpose, and when loaded were a nuisance wherever they passed. Now they are specially constructed and are hardly noticed as they pass. The cars formerly used were nothing better than old-fashioned box cars for cattle. Now refrigerated cars are used for the purpose and no offense is given to the people of the suburbs through which they come and go half a dozen times a day.—Chicago Chronicle.

Unique Plan to Exclude Chinese.
Either the queen or the Chinaman will have to leave the mines in British Columbia. The parliament has under consideration a peculiar Chinese exclusion act. The province hesitates to pass a direct act against the subjects of a friendly power, so this will be "an act to regulate the length of hair worn by employes in mines."
N. Y. Sun.

"Put Money In Thy Purse."

Nobody suffering from brain-fag, lack of energy, or "that tired feeling" ever puts money in his purse. Lassitude and listlessness come from impure, sluggish blood that simply clogs the veins. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure and gives it life, vigor and vim.



HONEY IN A CAVERN.

Unknown Riches Found on a Remarkable Game Preserve.

Novelty Within a Novelty in the Ozark Mountains in Missouri—Six Feet of Solid Honeycomb.

A natural cave of honey is the latest addition to the riches of Col. Moses C. Wetmore, of St. Louis. This cavern of honey has just been discovered on Col. Wetmore's 7,000-acre game preserve in the wilds of Taney county, 60 miles south of Springfield, Mo. It is a large cave hidden from view in one of the most isolated spots of the Ozark mountain region.

The bees have probably had undisputed possession of the cave for many years, for it appears to be literally filled with honey, just like a hive in a well-kept apiary. How far into the side of the mountain this cave extends is an unsettled question. The mouth of the cave is about six feet in diameter and it presents a front of solid honeycomb. While the bees appear to be of the common species, they are unusually hostile.

There are few wilder spots on earth than the Ozark mountains in Taney county. But few men have had the bravery to approach the place. The discovery was made by William Hunt, who is in charge of Col. Wetmore's game preserve as keeper. As soon as Hunt found the hidden treasure he communicated with Maj. George H. McCann, of Col. Wetmore in the ownership and management of the preserve. Maj. McCann made a trip to Taney county to see the novel beehive, taking with him a party of Springfield friends. Maj. McCann made as thorough an inspection as the hostility of the bees would permit, and he is now devising plans for harvesting the honey. If this cave is like the average Ozark mountain cavern, it is all the way from one to two miles in length, and if the honey is built solidly from end to end, there are tons of it. The bees may have only woven a web of honey at the front, or they may have filled the entire space. This is a question that will soon be determined, for Maj. McCann expects to employ experienced beekeepers and have a thorough exploration made.

This remarkable beehive is a novelty within a novelty, for Col. Wetmore's preserve is well worth a thousand miles of travel to see. The colonel and his associates have stocked 7,000 acres with game. They have animals, fish and birds of almost every species, but they have made no arrangements for bees. Now that nature has supplied that omission, the game preserve is a menagerie such as cannot be found elsewhere. A barbed-wire fence of 17 strands surrounds the place, and White river, a most romantic stream, navigable for small boats, flows through it. On a river bluff a thousand feet above the water stands "The Lodge," which shelters Col. Wetmore and the distinguished visitors who frequently accompany him to his hunting precincts.

Col. Wetmore is the owner of the only bathtub in Taney county. It is located in "The Lodge." The finest herd of elk in the United States, it is claimed, roams through the woods of this preserve. There are deer by the hundreds. Wild turkeys are so numerous they cannot be counted. The rivers are alive with fish. About the only thing lacking is buffalo, and Col. Wetmore and Maj. McCann are now negotiating for a herd. This preserve is 35 miles from the nearest railway station, and it is reached over as rough a wagon road as can be found anywhere in America. But here in this wild spot "The Lodge" is carpeted with the softest of velvet, the windows are draped with the costliest of curtains, there is a grand piano, a mahogany sideboard, and other furnishings that are not to be found elsewhere in this region.—Chicago Record.

Another Starring Allusion.—"Over in Spain they are talking of shooting all the generals." "Well, they'd have to hire some marksmen to do the job."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boy (reading).—"Pa, listen! 'The sugar magnate took the senator apart'—what did he take him apart for?" Pa—"To see what he could get out of him, my son."—Town Topics.

Teacher.—"You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, takes a bath, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?" Tom (shamefacedly).—"That's me."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

BULLS FIGHT JAGUAR

Stirring Encounter on a Texas Cattle Ranch.

