OUR COUNTY . . .

Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

W. B. Haymond, of Woodville, was in our city Wednesday.

Wm. Cameron, of Applegate, spent Wednesday in Jacksonville.

J. C. Whipp left this city Wednesday evening for Salem and Portland.

Miss Emma Coleman, of Ashland, visited friends in this city the first of the week.

Henry Maury, of Central Point precinct, spent Wednesday at the county seat.

James O. Watson and Miles Cantral came in from Applegate last Wednesday.

Attorney A. N. Soliss left Jacksonville Monday evening for Salem and Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. White, of Medford, paid relatives in Jacksonville a visit, Saturday.

Mrs. Fletcher Linn, of Portland, arrived Saturday for a visit with the family of D. Linn.

Mrs. B. Obenchain, of Central Point, and Ralph Dean, of Willow Springs, were in town Saturday.

County Clerk, Gus Newbury, accompanied by his wife, left for Salem Friday, on a business trip.

Fred Luy Jr., of Medford, visited his mother, Mrs. Francis Luy, who is quite ill, in this city, last Sunday.

Merritt Bellinger and Thos. McAndrews, prominent citizens of Medford, visited Jacksonville during the week.

John Broad, an experienced miner of the Broad-Reid, mines, on Forest creek, visited this city Wednesday.

On Saturday last the first mail arrived from the Applegate country, that had been in for a week, on account of high waters in the Applegate streams.

Mrs. Ganong, Mrs. W. L. Miller's mother, arrived Monday from Oregon City. She was accompanied by her son, who returned home Monday evening.

Robt. A. Miller arrived in Jacksonville, Saturday, having been called here by the illness of his brother, William. Mr. Miller returned to Oregon City Tuesday evening.

The funeral of the late William L. Miller, was conducted in this city on Monday, January 21, 1901. The cortege left the residence of his mother, Mrs. J. N. T. Miller, on Oregon street, at 2 o'clock. The burial service was held in the Jacksonville cemetery, Rev. Booth, Episcopal minister of Grants Pass, officiating. Mesdames J. W. Robinson, A. E. Reames, K. K. Kubli and Henry Dox rendered the beautiful hymn selected, and the comforting words fell softly and lovingly above the casket of him, who had for many years been the loved friend, and whose promising life faded away, ere the fruits of a bright mind had fully developed.

Rheumatism.

Nobody knows all about it; and nothing, now known, will always cure it.

Doctors try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, when they think it is caused by imperfect digestion of food You can do the same.

It may or may not be caused by the failure of stomach and bowels to do their work. If it is, you will cure it; if not you will do no harm.

The way, to cure a disease is to stop its cause, and help the body get back to its habit of health.

When Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil does that, it cures; when it don't, it don't cure. It never does harm.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

50c, and $1.00; all druggists.

A Life and Death Fight.

W. A. Hines, of Manchester, Ia., in writing of his almost miraculous escape from death, says: "Exposure after measles induced serious lung trouble, which ended in consumption. I had frequent hemorrhages and coughed night and day All my doctors said I must soon die. Then I begged to use Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, which completely cured me. I would not be without it even if it cost $5 a bottle. Hundreds have used it on my recommendation and all say it never fails to cure throat, chest and lung troubles." Regular size bottles 50c and $1. Trial bottles free at Chas. Strang's drug store.

Brownsboro Items.

BY REBECCA.

Miss Sophia Ratrie, of Lake Creek, entered school here last Tuesday.

Miss Donna Bell left for Ashland a few days ago, where she has entered the normal.

Jacob Walsh returned from California this week, and is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. E. V. Osborne, who has been in very poor health for several months, is greatly improved during the past few weeks.

The school house on Big Butte went down a few days ago with the weight of snow heaped upon it during the continued storm.

Miss Edna Charley spent last week with Mrs. R. G. Brown and family, of Eagle Point, for company and help during their severe illness. She returned home Sunday.

Oliver McGee, of Eagle Point, and J. H. Tyrrell, of South Butte, spent Monday evening very pleasantly with J. K. Bell and family. They were riding for cattle in this vicinity.

The people of our community deeply sympathize with the bereaved relatives of the late Earl Taylor, whose death was announced in last week's MAIL. Truly Earl will be missed by his many friends.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from rectal fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest pile cure on earth, and the best salve in the world. Twenty-five cents a box. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Table Rock Items.

S. F. and Albert Morine took in several of the valley towns one day last week.

Walter Hughes came down from Talent during the storm and spent a few days with the family.

Will and Myron Jennings were out from Medford last week and took back with them some horses that had been running on the range.

W. R. Dickison was well enough to make a trip to Medford last week, the first for seven or eight weeks. He is about as rugged as ever now.

Arthur Walker came out from Medford last week and spent a couple of days with friends. Of course, there was business connected with his visit.

Hay is becoming a scarce article on this side of the valley, and should the snow and stormy weather last much longer, it will soon reach the record price.

J. C. Pendleton and deputy are busy working on the field books these days. A change in the books this year will be a great benefit to field deputies.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dickison made a visit to Mrs. D.'s parents in Medford Saturday. While there Mrs. Dickison was taken sick and was not able to return Sunday.

Road Supervisor Morrison and John Vincent are doing some much needed work on the Morine lane. The road was graded in such a way as to hold the surface water on the land above, and by putting in some good culverts this difficulty will be overcome.

Miss Ethlyn Davis left Monday for Tacoma, Wash., where she goes to take a position as copyist in the county recorder's office. Much as her friends regret to lose her, they are all congratulating her on her good fortune. She will make her home with her grandparents.

At one time during the storm and high water Contractor Perham thought of giving up work on the Bybee bridge, for a while, but a change in the weather allowed him to go ahead, and since then he has made fair progress. Certainly the man has had a hard time for such work.

We were more than pleased when we saw Mr. Nealon coming home last week with his son, Harry. For four weeks the boy lay at Mr. Geo. Jackson's in Medford, seriously sick, and his condition was at times critical. But the physician's skill and good nursing brought him out of danger and he is now building up as rapidly as one could. Harry and his family will always feel very grateful to their friends for their kindness during his sickness, particularly to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, who did everything that they could have done for one of their own family. J. C. P.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stomach and liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful stomach and liver remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25 cents, at Chas. Strang's drug store.

Gold Hill Items.

BY SPECTATOR.

J. L Hammersly left for Salem Tuesday.

W. I. Vawter, of Medford, was in town Monday on legal business.

Born—To the wife of Herbert E. Darling, January 20, 1901, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kellogg were visiting relatives at Phoenix and Medford, the first of the week.

Mrs. Alice Rosenbaum, of Wolf creek, is visiting relatives and friends on Foots creek this week.

Jos. Dowden is very low with heart trouble. He has never recovered from his paraylelic stroke.

Chas. Piening has disposed of his outfit and mail contract, between here and Sams Valley, to Mr. Noah.

W. L. McClure has purchased the store property on Fifth and E streets, belonging to the late Joseph Goldsworthy.

The A. O. U. W. lodge, of this place, are making arrangements to erect a brick store building and hall early this spring.

Every Movement Hurts

when you have rheumatism. Muscles are stiff and sore and joints are painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla goes right to the spot in this disease, neutralizes the acidity of the blood and cures.

Indigestion, nausea are cured by Hood's Pills.

Central Point Items.

A. J. Daley, of Eagle Point, was here several days this week.

Elder Adams, of Eugene, is holding meetings at the Baptist Church this week.

T. J. Kelsoe, of Eagle Point, was visiting relatives here several days this week.

F. T. Downing, of Grants Pass, was here this week buying hay for that market.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McFall, who have been visiting in Missouri, arrived home Monday.

Wm. Holmes is having an addition built to his blacksmith building, it being necessary to handle his increasing trade.

Dr. Cole was called to Eagle Point Tuesday to attend Mrs. Eli Dahack, who had her leg broken by being kicked by a horse.

Frank Jeffers, who has been a musician in the regular army for two years, arrived home Tuesday evening, he having been discharged on account of failing health.

W. H. Harrison Post and W. R. C. held a joint installation of officers here last Saturday, after which dinner was spread and all spent a most enjoyable day.

Played Out.

Dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores are all positive evidences of impure blood. No matter how it became so it must be purified in order to obtain good health. Acker's Blood Elixir has never failed to cure scrofulous or syphilitic poisons or any other blood diseases. It is certainly a wonderful remedy, and we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Phoenix Items.

A number of our citizens are ill with la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Calhoun are visiting in Phoenix.

James Pew, of Ashland, is visiting his cousin Wm. Rissue.

Miss Emma Coleman is visiting friends in Jacksonville this week.

Mrs. W. H. McGowan, of Medford, visited friends in Phoenix Sunday.

Supt. P. H. Daily and wife spent Monday visiting the Phoenix public school.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Caster, of Big Sticky, visited in Phoenix Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Robbins, Sr. died Tuesday afternoon. Full particulars will be given next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, of Central Point, are visiting Mrs. W.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bishop.

Miss Lena Hamlin took Saturday's train for Harrison Gulch, Calif., where she goes to visit her brother Edward.

Bill Blake and the Bear

Also Two Girls Who Seemed to Need No Protection.

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the valleys and bottom-lands of Pennsylvania were decked in the abundant growth of timber which was nature's heritage, any self-respecting log jobber, if his attention had been directed to the desolate Kettle Creek region, would have turned up his nose disdainfully and passed on to greener fields, says a Williamsport (Pa.) correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. But the days when a contractor could choose his place of residence are practically past, and so it was that "Hank" Bellman was reduced to the extremity last fall of erecting his shanty and starting operations in the heart of the jungle-like forest overlooking Kettle Creek. The camp is fitted into a little patch of clearing ground far over the mountain top. A narrow turnpike winds up to it from the highway hundreds of feet below, and beyond it, extending into the wilderness, great wastes of fallen trees, stumps and piles of hemlock bark show what the woodsman's ax has been doing all winter. Directly surrounding the shanty the trees have not all been removed, and on the frosty winter nights, when the snow hangs in great layers upon the heavy branches and the air is so crisp and keen that sound travels through it with as much precision as though shot from a megaphone, the panthers and catamounts climb up into the tall timber and wake the slumbering echoes of the forest, as well as the boys in the camp, with their wild and dismal howlings.

One of those nights came about a month ago. The panthers and wildcats yelled more furiously, it seemed, than they had done before during the winter, and added to their woeful wailings was the voice of the north wind as it tossed the snow against the weather-beaten sides of the shanty. For that night the shanty was good enough for the boys. When supper was over and the storm showed no signs of abating they all gathered together in the big "lobby," which is home, club, society and Sunday school to them, and prepared to make the best of a night indoors. Now these woodsmen are not the sort of men who can spend an evening over a book or enjoy themselves at any tame diversion, and on this night even jack poker had no charm for them. The fact is that they were just in the mood to listen to one of Bill Blake's stories.

"Say, Bill," said one of the woodsmen, "what tarnal cussedness ever possessed you to leave the good job you had in the Slate Run camp last fall and come up to this pesky hole?"

Bill Blake puffed contemplatively at his pipe for a moment, after which he said:

"Well, mebby I had a purty good reason, if I wanted to tell."

Then he laughed quietly. Nobody spoke, and when Bill had finally gone over the details in his own mind, he continued:

"You see I'd never have gone to the Slate Run job in the first place, but for one thing. Down at the city, where I had a lovely suit as coachman for a rich lady, I got knocked out in a love affair. You needn't grin, Shorty. I kept myself purty spick-an'-span on that job, an', if I do say it, they wa'n't many han'somer ribbon slingers drivin' down the pike. Wall, who the gal was don't matter, an' it hain't no one's business who the dude was 'at cut me out. I only mention the incident for the sake of explainin' why it was 'at I ever went back to the lumber business at all.

"You see, everything went sort o' contrary with me in town after that. I got sick of the whole business, an' all the time while I was drivin' them spankin' hosses through the streets my mind would keep a-runnin' back to the old camp life, where I knowed they wa'n't like to be no dudes nor no gals to play hide-an'-seek with a feller's heart. So back I goes to the old Slate Run job, where I was well known an' only had to whistle to get work.

"Wall, the very first night I spent in the camp I made up my mind it wa'n't no use for me to try to get away from the gals. Right in that camp they was two as purty gals as you'd care to see—nieces of the boss' wife, I guess, a-visitin' thar, they told me, for their health. I found out afore I was in the camp very long 'at they was a little too healthy for that place as it was, an' you'll see purty soon what made me think so.

"The damsels started right in by flirtin' with me, an' they was so winsome 'at I forgot all about the city gal right away. I met 'em half way in the flirtin' game an' it seemed to me 'at was in clover. The other fellows was all gettin' jealous of the way the gals was shinin' 'round me; but it wa'n't exactly my fault if they wa'n't in it, so I didn't bother about that. Wall, things went on lovely for about a week, an' one night the gals says to me, they says: 'Let's go along down an' get some apples.'

"Now the o'chard was quite a ways below the camp an' it was closed in by a big board fence about six feet high. Of course, I went. We had a jolly time goin' toward the o'chard an' the gals seemed more lovin' to me than ever. When we got thar an' I seed the high fence I wanted to help the gals over, but they says: 'No, you go fust, an' then we'll foller.' So of course I went. I put a board up to the fence an' climb over an' then waited to ketch the gals. Wall, it must have been a minute I waited thar an' I didn't hear a sound from the other side.

"'Yes,' says I to myself, 'I see what they're at; they don't want me to help 'em over after all.' Then I says out loud, sort o' pleasant like: 'Oh, I thought you'd change your minds, purty dearies!' But they wa'n't no answer, an' I begins to get kinder mad. I was jest startin' to look over the fence an' see what was the matter when I heard a growl behind me an' turned 'round quick. Lands o' rattlesnakes, boys, what a sight met my eyes! Thar was a big, ugly-lookin' cinnamon b'ar standin' under an apple tree an' a-lookin' right at me. Wall, I'll bet those beautiful locks of mine stood on end like porc'pine quills. They wa'n't no use feelin' for a gun, 'cause I knowed I didn't have any, not even a jackknife or weapon of no kind. It was a leetle hotter proposition than I wanted to tackle jest then, so I bade Mr. Bruin a hasty farewell an' made for the fence.

"But now, boys, come the trouble in earnest. It was an easy enough matter to get over that fence, but when it come to gettin' back, why that was a different thing. I seen I couldn't do it nohow, an' so I jest stood an' turned my back to the fence an' waited. Bruin was within three feet of me then, a' he riz up onto his hind feet an' stood thar movin' his head about in a threatenin' manner an' motionin' at me with his big, ugly paws. The moon was shinin' out bright an' clear above us, an' as he stood thar between me an' it he was one of the most skeery-lookin' sights I ever seen. He didn't appear to be narvous or discontented in the least, an' I made up my mind I wouldn't be narvous either. So, lookin' straight into his face an' reckonin' the distance, I picked out a spot on the big feller's under jaw an' give him such a kick with my big cowhide boot 'at he yelled with pain.

"You can bet I didn't wait to see the result, but I jest took it across that o'chard as if the devil was at my heels. Lordy, how my feet did welt the ground! At last I seen a hole in the fence whar a board was gone, and at it I went; I reached it all right, an' was jest about half way through when I heard a shufflin' an' pantin' behind me 'at made my blood freeze up in knotty leetle lumps. Boys, did you ever know a b'ar could bunt? Well, I have had the fact drilled into me in a purty forcible way; for what knocked me through the fence at such a lively gait that night was nothin' more nor less than that b'ar's head. I was knocked into a heap on the outside of the fence, an' thar I laid, huggin' the ground an' shiverin' an' expectin' every second to find Bruin on top of me.

"Wall, I was purty sore when I got back to the camp, but I didn't say nothin' 'bout that an' the gals put up a nice leetle story, tellin' me how when they saw the b'ar they was so skeert they couldn't say nothin' an' jest ran back to the house. I took in everything they said, an' the next night when they ast me if I wanted to go 'long down with 'em an' explore the old mine, I was jest tickled to death to get the chance. We took an old minin' lamp with us, an' when we got thar I started in ahead, carryin' the light. The old drift hadn't been worked for years, an' dirty water was drippin' from the roof an' coverin' my best coat as I groped my way in, never doubtin' 'at the gals would foller. I had only got a dozen feet or so, an' was jest turnin' 'round to see if the damsels was gettin' on all right when I stumbled over somethin' an' went sprawlin'. The light went out in the flurry an' the fust thing I knowed they was a deep growl 'at echoed through the mine an' somethin' had hold of me by the bootleg.

"It was pitch dark in the hole, but a flood of moonlight to one side told me whar the openin' was. With an awful effort I jerked my leg free an' scrambled to my feet with the intention of makin' a dash towards that flood of moonlight. Wal, I had only jest nicely got onto my feet an' turned around when I felt somethin' shoot between my legs an' tip me back. I clutched wildly in front of me an' got my both hands imbedded in the shaggy hair of Bruin—for I knowed right well by this time what it was. The b'ar shot out of that drift at an almighty rapid gait, an' I didn't dare drop off for fear of buttin' my brains out against the sides, so I jest laid flat an' hugged tight, watchin' for a good chance to make a leap.

"Wal, I kin sit here now an' laugh with the rest of you, when I look back at it; but you kin bet they wa'n't no fun in it fer me jest then.

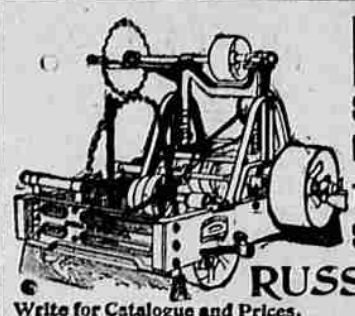
"Right outside the mouth of the drift was a little decline, an' at the bottom of it was a pool of water that was made by the leetle stream flowin' out of the mine. I was all ready, an' as soon as I seen 'at I was out in the open air again I jest slid off, easy as you please, from the b'ar's back an' struck right in that pool of water. Wow! But I did get a nice duckin' an' no mistake.

"The first thing I done was to cuss myself for bein' such a blamed fool as to drop in that water, an' then I pulled myself up onto my feet an' proceeded to look myself over. Never lettin' up on my cussin' for a minute, I meandered back to the camp an' jest sneaked in an' went to bed without sayin' nothin' to nobody. It was a little late when I got around the next mornin', an' jedge my su'prise, fellers, when I went behind the fence an' seen one of them blamed gals feedin' an old b'ar outen a tin pan!

"I seen how the whole thing was in a second. Them gals had been makin' game of me all the time, an' the b'ar 'at had been makin' me so much trouble was nothin' but a tame one 'at wouldn't hurt nobody. Fust I had a notion to go in an' get my shooter an' put an end to the 'tarnal thing for spite, but I concluded it was best to curb my temper an' let it go. The fellers had all gone to work, an' I knowed if I waited until they got back they'd be onto the thing an' have an awful leg on me, so I jest got my togs together an' scratched out as quietly as I could.

"Yes, this is a lonesome, pesky hole, an' no mistake, but they ain't no dudes here nor gals to play hide-an'-go-seek with a feller's heart an' he payin'. I'm durn glad of it."

She put her arms around his neck and looked up into his eyes. "Yes," she said, "I believe in love in a cottage. I know that I could find happiness there with you." "My darling!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "But," she persisted, earnestly, "you must not get it into your head that I am not an expert on cottages. You mustn't think you can palm off a cabin or a shanty on me and make me think it is a cottage. Many a dream of bliss is wrecked through a misunderstanding of the meaning of the word 'cottage.' When you have one that you would like to show me I will be glad to pass upon it. There must be room enough, you know, so that love won't be crowded on to the back steps every time one of us wants to turn around." As he stalked moodily away in the gloaming he realized that he could not play the flimflam game of love upon her.



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STUNTED

HAIR

Does your hair split at the end? Can you pull out a handful by running your fingers through it? Does it seem dry and lifeless?

Give your hair a chance. Feed it. The roots are not dead; they are weak because they are starved—that's all.

The best hair food is—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

If you don't want your hair to die use Ayer's Hair Vigor once a day. It makes the hair grow, stops falling, and cures dandruff.

It always restores color to gray or faded hair; it never fails.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped my hair from falling out, and started it to grow again nicely."
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April 13, 1899. New York, N.Y.

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