

OUR COUNTY . . . Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jennings, of Sterling, were in our city Tuesday upon business.

Granville Naylor, of Medford, was in Jacksonville recently interviewing old friends.

Fred Armpriest and Fred Sturgis, of Forest creek, were at the county seat last week.

Mrs. Jennie Alford, of Klamath County, was visiting her brother, James R. Neil, last week.

Chas. Carney left for Crescent City Saturday with a load of household goods for Prof. Horton.

Miss Pearl Webb, of Medford, was in Jacksonville Saturday, the guest of Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Mrs. Will Gore, who resides at the Ish farm, was in Jacksonville Tuesday calling upon friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Broad, of Forest creek, accompanied by a lady friend, visited this city Saturday.

Mrs. B. P. Jones and daughter, Miss Lulu, left for Coletan last Saturday for the benefit of the latter's health.

Mrs. M. Peter, who has been paying her sister, Mrs. Moore, of Portland, a visit, returned to Jacksonville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Bolton and daughter and Miss Susie Brooks, of Ashland, were visiting relatives in Jacksonville Tuesday.

Frank Smith and family left Tuesday morning for the Bybee sulphur springs, where they expect to remain several weeks.

Dr. Geo. DeBar was called to Central Point Tuesday afternoon to attend the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Ross, who is quite ill with fever.

Mrs. J. C. Whipp and daughter, Gertrude, returned last Wednesday from Central Point, where they spent several days at the home of Mrs. T. D. Ross.

A marriage license was issued to Mr. Germinus Goble and Mrs. Carrie Goble, of Medford, and they were married on Wednesday by Rev. W. B. Moore.

Chris. Keegan, a conspicuous figure in the Jacksonville marble works, and Master Vorne Whipp left for Dead Indian soda springs last Saturday. They will probably remain several weeks.

Thos. Kahler came in from the Star Gulch mine, of which W. E. Haney is manager, this week. He reports an unusually fine clean-up and is sanguine of success in the development of this mine.

Mrs. A. H. Meagerly, of Portland, accompanied by her two little daughters, is visiting her mother, Mrs. G. Karowski, who is still quite ill from injuries received several weeks ago while getting out of a buggy.

It is with regret we learn of the recent death of two most estimable young people who formerly resided in Jacksonville. Edward Stratford died at the home of his sister, in Comstock, Oregon, and Miss Edith Buckner, daughter of Rev. Buckner, died at Yountville, California.

Mrs. Geo. Hines sold her livery rigs and horses to Geo. Lewis at private sale on Tuesday, consideration \$1200. Mr. Hines has rented the stables of Mrs. Hines and will conduct the business hereafter. The public will always find him ready and obliging.

At the regular meeting of the town board Tuesday evening, Aug. 7th, license were issued to George Neuber for six months and to Wintchen & Helms for three months. City Treasurer Lee Jacobs resigned, and James Cronmiller, after resigning as a member of the board, was elected to fill the office of treasurer. Judge Prim was elected to succeed Mr. Cronmiller as a member of the board.

Following the regular business meeting of the O. E. Society, a pleasant surprise in honor of the president, Miss Kate Lemberger, was successfully carried out by the members. Cake and ice cream, which had been secretly carried into the basement kitchen during the meeting, were served, and a pleasant hour was spent in social conversation.

Nursing Mothers

dread hot weather. They know how it weakens and how this affects the baby. All such mothers need Scott's Emulsion. It gives them strength and makes the baby's food richer and more abundant.

50c. and \$1. All druggists.

verse. Miss Lemberger was also tendered a reception Monday evening by the Rebekahs, she being an honored member of their lodge.

Prof. J. M. Horton, who so very acceptably acted as principal of our public schools for the past five years, left last week with his family for Crescent City, where he has accepted the principalship of the high school. As an educator Prof. Horton has few equals and the people of Crescent City are to be congratulated on securing his services. He and his estimable wife will be greatly missed in our social circles. Miss Mamie Cronmiller accompanied them to their new home. Their many friends here wish them success.

Miss Kate Lemberger, the court stenographer, who has resided in Jacksonville for a number of years, has resigned her position and will move to Portland. Miss Lemberger is well known in Jackson, Josephine and Klamath Counties, where her work in the court room for many years has made her prominent. Capable, prompt and obliging, she has filled her position in a manner beyond criticism. The same energetic and obliging spirit rules Miss Lemberger in her social relations. In her religious work during the past year she has been earnest and enthusiastic, especially in her management of the Christian Endeavor Society, of which she was president. It is to be hoped her labors may not have been in vain.

