

OUR COUNTY . . . Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

The commissioners' court will convene in regular session Wednesday, Aug. 8th.

Lewis Ulrich is assisting at the Jacksonville postoffice since the resignation of Harry Helms.

A street sprinkler is in operation in Jacksonville, and no further complaint is heard concerning the dust.

C. Southwick, a Chicago optician, was in Jacksonville a couple of days this week. He claimed not to have met with much success.

Miss Helen Colvig, who has been visiting friends in Portland for some time, arrived home Friday, accompanied by Miss Brotherton.

Report says that C. B. Watson and Robert Shaw, who have been prospecting in the vicinity of Sterling mountain, have made a good find.

Miss Hainey, of Tacoma, youngest daughter of Bert Hainey, of the Star Gulch mine, arrived in Jacksonville Saturday for a visit with her father and other relatives here.

G. F. Wertz and Ida Evans were married by Justice Plymale, at his residence in Jacksonville, Wednesday, at 2 o'clock. The contracting parties are residents of Gold Hill.

Miss Mary Beeson, a teacher at the Klamath Agency, is visiting friends in Jacksonville, the guest of the sisters at St. Mary's academy.

Mrs. N. Fisher, formerly a resident of Jacksonville, who has been visiting friends here for the past two months, left for her home on Saturday.

John Wintgen, a '52 pioneer of Jacksonville, and who spends most of his time in Germany and New York, arrived here from the latter place Friday.

Herbert Hanna and Chas. Nunan, students at the Oakland college, who have been spending their vacation at home, returned the first of the week to resume their studies.

Col. Robert A. Miller, a former Jacksonville boy, who has made for himself a name and place among men, was in Jacksonville the first of the week on professional business.

Harry Helms has resigned his position of deputy postmaster to accept an agency from the Chicago Portrait Company. It is understood he will travel for the company and solicit orders.

F. H. Osgood, of Tacoma, who is largely interested in property in Southern Oregon, and who contemplates further investments, arrived in Jacksonville on Wednesday's train, accompanied by F. H. Kelley.

Russell O'Neil, the expert typewriter, has gone to Portland to take a course in stenography at the Portland Business College. It is his purpose to succeed Miss Kate Lemberger as court reporter when she retires from the position.

Mrs. Nanary, of Tacoma, a sister of Owen Keegan, arrived in Jacksonville Saturday, accompanied by her son, William. She will be the guest of Mrs. Keegan while here, and will visit Dead Indian and other resorts before returning home.

Dr. Warren Cameron, of Uniontown, who has been attending a medical college in Chicago and has been home on a visit for the past two months, will return in a few days to resume his studies at the college.

Miss Grace Carroll, a prominent and highly esteemed young lady of Roseburg, who has been sojourning in Ashland for the past three months, is visiting friends in Jacksonville, the guest of Miss Kate Plymale.

A number of wagons and carriages, loaded with Christian Endeavor children, went to Rogue river Wednesday. The young Endeavorers were billed to fish, romp and have a grand feast. They were provided with an array of delicacies that would tempt the most recalcitrant appetite.

It is reported that W. O. Marks, of Ashland, recent democratic nominee for county recorder, has been offered a position with the San Francisco Call to go to China as a cartoonist and reporter for that

paper. The report is silent as to his acceptance.

Prof. J. M. Horton, who leaves this week for Crescent City to take the position of principal of the high school at that place, has advertised a large number of personal effects for sale. If not disposed of before he leaves, they will be left in charge of some one to sell.

A. W. Sturgis, the big placer miner, of Forest creek, was compelled to abandon cleaning up at his mine on account of the rapid shrinkage of water occasioned by the hot weather. He will not be able to finish the work until after the commencement of the rains in the fall. He had a fine season's run and is well satisfied with the clean-up as far as it has progressed.

The directors of the Jacksonville public school have employed Prof. W. T. Van Scoy, of Ashland, as principal of the school in the place of Prof. Horton, who resigned to accept the principalship of the high school at Crescent City. Prof. Van Scoy has had much experience as a teacher, having been president of the Drain and Ashland normal schools, and will no doubt give good satisfaction.

