

OUR COUNTY...  
**Correspondents**

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

**Jacksonville News.**

Dr. Ray, of Gold Hill, paid the county seat a business visit Monday.

Miss Bertha Rose, of Phoenix, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gus Newbury.

H. Von der Hellen and W. Bieberstadt, of Weller, spent Tuesday in Jacksonville.

K. K. Kubli has gone to Portland upon business, being interested in a mining deal.

Mrs. John Pernoll, of Applegate, has been visiting Mrs. Geo. Hines, in Jacksonville.

Attorney G. W. Trefren and G. R. Wick, of Ashland, were at the county seat Saturday.

Miss Pauline Reuter left Wednesday evening for Portland, where she will spend a month.

Wm. Robinson, who is interested in mines on Thompson creek, spent Sunday in Jacksonville.

A social dance was held at Orth's hall last Friday evening, which was well attended by lovers of that pleasant pastime.

Col. F. V. Drake, of Portland, an acknowledged mining expert on the coast, is in Jacksonville in the interest of the Oregonian.

Wm. Nanery arrived here recently from Tacoma, and will visit at the home of his brother-in-law, Owen Keegan, in this city.

A daily practice has been indulged by our football team, preparing for the game which was played with Gold Hill on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Barber and daughter, who recently arrived here from Pomona, Calif., have rented rooms at the Mrs. Jane Kubli residence, on Oregon street, and will remain in Jacksonville indefinitely.

Attorneys W. I. Vawter and A. S. Hammond are in Jacksonville arguing the celebrated mining case of Ray vs. Mitchell. The Swayne vs. water ditch case was argued and submitted Monday.

Rev. McGregor, with his family, arrived last week to take charge of the pastoral work of the M. E. Church. He was greeted on Sunday last by a good sized congregation, both morning and evening.

G. W. Boone left here Monday evening for Coos County, where he has extensive property interests. He is desirous of disposing of his property there, with the intention of returning to Jacksonville to remain, this climate being conducive to his health.

Joe Hammerly, of Gold Hill, was initiated into the mysteries of Masonry last Wednesday evening, in this city. Among those who attended the meeting of the order were Dr. E. B. Pickett, W. I. Vawter, J. E. Enyart, J. F. White and S. S. Pentz, of Medford.

**Woodville Items.**

David Ball has his photo tent in town.

Mr. Ingledue is quite ill at this writing.

A. Caley made a trip to Rook Point Saturday.

Miss Lucy Swagerty is on the sick list this week.

Rev. S. H. Jones, of Jacksonville, preached here last Sunday.

Mrs. G. W. Owings is the guest of Miss Addie Jones this week.

C. W. Mann and family left here Wednesday for eastern Oregon.

Mrs. S. Beers is visiting her daughter and sons in California.

Mrs. J. E. Cox and Mrs. Bessie Randall were trading in Grants Pass Tuesday.

Mrs. David Ball has returned home from a several days' visit with her mother, at Eagle Point.

W. V. Jones and family, accompanied by Miss Midge Owings, made a trip up Evans creek Sunday.

Mrs. C. S. Birdsey, accompanied by her grandson, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Colvig, in Jacksonville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cox, Misses Bertha Cox and Hattie Van Order and Prof. R. H. Jonas were visiting in Gold Hill Sunday.

The residence of J. C. Williams, of Evans creek, was destroyed by fire last Monday afternoon, together with all its contents.

Wm. Haymond has completed his contract on the Chas. White property, putting on new roofs and otherwise repairing the buildings.

A pleasant surprise party was given J. F. Schmidline and family last Saturday evening. About forty persons were in attendance and a good time was had by all.

The A. O. U. W. lodge of Gold Hill gave a minstrel show here last Wednesday evening. After the entertainment Mr. Reames gave a very interesting talk, which was much enjoyed by all.

**Central Point Items.**

Mr. Hare, of Woodville, spent a day here this week.

Fred Straub, of Willow Springs, was in our town Tuesday.

J. W. Vincent, of Sams Valley, was trading with our merchants on Monday.

Mrs. Mary Vincent, of Table Rock, was trading here the first of this week.

Miss Mary A. Mee spent three days last week visiting relatives at Grants Pass.

W. H. Norcross shipped two carloads of apples to the eastern market on Tuesday.

Joseph Huger, superintendent of Vanities' orchards near Medford, spent Monday here.

John Odwell, one of our leading fruit growers, made Ashland a business trip last week.

S. M. Nealon, one of Table Rock's prominent citizens was trading with our merchants this week.

Mrs. Frank Amy left on Wednesday's train for Pagosa Junction, Col. to visit her sister, Mrs. Ida Techudy.

David Lynes, who has been employed in mines near Callahan's, Calif., the past year, returned home last week.

The many friends of Mrs. Ida Pankey Techudy will be sorry to learn she has been bereft of her husband. Mr. Techudy took very ill with brain fever and after three days suffering died, Nov. 21st, at their home in Pagosa, Colorado.

W. W. Edington sold his fine farm to Ben Beall, and will leave for Springfield, Mo in a short time to reside. Mr. Edington and his family are fine people and we are sorry to lose them from our community, but wish them the greatest success where ever they go.

**Academy Notes.**

Miss Gray was a visitor this week. The literary society program is postponed for one week, as many students are at home for Thanksgiving.

Miss Tungate and Miss Ayres were called home on Sunday on account of the death of a brother of the former.

For the reason that several students wished to be at home for Thanksgiving, school has been dismissed for Friday also.

The Academy entertainment will be on Friday evening Dec. 30, at the opera house. The object is to raise funds to pay the balance on the typewriter.

Miss Edith VanDyke is carrying on junior college work, Latin, Lity, Greek, Introduction to Anebasa, Mathematical Astronomy, and is completing Higher Algebra, preparatory to taking up Trigonometry and Surveying.

The new students this week are Hilda McCurdy, Glendale, Douglas County; Robert Bonar, Griffin Creek; Ernest Gibson, Ashland; Alta Rogers, Medford; Kate Seed of Jacksonville, who has joined the evening ethnography class. Present enrollment of regular students 80, or, including department of music, 120.

**For Rent—**

Forty acres of well improved land—ten acres seeded to alfalfa. Will sell hay, some stock and tools. Some fine garden land on place; running water. Inquire at this office.

**County Treasurer's 24th Notice.**

OFFICE OF COUNTY TREASURER OF JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, NOV. 29, 1901.  
Notice is hereby given that there are funds in the county treasury for the redemption of all outstanding county warrants protested from Sept. 1, 1899, to Sept. 30, 1901, both dates inclusive. Interest on the same will cease after the above date.  
MAX MULLER,  
County Treasurer.

**A Very Pleasant Occasion.**

Col. John L. Handley, of Denver Col., supreme secretary of the Fraternal Union of America, delivered an extremely interesting address at the opera house last Saturday evening upon the history and reasons why one should become a member of this union, which was highly appreciated by his hearers. Prof. and Mrs. Boffa had prepared for the occasion a rare musical treat which thrilled the whole audience with its exquisite melody. Miss May Merriman also favored them by reciting "The Black Horse and Its Rider," with the fine elocutionary power with which she is possessed. The members and candidates of this rapidly growing society then repaired to their hall, where fifteen were initiated, after which all returned to the opera house to do justice to the banquet awaiting them. Feast for gods, and all that sort of thing doesn't begin to express it, but certainly the good ladies who prepared the delicious viands were fully aware of the fact.

"That happiness for man—the hungry since five six apples, must depend on dinner!"  
And if one can judge from smiles, beaming faces and musical laughter, there wasn't a man present, after partaking thereof, who was not made supremely happy. The benefits obtained by uniting with this order consist not only in dollars and cents, but are both mentally and morally elevating for the principles upon which it is based are love, justice, truth and mercy, and genuine, pure and undyed friendship. Yes, "Friendship: mysterious cement of the soul; Sweetner of life, and solder of society."  
X. X. X.

**Settle Up Notice.**

As I have sold out my business in Medford it becomes necessary that all my book accounts be settled at once. During my absence of a few weeks accounts may be paid at the office of City Recorder York, or to Mr. J. H. Butler, I. A. WEBB.

**For Sale.**

Good work and driving mare, weight about 1200; seven or eight years old. May be seen at M. Leland's place, on Griffin creek. Also have a good Jersey milk cow for sale. Is six years old. Will sell reasonable. Cow is at Ashland.  
MRS. C. MINOUS,  
Ashland, Oregon.

**Engines and Boilers for Sale.**

I have for sale at my machine shop, in Medford, one 10-horse power boiler with 8-horse power engine, one 3-horse power engine and boiler, one 8-horse power engine and boiler. These have all been overhauled and repaired and are practically as good as new.  
M. GAULT.

**Wants to Buy Hides.**

I am in the market for all kinds of hides—sheep, goat, cow, horse hides—and deer skins, with tags on. I will pay highest market price. Call and see me, at the tannery between Talent and Phoenix.  
D. ANDERTON.

**For Sale—**

630 feet No. 1 giant hydraulic pipe. E. G. COLEMAN,  
Phoenix, Ore.  
—If you want first class job printing, we can fill the bill.

—Read W. T. York's real estate bargains in another column of this paper.

—With the new facilities that B. N. Butler put in his shop, he turns out as good work in repairing watches and jewelry as any one in Southern Oregon.

**FOREIGN ITEMS.**

President Castro of Venezuela, believing that a conspiracy to overthrow him existed, caused the arrest at Puerto Cabello of Ramon Guerra, the minister of war. The president also brought about the arrest at Caracas of a number of partisans of Guerra. The arrests have caused a great sensation.

From London comes the announcement of the death of Count von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, who recently retired from the post of German ambassador to Great Britain. Coagulation of the lungs was the cause of his death.

The parliamentary contest in Galway, Ireland, between Colonel Arthur Lynch, who fought in the Boer army, and Horace Plunkett, Unionist, resulted in a victory for Lynch. Lynch received 1,247 votes, while Plunkett had only 473. Lynch's election may be quashed on the ground that he is a traitor.

King Edward has decreed that none but British subjects are to be present at the coronation ceremonies in Westminster abbey. He has decided that the more fact of any sort being sold disposes both the holder and the nominee from the right of occupying it. It is understood that this order is to checkmate thrifty British nobles who desire to make money by selling their seats to foreigners.

In the French senate, Senator Bernard, in proposing an inquiry into the depopulation of France, compared the population of France with the population of other nations throughout the nineteenth century. At the beginning of the century France had 26,000,000 inhabitants, Germany 16,000,000 and England 12,000,000. Now France has 38,000,000 inhabitants, Germany 50,000,000 and England 41,000,000. He combated the idea that its population quality is better than quantity. His remedies were the adoption of fiscal measures in favor of large families, and above all, legislation to check the terrible mortality among infants.

—Pipes, Pipes—All kinds of pipes. Big pipes, little pipes, half grown pipes, dwarf pipes and giant pipes. Cheap pipes, costly pipes and pipes that are moderate in price. Get a pipe at Billy Isaacs' smoke house.

**"PALS."**  
By C. E. Weigall.

**"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM."**

"Bill to ourselves in every place assigned. Our own felicity we make or find."  
He lay on his bed-cot and looked at the stars through a chink in the roof between window and canvas.  
It was a very hot night, of that breathless, lurid deadness that makes a Malta summer a weariness of the flesh. Inside his tent 13 sturdy souls were snoring, under their brown blankets, the sleep of the just; but the fourteenth, Gunner Amherst, had been awake since "Lights out," and sleep would probably not visit his eyes at all until the little bugler sounded reveille from the guard-room steps at Tigne fort.

He was thinking, and perhaps there was some excuse for the deep concentration necessary for such a purpose, for Amherst did not often indulge in an art so purely imaginative.

The tramp of the sentry up and down across the square on his eternal round, the sob of the tide under the sheer cliff, the call of a distant siren from a ship in the grand harbor, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night.

In the daytime Gunner Amherst had no time for thought. Drills and fatigues, drinks in the canteen, cricket or football, as the season might allow; bathing, a further pint in the canteen with a chum, and then "Last Post," did not leave much time in which a man might develop original traits or even a habit of thought, for in his set the reading-room was not the fashion.

His face was puckered into a frown that marred the usual good temper of its dare-devil expression. He had something on his mind, and that something led him at last to rise from his bed-cot, and don the few clothes necessary to decency, quietly tiptoeing at last out of the tent.

Keeping in the shadow of the buildings, away from earshot of the sentry, he skirted the camp till he came out beyond the gray walls of the fort above the sea. There he sat him down among the short, sunburnt stubble and sand, and bared his great chest to the cool night wind of heaven that blew from the dreary Sirocco quarter.

