

LOCAL NEWS

Circuit court was in session this week. Mark Watkins of Watkins was in town Monday. Partial eclipse of the moon, Wednesday evening. Attorney Newbury was at the court house Thursday. Clarence Reames of Medford was in town Wednesday. Charles J. Gay of Medford was a visitor in this city Tuesday. W. J. Carty of Portland, was calling on the merchants Wednesday. Mrs. T. J. Kenney visited Grants Pass Saturday to consult an oculist. E. B. Tongue of Hillsboro is visiting his sister, Mrs. A. E. Reames, of this city. A. C. Hough, a prominent attorney of Grants Pass, was a recent visitor in town. The city council are asking for bids for the construction of the water system. R. G. Smith, Esq. of Grants Pass, was transacting business in town Wednesday. Raymond Phillips of the Applegate valley was transacting business in town Monday. Josephine county voted "dry" in the recent election, by a majority of eleven votes. Judge Dunn of Ashland, was a witness in a case before the circuit court, Thursday. Wm. M. Colvig, Esq. of Medford was transacting business at the court house, Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. J. as. Grieve of Central Point were transacting business in town Tuesday. Miss Leona Ulrich was a Medford visitor Sunday morning to meet her friend, Bertha Prim. Read the bank statements in this issue of the Post. Both institutions are in a prosperous condition. Mr. Smith of Medford, representing the International Correspondence Schools was in town Monday. Editor Hawkins of the Crater Magazine, was in town Monday arranging for the printing of the ensuing number of his periodical. Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney left for Roseburg Wednesday morning to visit relatives and will likely remain until the holidays. Bertha Prim who has been residing in Portland for two years has returned home to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prim. Deputy Sheriff Dow left Tuesday evening for Portland to bring back one William Mullin wanted for an over issue of checks at Medford. A. E. Reames has moved his family to Medford where they will reside permanently. The dwelling vacated by Mr. Reames has been purchased by E. M. Collins, cashier of the Bank of Jacksonville, who will occupy it in the near future. This week we begin the publication of a series of sketches by "Uncle Jimmie Twogood" a pioneer of Southern Oregon. Mr. Twogood is one of the last of the early gold hunters and his sketches will be read with interest by the older people and many of the younger generation also. Better subscribe now so as to get the full series. A number of young men of this city are organizing a "social club." They have rented rooms adjoining Attorney Hanna's office and will proceed to fit them up with appropriate furniture, library, etc. This is an excellent idea and should meet with the encouragement of the older people. An evening spent in innocent amusement at the club rooms is far preferable to one spent loafing around town. Whooping Cough It is an old saying that whooping cough must run its course, but the use of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey has demonstrated beyond doubt that such is not the case. It can be cured by the use of this remedy. A Good Position Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railway telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute of Portland, Ore., operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of R. R. and Wireless Officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details. Gumption on the Farm The summer comes and the summer goes; Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes, The swallows go darting through fragrant rains, Then, all of a sudden, it snows.

Feed the birds. You'll need 'em next bug time. Don't let the apples or potatoes freeze. Sort out the rotten ones. Don't speculate. Calculate, hesitate migrate if you think you must, but never speculate. Is the harness tied up with strings anywhere? Take them off and do the best job of repairing you ever did. Get out some stuff for whiffletrees. Keep a little on hand all the time, for you may need them before you know it. Have a bottle of rubber cement on hand and some good glue. Fix things, and do it while the other work is not pressing. Time is saved by doing how much of the work usually done in the busy spring, such as hauling stones, clearing away trees and brush, fixing the grape arbor, etc. Leave the job of climbing the windmill to some one who is level-headed and strong in limb. Many a serious accident has happened from not living up to this rule. Be thankful every day; don't pile your gratitude all on to one day. The man who is thankful only when the Governor says he must, never is very thankful any day. With the present prices of beef, which all authorities agree can not be lowered, the production of fat cattle on farms where the work has long been forgotten will be found profitable. Are all the tools, from screw-driver to thrashing machine, snugly housed for the winter? They should be, but if not it is not too late to bring them in yet. Better do it now. One of the best tools a farmer can have is a good riveter for mending leather straps of all kinds. One of these will save a good many trips to town and maybe more than one runaway. Look after the pits where potatoes and the like are stored, and make sure that there is enough earth or litter on them to protect the contents from the coldest weather. Neglect may cause serious loss. You've been working around that one solitary big rock in a field for years. Now, split it up, blast it or get rid of it in some way. A day's work, or perhaps less, makes the field perfectly clear and smooth. A tank heater for heating drinking water for live-stock will pay for itself, time and again, in one winter, in the saving of extra feed required to restore the animal heat lost through taking in the drafts of icy water. It takes a smart man to wait patiently for dinner when the hour comes. His wife can wait for him a month of Sundays, but if she is not right on the tick when he comes in, there will be trouble right along. Most things have two sides to them. Isn't this one of them?—November Farm Journal.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Get your ice cream at The Boss. The Boss has a fine line of fresh candies, fruit and nuts. Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by all dealers. MINERS NOTICE—Notice of Location both Quartz and Placer, for sale at this office, JACKSONVILLE POST. Insure your buildings, automobile, etc. in the St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co. D. W. Bagshaw, Agent. When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days' treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by all dealers. The old, old story, told times with out number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by all dealers. Many school children suffer from constipation, which is often the cause of seeming stupidity at lessons. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation. Sold by all dealers. Weakened systems need a mature wholesome, mellow liquor. That's precisely what the I. W. HARPER Whiskey is. Perfect as a beverage or medicine. Absolutely pure. Sold by E. H. HELMS. Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them. Sold by all dealers. Wanted—Fresh milk cow, one that will give not less than 4 gallons. Address J. M. Schmidt, Box 705, Medford, Oregon.