Peter Applegate, the recorder, and his sons, Mark and Jesse, are on an outing up in the Elk creek country. It is Mr. Applegate's purpose to mingle business with pleasure, and while he is enjoying a much needed relief from the cares and confinement of the office he will look over the Elk creek mining district and determine what further is to be done in regard to his holdings up there.

Mrs. Pauline Hines, administratrix of the estate of the late George Hines, has advertised all the personal property of the Union livery stables for sale. The property consists of horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harness, saddles and all the fixtures and furnishings that go to make up a first-class livery outfit. Mrs. Hines will sell the business as a whole at private sale, or anything in connection with it that may be desired. This is a chance to buy a good paying property as a whole or secure good bargains on any part of it.

At the meeting of the officers of the Pioneer Society of Southern Oregon, Hon. Wm. M. Colvig was elected president and Silas J. Day secretary for the ensuing year. The next annual reunion will be held at the court house square in Jacksonville, Thursday, Sept. 6th. Hon. P. H. D'Arcy, an able attorney of Salem, has been secured to deliver the address. Mr. Colvig as a president will leave nothing undone to make the coming reunion the most enjoyable in the history of the society. Many new and interesting features, not hitherto introduced, will form a part of the day's exercises.

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Her record as a member of the Women's Relief Corps was marked by love for the order, by loyalty and faithfulness.

She was a devoted wife and mother, a faithful friend, a wise counselor.

To the bereaved family the Women's Relief Corps extend warmest sympathy, and as an expression of love, as a mark of our respect, let the charter of our corps be draped

in mourning for thirty days.

It is meted and proper such respect be shown the memory of the sister and friend we have lost.

By command of MARY A. MEE, President, EDNA L. ROHNETT, Secretary. Table Rock Items.

Mrs. Alice Vincent is quite ill, but improving under the care of Dr. Jones, of Medford.

Harry Nealon is the owner of a match span of bays of which he is very proud. Can't run a bluff on him now with a big load.

Miss Grace Dickison gave an ice cream party to a number of her little friends last Friday afternoon. All who attended had a pleasant time, the heat of the day adding to the pleasure of eating frozen cream.

Mrs. John Barneburg and Master Merle Kellogg passed through here one day last week. Mrs. B. from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Stacey, and Master Merle and his little pony from a trip with his father while assessing.

J. C. Pendleton returned from San Francisco Sunday where he had been for two weeks under the care of the specialist, Dr. Southard, having his ears treated, and undergoing two operations, which have given him great relief.

Prof. Buok and Mr. Allen broke camp Friday morning, the former to spend a few days at soda springs, the latter to join his parents in San Francisco. Both left the river wishing it was so they could stay longer and well pleased with their summer's sport.

There is a great deal of complaint about missent letters and papers since our mail has to come by way of Gold Hill and Sams Valley. Fully one-third of the letters reach their destination from one to two mails late and decorated with the word "missent," and it is getting decidedly monotonous, to say the least.

Rev. and Mrs. Robt. McLean and son, Berto, left for Grants Pass and Portland Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Jewell returned to the Pass Monday, Mr. J. very happy at having caught two large fish, in addition to many small ones landed by himself and wife, the latter being no mean fisherman. 'Twas with regret that we saw the McLean family pass from sight as they do not expect to visit the river again very soon. We shall not only miss their kindly presence, but also the generous donations of delicious fish.

The battleship Oregon's damage in running on a rock in a fog at the Gulf of Pechili, China, did not injure her structural strength, and the ship is to be patched up in Japan for temporary service, until the Chinese trouble is settled. She will then probably be taken to San Francisco for permanent repairs.

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"Willful Waste

Makes Woeful Want."

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

SONG OF PAIN.

