

LOCAL NEWS

Did you eat turkey and give thanks? The circuit court will convene Dec. 6. O. Harbaugh was at Medford Tuesday. Mrs. C. L. Grant was at Medford Sunday. Miss Bertha Prim left for Portland Tuesday. Mr. J. Parks of Buncom was in town Thursday. John Crump of Ruch was a visitor in town Tuesday. Mrs. M. M. Taylor who has been ill is reported better. Frank Hull of Medford was in town Wednesday morning. Clarence Reames Esq. of Medford was in town Monday. B. H. Haney made a business trip to Medford Tuesday. Fire insurance in reliable companies, written at this office. Mrs. R. J. Cameron of Union has been in town several days. Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Nelson were visitors in Ashland, Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Batterly were in from the mines, Wednesday. Matthew Ray of Ruch was transacting business in town Tuesday. A. C. Hough, Esq. of Grants Pass was at the court house Tuesday. G. F. Billings of Ashland was transacting business in town Monday. T. J. Keeton of Watkins was transacting business in town Monday. Frank Cameron of Union was transacting business in town Saturday. Charles Nickels of Sterling was transacting business in town Wednesday. The City Council held a special meeting Monday evening to revise ordinance No. 129. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johnson of the Applegate valley were recent visitors in this city. Joseph T. Buck of Talent, was transacting business before the Probate court, Tuesday. Dr. Hester, whose illness was mentioned in a recent issue of the Post, is better. Be up-to-date, get your stationery printed at this office. Work is right and prices are right. A cement sidewalk is being laid on the west side of Third street, between Oregon and C streets. The recent rains are welcome to the placer miners being just what they need in their business. Testimony in an important water suit was taken before a Referee at the court house Monday. Frank Heck, of Oakville, Wash. who is making a tour of the valley, visited the editor of the Post Saturday. O. C. Boggs, a prominent Medford attorney, was attending to legal business at the court house Tuesday. Mr. Newton of Medford, manager of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company, was in town Wednesday. Ione Caughthran severely injured one of the fingers of her left hand by cutting it with an axe Tuesday evening. About two inches of snow fell during Wednesday night—just to remind us that in many less favored localities it is winter time. William H. Cook an aged gentleman who resides with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bowman about 2 miles northeast of this city is seriously ill. J. W. Manning of Klamath Falls, a former sheriff of this county, was a recent visitor in this city. Mr. Manning expects to spend the winter in Medford. Joe Warner, accused of breaking into a dwelling, was brought over from Medford by Constable A. D. Singler and lodged in the county jail yesterday at noon. E. E. Gore an aged resident of Medford died Monday afternoon. Mr. Gore was one of the early settlers of Southern Oregon, coming here in the early fifties. He was aged about 80 years. Notice—Members of the Rebekah Lodge, and especially those belonging to the degree team are requested to be present at the lodge room, Monday evening, Nov. 28. By order of Noble Grand. The Rogue River Society of Native Pennsylvanians are holding a meeting in the Presbyterian church at Medford, today. Notice of the meeting reached this office too late for publication last week. Warner was arrested at Dunsmuir, Calif. and after once escaping, was brought to Medford, given a hearing before Judge Canon and bound over to appear before the grand jury at the next term of court.

Light Sparks.

By our Associate Editor. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow it will cost a darn sight more. The outlook for good weather has improved; the Weather Bureau has issued a storm warning. When a New York poet read some

