

**GOLD HILL ITEMS.**

(The News.)

The patrons along a rural route are apt to expect too much from the carrier. It would be a great help to the farmer to apply to the government for a copy of the postal laws in reference to the regulation of rural carriers.

Upon inquiry by the News man Mayor Stanley states that all material that is adequate to the rapid completion of the sewer is now on the ground and the work will be completed about the middle of the month.

Jack Moore of Medford is in Gold Hill putting a new tin roof on the bank building. Mr. Moore is an accomplished workman, and when he gets through with it the occupants can rest assured they will be able to keep dry for some time to come.

D. H. Cheney was in from Galice this week.

Sam McClendon visited his ranch the fore part of this week.

Dr. C. H. Smith from Galice was in town Wednesday.

The Southern Pacific crew of painters arrived Wednesday with their boarding house and started in to put the finishing touches on the Gold Hill depot.

J. R. Wolfe of Portland arrived in Gold Hill Thursday. Mr. Wolfe is here to engineer the erection of a new ten-stamp mill for the Gray Eagle mine. He states that the mill will be "slapped right up" as soon as a bunkhouse can be erected.

Two ten-stamp mills were unloaded at the Southern Pacific depot last Tuesday. One goes to the Gray Eagle mine and the other one came into the possession of A. J. Sherrod.

Exactly a Hundred Years.



"Doesn't this dress make me look younger, George?"  
"Yes, my dear, exactly 100 years younger."

**Soft Job.**

"I hate clerking," drawled the slothful youth in the green hatband, "and yet I would like a position where I could keep my hands soft and white."  
"Oh, you would, eh?" spoke up the business man sarcastically. "Then why not get a job as dishwasher in a summer hotel?"—New York Life.

**As Defined.**

Little Edna (reading)—Say, mamma, what is a lack of artistic taste?  
Mamma—It is the feeling, my dear, that prompts a baldheaded man with red whiskers to wear a black wig.—Kansas City Times.

**WHAT IS A JOKE?**

**It is a Serious Business to the Man Who Concocts It.**

"There's one thing I thought I knew, but find I don't know," said Tommy. "What is a joke?"  
Father pricked up his ears, as it were. "A joke," he said slowly, "is something its maker thinks is funny, but nobody else does."

"That explains it then. Today I said an awful quaint thing. Mother had a lot of women here, and they talked about clothes. I said: 'A woman's mind is always on clothes. When she ain't talking through her hat she's laughing up her sleeve.' But no one laughed, and I read that one too. Tell me a joke."

"If I were to say when I came home from visiting the cemetery that I had returned from the dead, that would be a joke."

"Is that a practical joke?"

"It is not. It's a grave joke."

"What's a practical joke?"

"If your mother just before going out shopping asked for money and I gave her all she wanted."

"Do you like practical jokes?"

"Not when they're as practical as that."

"Does every one like jokes?"

"Few people do. Most think it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Then people can't take a joke?"

"There are some who can't. Editors, for instance, rarely take a joke."

"Does any one make money from the writing of jokes?"

"Only the papermakers and the postal department of the government."

"Must a joke be funny to be a joke?"

"Few are."

"Then some are serious?"

"Not exactly. But if you refer to a sexton as a man of grave cares some might think you intended to be jocular."

"Is a pun like a joke?"

"Nothing at all. A man who makes a joke is an idiot, whereas a man who makes a pun is a criminal."

"Then the man who writes what he thinks are jokes is a funny fellow?"

"No; it is a serious business with him."

"He has his ups and downs, then?"

"Yes. He gets up courage to write to editors and gets turned down by them."

"You're not referring to the man who writes the column in the papers every day? Surely life is one joke with him."

"No, it isn't. He thinks he's a humorist, but he's a pessimist. He'd rather be a hodcarrier."

"Why, does a hodcarrier make more money?"

"Well, he has a habit of climbing and often goes higher. Besides, the outdoor work is healthier."

"Isn't joke writing healthy?"

"Not when you're caught at it."

"Can a man write jokes and still be a gentleman?"

"You forget, Tommy, that our remarks are intended for publication and that I have many friends who write. Besides, I sometimes get off a joke or two myself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Effort Appreciated.**

"So you were deeply touched by the poem young Mr. Guffson wrote to you?" said Maude.

"Yes," answered Maymie.

"But it was not a good poem."

"I don't care. It was just as much trouble for him to write it as if he had been Shakespeare."—Washington Star.

**MADE THE MOST OF IT.**

**Clever Tactics When William Quit Using Tobacco.**

An excerpt from Doris' letter: "And, oh, Will, if you weren't the dearest boy! You often told me that you would do anything in the world for me, and now you write for my sake you've quit smoking. I'll have to wait until I see you to tell you what a dear I think you are."