I am the angel, soft-hearted Pain. I watch over mortals as mothers might do— I guard them, I keep them, I plan for their gain; My waiting is speedy—my judgment is true. I stand at the door where the death-hound, Disease, Hot-brass for blood, has just sooted his prey; I rush to the victim he hastes to seize— I wake him, I warn him, I bid him away! I am the angel— The dark-hued evangel— Bringing the good news of danger to men: They who will heed me, Seldom may need me; Soon I return to my watch-tower again. I am the devil, red-handed Pain. I hang over mortals when helpless they lie; I stab them, I rack them, I rend them in twain. Till, wearied with anguish, they pray they may die. I lurk where the battle's red banner appears. I poison the wounds, and I follow the blow. I torture the fallen, and laugh at their tears. For I am cruellest, fiercest of foes. I am a devil— A symbol of evil— Feasting my fury on sorrows of men; Not till Death snatches My prey from my clutches, Will I return to my comfortable den. I am the monitor, chastening Pain. I punish the mortals who do themselves wrong. I bind them, I beat them, I leave them my stain; My vengeance is certain—my patience is long. I dull the keen edge of their reckless desire, I give them true words they may cherish away; I burn in their memory symbols of fire, To warn them and hold them from going astray. Over the portals That open for mortals, Into the Eden where serpents creep low, Cherubim, aiming Their trusty blades flaming, Place I, that mortals their dangers may see— Will Carleton, in Every Where.

KNOWS A GOOD THING NOW.

By GEORGE ADE.

THERE is an engineer on the Illinois Central who is pretty well satisfied with his lot. It is possible that if "the road" wanted to make him a division superintendent or vice president he would accept either position, but it would be a difficult matter to induce him to give up railroading and take up another calling. There was a time, he says, when a good thing might label itself and stare him in the face and he wouldn't know it, but he believes his perceptions have been considerably sharpened since then.

He was employed as fireman on one of the company's engines more than a year ago, and was known from Randolph street to Buffalo as "the dude." As soon as his work was done and he had discarded his bedtickling jumper, pale-blue overalls and diurnal accumulation of lubricating oil, sand and coal dust, he proceeded to array himself in fine linen and a \$40 suit of clothes and loaf and invite his soul. He had several of these suits of clothes and a cape overcoat besides. Also he had a cornet whereon he played with some skill, and he loved the drama.

Whenever anything of a theatrical nature was under discussion among the railroad men "the dude fireman" was always appealed to as an authority. He had an easy and familiar way of talking of Allee Neilson, Andy Mack, Sol Smith Russell, Nat Goodwin and the rest, and was particularly impressive, and his criticisms were always accepted as final. He was not a man who made fine distinctions; actors were, as he viewed them, either "great" or "bum." Nor was he one of those who content themselves with criticizing. Even the men who sneered with the greatest bitterness at the cape overcoat were compelled to admit when Jack "spoke a piece" at any of their entertainments that he "spoke it out of sight."

It was not surprising, therefore, that when Bob Chilson, who was sitting smoking in the fireman's room, said: "Jack, you ought to go on the stage," Jack answered: "That's exactly what I am going to do."

There was an uncomfortable pause for a moment, during which Bob did his best not to look doubtful. At last he said: "Are you going to give up your job?"

"I won't if I can hold it and travel about the country with a troupe," replied Jack, "but they'd have to get another man to do my work and they wouldn't want to pay us both wages, so I suppose I might just about as well quit."

Eight months later the ex-fireman, thin and haggard blue about the upper lip and jaw, shabby in attire and with shoes worn to the quick, was sitting in a room in his friend's flat telling him all about it.

"It was a mighty meteoric career," he said. "I shot athwart the stary firmament in a blaze of glory for just about as long as it would take you to say 'sent,' and then they didn't do a thing to me."

"I went to New York when I quit the road and got in with the Crotty-Damiens company. The manager's name was Crotty and his wife's name

was Damiens, and he had been dressed down with powdered pumice and hand polished. I want to tell you. He sold me a wardrobe the first thing, and afterward he sold it for me and held out 20 per cent. commission. Crotty was about the warmest baby in the bunch, and there was only one bunch. He was going to star me all the time as long as my money held out, and then he shook me down to third pennant. I saw how it was by that time, but I couldn't help myself for awhile. I hated to go to playing cornet in the orchestra, but it was the only thing there was. I've seen a whole lot of country and I've traveled passes more than I expected to.

It's a life full of interest, not to say anxiety, is an actor's. But I think on consideration I'd about as soon have a retive position in the street-cleaning department. Are they giving out these red civil-service tickets this year, Bob, or can any husky boy get a broom?"

"You stay right here with me until you strike something," said Bob, cordially. "I'll do what I can for you. You'd better get you some clothes the first thing."

For three weeks the convalescent victim of stage mania diligently answered advertisements in person and by letter, almost invariably to find that the places that he sought were filled by the time he made his application. He finally obtained an engagement as a gardener, which he filled for three days, and then he quit at the request of his employer, whose orchids he had pruned close to the root to increase their growth. After this episode he found temporary favor in the eyes of the manager of a wholesale grocery in Wabash avenue, who was taking stock. At the end of the week he received nine dollars and an intimation that his services were no longer needed. That was simply on account of a few purely accidental errors and omissions. He wanted to turn the nine dollars over to his friend and benefactor, but that person, remembering remorsefully that he had suggested the dramatic career, refused to accept the money.

The day following the ex-member of the profession announced that he had met one of the best poker-players he had ever sat down with, but he added the loss of the nine dollars was not of so much consequence, as he had been engaged as second cook in a large downtown restaurant.

Chilson was stupefied. "You a cook?" he exclaimed. "When did you ever cook, Frank?"

"Didn't you know I was chef in the Murphy house at Siding Y?" asked Frank, cheerfully.

"They'll get on to you," said Chilson. "You're a chump to make a bluff of that kind."

"I'd be a bigger chump to go around telling people all I don't know," retorted Frank. "I know enough for that. I figure that if I go in and keep my mouth shut and watch things I'll own that restaurant inside of a year."

The next night when Chilson came home he found his friend smoking a long stogie with his feet on the window sill.

"Did you last all day?" he asked. "Up to three o'clock," replied Frank. "I got along first-rate at the start. The chief cook seemed to be a good fellow and what he gave me was easy. He did remark that he supposed I was a little rusty, and I told him he was dead right. He went out after the breakfast was over and told me to clear up a little. Some of the flunkies put me next, and I did it pretty well. After awhile the cook came back and the dinner rush began. Well, I went up in the air. There was more to it than I thought."

"Where's my lard?" he said pretty soon, looking into a kettle I had worked hard to clean.

"I threw that out," I says. "Weren't you through with it? You were frying potatoes in it all morning."

"He caught up a cleaver, and I thought he was going to throw it at me, but some orders came in, and he just threw a bitter look instead."

"I thought he was going to overlook the matter, but you ought to have heard what he said when the rush was over."

"I don't seem to satisfy you," I says.

"No, you thick-fingered, lunk-headed, lopsided fraud, you don't," he says. "You was never nearer the inside of a kitchen than the back doorstep waiting for a handout in your life."

"Then why don't you fire me?" I says.

"You're fired," he says, "and now get out of here before I kick you out."

"That was one case where a bluff game didn't work," concluded Frank, "but I see there's a junior partner in a mercantile business in a suburban town wanted this evening. If you'll lend me the carfare, Bob, I'll go out in the morning and see if I can't get him to dispense with the capital or take my notes. I think I would shine as a junior partner."

About a week afterward the master mechanic of the Illinois Central met the ex-fireman and told him to call at his office. Then he questioned him a little concerning his experiences since he had left the company's services, and finally put him back on his old run. He has since been promoted to engineer, but only the old men speak of him as "the dude." He has changed a great deal.—Chicago Daily Record.

Significant Answers.