The Jaguar Whips Two Bulls, But Is Put to Rest by a Third and Finally Lassoed by Five Cowboys.

"I was riding over the plain west of San Bautista in the Pelos country a few days ago trying to look up a stray horse," writes A. G. Gillespie, a Texas ranchman, to his brother in this city. "There are always plenty of cattle on the plain, especially in the winter when the stock drifts south before the norther. They were all there to-day, but instead of being scattered over the prairie as usual most of them were bunched together near the middle of the plain and all the others in sight were running to join them. The herd was a good two miles away, but I had the curiosity to ride over to see what was happening. I expected to see a fight between two bulls, but when I got to where I could look over the heads of the cattle I saw that a jaguar had come out on the plain and knocked over a yearling heifer. The cows and steers had gathered and formed a half circle about him, and they were bellowing and pawing the ground at a great rate, but they stayed at a safe distance from the jaguar, who was tearing the heifer's throat, now and then lifting his head to snarl at the cattle.

"So far it was a game of bluff on both sides. The arrival of a two-year-old half-grade Texas bull changed the situation. He passed to the front of the herd and advanced alone toward the jaguar. At this the jaguar left off tearing at the heifer and leaping over her body faced the bull. He was a handsome, fierce looking fellow, with his sleek skin of black and yellow, as he crouched to the ground with his white teeth showing and the tip of his tail curving in and out like a snake. The bull came on, roaring, stopped to paw the ground and shake his head at four or five yards away, then lowered his head as he charged upon the jaguar. Just as the horns seemed about to touch him the jaguar rose, curving from the ground, overleaped head and horns and landed square upon the bull's shoulders. In an instant he had shifted position and, clinging to the bull's side and shoulders with his claws, was biting savagely into the back of his neck. The bull bellowed and shook himself, but could not shake the jaguar off, and at last ran, circling back to the herd. Just before he got among the other cattle the jaguar leaped to the ground and again back to the heifer where he stopped again, facing the herd.

"The young bull had got more than enough of fighting, and he took up his position among the non-combatants in the rear of the herd, but a new champion appeared in the form of a polled angus bull, a big one, as black as midnight. He ran straight for the jaguar, with perfect confidence; then, as he lowered his hornless head to butt, the jaguar followed the same tactics as before, rose above it with an easy leap, landed at the bull's shoulders, and in a second more was biting at his neck. The polled angus thrashed around and made a longer struggle than the two-year-old had, but the jaguar hung on and the big bull at last ran back to the herd while the jaguar dropped off and went back to the heifer as before.

"He scarcely had taken his position behind the carcass when he was called once more to defend it and this time I saw that it meant serious business for him. The newcomer was an old Texas bull of the wild cattle variety, with long horns pointing forward; he had arrived late, but was full of fight. As he came on the jaguar, who perhaps was tired of fighting, did not attempt to spring upon him, but at the last moment jumped away. The bull followed him up, darting at him with his horns and showing an agility astonishing in so heavy an animal. For a minute or so the jaguar dodged his rushes, then turned and broke on the jump for the wooden bank of Alamosa creek, a mile away. The bull chased him a short distance, stopped to bellow and gaze after him, then turned back to the herd and promptly tried to start a fight with the polled angus and with the young bull, but neither wanted anything to do with him.

"Once safe away from the bull the jaguar slowed his pace and trotted along toward the timber, making good time with his long, smooth, cat-footed stride. He had got half way there when out from the creek bottom directly in front of him five cowboys rode up over the bank upon the plain. At once they spread out and rode to head him off from the timber. The jaguar made a few bounds in the effort to get past them, then as they surrounded him stopped on his defense. There was not a firearm in the party and it was not easy for them to force their horses near enough the jaguar to use their lassos. At last one of them, a Mexican named Juan Ribera, letting the loop of his lasso lie on the ground, caught the nose and setting spurs to his horse rode the beast upon his back and dragged him. Other lassos quickly caught the jaguar's neck and one hind leg, and then with the three ropes pulled taut the animal lay helpless. The question was debated of trying to preserve him alive, but was settled by one of the cowboys killing him with a knife. I measured the jaguar and he was just eight feet long. When I rode away the cowboys were skinning him."
—N. Y. Sun.

An Irish Prerogative.
Cassidy (reading) — "Th' devil Rooshia, France, Germany, Austria and Italy are going to pitch in and lick England!"
Costigan — They had better attend to their own dom business and let the Oirish attend to theirs! — Puck.