GOIN' HUNTIN'?

If you are you can find what you need in the way of . . .

. . Metallic Cartridges . .

Of all shapes and sizes. Also the guns to shoot 'em from at . . .

H. G. NICHOLSON'S.

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.

Isa Cook has returned from Applegate.

Harry Helms is enjoying an outing at Colestin.

Bess Nickell was an Ashland visitor Tuesday.

The Gale-Orth camping party returned Sunday evening.

Deputy Sheriff Crawford and family are at Bybee springs.

Hon. H. E. Ankeny and wife have gone to Klamath county.

Hon. E. D. Briggs, of Ashland, has been here on legal business.

Prof. A. P. Armstrong, of Portland, has been here on business.

Mary Colvig left Monday for Colestin with some Medford friends.

Hon. Theo. Cameron and son have returned from a trip to Waldo.

Mollie and Gladys Ray, of Poormans creek, were in town last week.

Jas. R. Gay, of Central Point, was a county-seat visitor during the past week.

Geo. Walter and wife, of Humbug, were in Jacksonville the latter part of the week.

James Grimes, who has been quite ill at Klamath Falls, is on the road to recovery.

D. Linn, the pioneer furniture man, has sold his business to Mr. Conklin, of Medford.

Don Colvig is home again from Canyonville, accompanied by his cousin, Hubert Colvig.

Mrs. Zach Cameron and her daughter, Miss Cora, were Jacksonville visitors on Friday last.

Mrs. Susie Neil and children returned Saturday, after an absence of nearly two years in Texas.

Mrs. L. J. Sears and daughter, Fay, of Medford, were the guests of Frances Barnes during the past week.

New suits filed: John Waters vs. John U. Blalock; J. H. Hann vs A. King; Allen & Lewis vs. T. C. Gaines.

Hon. E. B. Watson and H. D. Kubli left Saturday for a several weeks' outing at Whiskey Peak and Cinnabar.

Mrs. K. K. Kubli and Ella Orth went to Colestin Sunday, to meet Miss Josephine Orth on her return from California.

Henry Reis, who for some time past has been employed at the Opp mine, left the latter part of the week for the north.

Miss Issie McCully left Sunday for Fort Klamath, in response to the news of the illness of her brother, Jas. C. McCully.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Robinson will leave for Lane county in the near future, where Mr. Robinson expects to go into farming.

Rev. E. B. Lockhart occupied the pulpit of the M. E. church Sunday evening. Rev. Lockhart is a most popular minister, as is evidenced by the size of his congregations.

Mrs. John F. Miller, with her sister, Miss Maud Prim, are enjoying a stay of two weeks at Bybee springs on Evans creek.

Hon. E. B. Watson and Mrs. Phil Metschan, Jr., and daughter, of Heppner, arrived Friday to spend some weeks with Mrs. E. J. Kubli.

Marriage licenses have been issued during the past week to Frank C. Simpson and Winnifred M. Bolten; Grant L. McCall and Katie Howard.

Mrs. E. Antenrieth, of Roseburg, and Mrs. R. Giniani, of Huntington, visited their sister, Mrs. M. Armstrong, of this city, the forepart of this week.

Miss Josephine Orth returned Sunday evening from a three months' visit to California. She was accompanied home by her friend, Mrs. Arthur Baxter, of San Francisco.

Jas. O. Watson, of Portland, has located at Roseburg, where he will assume the extensive law practice of Attorney General A. M. Crawford, who has taken up his residence at Salem.

Disttict Attorney Reames and wife, with Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Howland, of Grants Pass, were over to the Deep Gravel Hydraulic mines at Waldo recently, of which property Mr. Reames is part owner.

Miss Susie Brooks, of Farmington, Mass., a daughter of the late E. C. Brooks, was in Jacksonville Thursday, the guest of Mrs. E. C. Brooks. Miss Brooks is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. T. K. Bolton, of Ashland.

Mrs. Mollie Allen, of South Fork, Ky., says she has prevented attacks of cholera morbus by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when she felt an attack coming on. Such attacks are usually caused by indigestion and these Tablets are just what is needed to cleanse the stomach and ward off the approaching attack. Attacks of bilious colic may be prevented in the same way. For sale by Charles Strang.

Table Rock Items.

BY J. C. P.

Gus Morris has been hauling baled hay for the ditch company.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Poole and two little girls were visiting W. R. Byrum and family the last of the week.

It is reported that one of the good farms in this section will change hands within a few days, to new comers.

Mrs. H. S. Pelton, of Sams valley, and Mrs. Thos. Kenney, of Jacksonville, spent a day in Table Rock last week.

Miss Pearl Weeden, of Ashland, came over from Gregory's Friday, to visit Miss Margaret Porter, and returned Sunday.

C. A. Dickison nearly over-taxed himself during one of the hot days of last week, and was confined to his bed for a couple of days.

John Williams has bought a barley crusher, and proposes to grind his entire crop and feed hogs. He will fatten about two hundred head.

Rev. Mr. Shields, of Medford, will speak to our people Wednesday evening on the habits and customs of the Chinese and Siamese. This should be a treat for us all.

Mrs. Saltmarsh went to Jacksonville Saturday, and on her return was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Cora Rankin, and little Miss Hazel Byrum, who had been visiting her aunt.

Misses Lucy Ray and Lillie Starr rode out from Medford on their wheels to visit Mrs Mary Jennings and family. Miss Starr has been in California several months and is visiting Southern Oregon friends on her way to her home in Douglas county.

There is to be a Good Roads Convention in Jacksonville on September 12th. Certainly the people should interest themselves in this work, particularly since the county has bought and put to work the rock crusher. We have already had some interesting letters on the subject, which proves there is interest in some localities.

Gold Ray News.

F. M. Wilson and family, of Medford, were visitors at the dam Sunday.

Part of the electrical machinery for the dam is here, but will not be installed for some time yet.

Ira Greninger, who has been in the Medford hospital, suffering with blood poison, was down Sunday.

The Death Penalty.

A little thing sometimes results in death, thus a mere scratch, insignificant cuts or puny boils have paid the death penalty. It is wise to have Bucklen's Arnica Salve ever handy. It's the best Salve on earth and will prevent fatality, when Burns, Sores, Ulcers and Piles threaten. Only 25c, at Chas. Strang's Drug Store.

Central Point Items.

Oscar Williams, of Oregon City, is paying his parents a visit.

Mrs. T. M. Jones visited relatives at Grants Pass last week.

W. H. Patrick and family, are camping on upper Rogue river.

W. J. Freeman spent a couple of days in Sams Valley last week.

Misses Alta and Myrtle Rogers visited friends at Siskiyou, Calif., last week.

Mrs. W. C. Owen and children, of Hornbrook, are visiting relatives of this city.

Miss Myrtle Rogers left for Montague, Calif., Tuesday, to spend the summer.

Olwell Brothers have been shipping apples to the outside markets the past week.

Elder T. M. Jones will preach at the Christian church, both morning and evening.

Mrs. N. P. Thompson, of Ashland, is paying relatives and friends of this place a visit.

F. R. Moore and wife, who are now living near Jacksonville, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Frank Mee, of Coles, Calif., spent last week in this county, looking after business interests.

T. B. McClelland, who is employed by the Hilt Sugar Pine Co., at Coles, Calif., spent Saturday here.

Mrs. Laura Knutzen and Mrs. Emma Bebb, of Applegate, spent last Sunday with their sister, Miss Mary A. Mee.

J. E. Boswell and wife and Glenn Owen left for Prospect Monday, to spend a couple of months on their homesteads.

M. E. Van Vliet and W. F. Doran have just finished a fine residence for Harry Carlton, on the farm near Eagle Point.

Mrs. Blanch Whiteman, and daughters, Isabelle and Agnes, of Berkely, Calif., who have been visiting friends here for the past month, returned home Monday.

There will be services in the M. E. church next Sunday, both morning and evening. Rev. J. T. Abbott, of Ashland, will preach in the morning. It is last quarterly meeting.

Lieut. Amos Fries and wife, who have been at one of the stations in the Philippine Islands the past two years, arrived here on Saturday and will spend a few days visiting relatives and friends.

The dark messenger, death, has entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Heatherly and claimed two of their beloved children—on July 29th, Neva, aged 4 years 5 months 14 days; on Aug. 4th, Glen, aged 2 years 6 months 22 days. The little buds have gone to bloom in a garden far, far away, where only roses bloom, where thorns and thistles flourish not. This is the third time death has entered this home and claimed a loved one within fifteen months. It is indeed a terrible blow. One little daughter and four sons are left to cheer the bleeding hearts of the bereaved ones. The playful, merry hearted little ones, will be sadly missed, yet why should we wish them back? They are free from danger and will never know sorrow or care. The little darlings are over yonder reaching out the little hands beckoning us onward and upward. The remains were tenderly laid to rest in the Central Point cemetery. The parents are very thankful to all the kind friends who helped them during the sad hour of trouble.