The Goose Girl By HAROLD MacGRATH

CHAPTER VI. GRETCHEN'S DAY. GRETCHEN was always up when the morning was rosy, when the trees were still dark and motionless and the beads of dew white and frostlike, for what is better than to meet the day as it comes over the mountains and silence breaks here and there in the houses and streets, in the fields and the vineyards? Let old age, which has played its part and taken to the wings of the stage—old age loiter in the morning, but not green years. Gretchen awoke as the birds awoke, with snatches and little trills of song. To her nearest neighbors there was about her that which reminded them of the regularity of a good clock; when they heard her voice they knew it was time to get up. She was always busy in the morning. The tinkle of the bell outside brought her to the door, and her two goats came pattering in to be relieved of their creamy burden. Gretchen was fond of them. They needed no care at all. The moment she had milked them they went tinkling off to the steep pastures. Even in midsummer the dawn was chill in Dreiberg. Gretchen blew on her fingers. The fire began its cheerful crackle, the kettle boiled briskly, and the frugal breakfast was under way. There was daily one cup of coffee, but neither Gretchen nor her grandmother claimed this luxury; it was for the sick woman on the third floor. What the character of the woman's illness was Gretchen hadn't an idea, but there could be no doubt that she was ill, desperately, had the goose girl but known it. Her face was thin and the bones were visible under the drumlike skin; her hands were merely claws. She mystified the girl, for she never complained, never asked questions, talked but little, and always smiled kindly when the pillow was freshened. "Good morning, frau," said Gretchen. "Good morning, liebchen." "I have brought you a brick this morning, for it will be cold till the sun is high." "Thank you." Gretchen pulled the deal table to the side of the cot, poured out the coffee and buttered the bread. "I ought not to drink coffee, but it is the only thing that warms me. You have been very patient with me." "I am glad to help you." "And that is why I love you. Now, I have some instructions to give you this morning. Presently I shall be leaving, and there will be something besides crows." "You are thinking of leaving?" "Yes. When I go I shall not come back. Under my pillow there is an envelope. You will find it and keep it." Gretchen, young and healthy, touched not this melancholy undertone. "You will promise to take it?" "Yes, frau." "Thanks, little gosling. I have an errand for you this morning. It will take you to the palace." "To the palace?" echoed Gretchen. "What shall I do?" "You will seek her highness and give her this note." "The princess! Will they not laugh and turn me out?" "If they try that, demand to see his excellency Count von Herbeck and say that you came from No. 40 Krumerweg." "And if I cannot get in?" "You will have no trouble. Be sure, though, to give the note to no one but her highness." Gretchen decked her beautiful head with a little white cap, which she wore only on Sundays and at the opera, and braided and ribboned her hair. Who was this old woman who thought nothing of writing a letter to her serene highness? And who were her nocturnal visitors? she pondered. Being of a discerning mind, she idled about the Platz till after 9, for it had been told to her that the great sleep rather late in the morning. What should she say to her serene highness? What kind of courtesy should she make? At least she would wear no humble, servile air, for Gretchen was a bit of a Socialist. Did not Herr Goldberg, whom the police detested—did he not say that all men were equal? And surely this sweeping statement included women. With a confidence born of right and innocence she proceeded toward the east or side gates of the palace. The sentry smiled at her. "I have a letter for her serene highness," she said. "Leave it." "I am under orders to give it to her highness herself." "You cannot enter the gardens without a permit." Gretchen remembered. "Will you send some one to his excellency the chancellor and tell him I have come from No. 40 Krumerweg?" "Krumerweg! The very name ought to close any gate. But, girl, are you speaking truthfully?" Gretchen exhibited the note. He scratched his chin, perplexed. "Run along. If they ask me I'll say

that I didn't see you." The sentry resumed his beat. Gretchen stepped inside the gates, and the real beauty of the gardens