"My!" he said, "I'm battlin' it out, but I don't come anigh the end of it. If Jem takes the stripe, it's splits between him and me; there's too many 'alf quaters—or the end on 'em—down agen me, to see me a bloomin' Bombardier. Now, Jem'll go mashin' about with N. C. O.'s, and mayn't look at an old pal, and as to speaking to me friendly like, why, it's all down in the regulations as there's a great gulf between them and the likes of us, me in particular, as one as 's a many things down on my defaulters' sheet as shouldn't be there. We've been friends since the first day 'e joined—'im 'an me together—rookies as didn't know a gun from a pea-stick. It was always the same afore we

—W. T. York has real estate bargains—and good ones—see his list elsewhere in this paper.

**Repairing Neatly Done**

Never thought of such a sign for a medicine did you? Well, it's a good sign for Scott's Emulsion. The body as to be repaired like other things and Scott's Emulsion is the medicine that does it.

These poor bodies wear out from worry, from over-work, from disease. They get thin and weak. Some of the new ones are not well made—and all of the old ones are racked from long usage. Scott's Emulsion fixes all kinds. It does the work both inside and out. It makes soft bones hard, thin blood red, weak lungs strong, hollow places full. Only the best materials are used in the patching and the patches don't show through the new glow of health. No one has to wait his turn. You can do it yourself—and the bottle.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York. 50c. and \$1. all druggists.

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**

joined, at 'ome in the old place. If there was a furrow to be plowed, Jem always took first prize, though I might run the show pretty nigh; or a piece to be sung at the harvest-home, or a holiday-making, when there was a choice of anyone to go, Jem was always chosen. But I was never one to feel jealous like. Same as when 'e went off with my gal, Molly Maloney—'oo could feel jealous of Jem?"

Amherst paused a moment and gazed at the sky, crisped into points of yellow stars. The wash of the sea had made him melancholy, perhaps, as he was out of sorts. That one last glass of beer the night before in the canteen had been too much for "Old Devil-may-care," as his companions called him. He leaned up against a grey rock boulder, and tore up a tussock of grass.

"A. N. C. O. mayn't speak to a ordinary gunner when 'e pals with the other lot of sarjints and their belongings. Don't know as I pants to do that though! If it was me, I don't think as 'ow I'd ever chuck a pal—and yet there's a deal o' pleasure in bein' looked up to! Not as anyone'll ever look up to me—I'm a bit of a waster."

There was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of this "bit of a waster." He was not in the least a romantic figure. His good-looking face had not the alert expression of influencing power that belongs to the born non-commissioned officer of the British army. His clothing, too, was unromantic, consisting of a pair of khaki trousers and a patched vest hung on anyhow, his feet thrust into broken canvas bathing shoes.

He was roused by a quick step on the grass behind him, and started at once into defiant line again. Tears would be a lasting disgrace if discovered, and he became merely a motionless gunner, looking out with stiff intencness at the far faint line of the Sicilian coast.

"Davy! Whatever are you doing here?"  
It was the old name, familiarly spoken. No one ever called him Davy now. To his superiors he was simply a bad lot, though a good all-round athlete; and to his companions, a fellow who could crack a good tale, and put away more beer than any other— a fellow, too, whose one stupendous folly was being too chummy with a man who was on the roll for promotion, a man who loved the reading-room, and who was in the chair at the little Garrison Chapel, and in high favor with the powers that be.

"Yes, Jem," he said, glibly, "I was just 'avin a bit of a toddle—the tent seemed chokey like. I should think as the thermometer must be about a 'undred in there."

"Aye," said Jem, laconically, "I seed you pass. I was standing at the door of No. 15 hut, and I thought as 'ow I'd come and see what you was up to."

"You might get into a row," returned Amherst, "and that 'ud be bad for you just now."  
"No worse for me than you."  
Jem set himself squarely down on a boulder at his companion's side, and settled his chin upon his folded brown fists.

"Davy," he said, "do you remember Molly Maloney?"  
Amherst's face quivered; but he said, sturdily: "Aye, we'll not talk of 'er just now, Jem."

Jem's face was determined; his mouth set in a hard line, that spoiled his good looks, giving to his face an expression of obstinate firmness that gave one a fresh insight into his character.