Had Several Marks Coming.

"I hope that Willie got a good mark at school today," remarked Willie's fond mother.

"He did not, madam, I am sorry to say," replied the grim visaged pedagogue politely, "but I think I am safe in promising you that if Willie turns up at school tomorrow, which he did not do today, he will receive several."—Syracuse Herald.

Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do 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.

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR; WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

GRANTING A FAVOR.

Do It Graciously—Do Not Make the Recipient Feel Contemptible.

The essence of truest kindness lies in the grace with which it is performed. Some men seem to discount all gratitude, almost make it impossible, by the way in which they grant favors. They make you feel so small, so mean, so inferior; your cheeks burn with indignation in the acceptance of the boon you seek at their hands. You feel it is like a bone thrown at a dog instead of the quick, sympathetic graciousness that forestalls your explanations and waives your thanks with a smile, the pleasure of one friend who has been favored with the opportunity to be of service to another. The man who makes another feel like an insect reclining on a redhot stove while he is receiving a favor has no right to expect future gratitude; he should feel satisfied if he receives forgiveness.

Let us forget the good deeds we have done by making them seem small in comparison with the greater things we are doing and the still greater acts we hope to do. This is true generosity and will develop gratitude in the soul of him who has been helped unless he is so petrified in selfishness as to make it impossible. But constantly reminding a man of the favors he has received from you almost cancels the debt. The care of the statistics should be his privilege; you are usurping his prerogative when you recall them. Merely because it has been our good fortune to be able to serve some one we should not act as if we held a mortgage on his immortality and expect him to swing the censer of adulation forever in our presence.—From "The Power of Truth," by William George Jordan, Published by Brentano's.

In the Streets of Benares.

Through a narrow street lined with shrines, temples and shops the way leads toward the sacred river. Here and there it is necessary to pick one's steps. One of the first sights to attract the eye is a dead rat festering before the door of a dwelling, and the rats are said first to have spread the plague at Bombay. A moment later a dirgelike cry breaks upon the ear. It is "Ram, Ram, Ram!" in memory of the saintlike prince of ancient India. Four bearers are carrying a body to be burned. So narrow is the street that it becomes necessary to crowd back against a temple wall to let the dead pass by. The body is wrapped in muslin, and the face is covered. The pall is sprinkled with drops perhaps of rosewater, perhaps of the sacred Ganges. This is the path of the dead. No guide is needed except to follow in the hurrying footsteps of those who were carrying the corpse to its resting place upon the pyre.—Professor A. V. W. Jackson in Traveler.

The Smiles Faded.

A pretty American girl traveling in England was sorely tried by the annoyances and stares to which she was subjected on account of her American "peculiarities." She went into a shoe shop in London to buy a pair of shoes, and the clerk tried on innumerable pairs of veritable 'boats,' as she called them, much to the amusement of two Englishwomen customers seated near by, who regarded her through their 'starers' as if she were some strange animal in a menagerie.

Finally the clerk said apologetically: "We 'aven't anything narrow enough for you, miss. You see, miss, our ladies have wider feet because they walk so much, miss."

The two Englishwomen smiled with the air of superiority that she had met for so long, and she felt she could stand it no longer. "Do they walk on their hands, too?" she flashed out.

Found His Place.

Two men were discussing the friends of their boyhood and in the course of the conversation mentioned one old schoolmate who had been the possessor of a most unfortunate disposition.

"I wonder what became of him?" said one man. "It always seemed to me that it wouldn't be possible for him to get any enjoyment out of life or find any sort of work that suited him."

"He has," said the other. "I saw him out west last year, and he has a job that suits him to a T. He's station master in a place where there are forty trains a day coming and going, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."

Civic Pride.

"I don't know what we're goin' to do about them two leadin' citizens," said Broncho Bob. "They're lookin' fur one another with six shooters from mornin' till night."

"Has an insult passed?"

"No; it wasn't any insult, but some doubt ariz as to which was the oldest inhabitant, an' they're both determined to settle the question fur good an' all."—Washington Star.

Busy.

"Loatley tells me he hasn't been so busy for years."

"Nonsense! That job he has is a cinch. He never has to work hard there."

"That's just it. He's been fired, and he's chasing around after another job now."—Exchange.

The Belle.

"If Jack Nospud should ask you to marry him," simpered Maudie, calling up a blush, "what would you do?"

"What I have always done," said Mabel. "Send him to you."—Chicago Tribune.

Great Exercise.

"Is he fond of exercise?"