Saturday evening as Mrs. Theo. Cameron and Mrs. Wm. Bilger were returning from a visit with friends in the valley, and were nearing Mrs. Cameron's residence in the upper part of town, some men were engaged in adjusting a high pack on a horse near the gate. As the ladies drove up the covering was thrown from the pack, frightening their horse, which wheeled short around, upsetting the buggy and throwing the ladies out. Mrs. Bilger escaped without injury, but Mrs. Cameron was quite painfully, though not seriously, hurt. It was a top buggy, and how the ladies escaped as fortunately as they did can hardly be accounted for. The buggy righted itself after being turned over, and the horse ran down to the town hall and was caught. No damage was done to the buggy. Mrs. Cameron, though considerably bruised, is getting along all right.

Central Point Items.

Little Pearl Ross is very ill with malaria fever.

Miss Jennie Crippen is visiting friends on Applegate.

Miss Vina Hanson is visiting her father at Tacoma, Wash.

W. C. Leover made Jacksonville a business visit Monday.

Mrs. Jas. Shields made friends at Gold Hill a visit this week.

J. D. Pankov sold his farm near Tolo to T. J. Neff last week.

Dr. J. Hinkle made Ashland a business trip last Wednesday.

Brown Bros. shipped a carload of old scrap iron from here Tuesday.

J. P. Hoagland is supplying this market with water melons of a superior quality.

Miss Sophronia Shields, who has been visiting friends at Elk creek, returned home Sunday.

W. J. Virgin, one of Ashland's prominent business men, is here this week buying wheat.

Mrs. P. O. Applegate, Mrs. M. Hinkle and Mrs. Jennie Applegate, of Jacksonville, spent Tuesday here.

Mrs. J. Hinkle and Miss Mary Moe visited friends in the Applegate country a few days last week.

Mrs. Day, of Grants Pass, spent a few days here last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. C. Park, of Klamathon, passed through here Tuesday en route to the upper Rogue river country for an outing.

Mrs. F. R. Moore, who has been at the Good Samaritan hospital in Portland for medical aid for the past several months, is much improved and will be home soon.

Ex-Representative C. A. Towne, who was nominated for vice president by the Populist convention, held in Sioux Falls in May, has declined the nomination.

Gunpowder was originally invented in China and used in armies to scare the enemy by its noise and smoke. The Chinese idea of settling a battle by the biggest uproar is at least merciful. But it won't save Pekin.

Fruit is principally valuable for its salts and free acids, required by the system at all times, but more especially when the weather is warm. Fruits, owing to these, cool and purify the blood and keep the entire alimentary canal in healthy condition.

It is estimated that the total wheat yield of Oklahoma will be 30,000,000 bushels this year.

California deciduous fruits have been selling at unsatisfactory prices in New York lately, some cars not bringing enough to pay freight.

Pretty hot weather in the east. On Wednesday of this week there were three deaths and four prostrations from the intense heat at Milwaukee; two prostrations and one death at Kansas City; four deaths and seven prostrations at Chicago; one death and seven prostrations at Pittsburg.

The latest report from Santa Clara County, Calif., is that there is no improvement in the prospect for prunes. It is now believed that while there will be a limited quantity of very fine prunes, there will be the largest proportion of very small and nearly worthless fruit ever grown there.

The Sisson Mirror says a new plan of locomotive engineering has been adopted in this division. Heretofore each engineer had his special engine for service. Now the engines are assigned to the first engines in readiness for the trip. The engines are not laid up at the end of the engineer's run, but now do service in continuous trips from Dunsmuir north to Portland and south to Sacramento. This change has been occasioned by the extra demand for engines to perform the constantly increased business of the roads. An engineer loves his engine as he does his sweetheart and these changes to him are like being forced to change his affections every trip.

Commissioner Hermann, of the General Land Office, has instituted a very thorough system for guarding against fires within the forest reservations of the west during the present season, and hopes by a most rigid surveillance to prevent any or all fires from working great damage to the public forests. He has telegraphed each of the superintendents of reserves, asking if, in their judgment, the present force of forest rangers is sufficient to cope with emergencies, and if there are now any exposed places in these reserves that are not guarded by an adequate patrol. If in their judgment an increased force is required during the heated season, these superintendents have been authorized to recommend new appointments, which will be made as long as the available funds last.