of his verses to Miss Ellen Terry she burst into tears, actress that she is. A man has as much right to be a Republican as to be a Democrat in these days, but no man has a right to be both. To the majority of us the announcement from Washington that spurious \$100 bills are in circulation is absolutely immaterial. A prison sentence of 99 years, such as was inflicted on a Texas soldier, is a humane way of giving a postponed death sentence. "A train load of whiskey shipped from Birmingham to Memphis was lost. Doubtless it was routed through prohibition Georgia. If some of those aviators don't stop going up so high that they cannot see the earth, they may not be able to find their way back. The Baltimore woman "who shot a burglar" with her eyes closed had the presence of mind, probably to recollect that she couldn't hit what she looked at. "Universal peace is marching on." Japan is spending for that purpose \$40,000,000 on dreadnaughts. Looks more like it was steaming on, doesn't it? The term of Senator "Poynter," of Kentucky, expires next March and he is a candidate for re-election. White-washers, however, are more in demand at the national capital. A Boston woman says lack of babies causes divorces. An extraordinary argument. We should have thought, on the contrary, that the prevalence of divorce caused the shortage of infants. "Sarah Bernhardt emphatically declares that she will never wear a hobble skirt." As we recall the fine line of Sarah's figure, without the aid of a magnifying glass, she would be invisible in a hobble skirt.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Buy your Xmas Candies at the Boss. 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. For Sale—Tract of timber land in Jackson County, Oregon, containing 160 acres, estimated at four million feet yellow pine timber. A snap if taken at once. Apply to Jacksonville Post. 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. CHRISTMAS GOODS—You are invited to call and examine our stock of Christmas Goods, Novelties, etc. Come early while the stock is complete. W. C. DENEFF. 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 new Oliver Typewriter, latest improved can be seen at this office. We have secured the agency for Jacksonville and surrounding country and would be pleased to receive your order. Jacksonville Post

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.

Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve Good for all Skin Diseases.

The Goose Girl By HAROLD MacGRATH

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(CONTINUED.)

This was easy for Gretchen; there was so little. "Neither mother nor father. Our lives are something alike. A handsome girl like you must have a sweetheart." Gretchen blushed. "Yes, highness. I am to be married soon. He is a vintner. I would not trade him for your king, highness," with a spice of boldness. Her highness did not take offense. Rather she liked this frankness. It was a taste of the old days when she herself could have chosen a vintner and married him with none to say her nay. She surrendered to impulse. "Gretchen, I do not think I shall marry the king of Jugendheit." Gretchen grew red with pride. "You love some one else, highness?" Her highness did not blush. "You must not ask questions like that, Gretchen." This was not understandable to Gretchen, but a locket the princess wore pleased her eye. Her highness, observing her interest, slipped the trinket from her neck and laid it in Gretchen's hand. "Open it," she said. "It is a picture of my mother, whom I do not recollect having ever seen. I will open it for you." Click! Gretchen sighed deeply. To have had a mother so fair and pretty! She hadn't an idea how her own mother had looked. Indeed, being sensible and not given much to conjuring, she had rarely bothered her head about it. Still, as she gazed at this portrait the sense of her isolation and loneliness drew down upon her, and she in her turn sought the flowers and saw them not. After a while she closed the locket and returned it. "So you love music?" picking up the safer thread. "Ah, yes, highness." "I will give you an opera ticket for the season. How can I reward you for bringing this message? Don't give any false pride. Ask for something." "Well, then, highness, give me an order on the grand duke's head vintner for a place." "For the man who is to become your husband?" "Yes, highness." "You shall have it tomorrow. Now, come with me. I am going to take you to Herr Opera. He is the director of the Opera. He rehearses in the court theater this morning." Gretchen followed the princess. As her highness entered the Bijou theater the herr direktor stopped the music. In the little gallery which served as the royal box sat several ladies and gentlemen of the court, the grand duke being among them. "I have brought you a prima donna, Herr Direktor," pointing to Gretchen. Herr Direktor showed his teeth. "What shall she sing in, your highness? We are rehearsing 'The Bohemian Girl,'" he jested. The chorus and singers on the little stage exchanged smiles. "I want your first violin," said her highness. "Anton!" A youth stood up in the orchestral pit. "Now, your highness," said the herr direktor. "Try her voice." And the herr direktor saw that she was not smiling. He bade the violinist to draw his bow over a single note. "Imitate it, Gretchen," commanded her highness, "and don't be afraid." Gretchen lifted her voice. It was sweeter and mellower than the violin. "Again!" the herr direktor cried. Without apparent effort Gretchen passed from one note to another, now high, now low, or strong or soft; a trill, a run. The violinist of his own accord began the jewel song from "Faust." Gretchen did not know the words, but she carried the melody without mishap. And then "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls." This song she knew word for word, and, ah, she sang it with strange and haunting tenderness. One by one the musicians dropped their instruments to their knees. All realized that a great voice was being tried before them. The herr direktor struck his music stand sharply. "Your highness has played a fine jest this day. Where does madame your guest sing—in Berlin or Vienna?" "In neither," answered her highness. "She lives in Dreiberg, and till this morning I never saw her before." The herr direktor stared blankly from her highness to Gretchen and back to her highness again. Then he grasped it. Here was one of those moments when the gods make gifts to mortals. "You have a great voice, fraulein. I shall teach you. I shall make you a great singer." But Gretchen never became a prima donna. There was something different on the knees of the gods. CHAPTER VII. AFFAIRS OF STATE. THE grand duke stamped back and forth with a rumble as of distant thunder. "Why would I play with him, eh? Well, they had loosed the lion this time. He had

