

OUR COUNTY . . . Correspondents

Communications from our several correspondents must reach this office not later than Wednesday noon to insure publication.

Jacksonville News.

Mrs. Joe Beach paid Medford a visit Monday.

Chas. Anderson, of Footh Creek, was in town Monday.

Prof. N. L. Narreagan, of Medford, was in the city Monday.

J. DeRoboam and party returned from Dead Indian Saturday.

Ex-Sheriff Barnes, of Ashland, was greeting old friends here Monday.

County Clerk Newbury and wife returned Tuesday from their trip east.

H. C. Akeny, wife and daughter left Monday morning for Klamath County.

Misses Virgie and Nina Carter, of Gold Hill, were in Jacksonville Sunday.

T. J. Kenney, J. H. Huffer, Sr., and W. J. Plymale visited Medford Monday.

Miss Bernice Cameron, of Uniontown, returned from Coletine last Thursday.

Al Sturges, the prosperous miner of Forest creek, spent Monday in Jacksonville.

Several families left Jacksonville this week for the hop yards in Josephine County.

Rev. Habery and family, of Medford, were visiting friends here Tuesday evening.

Prof. M. E. Rigby, of Pleasant creek, spent several days in Jacksonville this week.

Will Hanna returned to San Francisco Monday, after a visit with relatives here.

Harry Miller, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to San Francisco last Thursday.

Mrs. J. O'Brien, John Offenbacher and Miles Central, of Applegate, were Saturday visitors at the county seat.

Clarence Reames and S. Archer, a friend from Portland, returned Sunday from an outing in the Butte creek and Rogue river country.

Mrs. Calender and daughter, Bessie, of San Francisco, arrived here Sunday evening for a visit with Mrs. Calender's mother, Mrs. Mary Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cook, James Cronemiller, Frank Neil and family and Chris. Ulrich have returned from a trip to Rogue river and Klamath sections.

Our public school will resume work on Sept. 2d, with Prof. E. E. Washburn as principal and Misses Frankie Barnes, Belle Potter and Ollie Huffer, assistants.

Frank Plymale met with quite an accident one day last week while hauling wood, which resulted in the loss of one of his horses. The team ran away and one horse ran into a tree with such force as to break its neck.

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of GRIFFIN'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50 cents.

Brownboro Items.

BY REBECCA.

John Barneburg, of Medford, was in this vicinity last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randall, of South Butte, were in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Terrill visited relatives at Talent Saturday and Sunday.

Several of our citizens attended

Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. Soule, Billings, Mont.

There is this peculiar thing about Ayer's Hair Vigor—it is a hair food, not a dye. Your hair does not suddenly turn black, look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back,—all the rich, dark color it used to have. The hair stops falling, too.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

McNeal sale of horses at Eagle Point Monday.

Jas. Stewart, of Medford, returned home Wednesday after spending several days with relatives here and at Lake Creek.

Miss Donna Bell left for the vicinity of Woodville, where she commenced teaching school on Monday last.

J. N. Hookersmith and family, of Griffin creek, accompanied by Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, of Medford, visited relatives here a few days since.

MOKE TEA POSITIVELY CURES SPICKACHE, indigestion and constipation. A delightful herb drink. Removes all eruptions of the skin, producing a perfect complexion, or money refunded. 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Chas. Strong, druggist.

Table Rock Items.

Wm. R. Dickison has been marketing a lot of very fine melons and is convinced that he has land which will yield as great a profit as any in Southern Oregon.

From a party who has visited the huckleberry patch we are told that there are very few berries to be had this year, which will be a great disappointment to the many annual visitors.

The farmers of this section made arrangements with Messrs. Bradshaw and Stevens to come in and do our threshing next week, notwithstanding the report that the Glass machine will finish up here.

The old soldiers are preparing for a splendid time at their reunion at Central Point this year. It is said that the literary exercises will be far above the average, and they naturally expect a good attendance.

