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OUR COUNTY

Correspondents

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

Jacksonville News.

BY S. N. E.

Mrs. P. Hines is at her ranch on Humber.

Fred Parsons visited in Jacksonville Sunday.

Recorder Applegate was in Ashland Saturday.

Deputy Postmaster McCune was in Medford Monday.

Hon. and Mrs. H. E. Ankeny were in town Tuesday.

Mrs. S. H. Jones is visiting relatives at Albany and Salem.

Miss Cora Cameron, of Uniontown, has been at Medford.

Mrs. Wm. Colvig is visiting Mrs. Geo. O'B DeBar, at Eugene.

Mrs. J. Dattlebaum has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Rev. S. Jones will preach at Woodville Sunday, August 3d.

Gertrude Biede, of Ashland, is the guest of Jacksonville friends.

Mrs. M. L. Dox was at Ashland for a brief visit during Chautauqua.

Horace Mann, of Medford, was at the county-seat one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Robinson were at Ashland during the past week.

A marriage license was issued July 22d to Jerry Heckathorn and Annie Park.

Oris Crawford and family are enjoying a two weeks' outing on Evans creek.

Rev. E. B. Lookhart, of Central Point, will hold services here on Sunday next.

Chas. Basse left last week for a trip to Missouri Flat and Waldo, to visit relatives.

Will Muller is at Klamath Falls, with the intention of engaging in business there.

Miss Genevieve Roberts, of Glendale, has been the guest of her cousin, Kate Plymale.

Mrs. Thos. J. Kenney and daughter, Frances, are visiting the Peltons at Sams valley.

Meedames J. W. Merritt, of Central Point, and R. H. Moore, of Gold Hill, were Sunday visitors in Jacksonville.

Raymond Robinson, until recently with the Iowa Lumber Co., has gone to Coles, to take a position in a sawmill there.

Miss Ella Young left on Monday's train for California, where she will visit her sisters at Oakland and San Francisco.

Frank Ennis, of Callistoga, Calif., after spending a few days among friends here, left for Galice creek Saturday to be gone the summer.

County Clerk Orth and Mrs. Orth, with Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Gale, left Tuesday evening for a week's camping at Whiskey Peak.

Joseph Blatt, an old-time resident of our town, died here on Friday afternoon, after an illness of some time. The remains were buried on Saturday. Mr. Blatt was aged

only nine years of age, unmarried and leaves no relatives in this country.

Miss Myrtle Sutton, the clever stenographer in the office of District Attorney Reames, leaves Saturday for Salem, to spend her vacation.

Miss Charlotte Reed, a popular teacher in the Portland public schools for a number of years past, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Reed, of Jacksonville.

New cases filed in the office of the county clerk are: E. K. Anderson vs. A. D. Huston, et al; White & Trowbridge vs. G. F. Bashford; Samuel R. Barr vs. Annie I. Barr, divorce.

T. J. Williamson, the ever obliging deputy in the office of the county clerk for the past year, has tendered his resignation, to take effect August 1st. He will be succeeded by Miss Ella Orth.

Mrs. Susie T. Neil and children, who have been at Dallas, Texas, for the past two years, are expected home about the 1st of August. Mrs. Neil, during her absence has been attending the Langdon Conservatory of Music, of Dallas, graduating from the institution with high honors.

Table Rock Items.

BY J. C. P.

Born—July 24, 1903, to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Byrum, a daughter.

Dr. Cole, of Central Point, made a professional visit to Table Rock Sunday.

Robert Lawton came up from the Ray dam on his wheel Sunday evening.

Bert Nichols and wife spent Sunday with his father and family, and secured a good supply of blackberries.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Gunn and family spent Saturday evening and Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Boswell came out from Central Point Sunday, and had an old-time visit with their friends at "The Oaks."

The second crop of alfalfa is being cut, and this week will about see the end of grain harvesting in this section. Grain has ripened slowly.

Mrs. Ollie Justus returned from California last week. She and her sister, Mrs. Ann Fields, this week opened a restaurant in Medford, and will try to give a good square meal to every one who calls.

Monday morning, bright and early, Roy Nichols and Verne Pendleton started up Rogue river on a deer hunt. If they realize their anticipations, it will be useless for any other hunters to follow in their tracks.

Mrs. J. C. Pendleton and Mrs. A. P. Frierson returned from Chautauqua Wednesday evening. They were greatly pleased with what they saw and heard and only regret that more of their friends could not have shared the treat with them.

Rev. Shields, of Medford, and Mr. Byers, of Medford, night at Table Rock, after a wheeling trip from Gold Hill to Tolo and the Ray dam, thence across the hills into Sam's valley. The next morning they continued their journey, heading for Eagle Point.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the discontinuance of the telephone at Agate. A "hurry-up" messenger lately found to his dismay that he must ride on to Central Point to use the phone. We earnestly hope that in the near future it will be re-established.

Gold Ray News.

C. T. and H. G. Nicholson and Dr. Bundy, of Medford, were visitors at the dam Sunday.

Dr. Ray is having a new warehouse built at Tolo to receive machinery etc. The building is 40x100 feet.

In a few days water will be running through the ditch at the dam. The level of water back of the dam is within six inches of the bottom of the ditch at present.

Unhappy Man!

"Yes, my old friend, I have been the victim of misfortune in all my love affairs. My first sweetheart died, the second jilted me, and the third became my wife!"

The Jordan's course in a straight line is only sixty miles. Along its stream it measures 213 miles.

Bowser Buys Curios

HE Brings Home a Rare Collection of Articles Secured at a Forced Sale—Got Them For a Song

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

MRS. BOWSER was downtown shopping the other day when Mr. Bowser drove up to the house on an express wagon and carried a lot of articles in to the parlor. They were on display and he was sitting on the doorstep with the cat when she reached home.

"Has—has anything happened?" she asked in surprise at finding him home three hours ahead of time.

"Nothing to worry over," he replied with a chuckle.

"And you are not ill?"

"Not at all."

"But I can't understand why you are home. Are you going out this evening to shoot wild geese?"

"Hardly. There's no great mystery about it. I happened to attend a sale today, and I found a few things I decided to buy. As it was pretty late to go back to the office I came along with the express wagon."

"What sort of sale?" asked Mrs. Bowser as her heart grew heavy over past recollections.

"It was a sale of antiques and relics. The gentleman who had collected them

should turn that old glass over to them. We shall pass on to the next, however, before you announce that the widow lied to me. You see before you the cradle in which John Hancock was rocked to sleep for the first five years of his life. It has often been referred to as the cradle of American liberty. General Lafayette once offered \$700 for this cradle, and the Bunker Hill society of Boston offered \$1,000 only two years ago. Do you know what it cost me?"

Mrs. Bowser shook her head and sighed.

"Only \$75. It was a forced sale, you see. The widow had to have the ready cash at once, and there was no time to bargain. Should I desire to sell it, I can make \$225 as easy as turning my hand over. Think of the historic memories surrounding it!"

"Yes, it might do for a wood box for the kitchen."

"There you go!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he flushed up. "You've got about as much sense as an old speckled hen, and I ought to have known what to expect of you. I suppose you will find fault with that blue platter, and yet it once belonged to Queen Elizabeth. The Royal museum of London once offered \$800 for it and would give more today. I paid only \$45 for it, as the widow's gas bill came in while we were talking, and she had to have the cash on the spot."

"If you had waited till her butcher's bill came in you might have got the platter for a nickel," observed Mrs. Bowser.

"More sarcasm, more flings. Woman, you do take a positive delight in spitting out mean things, and if I wasn't above quarrelling I'd give you your fill. You have no interest in these things, of course, but I'll show you the last of my bargains. This portable writing desk is over 3,000 years old."

"It looks to be over 6,000."

"It belonged to the queen of Persia, and it's value is at least \$1,000. I got it for \$20, as the widow didn't understand what she was selling."