Coated

Look at your tongue.

Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:



Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement of the day following. You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."

Mrs. N. E. TALBOT,
March 30, 1899. Arrington, Kans.

"Take Time by The Forelock."

Don't wait until sickness overtakes you. When that tired feeling, the first rheumatic pain, the first warnings of impure blood are manifest, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will rescue your health and probably save a serious sickness. Be sure to get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

CHEAP HYDROGEN GAS.

Under New Process It Is Obtained for Nothing as a By-Product from Acetylene.

Almost the only demand for hydrogen gas, except in small quantities for laboratory use, is for filling balloons, and these are now of such value in military service that the question of the cost of the gas is an important one. Until recently the favorite method of producing it was to resolve water into its constituent elements by electricity. If both the oxygen and the hydrogen could be utilized, the cost of the latter would be about 54 cents, or ten cents, a cubic meter. But a French mining engineer, M. Hubou, has found a much more economical means of producing the gas.

The new plan is to manufacture lampblack from acetylene gas, an operation that yields hydrogen as a by-product, and inasmuch as the lampblack can be sold for more than the cost of the materials needed to make it, the hydrogen can be had for practically nothing. Acetylene, it is hardly necessary to say, is derived most cheaply from calcium carbide. This substance having been immersed in water, gives off an abundance of the gas. M. Hubou incloses a certain amount in a stout steel cylinder, under a pressure of two atmospheres. By means of a filament like that of an incandescent lamp he ignites the acetylene. It is decomposed abruptly, though without violence. Nevertheless, the operator is advised to stand at a distance from his apparatus when he turns on the electric current. When the acetylene is broken up, it gives rise to lampblack, which is deposited on the walls of the cylinder, and to free hydrogen. So much of the latter is produced that the pressure in the cylinder rises during the process to about 25 atmospheres, or nearly 400 pounds to the inch. On opening a valve the operator allows the hydrogen to flow off into a separate reservoir.

A kilogram of acetylene costs about a franc. It produces 75 grammes of hydrogen, or more than a cubic meter, and 925 grammes of lampblack. It is asserted that this amount of lampblack has a higher value than the carbide needed to make it. It is a rather curious aspect of this discovery that acetylene is about as heavy a gas as air, but it is used to make the lightest gas yet known.—N. Y. Tribune.

INTENSE COLD.

Numbs the Senses and Produces in Some Cases Results Similar to Alcoholic Intoxication.

The usual results of exposure to extreme cold are loss of energy, both physical and mental, followed by drowsiness and disinclination to move; the mental faculties become torpid and the senses numbed, while the victim is seized with an irresistible desire to lie down and sleep. If this desire is yielded to the lethargy passes into stupor and death follows. Occasionally these symptoms are preceded by others which resemble those of intoxication, and are due to a peculiar condition of the blood, which at a very low temperature takes up an insufficient quantity of oxygen, and so has an injurious effect on the nervous system. It was observed during the retreat of the French from Moscow that those who were most severely affected by the cold often reeled about as if intoxicated; they also complained of giddiness and indistinctness of vision and sank gradually into a state of lethargic stupor from which it was impossible to arouse them. Other instances are recorded in which persons became delirious and died through a short exposure to intense cold.

Language with No Grammar.

The Malay language is spoken by more than 40,000,000 people. It is said to be easy to learn, as it has almost no grammar.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Nine deaths in Chicago in one day from extreme heat with a record of 27 deaths and 96 prostrations for a week in the Windy City; 33 bodies received at the morgue in New York City in one day, and deaths and prostrations running into three figures every day in the east. No, thank you; we prefer old Oregon, with her moderate temperature, with her usual cool nights and bracing sea breezes, where prostrations are seldom known and fatalities from heat never occur, where winters are temperate, and blizzards and cyclones are never known. When you tire of the "monotony" of Oregon's climate, just pick up the daily papers and look for a record of the climatic conditions in the east for the same period of time, and then see if old Webfoot isn't just about perfect after all.—Independence Enterprise.

A PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP

By MARGARET HANNIS.