"Yes; he walks in his sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

LOLITA

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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Half way between the fort and the Arizona border lies Lindell's Rest. It is a low wooden building, dull yellow like the sun baked plains around, and there isn't even a cactus sprout to cast a shadow near it.

Saturday night at Lindell's is a thing to dream of evermore once one has lived through it—the crazy, witching Mexican music; the dancers with their lithe, southern grace; the violet smoke rings curling over all; Lindell himself, tall and thin, with his happy eyes and everlasting cigarette—and Lolita.

She was seventeen the summer Lindell came to San Luis; a slim Mexican girl, with long lashed, teasing eyes of velvety brown and dusky hair curling around her small, piquant face.

Lindell was merely a gentleman tramp in those days, one of the crowd of boys who drift here and there once the spirit of the gypsy is upon them, accomplishing nothing, caring for nothing, but happy and true hearted and quick to lend a helping hand when a call comes. He and Ted Norris came down together, with plenty of grit, but neither cash nor credit, except at the low, yellow half way house where old Manuelo kept open inn with his daughter, Lolita.

Those things happen of themselves—moonlight on the little rough veranda, Lolita singing comical little snatches of American songs in her soft, broken English, under Lindell's tutelage, with her small brown fingers playing lightly on her mandolin:

"I can't tell why I love you, but I do-o-o;
There lotta girl in town so sweet like you-o-o,
But there something I can't tell,
Seem to hole me in it spell,
I can't tell why I love you, but I do-o-o."

Lindell would smoke and smoke and look up at her as she sang, lazy and happy and full of a joyous, don't care irresponsibility that comes to one, somehow, with the climate down there, and the music and the white, strange moonlight.

One Saturday Lindell and Norris rode away to town, seventeen miles away, with a promise to return in time for the dance. Lolita watched them out of sight, and Manuelo laughed when he heard her singing. She was the prettiest girl this side the border. The American boy was clear eyed and young and quick to laugh. If they loved, why not? There were the house and a good bunch of money when he was gone, and little Lolita would sing evermore. He smiled shrewdly. Maybe, perhaps, quien sabe.

At 7 the mail coach from San Luis drew up at the yellow house, and a girl alighted. Lolita was firing a battery of smiles and repartee at the driver, Billie Slogan, when she saw her and stopped short. The stranger was fair and blue eyed, and, though the Indian summer day had been hot and dusty she looked cool and charming.

Lolita was dressed for the dance. She wore yellow and had wound a long red silk scarf about her shoulders, crossed it and tied it below her waist on one hip. Billie had just told her she looked like one of the little dark red roses the ladies wear in their hair over at San Luis on the plaza when she caught sight of this other girl, and she hoped Lindell would not see her. There was a difference.

Mr. Lindell and Mr. Norris? Oh, yes, Lolita told her. They were living there. They had gone for a ride, just a short ride. She brought a chair out on the veranda and talked with the stranger after the coach had gone. She called Lindell Allan, this girl, and Norris Ted, and she hoped they would return soon.

"You have not seen him for a long time, yes?" said Lolita, her eyes full of a half frightened suspicion.

"Not for a year," said the other softly. "We had only been married a few months when he went away. It seemed better, you know. He was so young, and he thought he could make a fortune out here. I guess he hasn't, though."

Lolita laughed. It was comical to think of Lindell making a fortune or anything else. It was growing dark, and already a few couples had made their appearance and passed indoors, with a gay greeting to Manuelo's daughter. The strange girl looked at them curiously.

"It is the dance," said Lolita shortly, resenting the amused surprise in the other's eyes. She would show her she was not afraid to speak his name as she had. "Al-lain, he like to dance lots with me."

"Yes?" The stranger looked at her kindly. "I do not wonder at it. You are a dear, with those big brown eyes. And the other—does he dance too?"

"Who—Ted? No, no. He is not one bit like Lindell. He is still and all way off somewhere. He never care to dance."

The music had begun, and the blue eyed girl rose hesitatingly. "I wish I could go and meet them. I want to surprise him, you know. Could I?"

Lolita rose, too, in quick, hot anger. They would meet, and he would take her in his arms and kiss her. She thought of last night and the night before and the nights before for weeks. Was it for this Lindell had sung and laughed with her and told her her lips were the sweetest in all the world? Suddenly she looked at the fair, calm face beside her, and a flood of wild, unreasoning jealousy swept over her. She pointed southward.

"If you walk that way straight on to where the ground dips and the cacti grow tall, you will meet them," she told her. "It is only a short way. You cannot miss them. It is only two or three miles to the next house, and they may have stopped there."

After the girl had gone she went in to the dance, laughing, with the lie fresh on her lips. There was no house for thirty miles that way, and once she had passed the giant cacti she would go down into Death valley, that terrible wilderness where only the snakes and the Gila monsters and tarantulas could dwell in safety. One night spent there, and Lindell might call and cry for his wife in vain.

Never was there such a dance at Manuelo's as that Saturday night. Lolita danced and sang with feverish gayety, her eyes ever on the door, watching for Lindell. Then suddenly, at the very height of the merriment, she was missed. Out into the clear, bright night she went silently to the shed where the horses stood, and, choosing her own rough little mustang, she mounted and rode away toward Death valley.

If Lindell loved this fair, blue eyed girl, he would hate her for sending her to her death. The thought terrified her. Anything but his hate, she thought; anything but the look in his eyes when he knew. And was it not right? She was fair like him and gentle voiced. She was not a Mexican girl to smoke a cigarette with and sing to in the moonlight and laugh when her love was won.

She caught her breath in deep sobs and the tears fell on the mustang's brown neck as she urged him on over the miles that lay between them and the valley, and at last there were the giant cacti ahead, guarding the entrance to the valley like grim sentinels. She turned toward them bravely, but before the mustang had gone a dozen paces past them he reared and backed away from something that lay upon the ground.

Lolita knelt and caught her breath as her hand touched the hand of the strange girl. It was warm, and she raised her head upon her lap. The blue eyes opened wonderingly.

"It was such a long way, and I could not find them," she said faintly. "You did not know it was so far, did you?"

Lolita pressed a kiss on the hand she held. It was a white, dainty hand. No wonder Lindell loved it. She helped her up to the saddle, and with one arm around her for support she guided the mustang back over the long stretches of sand and sun baked alkali on through the night until the lights at Manuelo's showed like fireflies against the sapphire darkness of the skies.

Manuelo could tell you the rest—how the two Americans returned at midnight, and just as they were to lead the search for Lolita there came the three figures through the moonlight, and Lolita fell at Lindell's feet.

"I bring her back to you," she said pleadingly. But it was Norris who sprang to the stranger's side with a glad cry, and Lindell held the Mexican girl in his arms there before them all and told her she was all in all to him.

So that is why it is Lindell's Rest now, and if you stop there on your way to the fort or to San Luis old Manuelo will tell you how it happened over a little glass of the deep red Mexican wine he loves and bid you shake hands with his handsome son-in-law. And if you are courteous and pleasant Lolita will flash a smile up at you from under her long, dark lashes.

And Lindell? He is perfectly happy and full of a gay, careless content that comes but seldom to a man in this world. It comes with the moonlight and the music down there—and Lolita.

He Looked It.

A ridiculous but amusing story used to be told of Charles Reade's dramatization of Tennyson's poem, "Dora." We do not, however, vouch for the truth of the anecdote. "Dora" was being performed one night years ago, and when Mary Morrison made her exit to bring on her little Willie, aged about four, she was shocked to find a lubberly boy of at least fourteen, and, as he was the only Willie at hand, on he had to go, though he was well nigh as big as his mother. The Former Allen of the play, being equal to the emergency, instead of inquiring, "How old are you, my little man?" endeavored to remedy the matter by saying, "How old are you, my strapping boy?" But it was a failure, for the boy, who was instructed to say from "four to five," said it in such a hoarse, sepulchral tone as to drive the good natured grandfather to exclaim, "Forty-five! You look it, my boy; you look it."—Golden Penny.

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is a duty one owes to oneself as well as to one's neighbors, for nothing so unfits one for the ordinary duties of life or so quickly brings on premature old age as a morose temper, says the Brooklyn Eagle. There are plenty of [illegible] aids to cheerfulness within the reach of every one who has real or imaginary cause for ill humor or a congenital tendency to surliness. When things don't go right or your liver is guilty of neglect of duty strive systematically to achieve good humor by repeating over and over the best funny stories or bits of humorous poetry you know. If conscientiously administered this prescription is an infallible remedy for the most acute fit of blue devils. If you doubt it just try the experiment.

Survival of a Custom.

On gateposts you will frequently find a stone ball. Who would ever suppose that the balls on the gateposts were the heads of family enemies? It was once the custom to stick your enemy's gory head as a trophy on the gatepost. On the gates of towns were stuck the heads of traitorous persons. In old London, for instance, the bridge gate and Temple Bar were always decorated with ghastly relics of the kind, and the memory of the custom survives on the gateposts of modern suburban villas.