Chas. Dickison and Arthur started for Elk creek Wednesday on a hunting trip. They were advised by friends to take along about ten dollars for bait, as deer are very wild these days. They expect to be gone six or seven days.

We have an industry in our part of the country which seems to be in a flourishing condition, and even the drouth does not affect it in the least. A gentleman from Apple gate is catching turtles and fattening them for the San Francisco market. He has over three thousand now and says he has made an average of ten dollars a day since he began work. He will ship Nov. 15th.

J. C. P.

ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY WILL stop a cough at any time, and will cure the worst cold in twelve hours, or money refunded 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Chas. Strong, druggist.

Central Point Items.

G. S. Samuels and family intend moving to Medford in a short time.

Quite a number of our citizens have gone to Applegate to work in the hop fields.

Wm. Edgely, late of Colorado, is making his home with his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Beal.

Mary A. Mee and Mrs. J. Hinkle visited relatives and friends on Applegate last week.

Dr. Hinkle received a large assortment of watches and jewelry the first of the week.

Mrs. G. F. McCoull and Mrs. L. L. Merrick, of Ashland, were guests of Mrs. J. W. Merritt last week.

Mrs. Lizzie Mann and son, John, who have been paying relatives in Klamath County a visit, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. F. F. Conover and Elizabeth Shattuck were married at the M. E. parsonage Aug. 21st by Rev. J. C. Gregory. Their many friends extend congratulations to the happy couple.

Thursday, Aug. 22d, there was a double wedding at the home of Mrs. Oacy J. Stidham, when Mr. I. J. Purkeypile and Miss Estella Stidham, Mr. John E. Ross and Miss Lizzie Stidham were united in marriage by Elder A. J. Hanby, of Phoenix. Mr. Purkeypile is the Southern Pacific Company's agent here, and Mr. Ross is assistant clerk for Mr. Purkeypile. The young ladies have been teaching in the county for ten years. All the parties are well and favorably known, and have a host of friends who wish them a happy and prosperous life.

Organist Will King of the First Congregational church of Oakland, Cal., involuntarily contributed a brand new \$85 overcoat to a rummage sale, and he now says that he will henceforth be opposed to rummage sales. He ordered the coat from his tailor, and left directions that when it was finished it should be sent to the First Congregational church. On the day the coat was ready for its wearer bundles of old clothing were being left at the church for the North Oakland Free Kindergarten rummage sale, and King's coat went with the other bundles. The ladies who had charge of the sale marked the coat at \$4, and someone bought it, but who it was they are unable to say, and King has been unable to ascertain.

WINTER SPORTS.

I saw to-day a gladsome sight.
I stood upon a hill
Where gentle slope extends far down
Beyond the silent mill;
And snow and ice had made the place
A glorious one to coast,
And half a hundred girls and boys
Were out—a merry host.

Some sleds were adorned with shining steel
And decked with red and blue;
And some were made by unskilled hands,
Yet sped right swiftly too.
And rude toboggans, loaded well
With happy children, made
Their daring trips, the noisy crews
Laughing and unafraid.

I saw six merry little girls
In one unbroken train
Go coasting down without a sled!
I looked, and looked again;
And as they climbed the hill, I saw
Each carried in her hand
Just this—a kitchen dust-pan,
Broad, strong and well-japaned.

Each mounted, and around her feet
Tucked carefully her gown,
Then on this cutter, queer but fleet,
Triumphantly rode down.
Safely they rode, with joyous shouts,
They seemed to like it well;
Though how they steered the funny craft
I'm sure I cannot tell.

Mary E. Gillette, in Youth's Companion.

Mrs. WAY-DOWN-BLUE'S IDEAS

By F. B. CALLAWAY.

"O. H. DEAR!" complained Mrs. Way-down-blue, meeting her friend, Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, on the way home. "I do hate to go to my house. It is so lonely!"

"What has become of your ideas?" questioned Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, in surprise.

"They are every one gone," moaned Mrs. Way-down-blue, and the tears filled her eyes. "Not a single one is left to speak to me."

"How very sad," returned Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, somewhat perplexed. "Did you feed them regularly?"

"Feeding ideas!" Who ever heard of such nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Way-down-blue, drying her eyes in astonishment.

"I would as soon starve myself as starve my ideas," replied Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, thoughtfully. "Do you remember, neighbor, when we first set up housekeeping we were fitted out with the same number of ideas. I had six and you had half a dozen."

"It doesn't seem possible. I ever had so many as half a dozen ideas, all at once," sighed Mrs. Way-down-blue; "and now they are every one gone."

"You might recall them?"

"I have shouted until I am deaf and dumb, but they won't come back, and if they did, I couldn't keep them over night."

"Where is your memory?" asked Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, kindly.

"Oh, I have the poorest memory in the world," returned Mrs. Way-down-blue, dolefully. "Nothing ever stays in it unless it is unpleasant things I wish to get rid of and they stick like burrs. The happy, pleasant ideas run out at one gate while I am crowding them in at the other."

"Do you mean to say that you have no control over your ideas?" asked Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, very much astonished.

"I never mean to work them too hard, but just let them come and go as they will. No one could have been more indulgent to their ideas than I have been," and at this Mrs. Way-down-blue burst into tears.

"Perhaps I can help you to recall some of these happy ideas," said Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, brightly. "Do you not recollect the roll of beautiful stuffs, velvets and silks with gold and spangled tissues which our good Mother Tongue left with us to clothe our ideas?"

"Oh, Mother Tongue!" cried Mrs. Way-down-blue. "I never had the patience to open that great roll."

"Then you have never known what fun it is fitting out one's ideas in neat little jackets and gowns. You should have seen one that came to me in a friend's letter this morning. It was just sparkling."

"Oh, you may guess if you like," returned Mrs. Way-down-blue. "I shall not take the time to make up things when I can borrow on my neighbors or send round to the second-hand shop. I always tack on something blue so people will know they are my ideas, and they run their errands just as well."

"But, my dear," urged Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, "it is useless to send abroad ideas like ragamuffins, for they receive so little consideration. Ideas are like people; when they are well dressed they feel so much happier and more agreeable, and they can travel round so much better."

"Do ideas travel; that is, outside the village?" questioned Mrs. Way-down-blue, opening her eyes.

"Ideas are great travelers, and when witty and clever enough they often go round the world. Stop and dine with me, Mrs. Way-down-blue, and I will introduce you to some of these clever ideas. You may like to take a few of them home with you."

Being sadly in need of entertainment, Mrs. Way-down-blue willingly consented, and was presently amazed at the number of gentle, well-behaved

ideas waiting upon Mrs. Cheery-up-heart in her own home. So bright and pleasant they were that Mrs. Way-down-blue was even in danger of forgetting that her name was Blue as one gracious company came after another bearing lighted tapers and roses to the guests, while others followed with little pots of honey from the well-filled hives in memory's garden.

Mrs. Cheery-up-heart also called upon her guests to introduce any ideas they might have brought with them, and one, clapping his hands, brought a set newly arrived from distant travel. These ideas unfolded before the company's wondering gaze fine webs cunningly wrought with strange and curious scenes from foreign lands, which furnished material for much worthy conversation. The other guests furnished rich entertainment of songs and stories, while all were provided with jests and repartee that flashed back and forth so rapidly Mrs. Way-down-blue was fairly dazzled with their brilliance.

Strange to relate, Mrs. Way-down-blue's own ideas now came flocking back to her, and she opened her mouth once to speak, but perceiving that her ideas in ragged, ill-fitting jackets would be received with surprise by the company, the poor lady remained miserably silent.

"What were you about to say, my neighbor?" and Mrs. Cheery-up-heart turned to her hospitably.

"I was thinking," returned Mrs. Way-down-blue, humbly; "I would like to know where you keep all this company of ideas."

"We keep them in idea gardens, or you might call them memory gardens. In these gardens we shelter our ideas carefully, train them to obedience and cherish them as we would cherish our friends, for they are indeed friends, these good ideas who bring us both riches and happiness."

