

OUR COUNTY . . .
Correspondents

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

Jacksonville News.

K. K. Kubli returned from Portland Sunday morning.
Horace Vonble, of Ruch, was in Jacksonville Saturday.
Miss Corinne Linn paid Medford a business visit on Friday morning.
Wm. Reames and family, of Gold Hill, are visiting relatives here.
Miss Kate Hoffman has returned home from a visit at the Ish farm in Pooh Bah.
Mr. and Mrs. J. McAllister and Wm. Taylor, of Ashland, were in town Wednesday.
Mrs. Fred Grob, who visited with friends here last week, has returned to her home in Ashland.
F. R. and H. F. Rock, Jno. Buckner and G. W. Herriott, of Applegate, spent Monday here.
Mrs. T. J. Kenney, Mrs. Minnie Obenchain and Miss Sophia Muller spent Monday in Medford.
We are pleased to learn that Mrs. M. J. Armstrong who was seriously ill is on the road to recovery.
M. Donaldson Selby, well known in Jacksonville social circles, has returned to Sterling from California.
L. F. Dean, J. A. Jennings, E. Spencer and G. Kramer, of Grants Pass, were at the county seat Thursday.
W. C. Bostwick, of Applegate, passed through Jacksonville on Wednesday in route home from San Francisco.
Attorneys Hammoned, Vawter and Snell, of Medford, have been attending circuit court in Jacksonville this week.
Mrs. A. E. Reames has returned to Jacksonville from Hillsboro, Ore., where she spent several weeks visiting relatives.
A luncheon was served at the meeting of the Artisan lodge last Wednesday evening, following the initiation of Miss Myrtle Sutton.
J. W. Opp has returned to Jacksonville from St. Louis, Mo., where he went several weeks ago in the interest of his promising quartz mine on Jackson creek.
Mrs. F. M. Prim returned from Ashland Friday after several weeks' stay with her sister, Mrs. Pengra, who has been quite ill. Mrs. Prim left Monday for her home in San Francisco.
Mrs. Barber and daughter, of Pomona, Calif., are in Jacksonville visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Williamson. They are relatives of Mrs. Williamson and will remain during the winter and possibly permanently.
The following excellent program will be presented by the Jacksonville Christian Endeavor Society on Saturday evening, Nov. 30th, in the U. S. hall:

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| Piano Duets | Florence DeBar and Agnes Love |
| Waltz | Ruth Peter, Francis Kenney, Pleia Ulrich, Vance Colvig, Vivian Beach, Donald Cameron |
| Solo | "Mollie, Drive the Cows Home," Leona Ulrich |
| Tableau | "Marguerite," Edith Priest, Helen Quiret, "Lullaby," Edith Priest, Helen Quiret, Anita Wendt, Maggie Krause |
| Tableau | "Autumn," Vance Colvig |
| Solo | "Coon, Coon," Vance Colvig |
| Tableau | "Crescent," Maggie Krause |
| Solo | "Little Spring," Helen Quiret |
| Monologue | "A Passing Cloud," Helen Quiret |
| Violin Solo | "Flower Song," Mary Dellor |
| Military Drill | "The Star," Mary Dellor |
| Solo | Edith Priest |

The latest novelty in the social realm in Jacksonville was a "spinsters' tea," given by Miss Helen Colvig, at her home on Oregon street, last Saturday afternoon. The young ladies present were dressed in the traditional spinsters' costumes, and each lady was required to give

a history of her first courtship, also give reasons why she remained a spinster. A guessing contest was indulged in in which Miss Olive Huffer won first prize and Miss Mabel Prim, consolation. Those present report a splendid time and were Misses Isa Cook, Mabel and Maud Prim, Josie Donagan, Olive Huffer, Edith Priest, Myrtle Sutton, Lillie Taylor and Bertha Orme.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Phoenix Items.

Mr. Hearn's little baby is quite sick.
Mary Stancliff has gone to Kansas on a visit.
Elder Jewell begins a meeting here Saturday night.
Mrs. Rice left Wednesday, for her home in New Mexico.
The Woodman Hall is beginning to make up its form. It is a fine looking building.
Eld. Badger, of Ashland, was in town Monday, on his way home from Central Point.
Mrs. Henry Miller, of Jacksonville, visited relatives in town last Saturday and Monday.
Mr. Juvenal exhibited some large potatoes Tuesday. Some of them would almost measure eight inches across, and they were planted in July.
There was a nice little wedding at the home of Mr. F. Town last Saturday. Miss Nellie Town to Mr. Ed. Grisez of Montague, Mr. Clyde officiating. The young couple have the best wishes of the entire community.

Central Point Items.

W. C. Leaver spent last week at his Elk creek mine.
Wm. Holmes made Grants Pass a business trip last week.
Mrs. Frank Galloway made Medford a business trip Tuesday.
J. H. Kincaid will open a saloon in the Freil building next week.
Dr. Hinkle received a large consignment of school books Friday.

Table Rock Items.

Mrs. C. A. Dickinson visited in Medford Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pendleton spent Tuesday with Ashland friends.
S. F. and Chas. Morine spent Monday transacting business in Medford and Central Point.
Wm. Dickison has returned from his trip up Rogue river and is well pleased with the game he secured.
Richard Jennings returned from Roseburg Friday to remain permanently with his mother and family.
Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Gunn visited Table Rock relatives over Sunday and left a substantial reminder in the form of a turkey.

W. R. Dickison and Harry Neslon hauled heavy hogs to Jacksonville Monday and the price they obtained sent them home smiling.

A party of hunters composed of Judge Prim, Geo. Neuber, John Orth, Chas. Gay and John Ross were doing Table Rock country last Friday.

Table Rock has a literary society which meets every Friday night at the school house. C. A. Dickison is president, S. M. Nealon, vice president; Miss Mae McIntyre, secretary, and Miss Hattie Washan, treasurer. Last Friday evening was devoted to Longfellow and was a decided success.

Miss Mae McIntyre spent Saturday with Medford relatives and was accompanied home by her sister. On Sunday Clarence Meeker came out with Mr. Sandals and Miss Grace Dickison made a party to climb the lower Table rock.

They ate their lunch by a blazing bonfire and report a good time in spite of fog and clouds.
J. C. P.

Talent News Items.

The Talent school had a basket social on last Friday evening, from which they realized forty-six dollars.
Lem Briner, of Talent, and C. S. Sergeant, of Phoenix, have just returned from a trip to the fish hatchery up Rogus River. They report fish scarce.

Big Sticky Items.

BY PECK'S BAD BOY.
Al. Turpin, who has been seriously ill for some time, is improving.
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Turpin are comfortably settled in their new house.
Mrs. Laura Wyland and children spent a few days last week at H. C. Turpin's.
Joe Rader and F. C. Roberts are looking after their stock in the Dead Indian country.

Mrs. Lulu Perry has completed a three months' term of school in the Yankee creek district.
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gall and children, of Moonville, visited friends on Sticky recently.

Mrs. Calvin Owens and little daughters spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gregory.
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Pruett and daughters, Donna and Georgia, spent Sunday with Mrs. Clara Rader.

Mr. and Mrs. Taggart, of Medford, were out in this vicinity last Wednesday, combining business and pleasure.

Mrs. Ish has been making some needed improvements on the buildings on her Sticky farm. Charles Milligan, of Medford, is doing the work.

Roy Smith, who has been suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis and neuralgia for the last three weeks, is able to be around again. Dr. Stephenson was the attending physician.

A COINCIDENCE

By Kate Dickinson Sweetser
(From Town and Country, New York. Reprinted by permission.)

THE child Agatha counted buttons, and by so doing became the unconscious arbiter of a destiny.

The years of Agatha's life were as many as were the fingers on one of her plump hands, and during this short time she had always been a teller of fortunes, doling out husbands to such as were the happy possessors of buttons. For those poor creatures who had yielded to a mandate from far-off Paris, and accepted hooks and eyes as gown-fastenings, Agatha could do nothing—not the ghost of a husband could she conjure up without the help of her little round alleles.

Had you not a single one in sight you were doomed to spinsterhood, but if one—just one—could be found among the folds of your draperies, you were saved, and Agatha's fat forefinger would be laid upon it, while her shrill little voice would announce triumphantly: "Rich man!"—looking into your eyes to find a reflection of the joy in her own dancing blue ones at having so satisfactorily—thanks to the button—settled your fortune.

The result of a two-button fortune she always announced with a falling inflection, and the corners of her mouth would droop in copy of the expression she had seen on older faces when "poor man" was found to be their portion.

At "beggan man" her voice invariably grew sad and low, and if you were foolish enough to display four buttons, the chubby finger would touch the fatal one mournfully, while a pitying voice would murmur, as she shook her golden curls, "thief," begging your pardon for the cruel truth; but again happy smiles would chase away the sadness if doctor, lawyer, merchant or chief fell to your lot. Two, three and four were the only fortunes that troubled the little lady.

Oh, but it was a thrilling game to play! It was a grief to the child Agatha that so seldom could she indulge in it, owing to the disappearance of buttons from the feminine horizon. But now and again it would chance that some one great enough to resist the decrees of fashion would drift her way and display the longed-for fastenings. To such a one Agatha would turn with screams of delight, while the chubby hands would touch the buttons lovingly, and the childish voice ring out in words of prophecy.

It was a matinee day at the opera house, and an enthusiastic throng was surging through the entrance gate, attracted by Mme. Calve as "Carmen." The house was crowded to the doors, and when the curtain rose on the Sevilla Square there was not a vacant seat to be had, and scarcely an unfilled box. No. 11 grand tier, however, was empty, and many of those standing turned envious eyes up to its comfortable seats. For a matinee the audience was brilliant, and one could see many well-known faces from the "smart set" as well as the suburban seat holders and real music lovers. Functions of

every sort had been sacrificed for the idol of the hour, the cigarette girl, "Carmen," and the house was gay with handsome women and resplendent costumes.

In several boxes of the grand tier there were children, and one framed a pretty, much-noticed picture. In it sat golden-haired Agatha and her blue-eyed brother. Arms around each other they sat, fresh and dainty and sweet, unconscious of everything except the bewilderment of color and sound on the stage. The box adjoining that in which the children sat was No. 11, and was unoccupied until the intermission between the second and third acts, when a young woman entered it. She was alone, and seated herself with such an air of languid indifference to operas in general and to "Carmen" in particular that one wondered for what reason she chose to lend her presence to the scene. She did not even raise her lorgnet and sweep the house with an inventing glance. Many glasses, however, were leveled at her. Even in the family circle there was a murmur of recognition. Sydenham Willoughby's laughter was familiar to all classes of society, for reporters heralded her doings and printed her portrait when there was the slightest excuse for it—and often when there was none, because she was a beauty as well as an heiress. Leaning back in her seat she was a ravishing vision. Her black velvet costume was in sharp contrast to the ivory-whiteness of her skin, and there was an unusual charm in her expression and manner, which her air of unconcern heightened.

The curtain rose. There was twilight and fire-glow in the smogger's stronghold. The audience drew quiet breaths while the strains of the exquisite prelude sounded. Elinore Willoughby looked on as one who, seeing, sees not, and having ears, hears not. She had not drifted to the opera house that day, nor yet had she come to hear "Carmen" for the twentieth time. Each motif and action she could anticipate, but for her there was no motive of any importance except that which was the key to her own personal affair. The singers might have been puppets, might have left the stage, the audience might have dispersed—and she would scarcely have taken note of it. She only saw before her those scenes which for many days had been filling her mental vision.

She had come to the opera for freedom; to think, to decide; to avoid questioning eyes and josting voices, for her world was waiting breathless to hear the truth. The solitude of her own room was oppressive—she craved the aloneness that only a crowd can give. To come to a decision—why should she? Life was pure pleasure as it had been—why must it change? She was possessed with a feeling of profound irritation that all the potentialities of wealth and beauty which before had shielded her from every annoyance now availed nothing. Decision could not be bought not put aside on any pretext. What should she do? Which should it be? Pros and cons presented themselves in quick succession. Moods as varying as the colors in a bubble claimed her for their own. What should she do?

In the stage twilight Mercedes and Frasquita shuffled cards and read their destinies in clear tones. To Elinore the recitative brought only the familiar voice of one in her mind-picture; "L'uomo che amara amaro!" ("Him I

loved and will love ever"). Before Elinore there stood a form, young and strong and masterful, with a proud joy in smile and gesture. There was moonlight—the dash of waves over the rocks—a woman's promise given.

"Un amor di Carmen non puo durar!" ("Carmen's love does not last").

Quickly Elinore's first mind-picture gave place to a more brilliant one, and in it she was central figure against a background of the luxuries she loved. She saw a retinue of attendants, thoroughbred horses, rare jewels, houses and lands—and beside her small, bent and insignificant—the master of it all. With nervous restlessness she changed her position, feeling that emotion was overmastering the voice of calm reason. The curtain fell on the twilight scene, the lights flashed high again. Elinore drew herself up in dignified erectness as if to defy the weakness that was enticing her, and spoke with in herself.

Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat; and all wrong, if too thin already.

Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

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WASHINGTON NOTES.

President Roosevelt announced that in making civil appointments in the insular possessions of the United States he would adhere to the principles of civil service, and said that absolutely no appointments in the insular possessions would be dictated or controlled by political considerations.

A distinguished body representing the commercial organizations of many of the principal cities of the United States called upon the president to urge the importance of reciprocity with Canada. It was pointed out that next to Great Britain and Germany the trade of Canada with the United States represented more in money to the manufacturers and producers of the United States than that of any other country, and that unless something was done to further that trade in the way of reciprocal concessions all of it might be endangered. The president said that the whole subject was being canvassed, and added that the organizations represented could do much by bringing their influence to bear upon their representatives in congress.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A disastrous storm prevailed in the British isles, and was the cause of many shipwrecks and great loss of life.

A Tiflis (Russia) dispatch says that Erzeroum has again been visited by an earthquake. Altogether there were 30 shocks, ten of them being very violent. Twenty-two persons were killed and many buildings destroyed. The panic-stricken populace is camping in the fields. The public offices are closed.

Max Quark, editor of the Frankfort Volks Stimme, was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for libeling the German troops which were in China by the publication of a letter headed "German Beasts."

The parliamentary contest in Galway, says a Dublin dispatch, is being marked by a series of fights. Horace Plunkett, Unionist, is opposing Colonel Arthur Lynch, who served with the Second Irish brigade on the Boer side. Sticks, stones, bricks and bottles figure in the daily encounters. The windows and doors of Plunkett's rooms were smashed in during the night. The police have been obliged on several occasions to charge with their clubs and disperse the mobs. There is a long list of injured persons.

A Missouri woman recently was the victim of a most peculiar accident, and, as it did not result in any permanent injury, we can afford to laugh at it. She was a very stout woman and was standing on a barrel training some vines when the top of the barrel caved in. The husband tried in vain to extricate her, and was finally compelled to roll her to a blacksmith shop a quarter of a mile away. There the iron hoops were removed and the woman regained her freedom.

An Arizona Procession.
Phoenix, Ariz., recently had a procession in which groups of cowboys were followed by groups of Indians, city officials and the mob.

Reform at Buffalo.
It may cost you \$200 to be put off at Buffalo this summer, warningly remarks the Chicago Tribune, if you forget that a stringent anti-expectation ordinance is in force in that city.

A Long-Suffering People.
The sultan of Morocco is learning to play the bagpipe. He must have unbounded confidence, says the Chicago Record-Herald, in the loyalty of his subjects.

Reliable as Most Rumors.
Dykerheights—1 hear Miss Peachblow held a party last night.

Bensonhurst—You are slightly misinformed. Miss Peachblow only had a single caller last night, and I was that party. It was a case in which the party held Miss Peachblow, not Miss Peachblow the party.—N. Y. Journal

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

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