"IN YOUR PRESENCE, HIGHNESS?" was revealed to her for the first time—strange flowers she had never seen before. It was all a fairyland. There were marble urns with hanging vines and marble statues. A hand grasped her rudely by the arm. "What are you doing here?" thundered the head gardener. "Be off with you!" "How dare you touch me like that?" she cried angrily. Something in her glance cooled even the warm blooded Herrmann. "But you live in Dreiberg and ought to know." "You could have told me without bruising my arm," defiantly. "Herrmann?" Gretchen and the head gardener whirled. Through a hedge which divided the formal gardens from the tennis and archery grounds came a young woman in riding habit. "What is the trouble, Herrmann?" she inquired. "Your highness, this young woman here had the impudence to walk into the gardens." "Has she stolen any flowers?" "Why, no, your highness, but it is not customary." "We, you and I, Herrmann," said her highness, with a smile that won Gretchen on the spot. "Will overlook this first offense. Perhaps this young lady had some errand and lost her way." "Yes, your highness," replied Gretchen eagerly. "Ah! You may go, Herrmann." Herrmann bowed, gathered up his pruning knives and scissors, which he had let fall, and stalked down the path. "Whom were you seeking?" her highness asked, rather startled by the undeniable beauty of this peasant. "I was seeking your serene highness. I live at No. 40 the Krumerweg." "Krumerweg?" Her highness reached for the note and read it, and as she read tears gathered in her eyes. "Follow me," she said. She led Gretchen to a marble bench and sat down. "What is your name?" "Gretchen, highness." "Well, Gretchen, sit down." "In your presence, highness?" "Don't bother about my presence on a morning like this. Sit down." This was a command, and Gretchen obeyed with alacrity. The two sat mutely. They were strangely alike. Their eyes nearly matched, their half, even the shape of their faces. They were similarly molded, too, only one was slender and graceful after the manner of fashion, while the other was stouter and graceful directly from the hands of nature. The marked difference lay, of course, in their hands. The princess had never tolled with her fingers except on the piano. Gretchen had plucked geese and dug vegetables with hers. They were rough, but toll had not robbed them of their natural grace. "How was she?" her highness asked. "About the same, highness." "Have you wondered why she should write to me?" "Highness, it was natural that I should," was Gretchen's frank admission. "She took me in when nobody knew who I was, clothed and fed me and taught me music so that some day I should not be helpless when the battle of life began. Ah! impulsively, 'had I my way she would be housed in the palace, not in the lonely Krumerweg. But my father does not know that she is in Dreiberg, and we dare not tell him, for he still believes that she had something to do with my abduction.' Then she stopped. She was strangely making this peasant her confidant. What a whim! Gretchen did not move. She saw that her highness was dreaming, and she herself had dreams. "Do you like music?" "Highness, I am always singing." "La, la, la!" sang the princess capriciously. "La, la, la!" sang Gretchen, smiling. Her voice was not purer or sweeter; it was merely stronger, having been accustomed to the open air. "Brava!" cried the princess. "Who taught you to sing?" "Nobody, highness." "What do you do?" "I am a goose girl. In the fall and winter I work at odd times in the Black Eagle." "Tell me all about yourself." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

PORTLAND LETTER.

Oregon will have day at the Chicago Land Show--Mine bonded for a million dollars.