"But where do you find them—these ideas so beautiful and so good?" asked Mrs. Way-down-blue.

"We find them around us, if we only know how to look. But these ideas have odd ways of hiding in unexpected places. They may be cunningly wrapped up in a flower bud or a drop of water. They have been found in a bit of coal or even curling in merry wreaths out of the spout of a tea kettle. Some men have taken great pains to throw nets over the stars to catch ideas, and one learned philosopher found an extraordinary idea in a falling apple."

"Is there nothing more you can tell me about these ideas?" asked Mrs. Way-down-blue, with growing interest.

"There is one more secret, as terrible as it is beautiful. Ideas never come alone; they bring their associates with them. Cherish one evil, lawless idea, and seven more wicked than itself will surely come with it. These will call in more and more until presently you find yourself enslaved, bound hand and foot, and the end—here Mrs. Cheery-up-heart whispered a word to her neighbor, at which both ladies turned pale and shivered.

"On the contrary, cherish one good idea and this idea will call in a whole family of relatives, also good and beautiful."

"That is well worth knowing," mused Mrs. Way-down-blue.

"Yes, good ideas have a way of calling in more and more, for ideas are like children and always come clapping each other's hands. So one idea calls in another until you find yourself surrounded by a shining host which, like angels, attend your waking hour and your dreams and are always with you."

"I see one shining in your eyes now," cried Mrs. Way-down-blue, eagerly.

"How quick you are—what may it be?" asked Mrs. Cheery-up-heart, smiling.

"It is the idea of love—with your leave I shall take it home with me."—Union Signal.

THE BOY REMEMBERED.

Gov. Stewart of Missouri Had Met This Man Before Under Different Circumstances.

A few years ago, while Robert Stewart was governor of Missouri, a steamboatman was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon, says the Indianapolis Sentinel. He was a large, powerful fellow, and when the governor looked at him he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him he said: "You will commit some other crime, and be in the penitentiary again, I fear." The man solemnly promised he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes and said: "You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?" The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night." The steamboatman said he would not, and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question. The governor replied: "Because some day that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick

If you are going to the mountains for an outing perhaps you are in need of a

Tent, Camp Stove, Dutch Oven, Gun, Ammunition, and New Fishing Tackle

We are well stocked with everything in this line and can fit you out in the way you should go

H. E. Boyden, Hardware

SHOES!

We have on hand a line of Ladies', Gents', Boys', Children's and Infants' Shoes

Call and Look us Over

T. H. MOORE, West Side Store

At the front with Prices

SPEEDY TRIP OF A BALLOON.

This One Went One Hundred Miles in Seventy-Five Minutes and Beat the Record.

It seems incredible, yet it is a fact, that in Germany a few days ago a balloon traveled 100 miles in 75 minutes. The balloon left Strasburg at 11 a. m., and arrived at Biberach at 12:15 p. m., being stopped there by the branch of a linden tree, which held it fast. When it was examined a note was found saying that it had left Strasburg at 11 a. m. of that day, and that any information as to its subsequent movements would be gratefully received by the Strasburg authorities. The news of its safe arrival at Biberach, 100 miles distant from Strasburg, was at once sent to them, and on the following day Prof. Dr. Hergesell arrived from Strasburg and took charge of the balloon.

According to him, the first intention of himself and his colleagues was to send out a regular balloon with one or two passengers, but on account of the storm they were unable to do so. They then tried to send out a large balloon fitted with a barometer and other instruments, but the storm prevented it from making any headway, and so finally they equipped a small balloon with instruments and sent it forth.

One of the instruments, a barometer combined with a thermometer, showed that the balloon had attained a height of 7,000 meters, and another indicated that the lowest temperature which it had met was 26 degrees Reaumur. The balloon was made of varnished paper and was filled with coal gas. A basket hung from it, and in order to shield the sensitive instruments from the rays of the sun it was covered with silver paper.

Manuscript of Scott's "Ivanhoe" Was Rejected by Many London Publishers. By way of practical joke a typewritten copy of Scott's "Ivanhoe" was recently sent the rounds of the London publishers, under the title, "When John Was England's King." It was returned in every case. The London Academy amuses itself by imagining the form taken by the letters of rejection. It thinks Messrs. Macmillan might have written somewhat like this: "Messrs. Macmillan & Co. regret to have to return 'When John Was England's King,' but they fear that interest in historical fiction is diminishing. Their reader's report of the story is in the main favorable, but he points out that the charge of imitating 'The Forest of Arden,' one of Messrs. Macmillan's recent publications, might perhaps be difficult to rebut. In his opinion the author of 'When John Was England's King' would perhaps have made a better and more readable book had he studied Mr. Hewlett more carefully."

Here is another burlesque letter: "Mr. John Murry begs to return the M.S. of 'When John Was England's King,' and to quote a passage from his reader's report thereon: 'I do not recommend this novel, although it is painstaking and thorough. The author would, I think, have been wiser had he chosen another name for his hero. Ivanhoe has already been used by Sir Walter Scott.'"

A raft of remarkable size was started down the Mississippi river from Stillwater, Minn., for St. Louis, Mo. The raft is 256 feet wide, 765 feet long, contained 9,000,000 feet of lumber and has loaded on its deck 60 car loads of shingles.

The engineer in charge of the improvement of the Yellowstone park denies that the geysers are approaching extinction. An article to this effect appeared in a French paper and was widely copied throughout the United States. It tends to create an impression that the Yellowstone wonderland, as far as regards the hot springs and geysers, is practically a thing of the past.

GRAIN-O! GRAIN-O!

Remember that name when you want a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it. Grain-O is made of pure grain, it aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder and the children as well as the adults can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1/2 as much as coffee. 15c and 25c. per package. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

Advertised Letter List.

Following is a list of letters remaining uncalled for in the Medford postoffice on August 8, 1901.
Barr, Geo. Fruit Man Colman, C. A.
Gay, George W. Goodard, R. O.—2
Handley, Mrs. J. C. Mielke, Edward
Power, J. S. Parker, Mary A.
Seaton, Miss Essie Smith, W. M.
Trent, Geo. A. Wirth, Willie

A charge of one cent will be made upon delivery of each of the above letters. Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "Advertised."
G. F. MERRIMAN, Postmaster.

Your Face

Shows the state of your feelings and the state of your health as well. Impure blood makes itself apparent in a pale and sallow complexion, pimples and skin eruptions. If you are feeling weak and worn out and do not have a healthy appearance, you should try Ayer's Blood Purifier. It cures all blood diseases where cheap Sarsaparilla and so called purifiers fail; knowing this, we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. Sold by Chas. Strong, druggist.

IN THE BALDHEADED ROW.

"He has a very lofty brow, I think." "Yes, and if it were to get any loftier it would hit him in the back of the neck."—Philadelphia Press.

"Bald-headed men generally seem so cheerful and happy." "Of course; they can't remember how they looked when they had hair."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Who was the scientist who made the discovery that baldness was a sign of intellect?" "I don't know his name. All I know is that he was bald."—Indianapolis Press.

Jones — "That bald-headed man is using hair restorers. He must be contemplating matrimony." Johnson — "Very likely he's just got a divorce."

Chihai — Governor general, usually superintending two provinces.
Bong Wong Wui — Society for the protection of the emperor—the reform society.

Kwang Yu Wai — The young emperor's chief adviser, and the leader of the reform party.

Liang Kai Chu — Second adviser of the emperor and reform leader. Coming to America.

Ye Ho Chuan — Society commonly known as the Boxers—literally, righteousness, harmony and faith.—N. Y. Sun.

DOCTORS

say "Consumption can be cured." Nature alone won't do it. It needs help. Doctors say

"Scott's Emulsion is the best help." But you must continue its use even in hot weather.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York, and all druggists.