"Do you mind her yellow hair, like the buttercups in Mile End Close farm, and her eyes blue and big, like the forget-me-nots by the mill-pond, where the rushes was so fine and large? She was a neat dresser, and had a pretty foot, too."  
"Aye," said Davy.  
"And the Sunday evenin' when we three walked back from church, and the sky was like the inside of a pink shell, with streaks like a violet here and there? And she says to me, what a pretty voice I had in the tenor parts, and never said a word to you, though you and she was courtin'!"  
Amherst made a motion with his head, for his lips were dry and speechless.  
"And maybe you were wondering why we weren't married, and why I never said a word about it to you, after she give you the chuck, and she and me went walkin' together."  
"Maybe you was delicate about it, and didn't like to 'urt my feelin'."  
Davy's voice was hoarse; he was so eager to find an excuse for the man to whom he had been doggedly faithful for these many years through thick and thin.  
"Twas only natural as she should prefer you. I'm a poor one at expressin' my feelin's, and a poor sort of chap and all. While as for you—"

"While, as for me," said Jem, calmly, "you thought as 'ow I was a nasty, sneakin' chap, and had took Molly away from you, temptin' her like; while the real truth is, Davy, though I never told you afore, that 'she wasn't worth a snap of your fingers or of mine, for I knew she was flirin' with that red-headed chap at the blacksmith's all the time you was a courtin' of 'er; and if a girl could go on with one chap when she had promised to marry another, it seemed to me as she was not good enough to be a pal's wife. She walked with me a bit, and then—why, I told 'er as I meant nothin', seein' she was on with two or three other chaps, and you was too blind to see it. I only done it to show you what she was and to stop you from throwin' your stupid old self away upon a good-for-nothin'."  
"You did it for that?" Davy's voice was tremulous in its intensity of earnestness. "Why, I thought as 'ow you loved 'er, and was goin' to get the stripe so as you could get married to 'er."  
"I'm not a-going to take no stripe," said Jem, steadily. "You're out there, Davy."  
"Why, the colonel spoke to you this mornin', I know 'e did, for Stubbs told me."  
"Aye, Davy, did you never think that you and me would be separated as far as the sea is from you mountain? You've been a bit unfortunate in the drinkin' line, and that's agen you for promotion, but if you was thinkin' that I was a goin' to be set over your head, you was wrong, Davy. Amherst. Pals we was in the old days, and pals we'll be till we snuffs out, and that's enough for me, if it is for you."  
Amherst's hand stole a little nearer to the clenched fist on the stubble. "God's truth!" he said.  
"God's truth," said Jem.  
The vow was taken as solemnly as though some pledge of vast importance was being registered.  
"Jem, it was 'urtin' me cruel, that thought of you and me never speakin'," said Davy, at last, sheepishly. "If you like, I'll keep a bit straighter. At least, I'll try to keep that way on."  
Amherst was nothing if not honest, and Jem admired him for it.

"It'll be no use, Davy. I know you of old," he answered, hopefully. "The very smell of a beer-jug'll draw you a mile, but I'll take the will for the deed, old chap."

When two furtive, lightly-garbed figures stole back to their respective beds, the sky was shimmering towards the dawn. As Amherst crept into his bed, the next man to him moved, and muttered in his sleep. "We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord." He was the second tenor in the choir, and had been practicing some new music the day before at the squeaking harmonium.

"Amen," said Davy, fervently, as he drew the blanket over his head.  
At the same moment the bugle rang out "Reveille," clear as a bell—resonant as the last trumpet—each note rising and falling on the still air. It was echoed from cliff to cliff, from fort to barracks, till the whole island rang with the news that another day was born.

And the gunners of Tigne woke to reluctant life, and grumbled themselves into uniform and pipe-clayed helmets once again. But there was gladness in two rough, honest hearts, for a shadow had rolled away with the purple line of night-cloud into the sea.—Black and White.

**A Mosquito's Teeth.**  
A mosquito gets its growth in a short time. It is fully developed and equipped for business in three weeks.

**Thanksgiving Bounty.**  
Oh, favor every year made new!  
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our door!  
The fullness stames our discontent.  
—Whittier.

**The Thanksgiving Dinner.**  
A contrast between the Thanksgiving dinner of half a century ago and that of the present time will be found more in the details of the table decoration than in the menu itself. Although some favorite dishes of the present time have been added to the list and perhaps one or more of those familiar to previous generations omitted, the dinner in the main is the same, with roast turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin and mince pie as essential dishes.

**Thanksgiving Eve.**  
Old Uncle Mose—I jes' know de good Lawd will bless me fo' stealin' dese chickens! He wants eberybody tuh be happy tuh-morrow, an' heah I is gibbin' a whole fambly sumpin tuh be thankful fo'!

**The Best Prescription for Malaria**  
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Gray's Family Laxative Compound. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50 cents.

**Coughs**

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."  
J. H. Burge, Mazon, Cal.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones!  
The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. all druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, do so as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.