Portland, Or., Nov. 15, (Special)—Oregon will have a special day at the Chicago Land Show, it having been fixed on November 30. Oregon people will be in charge of the program and special exercises will be held in the lecture room of the Coliseum in honor of the occasion. Under the direction of the Harriman lines in this territory, a splendid exhibit of Oregon products has been gathered that will be shown at Chicago, excellent space having been secured for it. The products of the state on view there will be explained by competent lecturers in charge and the state generally will profit very largely from the showing to be made. Prominent Oregon citizens will participate in the exercises at the land show on Oregon day. Among them are William McMurray, General Passenger Agent for the Harriman Lines in this territory; John M. Scott, assistant general passenger agent; B. W. Johnson, Corvallis; E. D. Waterman, Medford; J. C. Skinner, Hood River; E. B. Bolton, Grants Pass; W. E. Benton, W. D. Skinner and A. A. Morse, Portland. The biggest mining deal in the history of the state took place during the past week when the Rainbow Mine, in the Basin, near Baker was bonded to the United States Smelting, Refining & Mining Co. for \$1,050,000. The purchasers have four months in which to look over the property and make a cash payment of \$250,000. At the end of six months the balance of the purchase price is to be paid. This is one of the best known properties in the state, and has a gold production of about \$200,000 to its credit. That the Hill interests are prepared to spend from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000 on extensions to the Oregon Electric and United Railways in Western Oregon during the coming year or 18 months, is the statement of John F. Stevens, head of the Hill system in this state. This will mean the construction of from 200 to 250 miles of new interurban roads in the Willamette Valley, Southern Oregon and the Coast county. The Oregon branch of the National League of Postmasters of the United States will hold its annual meeting in the rooms of the Portland Commercial Club, Sixth and Oak streets, Saturday, December 3. The meeting will be called at 10 A. M. and the session will last one day. A night session will be arranged if necessary. The coming convention of postmasters is said to be the most important ever held by the Oregon Association and it is desired that a full representation of the members be in attendance. Realty dealers of the state are to be asked to attend the Annual Convention of the Oregon Development League at Salem during the last three days of

November. It is felt that these two organizations can accomplish a great deal by coming together and working for the advancement of the whole state. It is expected the realty men will hold their first annual gathering at the same time as the Development League convention. Ashland claims it will have the most beautiful street in Oregon when its new boulevard is completed. This thoroughfare will be 100 feet in width, with paving on both sides of a park row in the center that will be beautified with trees and shrubbery. The paving will be completed next Spring.

Light Sparks.

By our Associate Editor. If Columbus had waited a while he could have come over in an airship. Portugal is finding that it takes more than a successful uprising to make a republic. The love in love letters never gets so cold that it can't be used to make it warm for the writer. Resignation rumors never seem to learn that they may get hurt when they tackle a cabinet officer. New York is to have another new subway. Soon there won't be any place for the horse cars to run but underground. Every now and then some other city has a divorce that makes Reno realize it has no monopoly of that industry. It is noteworthy that these fellows who call Roosevelt a liar always get a good, safe distance away before expressing their sentiments. Whatever may be the outcome of the New York elections, the Outlook is favorable to the Republicans. The New York police force is suffering from a scarcity of Irishmen. Japan discourages disarmament by appropriating \$4,000,000 for naval purposes. The Colonel doesn't need legal terms in delivering his opinions of judges who disagree with his ideas of law. Perhaps if Perry had submitted his proofs to the University of Copenhagen the result would have been the same as in the case of Cook. It begins to look that way. Dr. Bosley thinks more of the young people would marry but for the frightfully high cost of living; but on the other hand it seems to be mainly due to the cost of high living. Some of the costumes worn by the society women on the aviations fields are enough to make the men fly. A reader asks if Roosevelt did not really start the whole insurgent movement. No, he did not. He helped it but Cummins and La Follette were actually working at it before Roosevelt climbed San Juan Hill. President Taft is said to have increased in weight the past summer, despite insurgency, Roosevelt and a few other things. The President might however, prefer to lose weight. That death rate of only 15 in 1,000 will soon be raised if we have any more headlines like "Forest Fires over 800 victims," "Trolley cars Crash, Forty dead," "Colorado Miners Entombed, One Hundred Perished."

Christmas Holiday Excursion TO THE CITY OF MEXICO VIA THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY LEAVING PORTLAND, DECEMBER 11th and 12th, 1910 AND SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 14th, 1910 A Magnificent Special Train Consisting of Observation car, Pullman vestibled sleeping cars, smoking car and dining car will leave 3rd and Townsend streets, San Francisco, via the Coast Line. The excursion is run under the auspices of the Southern Pacific, National Lines of Mexico, International and Great Northern, G. H. & S. A. and Santa Fe. ROUND TRIP FARE \$104.00 FROM PORTLAND \$104.00 Corresponding low rates from other O. R. & N. and S. P. points Interesting side trips on the return trip, including the Grand Canyon may be made. Final return limit 60 days from date of sale. Equipment on this train will be limited and no more passengers will be taken than can be comfortably provided for. For further information, details and beautifully illustrated booklet on "Mexico" call on any O. R. & N. or S. P. agent or write to WILLIAM McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon