

OUR COUNTY . . . Correspondents

Jacksonville News.

Russell O'Neil has returned from Portland and Salem.

Frank Crump, of Applegate, was in Jacksonville Monday.

P. F. Jorum, of Central Point, paid our city a visit Monday.

Carl Narregan, a Medford attorney, was in Jacksonville Monday.

Attorney W. H. Parker, of Medford, was at the county seat last Friday.

Mrs. J. D. Cook, who has been quite ill in this city, is somewhat improved.

Wm. Colvig attended the funeral of J. A. Edgington, at Central Point Wednesday.

M. M. Gault, who formerly lived in Jacksonville, came over from Medford Friday.

E. Hogan and Irwin Davis, of Medford, paid the county seat a visit Wednesday.

Mrs. Ed Gore, of Medford, was in Jacksonville Friday, and visited the public school.

S. B. Hull, who has been spending the winter at Cinnabar, arrived in this city Friday.

Geo. W. Isaacs and D. R. Andrus, of Medford, were in Jacksonville this week upon business.

Mrs. Chas. White, of Ashland, was in Jacksonville Friday, the guest of Mrs. Thor. Kenney.

Walter Oglesby, who spent a week in Portland, with relatives, has returned to Jacksonville.

Mrs. Mary DeLamatter, of Grants Pass, is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Berry, in Jacksonville.

Mrs. E. B. Haney, of Star Gulch, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Schmidt, here last Saturday.

D. T. Summerville, presiding elder of this district, held quarterly meeting in the M. E. Church, Sunday.

F. W. Tungate, a prominent citizen of Big Butte, was in town recently upon business with County Superintendent P. H. Daily.

Mrs. M. J. Oglesby, Misses Kate Plymale and Emma Armstrong, relatives of the late Mrs. Jno. Curry, attended the funeral in Medford last Wednesday.

Mrs. Bell Davis and little daughter, Dorothy, arrived from St. Paul, Minn., Wednesday. Mrs. Davis is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Jones, of this city.

Miss Gertrude John, who was on her way to her home at Williams from California, stopped off in Jacksonville this week for a visit with Mrs. Geo. Hines.

Consumption

is destruction of lung by a growing germ, precisely as moldy cheese is destruction of cheese by a growing germ. If you kill the germ, you stop the consumption. You can or can't, according to when you begin.

Take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil: take a little at first.



It acts as a food; it is the easiest food. Seems not to be food; makes you hungry; eating is comfortable. You grow stronger. Take more; not too much; enough is as much as you like and agrees with you. Satisfy hunger with usual food; whatever you like and agrees with you. When you are strong again, have recovered your strength—the germs are dead; you have killed them.

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

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

A new lot of Japanese goods just received. Call and see them. G. L. Davis.

Rev. Chas. Booth, the Episcopal minister, of Grants Pass, preached Monday evening at the M. E. Church. Mr. Booth will hold services here on the first Monday of each month.

Perfectly Healthy

People have pure, rich, warm, nourishing blood, good appetite and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives these, and thus it makes people healthy and keeps them so. Get only Hood's.

Sick headache is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

Table Rock Items.

Myron Jennings was out from Medford a couple of days last week.

Mrs. S. F. Morine left for Merlin last week to visit her mother, who is quite ill.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dickinson have been having a siege with the grip this week but are now on the mend.

At a special board meeting held last week for the purpose of electing a teacher and transacting other business, nothing was done as sickness prevented a full board being present.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis have received a letter from their daughter, saying that she arrived at Tacoma safely and thought she would like the place very well. She took up her work at the court house February 1st.

Mr. Ireland and family moved from Phoenix last week and are now located on the Hendrickson place near the New Hope church, above Antioch. They had a hard trip moving over the bad roads.

Mr. Shoults was out from Medford for a couple of days this week. He seems to like this neck of the woods pretty well and we should not be much surprised if he would conclude to become one of the Table Rockers before the grass gets very high.

Contractor Perham's work is nearing completion. Last week he paid off the bridge crew with the exception of A. L. Vincent, who with himself will finish up the last of the work on the bridge, which will take only a day or two. The painting will not be done until spring.