sent his valet to summon her highness and Herbeck. "And tell them to put everything else aside." He knended the note in his hand powerfully. It was anonymous, but it spoke clearly, like truth. The sender remained undiscoverable. Had he not opposed it for months? And now, having surrendered against his better judgment, this gratuitous affront was offered him. It was damnable. He smote the offending note. War! Nothing less. He was prepared for it. Twenty thousand troops were now in the valley, and there were 20,000 reserves. Herbeck came calmly in. "Why the devil couldn't you have left well enough alone? Read this!" The duke flung the note down on his desk. Herbeck picked it up and worked out the creases. "Well?" The query tingled with rage. The answer on the chancellor's lips was not uttered. Hildegarde came in. He embraced her and kissed her brow. "Read," said the duke to her. She slipped from her father's arms and looked with pity at the chancellor. "What do you think of this, Hildegarde?" "Why, father, I think it is the very best thing in the world," dryly. "An insult like this?" The duke grew rigid. "You accept it calmly in this fashion?" "Shall I weep and tear my hair over a boy I have never seen? No, thank you. I was about to make known to you this very evening that I had reconsidered the offer. I shall never marry his majesty." Herbeck explained the situation. "Your highness, the regent is really not to blame, for his majesty had given him free rein in the matter, and his royal highness, working as I have been for the best interests of the two countries, never dreamed that the king would rebel. The king has been generous enough to leave the publicity in our hands—that is to say, he agrees to accept the humiliation of being rejected by her serene highness." "That is very generous of him!" said the duke sarcastically. "Send for Ducwitz." "Ducwitz, your highness?" cried the chancellor, chilled. "Immediately!" "Your highness, if you call Ducwitz I shall surrender my portfolio." The chancellor was firm. "Do so. There are others to take up your work." Hildegarde flew to the duke's side and snatched at his sleeve. "Father, you are mad!" "At least I am master in Ehrenstein. Herbeck, you will have the kindness to summon General Ducwitz." "Your highness," replied Herbeck, "I have worked long and faithfully in your service. I can not recollect that I ever asked one personal favor. But I do so now. Do not send for Ducwitz tonight. See him in the morning. This is no time for haste. You will throw the army into Jugendheit, and there will follow a bloody war." "I will have my revenge!" stubbornly. "Father, listen to me. I am the affronted person. I—I alone—have the right to say what shall be done in the matter. And I say to you if you do these cruel things, dismiss his excellency and bring war and death to Ehrenstein. I will never forgive you—never, never! You are wrong, wrong, and I, your daughter, tell you so frankly. Leave it to me. There will be neither war nor humiliation." "My dear child," he said, "I have suffered too much at the hands of Jugendheit. It was my daughter the first time; it is my honor now," proudly. "Will it balance war and devastation?" the girl asked quietly. "Is it not pride rather than honor? The prince regent made a pardonable blunder. Do not you, my father, make an unpardonable one?" "A Portia to the judgment!" said the chancellor, his eye kindling. "Let WAR AND DEVASTATION" alone am to blame. It was I who first suggested the alliance." Notwithstanding that he was generally hasty, the duke was a just man. He offered his hand, with half a smile. "You are bidding me farewell, your highness?" said Herbeck. "No, count. I would not let you go for half my duchy. Even a duke may be a fool sometimes." Herbeck laid his cold hand upon the duke's. Then he went over to her highness and kissed her hand gratefully, for it was truly at her feet the wreath of victory lay. "Highness," he said softly, "you shall marry when you will." "And where?" "I would that I could make it so. But there is a penalty for being placed so high. We cannot change this unwritten law." "Heaven did not write it," she replied. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISTAKES. Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions discourage thee. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we are wrong.—Carlyle.

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John Dunnington A. S. Kleinhammer Jacksonville Meat Market DUNNINGTON & KLEINHAMMER, Props. Dealers In All Kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats. Poultry, Choice Lard, Etc. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

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