SHE was quite a girl, and she talked very enthusiastically to a lot of other girls about "Platonic friendship." That is an old theme—yes, ever since the days of Plato himself men and women have discussed it; particularly women. You will find that it is true, if you stop a moment to think about it, that men do not talk much about this sort of regard for each other—between men and women, I mean. Plato's greatest number of converts are women.

You will also find that the man who talks most about Platonic friendship has been educated along that line, or has first had the notion put into his head by a woman.

But to return to the girl who one day talked to a lot of other girls about this sort of friendship. She was a superior sort of girl—it is only such a one that can attract the attention of other girls. She was a "co-ed," which made her all the more interesting to the other girls who were not "co-eds," but thought what a lovely, jolly thing it must be to be one.

The "co-ed" girl was bright and brainy and healthy. She had studied as hard as any student who was not burdened with trailing skirts and be-ruffled bonnets, and many times had carried off honors that some other students, minus the referred-to badges of femininity, envied her. Her cheeks bloomed and her eyes sparkled and she was good to look upon. With all her ability and little out of the ordinary advantages, she was not masculine. Had she been, that would have spoiled it all. As it was, she was a very charming advocate of poor old Plato's philosophy. She could reckon her "Platonic" friends in goodly numbers, for these admirers of the "co-ed" girl told themselves that it was a long way from being unpleasant, even this sort of philosophically regulated devotion to the "co-ed."

But there was one out of all this number that had Mr. Plato been about, he would have shaken his head over and said: "My dear child, far from sticking close to my teachings, and thus keeping away from that wicked little Cupid's way, you are getting nearer and nearer to the danger and further away from what I would have." But Plato was not about. Lol he had been dead these many years—before there was such a thing thought of as a "co-ed" girl. And so the girl never knew until—but this is getting ahead of the story.

To this very particular "Platonic friend" "co-ed" told more of her affairs than she did to any of the rest. They said over and over to themselves and to each other that they were the most congenial and matter-of-fact friends in the world. At least the "co-ed" girl said this unhesitatingly. She seemed to have been the first to discover how "matter-of-fact" they were. And then, you know, the man on whom she lavished this particular friendship fell in with her way of thinking. "Didn't he know from the first they were only 'Platonic friends'?" Well, I don't know. I think he admired the "co-ed" girl very much and felt a little chill when philosophy was brought to bear in the case. But after the manner of men he took his cue from the woman. Women are the leaders of men in matters of love and friendship.

They talked of love and marriage, and did not blush. When two are still young and do this, then Cupid gathers up his arrows, let fall a disappointed ter or two, and seeks a spot where two say nothing of marriage until there is a ring ready to plight a troth with. And so the "co-ed" girl and the man were never to be lovers. The "co-ed" girl was quite sure that a Platonic friendship was not only possible, but ideal.

This was some time ago. The years have passed by, adding much to the "co-ed" girl's store of knowledge, but adding also to her store of womanliness. Her particular Platonic friend has never failed. Even Plato himself must have been pleased to see a man so much after his own heart.

There came a day when the man went far away. Before parting he and the "co-ed" girl talked it all over—how happy they had been together for so long.

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 dry goods dealers, grocers, agents, etc., and in a few instances as a premium for subscription to papers.

Announcements of these comparatively 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 \$5.00, and which was much superior in paper, print, and binding to these imitations, being then a work of some merit instead of one

Long Since Obsolete. The supplement of 10,000 so-called "new words," which some of these books are advertised to contain, was compiled by a gentleman who died over forty years ago, and was published before his death. Other minor additions are probably of more or less value.

The Webster's Unabridged Dictionary published by our house is the only meritorious one of that name familiar to this generation. It contains over 2000 pages, with illustrations on nearly every page, and bears our imprint on the title page. It is protected by copyright from cheap imitation.

Valuable as this work is, we have at vast expense published a thoroughly revised successor, known throughout the world as Webster's International Dictionary. As a dictionary lasts a lifetime you should

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many years, and that if she, the "co-ed" girl, needed him, the Platonic friend, at any time, that she must send for him, and that he would come to her, his "little sister," from the ends of the earth. There was not even a good-by kiss—I wish there had been—for though kisses might properly be a part of Platonic friendship, this age is even more practical than the one in which Plato taught. It cannot be said of us of the present

adopt it intensely. It is this intensity that gives to that which we advocate most strongly the epithet of "fad." Somehow things did not go right for the "co-ed" girl after the Platonic friend went away on his travels. There came troubles as troubles always come, not singly, but in lots. She was brave—her absent friend had always said she was the bravest woman he ever knew—but it would have been so comforting to tell somebody "who understood" all about it. In fact, there were affairs that it needed a manly hand to straighten.