From Janis: "You write that out of consideration for me you have stopped smoking for good. That was just lovely of you, William, and you may depend that I greatly appreciate it."

From Phyllis: "Bilby, boy, it's just ripping! You're the dearest kid! Just to think that you would swear off using the weed just for me! It was mighty dear of you, Bilby, and it makes me all the more keen for you."

From Marjorie: "To think that you've quit smoking, William! I was so surprised! Of course I always knew that you care for me, but to think that, as you say, you've made this sacrifice on my account—why, it's positively noble of you!"

From his mother: "Will, my son, this proves your love for me. Father is increasing a check to show that he appreciates the fact that you think enough of your parents to give up smoking for them."

From his doctor: "Your letter advising me that you have obeyed my orders and stopped the use of tobacco is at hand. As I said, your compliance \* \* \*."—Puck.

**Well Equipped.**

A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out: "Ketchin' many, pard?"

The bishop, drawing himself to his full height, replied, "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind of bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.—Success Magazine.

**Weak-minded Undoubtedly.**

"I think that man intends to do something desperate and that he is deliberately trying to arrange it so that he will have little trouble in showing, if it shall become necessary to do so, that he is insane."

"What has caused you to form such an opinion?"

"When he was taken into court yesterday for exceeding the speed limit he admitted right away that his automobile was going forty miles an hour at the time the policeman called on him to stop."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Hard to Get.**

Not long ago at a village near Durham a quack doctor was selling recipes for rheumatism, so a pitman bought one. It told him to catch a common housefly and tickle its ribs with a clothes prop until it cried. Then catch the tears in a teaspoon and rub the part affected, and he would get instant relief.—London Express.

**Praise.**

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Discipline.**

From the class room occupied by the roughest boys in the Sunday school came a great uproar. A secretary in the next room went to investigate. Complete silence followed the opening of the class room door.  
"Have you a teacher?"  
"No."  
"Do you want one?"  
"No."  
"Then be quiet or you'll get one."  
Result, comparative peace.—Manchester Guardian.

**Looking Out For Grandma.**

They are considerate youngsters in Nottingham, as most people know, says London Tit-Bits. A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted:  
"Dear Angels—We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short winded and can't blow a trumpet."

**Well Rehearsed.**

Stage Manager—Remember, Bangs, we are depending on your baby to cry lustily in the third scene. Do you think he'll do his part? Actor Father—He ought to, sir. He's been rehearsing night and day.—Boston Transcript.

**Like One of the Family.**

Wigwag—Jones says that when he is at your house he acts just like one of the family. Henpeck—Yes; he

**HOTEL ARRIVALS.**

At the Moore—Mrs. E. Elmer Smith Yreka; H. T. DeArmond, Grants Pass; J. C. Merly, Rochester; Frank Leonard, Kirby; R. M. Walt and wife, Lincoln; Mrs. Turner, Portland; R. O. Bennett, Cedar Rapids; E. F. Fordyce Eureka; E. H. Hubbard, San Francisco; Miss Fannie Turpin, Decatur; A. B. Hill, Eureka; Mrs. J. L. Williams, St. Sophia Denner, Dunsmuir; W. H. Mills, Chico; J. R. Barnum, L. Y. Fuller, Weed; Ed Bastern, C. C. Alue, Los Angeles; H. H. Acheetour, New York; Alonzo M. Reily, Los Angeles; W. H. Hendricks, Portland; M. Trumble, Sisson; Mr. and Mrs. C. Walker, Mrs. L. H. Siles, Houston; Lucy Hobson, Redding; J. T. Van Orsdale, A. A. Matthews, A. N. Holman, James S. Lady, Portland; Louis Moore, Mt. Carmel; Sam Morris, Rock Point; Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Burke, San Francisco; Mrs. Mabel Gifford, Los Angeles; J. W. Drummond, San Francisco; J. A. McLeod, D. A. Potts, Glendale; George Schiller, Sheridan; B. F. Keyes, Trenton; A. G. Mister, city.

J. F. Zyne, Watkins; J. M. Gore, Los Angeles; A. A. Levy, San Francisco; Lela Wagner, Los Angeles; Claude S. Taylor, San Francisco; J. J. Pierce and wife, Wilmington; J. C. Neely, Vilas Johnson, J. Pelton, C. E. Lemons, Ithaca; Jesse J. Silverton, Jefferson City; Maurice Lewis, Baltimore; M. K. Ketchermer, Chicago; E. P. McCormack, Salem; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorpe, Geneva; Thomas Robertson, Frank Gilbert, Charles Gilbert, A. T. Warden, A. J. Hall, Portland; Evan Hughes, Manakato; James H. Percy, Portland; C. A. M. Cannon, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Cargar, San Francisco; O. M. Humebaugh, Ashland; John E. Mar-

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