

OUR COUNTY
Correspondents

Eagle Point Eaglets.

BY A. C. HOWLETT.

Arthur Pool is pushing his home, on the tract of land he bought of the old J. J. Fryer place.

A. J. Daley has had the carpenters at work repairing the bay scales, which were injured in the recent fire.

There is considerable grain being delivered at the Snowy Butte mills.

Last Thursday Ed. Hightbottom left a pair of new, five-ring, black leather halters under the bridge in Medford and he would like to have the person who picked them up to leave them at Hubbard Bros.' store.

Last Sunday morning Mr. and Mrs. Lee Dutton drove out from Medford and stopped here, and were joined by Mrs. C. E. Hoyt (nee Millie Howlett) and they all proceeded on their way to their home at Fort Klamath. Mrs. Hoyt has been here for about two weeks, putting up fruit, etc., for their hotel at Fort Klamath.

Our school opened last Monday with Miss Lulu J. Mann as principal and Mrs. Alice Cook as assistant or primary teacher. The board of directors had contracted with B. M. Collins to take charge of our school, but he found it to his interest to stay in Medford. The arrangement was made for the lady above mentioned to take his place. She came well recommended, having taught for a number of years in and near Portland. There are quite a number of children in the district who have not started yet, but will in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bostwick, of New Port, Nebraska, stopped here last Sunday night. They had been up on the river to visit his sister, Mrs. Chapman, and in the morning, Grant Findley, Mr. Bostwick is a retired farmer and stockman, has left Nebraska on account of his health and has been stopping in Ashland for a few months past. He seems to be well pleased with our surroundings, saying that when we have railroad communication with the outside world that Eagle Point bids fair to be one of the leading towns of the county, as we have the soil, the water, the climate and in fact everything that we need to make a first-class commercial city.

Last week Rev. Davis, of Roseburg, re-organizing the congregational church on the subject of Sabbath schools, came among us and, after visiting in the neighborhood the most of the day and talking the subject over with the people, decided to hold a meeting on Tuesday night and reorganize our Sunday school, as the superintendent and secretary had resigned. The result was he preached a good, plain, practical sermon and organized the Eagle Point Union Sunday School. Miss Beattie Haselton was chosen as superintendent, Mrs. Lulu Moomaw assistant superintendent, Miss Varian Stickle, secretary and treasurer, Master Jack Florey, librarian, and Miss Mamie Wright, organist. The literature is to be of a non-sectarian class, that endorsed by the International Sunday School Union. Last Sunday the school was called to order by the superintendent-elect, Miss Beattie Haselton, and Dr. Holt was elected as teacher of the boys' Bible class, A. C. Howlett, teacher of the girls' Bible class, Beattie Haselton, teacher of the intermediate and Varian Stickle teacher of the infant class. The manner in which everything started off bids fair to have an interesting Sunday school in Eagle Point. There was some dissatisfaction over the sectarian literature that had been used and the result was the organization of a union school.

Ladies, read this catalogue of charms, bright eyes, glowing cheeks, red lips, a smooth skin without a blemish, in short, perfect health. For sale with every package Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents.

Lake Creek Items.

BY W. T. KINNEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randles called on Medford residents recently.

M. F. Hanley, of Medford, is looking over his extensive interests on North Butte now.

Mrs. Chas. Randles spent last week with her mother, Mrs. McNeil, of Eagle Point.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Geer were in Medford on business one day last week.

The beef round up in these parts is shy in numbers, the cattle being badly scattered. The grade is reported fairly good.

Geo. McChesney, of Wollen, has been buying quite a few hogs on little Butte creek, paying five cents and hauling them from the pens.

Drape Walsh, of Wollen, has been investing in swine in the vicinity of Brownboro. Drape is a wide a wake farmer, alive to the profit in feeding swine.

Rev. J. W. Kinney wishes to express his thanks to Rev. Seck, of Medford, through the medium of this paper, for

The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the scalp healthy, and keeps it so. It is a regular hair-food; this is the real secret of its wonderful success.

The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

If a Cow gave Butter

mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

Scott's Emulsion

combines the best oil with the valuable hypophosphites so that it is easy to digest and does far more good than the oil alone could. That makes Scott's Emulsion the most strengthening, nourishing food—medicine in the world.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street New York
50c. and \$1.00. All druggists

Trying to Charm Away Epilepsy.

We need not go to Syria or Natal or farther than Devonshire to find superstitions. Only the other day in a Devonshire village a woman was supposed to have had epilepsy exorcised in the following way: She went to the village church, accompanied by twenty-nine married men, who left her sitting silent in the porch while they entered the building for service. After service each of the twenty-nine as he passed out dropped a penny in her lap, and when the churchwarden had made a similar contribution the thirty penny in copper were changed by him into a silver half crown, out of which he had a ring forged to be worn by the epileptic as an infallible charm against her disorder. If, however, the woman uttered a single word from the moment she left her house till her return the charm must fail.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Varying Weight of the Body.

A physician points out that several fallacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of several pounds in weight in a given period may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few persons, says the investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a matter of fact, the weight of the body is continually changing owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day after breakfast a man will lose more than a third of a pound per hour. Seventy per cent of the body contains water, and its weight varies constantly. The inference to be drawn from the loss or gain of a pound or two may be mistrusted. Fluctuations of a few ounces are a sign that the body is in a healthy state.—Milwaukee Citizen.

Gold Horseshoes in Olden Times.

Roman writers inform us that Commodus caused the hoofs of his horses to be covered with gold leaf and even the fetlocks to be gilded. Nero's short journeys were invariably performed on white mules wearing gold shoes on their fore feet and silver behind. The beasts which drew the chariots of his wife, Poppaea, were shod all around with gold. Several others among the dignitaries and potentates of the riotous days of the Roman empire shod their horses with gold and used the same material for bridle bits, buckles, spurs, etc.

The Life Line on the Foot.

Starting from the base of the big toe there is a distinct line. That is the life line. In one foot it will curve along until it terminates under the instep far toward the lower base of the little toe. This means long life. If broken in the hollow of the foot it denotes a sickness at middle age, and if it terminates in the hollow of the foot it means a short life. This line is the most interesting one on the foot. The experiments that have been conducted have proved this to be an almost unfailing reading of longevity.

Simon and Grevy.

Jules Simon said that the most exciting moment of his life was when he was trying to obtain a concession on tariff from a foreign diplomat with whom President Grevy was playing billiards. He whispered to Grevy to lose the game, but Grevy insisted on playing to win and relented only when he observed that the minister was in anguish.

As a dressing for sores, bruises and burns.

Chamberlain's Salve is all that can be desired. It is soothing and healing in its effect. Price 25 cents. For sale by Chas. Strang.

The Art of Lying.

Cultivate the art of lying. There is no doubt that to be able to lie will be a most valuable gift and one which is becoming rarer every day. The art of lying is not properly understood by the majority of people. Much has been written on the subject. Stevenson dealt with it in an essay; Mr. Kenneth Grahame touched on it in "Pagan Papers," and Mr. Barry Pain has some illuminating remarks on the subject in his Canadian canoe book. There is a subtle difference between the views of these experts. Mr. Grahame advocated absolute idleness. Mr. Pain pointed out, with more truth, that the great art of lying was to do the easiest thing and that sometimes it is easier to work than to be idle. This is the secret of the whole matter. The superficial liar thinks it his duty to be idle on every occasion. The man who has studied the subject knows that this is an entirely erroneous view. There are times when we feel that we must be up and doing. If we sternly repress this inclination our peace is disturbed. The really scientific liar is the man who can idle at will.—London Chronicle.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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WORSHIP OF SPRINGS.

How It Prevailed Among Early Peoples in the Southwest.

Springs are rarely found in the southwestern part of the United States, and for this reason they have been from ancient times prized as a most valued possession. The people who dwell in this region, says Walter Hough in "Records of the Past," saw in these sources of life giving water the founts of continuance and well being, and near them they located their pueblos. Save air, no elements of nature are nearer to human life than those combined into the primitive fluid which must always be within reach of men who put themselves into the grasp of the desert. The primary knowledge of the tribes who were the pioneers and of every human being who has since made his home in the great American desert was complete as to the location, distribution and idiosyncrasies of the water supply.

Springs are naturally more prized by the inhabitants of these desert solitudes than that from living streams, because it is always drinkable and always at hand, while the watercourses, which for the greater part of the year are sinuous reaches of dry sand, furnish at flood a quickly disappearing supply of thin mud which will not be touched by man or beast except in the distress of thirst.

One is not surprised, therefore, that a primitive people will regard these springs as sacred. In fact, the Indians of the southwest are not peculiar in the worship of springs. The sentiment is worldwide, has had a vast range of time, perpetuates itself in the folklore of the highest civilizations and presents in its manifestations a most interesting body of myth and fancy. But in the southwest the arid environment has so intensified this feature of primitive culture that no spring in the region is without evidence of many offerings to the deities of water.

It is small wonder then that the Pueblo Indians came to regard springs with special veneration; that they were around them myth and tradition and made them objects of religious worship. To one acquainted with the environment and its radical needs this seems to have been a natural, even though unconscious, generalization. Perhaps offerings to springs will not admit of such simple explanation. Perhaps the mystery of the underground source of water welling up from unknown depths, impressive always even to the observer who believes himself free from the trammels of superstition, has also had a powerful effect on the mind of the Indian, lending, like many other natural phenomena, to an attitude of worship of unseen powers behind these masks.—New York Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

What happy lives farmers lead—in story books.

Never judge a man by the opinion he has of himself.

A dozen men may make a club, but one woman can make a home.

When a man borrows trouble he puts up his peace of mind as collateral.

Men and women should look during courtship and overlook after marriage.

Happiness has a peculiar way of appearing and disappearing unexpectedly.

It's an easy matter to sympathize with the poor when your pockets are empty.

Try to be agreeable. There are too many disagreeable people in the world as it is.

It's so hard for some men to save money when single that they don't think it worth while trying after they marry.

What a man and his wife say to their guests and what they say about them after their departure are different, quite different.—Chicago News.

Wisdom of the Ancients.

To the ancients for wisdom! Dr. Pinches at the University college in London brought out in a lecture some advice of general interest given by a certain little known king of the Assyrians. On one of the monuments in the British museum is the following inscription: "The eggs of an owl given for three days in wine bring on a drunkard's weariness. The dried lung of sheep taken beforehand drives away drunkenness. The ashes of a swallow's beak ground up with myrrh and sprinkled in the wine which is drunk will make secure from drunkenness. Horus, king of the Assyrians, found this out." The convivial monarch did not drink in vain if he "found these things out."

Putting Out a Fire.

When trying to put out a fire remember that one gallon of water at the bottom of the blaze will do more to put it out than ten gallons at the top. "Play low" is the motto to follow while fighting fire. A few gallons at the bottom of the flames will rise in clouds of steam when the fire is rising and quench it. A big blaze on the leeward side looks fearful, but play low with the water on the bottom of the fire on the windward side and you have the speediest way to quench the flames and will not require a river.

Rough on the Count.

Lord Freuchen—Ah, count, did you make a favorable impression on the father of the heiress? Count Broken—Favorable? Why, when I told him I was looking for his daughter's hand he said he thought I was looking for a handout.—Chicago News.

Perfectly Secure.

An old farmer once excused himself for sleeping under the rector's sermons by observing, "Lor, sir, when you are in the pulpit we know it is all right!"—London Standard.

Language of the Heart.

The language of the heart which comes from the heart and goes to the heart is always simple, graceful and full of power, but no art of rhetoric can teach it. It is at once the easiest and most difficult language—difficult since it needs a heart to speak it; easy because its periods, though rounded and full of harmony, are still unadorned.—Bovee.

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ON THE SPIRE.

Thrilling Incident in the Life of James Freeman Clarke.

When James Freeman Clarke was a young man he visited Salisbury, England. Here the beautiful cathedral lifts its spire 404 feet into the air. The spire is topped by a ball, and on the ball stands a cross. From the ground the ball looks like an orange, but its diameter is really greater than a man's height.

Workmen were repairing the spire. Mr. Clarke saw them crawling round the slim steeple in the golden afternoon like bugs on a bean stalk. The impulse came to him to climb the spire and stand on the horizontal beam of the cross. Accordingly at dusk, when the workmen had left, the young American slipped in and made his way up the stairs to the little window which opened to the workmen's stage. To run up the scaffolding to the ball was easy. Then came the slightly more bulging curve of the ball. A short platform gave him foothold. He reached up, put his hands on the base of the cross and pulled himself up. To gain the cross arm was merely "shining" up a good sized tree, and soon he stood on the horizontal timber and, reaching up, touched the top of the cross.

After enjoying his moment of exaltation he slid to the foot of the cross, and, with his arms round the post, slipped down over the great abdomen of the ball. His feet touched nothing. The little plank from which he had reached up was not there!

Here was a peril and one for a cool head and sure eye. Of course he could not look down. The hugging hold that he had to keep on the bottom of the cross shortened the reach of his body and made it less than when he had stood on the plank and reached up to the cross with his hands. He must drop so that his feet should meet the plank, for he would never be able to pull himself back if he should let himself down at arms' length, and his feet hung over empty air.

Now his good head began to work. He looked up at the cross and tried to recall exactly the angle at which he had reached for it, to make his memory tell him just how the edge of that square post had appeared. A few inches to the right or to the left would mean dropping into vacancy.

Bending his head away back, he strained his eye up the cross and figured his angle of approach. He cautiously wormed himself to the right and made up his mind that here directly under his feet must be the plank. Then he dropped. The world knows that he lived to tell the tale.

PICTURESQUE ALGIERS.

All Its Streets Are Staircases, and All Are Safe.

Here is a pretty picture of Algiers by Frances E. Nesbitt: "Now, it is possible to go safely into even the darkest and remotest corners, and they are dark indeed. A first visit leaves one breathless, but delighted—breathless, because all the streets are staircases, on a more or less imposing scale—the longest is said to have at least 500 steps; delightful, because at every turn there is sure to be something unusual to a stranger's eye. The newer streets are wide and straight and very uninteresting, but only turn into any old street and follow its windings in and out between white walls, under arches, through gloomy passages, here a few stairs, there a gentle incline, always up and always the cool deep shade leading to the bright blue of the sky above.

"Being so narrow and so steep, there are, of course, no camels and no cars. Donkeys do all the work and trot up and down with the strangest loads, though porters carry furniture and most of the biggest things. Up and down these streets comes an endless variety of figures—town and country Arabs, spahis in their gay uniforms, French soldiers, Italian workmen, children in vivid colors, Jewesses with heads and chins swathed in dark wrap pligs.

"Interesting beyond all these are the Arab women ditting like ghosts from one shadowy corner to another, the folds of their hanks concealing all the glories of their indoor dress, so that the street the only sign of riches is the daintiness of the French shoes on the little veil over the face of a fine material."—Chicago News.

After Long Years.

After long years work is viable. Agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. Every action, every word, every meal is part of our trial and our discipline. We are assuredly ripening or blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only find the shocks in our journey. Ambition die; grace grows as life goes on.—Fredrick W. Robertson.

Good Ladies' Horses.

"You told me he was a good ladies' horse," angrily said the man who had made the purchase. "He was," replied the dealer. "My wife owned him, and she's one of the best women I ever knew."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Winners.

"Did your husband ever bet on a winning horse?" "Oh, yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "All the horses Charley bets on win at some time or another."—Washington Star.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich and civility from being witty.—Seiden.

Ready For a Test.

"Do you think that absence really makes the heart grow fonder?" inquired the young man who was not a particularly welcome caller. "I have never given the matter much consideration," was the young lady's response. "Suppose you stay away for five or six years and we'll see."—Pittsburg Post.

Wisdom and honor are the avenues to a happy immortality.—Plato.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Valvoline Oils
The Best in the World
AT NICHOLSON & PLATT'S
The Place to Buy Your Hardware.

B. N. BUTLER,
Watchmaking and Repairing of all Kinds, promptly done.
I have been in business in Medford for 11 years and my work has always been satisfactory.
AND I...
Guarantee Every Job.
B. N. BUTLER,
Stewart Building, next door to Bakery. Medford, Oregon

Eifert's MADE TO ORDER GARMENTS
IT'S THE MAN BEHIND THE SHEARS
Who Creates the Nobby Fit. EIFERT Garments are Cut and Draped by Artistic Workmen, who devote their time and ability to please his customer.
Orders taken for Suits, from \$14.00 and up. Orders taken for Over Coats, \$14.00 and up. Suits Pressed and Cleaned.
Will Scientifically measure you, who has the Knowledge of Measurements.
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W. W. EIFERT
The City Tailor, Medford.
We Guaranteed the Fit.
\$900 House and four lots.
\$1400 House and three lots.
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—All well located and are snags.
I also have lots for sale and party will build house; same sold on good terms. \$4000 100-acre farm four miles from Medford; a snap. First-class orchard land close to town, at \$200 per acre. I have the plat of Butte Falls and am prepared to sell lots at reasonable prices. Come and see me before the rush begins.
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—Successor to—
J. G. TAYLOR, The Harness Maker
Fine Line of Hand Made Harness, Blankets, Robes and Whips.—Repairing Neatly Done.
W. L. ORR
Medford, Oregon

Nash Livery Stables
WALKER & ELMHIRST, Props.
The Stables have been newly refitted, and New Rigs and Good Horses added. All Night Telephone Service. Orders filled at anytime.
Reasonable Rates. Efficient Service
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SCREEN DOORS AND WINDOWS
I have in Stock all Regular Sizes, and can make any odd sized Screen Door or Window needed. Show me the opening and I will screen it.
R. W. GRAY, Contractor and Builder,
Medford, Oregon