Jas. Grieve bid us farewell last week. Tiring of farm life, he engaged himself with W. J. Freeman, of Central Point, and from now on will work with hardware and farm implements. Jim was with us just a year and we have every reason to believe that he will make a success of his new venture—we earnestly hope so.

Ex-Assessor John Grieve spent a night with your correspondent and family last week while on his way to visit his son, Will, at Prospect. Mr. G. spent part of last summer at Paisley, eastern Oregon, and was so well pleased with the country that he thinks of going back there this summer. He predicts a great future for that section.

Miss Netta Moore, of Sams Valley, who has been staying with Mrs. Dickson this winter, went down to see her folks a week ago Sunday and finding them all down with the grip, concluded it was best to remain at home until they were well again. There has been more of this dread disease this winter than for years, but so far no serious cases have been reported in our end of the valley.

J. C. P.

Trail Creek Items.

La grippe is prevalent in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Oliver was visiting Trail friends last week.

Fred Inlow has taken his stock to Sams Valley to be fed.

There will be a grand ball at the Weaver hall on February 14th.

Chas. King, of Michigan, was on Trail creek last week looking for a location for a sawmill.

Madge, Willard and Ralph Owings and Ira and Elmer Dawson are on the sick list this week.

Miss Rena Dawson is visiting with her sister, Mrs. J. L. Ragdale, during Mr. R.'s absence at Medford.

The snow has melted sufficiently on the Umpqua divide to allow the commencement of work at the Banfield mine.

J. W. Berrian made a trip to Medford last week and brought home a load of supplies and grain. This was the first wagon that had been over the road since the storm. The snow is sufficiently frozen now to permit travel with a wagon.

Blown to Atoms.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded; for Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure constipation and sick headache. Only 25c at Chas. Strang's drug store.

For Sale—

One Bonanza check row corn planter, 2 riding corn cultivators; all in good order. W. R. JONES & SON, JONES CITY.

Brownboro Items.

BY REDROCK.

Chester Miller, of Ashland, is visiting with relatives on Big Butte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Geer are the happy parents of a fine boy, born Sunday, Jan. 27, 1901.

John Aller, an aged gentleman from Fostoria, Iowa, is spending the winter in town, for his health.

E. M. Cox, our mail carrier, was taken suddenly ill and had to lay off for a few days, but is again on the road.

Mrs. Elva Miller, of South Butte, came down with her father, T. Baldwin, for two days' visit in town, last week.

Mrs. Nusbaum, of Lake Creek, received a call Monday, to attend the funeral of her son-in-law, Owen Short, who lived in Phoenix.

Elvin Hays, of Big Butte, received a severe flesh wound, by an accidental shot through his leg, above the knee, a short time since.

Mrs. J. W. Slinger and little girl, of McAlister Springs vicinity, are just recovering from the measles. Several other cases are reported in the same neighborhood.

To be Prepared

For war is the surest way for this nation to maintain peace. That is the opinion of the wisest statesmen. It is equally true that to be prepared for spring is the best way to avoid the peculiar dangers of the season. This is a lesson multitudes are learning, and at this time, when the blood is sure to be loaded with impurities and to be weak and sluggish, the millions begin to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, expels all disease germs, creates a good appetite, gives strength and energy and puts the whole system in a healthy condition, preventing pneumonia, fevers, and other dangerous diseases which are liable to attack a weakened system.

Central Point Items.

Mr. Gardner, of Meadows, was trading here on Wednesday.

Mrs. L. D. Hitch is lying very ill at the family home near Tolo.

Born—February 4, 1901, to Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Samuels, a nine pound daughter.

Dr. G. B. Cole has been kept very busy the past two weeks. He has several bad cases at Eagle Point.

W. T. Leever, an old and respected pioneer, is considerably indisposed, being confined to his room.

I. J. Parkeypile will leave in a few days for a month's vacation, which he will spend at his mine near Gold Hill.

Mrs. W. A. Patrick and daughters, of Ashland, spent several days here last week, with R. C. Hensley, who is very ill with gripp.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Vincent, of Table Rock, visited Mrs. Vincent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, of this precinct, the first of the week.

Velma, the little one-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Moore, died at the family home Tuesday night, with measles and pneumonia. She is twin sister to little Vera, who died just nine days previous. This is a hard shock on the grief stricken parents, and doubly hard on the mother, who is lying dangerously ill with gripp and measles. The entire community sympathize with the family in their sad bereavement.

When you want physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and pleasant in effect use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price, 25 cents. Sample free. Every box guaranteed. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Phoenix Items.

Gus Epps was in Talent Tuesday.

Otto Caster was in Phoenix on Wednesday.

Mrs. M. Ferns visited Mrs. A. G. Epps Sunday.

Henry Calhoun visited his parents Saturday.

Fred Weeks visited friends in Ashland Sunday.

A. G. Epps was in Medford on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reames did shopping in Medford Wednesday. Messames M. A. and L. B. Caster made a business trip to Medford Wednesday.

Miss Mary Stanoliff, of Ashland, visited her parents here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stidham, of West Fork, attended the funeral of Owen Short.

J. Purkeypile, the S. P. station agent at Central Point, visited friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Allie Short and son, Harry, took Wednesday's train for Tacoma, where she goes to visit her sister.

Miss Minnie McCullum, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. James Norton, returned to her home in Anderson Saturday morning.

The play, "Joe Ruggles," was given in Lavenburg hall Saturday evening by the Wagner creek amateurs. It was well rendered to a large and appreciative audience.

Elder Brownrig held services here last Sunday morning and evening in the new church. There will be regular services in the church hereafter each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER. Use Acker's English Remedy in any case of coughs, colds or croup. Should it fail to give immediate relief money refunded. 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Chas. Strang, druggist.

POLITE IN FACE OF DANGER.

Extraordinary Coolness of a Gentleman During a Fire Astonished the Firemen.

"The coolest man I ever met," said a New York fireman, relates Collier's Weekly. "I met at a fire in a dwelling house on Fifth avenue. We found him in an upstairs front room, dressing to go out. The fire by this time was surging up through the house at a great rate.

"Hello, there!" we hollered at him when we looked in at the door, 'the house is afire!'

"Would it disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?" he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking round at us. He had on a white evening waistcoat, and his dresscoat lay across a chair.

"Seeing us staring at him, he dropped his comb into his hair again and went on combing. But, as a matter of fact, he was about ready. He put down the comb, put on his coat and hat, and picked up his overcoat.

"Now I'm ready, gentlemen," he said.

"We started, but the stairway had now been closed up by fire. We turned to the windows. The boys had got a ladder up to the front of the house.

"Now, then," we said to him, when we came to the window.

"After you, gentlemen," he said, standing back. And I'm blessed if we didn't have to go down the ladder first."

Greek to Her.

An exchange quotes the following conversation between husband and wife. She suddenly addresses him: "What are you reading so absorbently?"

"It's a new Scotch novel."

"Oh!" cries the wife, with enthusiasm. "I'm so fond of those dear dialect things! Do read me a little!"

"Can you understand it?"

"Can I understand it?" she repeats, loftily. "Well, I should hope anything you are reading need not be Greek to me!"

"No, but it might be Scotch."

"Well, go on, read just where you are."

"Ye see, Elsie," said Duncan, dolefully, "I might as mair the matter wi' me than ye wad be sperin'. Aiblins mair een is a bit dazzit, an' I'm hearin' the poolies thuddin' in m' ears, an' m' tongue is clavin' when it sud be gaein'; an' div ye no hear the driln' o' m' hairt, an' feel the shakin' o' m' hand this day gin I gat a glimpse o' ye, sair hirplin' like an auld mon? Div ye nae guess what's a' the steer, hinney, wi'out me gaein' it mair words?"

"Stop! Stop! For goodness' sake! What in the world is the creature trying to say?"

"He's making a declaration of love."

"A declaration of love! I thought he was telling a lot of symptoms to his doctor!"



HAIR

are soon to be bald? Then cease worrying, for help is at hand. You need something that will put new life into the hair bulbs.

You need a hair food, such as—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

It brings health to the hair, and the falling ceases.

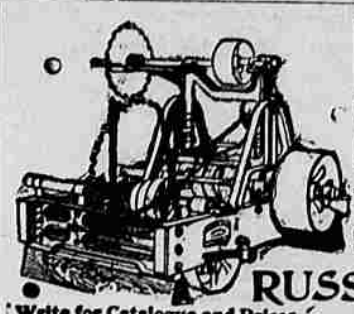
It always restores color to gray hair. You need not look as thirty as if you were fifty, for your gray hair may have again all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I am a barber by trade and have had great success in curing baldness with Ayer's Hair Vigor. I have found that it will do everything that you claim for it. It has given me the most complete restoration in my life."—HARVEY J. GORDON, March 26, 1899. Kansas City, Mo.

Write the Doctor.

If you do not obtain all the benefit you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



RUSSELL ENGINES BOILERS
SAW MILLS High Grade Machinery
THRESHERS STACKERS
RUSSELL & CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS

Little Dots of Land in the Pacific That Are Hard to Find.

Clipperton, Whose Ownership Has Been Claimed by Four Countries, at Last Definitely Located.

Much attention has been given of late to what we may call the strange case of Clipperton island. It is not more than three miles in circumference, and it lies in the western Pacific something like 800 miles west of Mexico. In the wide expanse of the Pacific ocean it shows like a mere speck, so small as to be of no value, seemingly, save as a refuge for a few of the army of beach combers "who have burst all bounds of habit and have wandered far away" in the course of their downward progress. But the ownership of Clipperton island has of late been claimed by no fewer than four countries—Mexico, the United States, France and Great Britain; and when it is added that the island is a favorite haunt of sea birds, and that many tons of valuable guano are waiting to be picked up, the reason for this unwonted solicitude, even in an era of land-grabbing, will be apparent.

Clipperton island is of interest in another direction. It is one of those numerous stretches of land set in the midst of the sea, sunny and otherwise, which, after their first discovery, for many years elude all endeavors to locate them again. It has now been, as it were, nailed down in one particular spot in the ocean—that is to say, its exact position has been finally determined by warships sent out for the express purpose of searching for it and settling all doubts as to its existence—and the only thing remaining now is that the question of ownership should be settled. It happens that there is another island about 400 miles southwest of Clipperton, and rich in the same deposits that make that place worth possessing, for which adventurous miners are at this moment looking.

As late as July last a vessel named Moonlight left Altata, Mexico, on a voyage in search of this latest mysterious island, and spent 52 days of fruitless labor toward this end. Her captain failed to find the place, and, fearing that his provisions and water would run short, returned home to report that either the rough charts of old Capt. Martin and his associates were in error or else that some strange seismic phenomenon had caused the lost island to disappear years ago, perhaps, for all that mortal soul knows. Spice is added to this romance by the fact that another "Prisco" captain located the place definitely a year or two before, and found a small colony there, which colony is still on the island, shipping guano in their own schooners, manned by numbers of their own party, to the leading ports on the Pacific slope of North and South America.

Quite a number of expeditions have of late been made with the object of wresting this valuable secret from the handful of men in whose possession it is, and of participating in the spoils; and one of these days we will, no doubt, hear of a sanguinary fight for the supremacy between the present colonists and a party of marauders. Although the stories told about the unknown island vary considerably, they all agree that it exists somewhere about 400 or 500 miles southwest of Clipperton, in a low coral atoll covered with the richest phosphates. The place also has its legends of pirates' treasures, which may or may not have had any foundation in fact. One of the expeditions of recent date, which have been fitted out to look for the island, was the Vine expedition. That vessel's owner claims to have secured his knowledge of the place from the old sea captain named Martin, above referred to, who died some years ago, and who left an old chart among his belongings, which told of a small island in the south Pacific, not down on the regular charts, enormously rich in guano.—New Zealand Herald.

Charles Reade's Motto.

"I propose never to guess what I can know." This motto was rigidly adhered to by the author, whose love of accuracy was so great that he spared no pains to verify every statement he desired to make in any of his novels; grudging no amount of labor which he expended in the accomplishment of this result. He was an indefatigable collector of newspaper clippings from all nations, which he carefully classified and arranged in many scrapbooks. Reports of institutions, police gazettes, accounts of trials and accidents, and manifold descriptions of all sorts, were filed away for future reference. The contents of these scrapbooks were indexed with great care, and from them Charles Reade derived great satisfaction; if ever any of his statements were questioned or his facts denied, he would turn triumphantly to his classified scrapbooks and refute the objections with some positive proof contained therein.—Miss Tichener, in Truth.

LONG RIDE WITH DOGS

The Novel Team Used by a Minnesota Family.

They Have Traveled All the Way from Their Northern State to California with Their Faithful Canines.

Mr. and Mrs. Blandy are a Minnesota couple who have just made a most remarkable journey. Leaving their home at Brainerd, Minn., one year ago, with their baby boy, four years old, they have traveled by dog team clear to Sweetbriar, and are now in camp at Sweetbriar, in that far-off state.

The Blandys wanted to make a trip to the Pacific coast. They wanted to go leisurely so as to see the country. Economy was an object, as was also an opportunity to earn something en route. So Mr. Blandy and his wife decided to travel by dog team.

"Dogs are used in the arctic regions," argued Mr. Blandy; "why not in the temperate zone?"

Their outfit consists of a small spring wagon with one seat, and covered with canvas, the whole weighing 210 pounds with the baggage of the travelers. Mrs. Blandy and her baby occupy the seat, while Mr. Blandy sits in front on a roll of blankets and a tent, from which perch he drives his dogs. These are six in number, huge cross-bred St. Bernard and Newfoundland, powerful of muscle and kind of disposition. In the rear of the wagon is a rack of shelves, containing dishes and provisions, while pots, kettles and an oil stove are hung from hooks above the rack. The back end of the wagon is made to let down and, supported by sticks, serves as a dining table.

When seen by a reporter in the camp at Sweetbriar Mr. Blandy had a tin can and a paint brush in hand and was "going the rounds" among his dogs, painting their feet with tannate of glycerin to prevent sensitiveness. When traveling over rough roads he makes applications of this preparation every evening, to insure his animals against suffering, and the faithful creatures seem to like the operation, for they look at their master with gratitude and affection.

"Those dogs are far ahead of any horses," Mrs. Blandy said, emphatically, when some one suggested that Shetland ponies would be preferable. "Why, dogs will carry you through snow to a safe, warm place, and horses would give out on you. And didn't we travel 210 miles on the railroad? Horses couldn't walk ties and carry you over long trestles a mile and three-quarters in length as our dogs did. I wouldn't take 50 horses for one of our dogs. Would I, Bruce?" and she patted a great, shaggy, yellow dog on the head.

They traveled at a speed that was convenient to the character of the country they crossed—never traveling less than ten miles a day, reaching a daily maximum of 52 miles (at one time covering 86 miles in two days) and stopping in towns to sell pictures or pick up a few dollars by painting advertisements on the canvases of their wagon.

The Blandys always leave towns amid a roar of cheers and laughter. When they are about to start Mr. Blandy walks among his dogs and, stooping down, adjusts all their feet so as to prevent the entanglement of limbs in harness, quickly steps into the low wagon, seats himself on the bedding and tent, and, with lines in hand, he calls to the dogs and the are off. There is nothing slow about these dogs—they trot off at a good gait, raising a big dust, and never halt except when climbing hills.—San Francisco Call.

HE WAS IN A HURRY.

And the Bright Small Boy Got the Job He Was After Without Delay.

The merchant had arrived at his office rather early in the morning, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a fox-looking, bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job, if you've got one for me."

"Oh, you do!" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday afternoon to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me say so and I'll go. The only place where I can stop long is in the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock. "When can you come?" he asked. "I don't have to come," replied the young man. "I'm here now, and I've been at work before this if you said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job just as long as he wants one.