No matter if she was a "co-ed" girl, the foolish old business world looked upon all women alike, whether they had been shut up for years in a "boarding school for young ladies" and never saw a man but their brothers and uncles, or sat every day with the sterner sex and worked out mathematical problems and recited lessons in Latin and Greek. And so one night the "co-ed" girl crept to bed and cried, she was so lonely.

But in the morning she looked in her glass and smiled. The happy face she saw there really startled her. It was not because there were fewer trials to face that day. The night had swept none of them away. It was only that she had at last "reached a conclusion," and this was it: She would write to the Platonic friend; she would tell him how much she needed him. She did not care if he did "read between the lines"—she rather hoped he would. Why shouldn't he guess what was really true—that she loved him? She knew that he would not be sorry to know that she did, for didn't she now realize how reluctantly he agreed that Platonic friendship was altogether delightful, and that often there was a sort of sadness in his voice when he talked of their future plans that were always separate? The "co-ed" girl for the first time in months sang a blithe little air as she sealed up her letter and took it to the post office. Before she dropped it in she asked for any letter that might have come for her. There was one and it said:

"My Dear Little Sister: When I come home—which will be shortly—I will bring with me one of the dearest girls in the world. I say one of the dearest, for you know I have always regarded you, and always shall, as a peer among women. Knowing you, has changed for me the world of women. I have told my wife that it is to be all about you, and she is prepared to think as much of you as I do," etc., etc.

The "co-ed" girl did not mail the letter she had written. She did not cry when she got home. She folded the letter, with the one that she had sealed so happily, and slipped it away. Thence she sat down and wrote another letter of hopes and good wishes for another woman's future happiness. "I will not disappoint him," she said. "I was the one who taught him to think as he did. I changed the world of women for him." That means that he once did not believe that women could be true, and brave and modest. Though I may never know the best of his love, I will never lose his respect."

How do I know this story? The "co-ed" girl told it to me herself, with a little catch in her voice, but a brave light in her eyes. Why do I tell it? Certainly not to prove that the belief of a wise old philosopher was all based on thin air, for friendship such as he advocated lived and flourished and will live and flourish always. But it will not thrive in every soil. To bear the perfect fruit that Plato hoped for it, the soil must be especially prepared, and that of a sort made up entirely of certain circumstances. Plant the seed of Platonic friendship in a heart that is not previously occupied and there is bound to sprout up nothing in the world but a crop of ordinary, old-fashioned love that is too commonplace to be associated with philosophy.

Plato may be blamed for bringing about much unhappiness, but all have not been unhappy who have adopted his philosophy. There have been men and women the world over whose friendship has been so strong and unselfish that the gods themselves might have been capable of none more perfect. It would be quite as unhappy a state of affairs as it would be to rob the world of all such things. No, I do not tell the "co-ed" girl's story to prove that Plato was wrong. Wiser than I have pointed out the errors of his philosophy long years before this, and yet somehow it has not been killed, or suffered very materially for its fault and seamy side being shown. I tell the story—well, I tell it because I know there are many other women like the "co-ed" girl who make the mistake of thinking there are higher things in the world than just loving and being loved, only to wake and find that after all the cleverest may feel lonely, particularly if the "cleverest" happen to be women. Friendship and love are excellent companions. Where it is possible to combine the two, earth's ideality is added to.

The "co-ed" girl has not been overwhelmed by her mistake. She smiles and says that now she is equipped to be the best Platonic friend in the world; that she is sure she can never make the mistake again of confounding love and friendship. And the man that she loved, and who down in the depths of his heart—though he does not know it—cares more for her than for any other woman, is happy with his dear, unintellectual little wife, and still talks over his affairs with the "co-ed" girl, believing it is as a "fellow never could with his wife." Yet you could, my dear Platonic-friendship man, if your wife was the right sort, and the "co-ed" girl would have been that to you. But Cupid and philosophy invariably make a muddle!