"She thought she was selling you a pig poke, didn't she?"

"Madam, are you aware who you are talking to?"

"I am. I'm talking to a man who has paid out a couple of hundred dollars for a lot of old rubbish not worth 20 cents. Mr. Bowser, how could you be so foolish? You've been worked for an easy mark again!"

"Stop right there! That will do!" he exclaimed as he pointed his finger.

"The easy mark requests that you withdraw your presence to some other part of the house, and don't you dare to set your eyes on one of these antiques again."

Mrs. Bowser withdrew, and Mr. Bowser shut the parlor door and stalked up and down with his hands under his coat tails. After about five minutes of nursing his wounded dignity a dim suspicion crept into his brain. In a quarter of an hour he began to doubt if John Hancock was ever rocked in that cradle, and at the end of half an hour Mrs. Bowser, the cook, the cat and the neighbors heard smashes and crashes as he made his hair stand up.



HE WAS SITTING ON THE DOORSTEP WITH THE CAT.

died a few weeks ago, and his widow was forced to sell. I've been looking out for such a sale for several years past. Come in and take a look at the things. You are no judge of antiques, but you can see that I got everything at about half its cost."

She followed him into the parlor, and the first thing she saw was an old fashioned splint bottomed rocking chair. It was big enough for two great-grandmothers to rock in at once and looked as shabby and forlorn as a veranda chair left out through five winters.

"This was Martha Washington's favorite chair," said Mr. Bowser as he sat down in it and rocked to and fro. "She was sitting in this very chair while the general was crossing the Delaware. I got it for \$15, but it's worth \$100."

"How do you know it is what you say it is?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"How do I know that our old cat is digging at the carpet with her claws?"



MR. BOWSER WAS ATTACKING THOSE ANTIQUES WITH FURY IN HIS SOUL.

The widow said it was Martha Washington's chair, and why should she lie about it? Besides, it's a matter of history. Parties will be here within a week to offer me \$250 for this chair."

"If they offer you 50 cents, you'd better take it."

"What? What's that? Going to get your back up because you didn't attend the sale yourself? I didn't buy the chair for you to sit in, and I'll tell you right here and now I want you to keep out of it. If I'd brought home Pompey's pillar, you'd try to make out that it was only a basswood log."

"And what's this?" she asked as she pointed to an old fashioned mirror with a cherry frame and a glass full of bubbles.

"That, may it please your ladyship, is the glass used by Mary, queen of Scots, for five years previous to her death. I got it for \$50, but its real value is nearer \$500. Indeed, I wouldn't take \$400 for it this minute. Have you any remarks to shoot off?"

"I couldn't do the subject justice."

"Then let it alone. You are a woman to appreciate a bushel of turnips far more than historic interest. There are fifty museums in this country that would honor me with a medal if I

"What—what is it?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she swung open the parlor door.

The question was needless. Mr. Bowser was attacking those antiques with fury in his soul, and she arrived just in time to see the cradle of liberty and Martha Washington's favorite chair fly into splinters the length of the room.

When there was nothing more to smash and he had jumped on the fragments the easy mark turned to her and bowed and said:

"The train for your mother's home leaves at 10:10 tomorrow forenoon, and you can put in a claim for alimony with your bill."

M. QUAD.

Salute and Willie.

"Well groomed men do not always possess horse sense, Willie."

"That's just as true, Salite, as the fact that a woman thinks she has the best of the argument if she can only get in the last word."—Roller Monthly.

Little Competition.

"I wonder how it is that men succeed who mind only their own success."

"Because there is so little competition."—Life.

WITH A FALSE

ARM

By William H. Osborne

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

A man with but one arm stood leaning against the showcase. The other arm, the false one, rested partly on the tray of diamonds. On the hand of that arm he wore a conventional glove of black. He was a well dressed man, with a smooth shaved face. He was examining some high priced stones.

With his other hand, the left one, he finally picked out a small diamond, probably the least expensive of the lot, and asked the clerk to wrap it up. At the same time he pulled from his trousers pocket a roll of bills at least three inches thick and with the left hand deftly counted out enough to pay for his purchase.

The clerk took the money and the purchased gem and then seized the tray to replace it in the case.

As he did so he rapidly counted with his eye the remaining stones, as was his custom. There were two missing, in addition to the one he himself had taken from the tray. He glanced suspiciously at the armed man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, but reaching as he did so for his revolver underneath the counter, "but there are two stones missing. I—have you taken them?" He made this inquiry with hesitation.

The one armed man looked the clerk squarely in the eye. "You are quite right to be careful," he said pleasantly, "but I did not take the stones. How many were there before?"

The clerk told him, "Come," returned the man; "we will count them together, then."

They did so. They found the tally right. There was none missing. The man was right and the clerk was wrong. He apologized profusely, but the one armed man took no offense whatever at the incident. He received his diamond and his change and spent several minutes chatting about diamond robberies and safeguards against them and then went his way.

"Queer thing happened, then," called the clerk to another, "I came near telling that swell that he was a thief; thought that he took a couple of brilliants. I counted 'em wrong and told him that he must have 'em. He said he hadn't. Then I counted 'em over again and found 'em all right. And he wasn't mad about it either."

"Are you sure they're right now?" returned the other, an older man. "Let me see the tray."

The tray was produced. Before it reached the counter the old man seized the two largest diamonds it contained and held them to the light.

"Done, by George!" he exclaimed. "These are made of glass; that's all."

"Sneakers" Kelly, the crack plain clothes man at headquarters, was put on the case at once.

"I've heard of this fellow," he announced to the jewelry firm. "He's a new proposition and a slick one at that. I understand, and there have been a good many complaints about him. We haven't been able to make a touch as yet. I'll see what I can do, but I guess it's best for you to charge the thing up to profit and loss right now. Even if I overhaul the man it's ten to one I won't get the stones. I'll do my best, though, gentlemen."

That happened in Chicago. In January of the next year, on a cold, crisp day, two prosperous looking men stood almost side by side in a fashionable jewelry store.

One of them was dressed in furs and wore rich jewels. He was a showy man, with a red face. This was "Sneakers" Kelly of Chicago.

The other man was a man of grave appearance. He wore a gray beard and his hair was tinged with white. By his appearance he was an aristocrat—probably the president of a bank. In his left hand he held a fur mitten—only one. His right was clothed in a light colored suede glove. He was buying diamonds.

Kelly watched this man closely—more closely than did the clerk. A few small bills and a small white packet and he left. As he did so Kelly followed him. When they reached the sidewalk Kelly touched him on the arm. The man glanced at him but once, and then swinging around suddenly struck Kelly in the head with his right hand. It was hard as iron. Kelly was stunned. He reeled and fell. When he came to the other man was about to enter a carriage which stood at the curb. The carriage started off, but before the door was shut Kelly had succeeded in seizing that right false arm with a tight and unrelenting grip. The man beat him about the face with the other hand and the coach went faster and faster, but Kelly clung desperately to the hand, his feet dragging upon the street below.

Suddenly, as they swung around a corner, there were a snap and a jerk and Kelly fell, face downward on the pavement. It was late in the afternoon and dark and no one had noticed what had happened. Kelly lay for a moment, but soon recovered and scrambled to his feet, just in time to avoid being run down by a heavy truck.

And as he rose he grasped something tightly in his arms. This object he bore to a brilliantly lighted window and examined it.

"By George, that's clever," mused Kelly to himself, "and now he'll have to get a new one! First blood for me!"

Limping, he wended his way back to the store from which he had started. "Look here," he exclaimed to the clerk,

after he had made known his identity, "hold out your hand."

The clerk did so. The detective held forth a long false arm and pulled a wire that protruded from its upper end. As he did so from a recess in the artificial palm there were released three gems, among the largest in the house. They were genuine. The clerk on examination of the tray found that three spurious stones had been substituted in their place.

Kelly and the clerk examined the arm. It was made largely of wood, but with a hollow iron chamber below the elbow and a hollow hand. A series of wires ran from the hand all the way through the arm. These wires evidently were controlled by the other hand or the feet, and it was these that had snapped when Kelly clung to the artificial member on the carriage step.

On pulling one of these wires Kelly found that a slot in the hand opened and closed, thus scooping up whatever lay beneath it. On pulling another he found that it would release one, two or more spurious gems in place of the purloined genuine stones. Of these spurious gems they found a dozen or so, but no more genuine stones were found. Evidently the thief secreted each stone immediately.

It was the most complete contrivance that Kelly had ever seen for any kind of thievery.

But Kelly was sore-sore in mind and body. He vowed an unholy vow in most unholy language that he would have that one armed man's scalp inside of a month at the outside. He was not satisfied with the man's arm. He wanted more. Kelly was one of those people who are never satisfied.

Two weeks later in a large jewelry house in a down east metropolis an old lady in a Quaker bonnet stood and adjusted her spectacles and examined some diamond earrings. She was plainly but richly dressed. Her real name was "Sneakers" Kelly.

Contrasting with this aged woman and within a foot or so of her there stood a tall young man with a black mustache. There was a ruddy, healthy color upon his face. He said with some embarrassment that he was buying an engagement ring. He bent over a tray containing an assortment. The old lady was so close to him that she almost touched him.

Suddenly she gripped him by the arm and yelled to the clerk. "This man's a thief!" she cried in shrill tones. "Close the doors!"

The clerk hastily drew back the tray of rings. Several other men ran up. Somebody closed the doors.

Then they inspected the tray of diamonds. Sure enough, two rings were missing. None, however, had been substituted in their stead.

The young man uttered not a word. He only looked surprised. He had made no resistance and no outcry.

The old woman, however, was excited. She pushed back her bonnet from her face.

"He's got 'em!" she exclaimed. "He's got 'em in his arm. It's hollow. Make him take it off. They're in there, I tell you, and you'll find 'em."

The young man smiled, but protested feebly.

"Gentlemen," he began, "true it is my misfortune to have but one arm, and true that I wear a false one, but I did not take your stones, I assure you."

The old woman violently shook her head. "You make him take off that arm!" she commanded. "It's the greatest thing you ever saw. It's hollow, and it's got your diamonds in it. Make him take it off."

The young man looked around upon the faces; then he smiled again. "Here," he replied; "there's but one way to prove my innocence."

He removed his coat, rolled up his sleeve, unbuckled a strap or two and pulled off the arm. They gathered round and examined it, especially the old lady.

It was not hollow—not by a long shot. It was an ordinary false arm, made of solid cork.

When they were satisfied that it was nothing else, the young man replaced it and donned his coat again.

"Gentlemen," he continued, looking hard at the old woman, "I am no man's accuser or no woman's ether, but these stones were missed when both of us—the old lady and myself—stood at this counter. There is a bare possibility," he continued, with a grin, "a bare possibility that she has the stones herself. And if I am not mistaken I saw her put something in that bag. You might examine it if you will."

The bag in question was one which hung at the old lady's side. They examined it, and they found—oh, nothing much, save the two missing diamond rings; that's all.

"Now, gentlemen," added the young man, "unless I am again mistaken this old lady is not what she seems to be. Let us investigate once more." He reached over and deftly pulled from her head the Quaker hat and an old gray wig. There stood revealed the grizzled countenance of "Sneakers" Kelly, the detective.

The clerks pounced upon him and bore him to the station house, the nearest one. There he was kept for two days, until a Chicago special could be sent on to recognize and identify him for the man he really was.

But on the way down to the station the young man with the false arm somehow disappeared. Before he did so, however, he stepped up and said a word to Kelly.

"Kelly," he explained in a low voice, "next time you must give a fellow time to get a new arm made. Arms of my pet brand don't grow on trees, you know."

And then he went.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. The—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now?

Mr. Mids—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

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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.