Prof. Aegidi, who was for many years the chief of the press bureau, under Prince Bismarck, has lately published a reminiscence of the great chancellor which shows how alert he was in drawing conclusions. Before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war the tsar was with King William at Ems. They were together one evening, and Bismarck was standing at the other end of the room anxiously watching the tsar, whose more or less friendly attitude toward Prussia's policy was a matter of great importance. Suddenly the

Russian emperor's big dog, which had been lying silent under his master's chair, rose, prowled about the room, stopped before Bismarck, looked at him, wagged his tail affectionately and licked the hand he held out toward it. The tsar, who had attentively watched its movements, called out to Bismarck: "You see the dog knows his master's friends." Bismarck, who told Aegidi this story, added: "I felt relieved. That was a historical moment for our policy." It proved to him that he had, at least, not to count on Russia's opposition in the coming conflict.—Youth's Companion.

While a large excursion from Pueblo, Colo., was on the Vets. pass, near the Spanish peaks, Sunday, a drunken fight occurred, in which several men from the adjoining mining camp of Russell participated. James Parsons was knocked down with a fence rail in the hands of Louis Vasquez. He will probably die. A. Y. Graybill was shot in the abdomen by Charles Campbell and is dying. Many shots were fired by the crowd at Campbell, but he escaped and is being pursued by a posse.

The Spanish cabinet is considering the proposition of the United States government for the cession of the islands of Cuba and Cagayan in consideration of an indemnity of \$100,000. The ministry regards the proposition favorably, and negotiations for a treaty of accord between the two governments are proceeding rapidly.

Senator Clark announced eight-hour shifts for all underground men at the United Verde mine at Jerome, A. T., and an increase of 15 per cent in wages for miners in certain portions of the mine.

When the war in South Africa is over, 10,000 Boers, chiefly naturalized citizens of the Transvaal, will emigrate to the United States. Irish-Americans are arranging the preliminaries for this movement. The latest Maschadodorp advices state that President Kruger will refuse to surrender until his supplies are exhausted.

Fifteen lives are known to have been lost in a cloudburst at Coleman, Tex. Ten bodies have been recovered, but only two were identified. They are: Joseph Spath, a leading merchant of the village, and John Fulestine.

King Alexander of Servia has created a great sensation throughout this country by marrying Mme. Maschin, a commoner.

In recent fighting at Dedop the Boers have inflicted severe punishment on the British. In other parts of the Transvaal the British have been successful.

Shasta county will have a new hospital by December 1. The contract for building it has been let by the supervisors for \$4400. The structure must be completed by December 1, 1900, and will be constructed on the recently purchased site two and a half miles south of Redding. It will be one story in height, 104x140 feet in dimensions, and will have a large inner court paved with concrete. The plans outline a model county hospital.

While bathing in Wiley's lake, Ventura county, six persons were accidentally drowned. They were on a log raft and all fell off. The victims are Mr. and Mrs. Byron H. Wiley, their 12-year-old daughter, Miss Foslun, 19 years of age, a young man whose name was Broderick, and an unknown boy.

William K. Conger, a pioneer lumber dealer of California, died of apoplexy at Alameda a few days ago.

Three threshers, working on the Kennedy farm near Fort Scott, Kas., were killed by a bolt of lightning. The dead are: Joseph Kennedy, Archie Kelston and Henry Cowles. Roy Cos was rendered unconscious, but will recover.

The St. Paul Cold Storage and Warehouse company's large warehouse was destroyed by fire. The total loss is estimated at \$750,000 with an insurance of \$550,000. The warehouse was filled with butter, fruit, tobacco, eggs, tea, whiskey and other commodities.

The Lehigh valley freight house at East Buffalo, N. Y., together with 64 cars loaded with merchandise, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$180,000.

DON'T BE DUPED

There have been placed upon the market several cheap reprints of an obsolete edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are being offered under various names at a low price.

By Worthless

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher-priced book when in reality, so far as we know and believe, they are all, from A to Z.

Reprint Dictionaries, phototype copies of a book of over fifty years ago, which in its day was sold for about