

MIGHTY MONSTER IS DISCOVERED

Strange Story Told by College
Professor Who is a Visitor
in Jacksonville.

Professor Blank, of Blank college, Blank, Blank, has been in the vicinity of Table Rock this week looking for specimens for his college, and in conversation with the writer yesterday, told a strange story of a terrible monster which he discovered on that mountain. The story is almost too strange to be true, but in view of the old chestnut that truth has fiction beaten to a finish for queerness, we accepted the story and promised the professor to give it space in the Post.

This peculiar monster is endowed with from seven to twenty-eight legs, those on one side being about one foot and six inches in length, while on the opposite side of the terrible creature the limbs are about three and one-half feet long. At the end of its tail, which, by the way, is over nine or ten linear feet in length, is a large fish-like scale about the size of a bustle, which also resembles to some extent the tiller wheel used on J. P. Morgan's yacht, "White Wings." This piece of mechanism is operated by the monster to steer itself with. So easily and gracefully can it manipulate the steering gear that it can turn completely around upon the dismal heights of a three-gallon beer keg without becoming dizzy. It may as well be explained here that this awful monster inhabits the rocks and hills of the highest mountains and can only graze on a hillside, the long legs reaching out below, while the short ones balance it on the upper side.

The scientific name for the monster, the professor says, is the *Cylogornostug*, but is more commonly known as a Side Hill Moogin.

It rears up on its powerful tail and devours the delicious fruit of the Anheuser bush without picking its teeth. With a hiss of satisfaction it sticks out its tongue, blinks its eyes and looks for higher bushes.

During the heat of the day it lies between two huge plumb trees and quarrels with its shadow. At sundown it leaves its lair and runs seven times around the mountain for exercise before seeking its supper. Its motto is "Onward and Upward."

The death of this Side Hill Moogin was a sad one, according to our informant, who says while he was hunting for a Dodo's egg he stumbled onto the monster in a deadly encounter with its shadow. It raised itself on its tail and spat fire, and brimstone, and greased lightning, and apple butter, and cuss words, and growls, and roars, and immediately started in pursuit of the professor, who, instead of running around the mountain, as the creature expected, turned and hiked down the hill. The Moogin tried to follow him, but that was its undoing; for when it turned the long legs traveled too fast for the short ones, thereby throwing the steering apparatus out of gear, which caused the monster to travel in a complete circle. Twist and wiggle as it might, it could only hike around and around. Within a couple of hours it began to get groggy and by five o'clock it was as drunk as a boiled owl. Perfectly helpless, it laid on the hill side and eventually died of exposure and drunkenness.

It was dark by this time, and the professor felt of the monster's pulse and learned that all was over. He returned the following morning, and the Moogin was nowhere in sight, but silently float-

ing skyward was a faint mist, gradually disappearing until, the professor says, it was no larger than six-bits, or the ice-man's hundred-pound cake of ice.

Binns' New Horse.

Ed. Binns, the butcher, the progressive sausage juggler, has purchased a horse. This statement may sound common-place and plebian right at the start, but there is a sad, solemn story attached to it. This horse is of the mustang variety—one of the 57. He is not used to the busy turmoil of the city life and he pines for the pines and the glad free air of the mountains. He has always been "back to nature" and until now stood well in society among his fellows. But since being attached, by force it might be well to state, to the business end of a meat wagon, he has grown taciturn and weary and refuses to eat. Mr. Binns is also having some difficulty in teaching him to back up whenever the occasion demands it. In fact the horse is so set in his ways that its owner is thinking of treating him to a course in a correspondence school. He doesn't seem to yearn much for human society, but wants to be by himself and think it over. Horses in stories soon learn to love their masters and usually know more than a college professor, but this horse is not exactly of the same breed. It may be that he will get over his few failings, but at this writing his case is somewhat doubtful. Of course, the horse can hardly be blamed for becoming a little nervous and excited when his eyes fall upon the magnificent arch on California street with its glare of electric lights, and Conklin's ever ready hammocks, and Houston's new sign, and the Rainier beer banner, and all those things. As previously remarked, it is a sad pitiful story and one that would bring tears to the eyes of the onion pedlar. But such is life in this seething metropolis.

Chautauqua Closed.

The fifteenth annual Southern Oregon Chautauqua Assembly, which closed at Ashland last Friday night, was the most successful financially in the history of the association, and the program was a highly pleasing one throughout. Last year a deficiency of several hundred dollars was faced at the end of the ten days. The larger receipts of this year enable that old indebtedness to be cleared and leave a tidy sum to be turned into the building fund against which there is a small indebtedness incurred for enlarging the tabernacle three years ago. The officers elected were as the follows: G. F. Billings, president; vice-president, J. S. Smith; Grants Pass, H. C. Kinney; Jacksonville, Dr. J. W. Robinson; Medford, Mrs. D. T. Lawton; Phoenix, Miss Bertha Rose; Klamath Falls, Mrs. T. W. Stephens; Roseburg, Mrs. A. T. Steiner; Talent, V. A. Dunlap; Central Point, Rev. Swenny; Yreka, Rev. W. J. O'Brien; Hornbrook, Mrs. W. A. Holmes, Secretary, T. A. Hayes; treasurer, F. H. Carter. Trustees, D. R. Mills, J. K. Van Sant, Elmer Patrick, G. W. Trefren, H. L. Whited. Denominational trustees, P. Ritner, Baptist; Mrs. J. R. Wick, Presbyterian; Rev. Green, Congregational; Mrs. J. L. Downing, Methodist; Mrs. E. A. Sherwin, Protestant Episcopal; Mrs. L. M. Caldwell, Christian; Mrs. S. J. Evans, Catholic; D. M. Brower, Dunkard; A. R. Carter, Christian Science.

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