

LOCAL NEWS

Go to Nichol's for your flour. B. F. Mukey was at Ashland Wednesday. Mrs. W. S. Barnum was in Medford Thursday. W. E. Phipps of Medford was in town Monday. Miss Fleta Ulrich was in Medford Wednesday. G. F. Billings of Ashland was in town Monday. A. E. Reams of Medford was in town Monday. Gus, Newbury of Medford was in town Monday. H. A. Canady was over from Medford Tuesday. Mr. John Matney of Ruch was in town Tuesday. J. H. Beaman of Gold Hill was in town Saturday. Mrs. Robt. Dow was a Medford visitor Tuesday. Frank Edwards of Hutton, Cal., was in town Tuesday. A. E. Collings of Watkins was in this city Monday. Fred Tice of Medford was in town one day this week. F. G. McWilliams of Ashland was in town Saturday. Miss Mary Wetterer is visiting friends at Medford. Mrs. Ed Pilkington was a Medford shopper Thursday. Clarence Reams of Medford was at the court house Monday. R. L. Burdie of Ashland was a visitor in this city Saturday. A. B. Cornell of Grants Pass was a recent visitor in this city. O. H. Lawler of Medford was a visitor in this city Monday. Mr. James T. Buckley of Ruch was in town Wednesday. Fruits, soft drinks, cigars and tobacco at Shaw's Confectionery. J. A. E. Percival of Medford, was a visitor in this city Thursday. S. L. Sandry of Woodville was transacting business in town Saturday. P. S. Steenstrup is attending the circuit court as a juror this week. Latest books by standard authors at Thompson's Confectionery. Attorneys Lemery and Young of Ashland were in town Thursday. Mrs. Mabel Strand is quite ill at the Sacred Heart Hospital in Medford. Laura were in Medford Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Norris of Medford were recent visitors in this city. Mr. and Mrs. I. Finley of Ashland visited friends in this city Saturday. Mrs. S. E. Dunnington and Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw were visitors at Medford Monday. E. D. Briggs of Ashland, was transacting business in the circuit court Monday. Porter J. Neff Esq. of Medford was transacting business at the court house Tuesday. H. H. DeArmond of Medford was transacting business at the court house Tuesday. Mr. Will Ray and Robt. Fatten of Ruch were in town Monday and Tuesday. Mr. C. B. Watson of Ashland was in town Thursday and Friday on court business. O. R. Ball, manager of the American Type Founders Co., of Portland, is in town Thursday. Mrs. E. B. Thurman of Ashland was visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. Johnson this week. Miss Maude Newbury who is attending school in Medford, spent Sunday at her home in this city. Dr. R. E. Golden has been attending court in Cook county, this week as a witness in a criminal case. Mr. Geo. Howland of Grants Pass who has been in Jacksonville for several days returned home Thursday. C. C. Pursel the well known farmer and lumberman of Buncom was serving as a juror in the circuit court this week. Judge J. R. Neil left Monday evening for Portland, where he will attend the convention of county judges and commissioners of the state. Mrs. J. F. Payne left Monday evening for Beaver, Tillamook County, Oregon, where the family expect to make their home for the present. Mr. Payne will follow in a short time. Miss Dorland Robinson has placed two paintings on sale at the City Drug Store. The paintings were done by Miss Robinson and are real works of art. Call and see them. Saturday afternoon at the court house in this city, the Opp mine with machinery, buildings, etc, was sold at sheriff's sale to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$1546. Clyde Shaw, judgment creditor was the purchaser. Circuit court is in session this week a number of cases mostly civil have been disposed of and it is expected that the docket will be cleared next

week in time to allow the jurors and others in attendance to spend Christmas at home. Go to Thompson's for Post Cards. Get your pictures at Rose's. Located at the Sisters Academy. Great reduction in prices. Cabinets from two dollars upward. Forty years experience. Several consignments of new furniture have arrived lately and been placed in a couple of houses heretofore vacant but have been recently leased by young men of our city. Appearances indicate a boom in the matrimonial market soon. Some bad check artist having obtained some blank checks on the bank of Jacksonville has filled up the same and signing a fictitious name thereto succeeded in passing about \$100. worth on Medford merchants. The names signed to the checks were J. C. McKee, P. K. Jennings and H. G. Workman. Officers are on the track of the forger and it is confidently expected that he or they, will soon be apprehended. Dr. J. W. Robinson and family expect to leave tomorrow evening (Sunday) for Southern California where they will make their future home. Miss Dorland will open a studio and will continue her education in art. Dr. Robinson will retain his business in this city and expects to make business visits to this place every three months. While sorry to see this family leave our city the Post wishes them every success.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BEEKMAN'S BANKING HOUSE at Jacksonville in the State of Oregon at the close of business, Dec. 5th, 1911. RESOURCES. Bonds and warrants \$106,000.00. Due from banks (not reserve) 84.81. Due from approved reserve banks and cash on hand 53,291.72. Total 164,376.53. LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in \$50,000.00. Surplus fund 23,559.33. Due to banks and bankers 241.25. Individual deposits subject to check 89,075.95. Demand certificates of deposit 1,500.00. Total 164,376.53. STATE OF OREGON, County of Jackson, I, C. C. Beekman, owner of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. C. C. BEEKMAN. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of December, 1911. D. W. Bagshaw, Notary Public.

TRAMP TAKES SHOT At Two, Hits Bul On. Saved by Suspender Buckle. S. P. Heitrick, employed at the gas works, was a target for the revolver of the same unknown man who fired three bullets yesterday morning at Fred Timms, now held in the county jail at Jacksonville on an insanity charge. No investigation of the shooting has been made by the authorities. The man who did the shooting fled, leaving behind an overcoat and a bottle of medicine. Sheriff Jones said last night that he would probe the affair to day. Though the police have no opinion on the matter other than that Timms was hit by a bullet and was saved from more serious injury by a suspender buckle it is believed by citizens who have taken an interest in the case that he is not as crazy as he would have it appear, and that it is a ruse to allow his two companions to elude the officers. A "yegg man's" quarrel is advanced as the motive for the shooting.—Sun Dec. 13.

KILLING YOUNG DEER Is Charge Against Chas. Davis of Griffin Creek. A warrant was issued this morning out of Judge O. Taylor's court for the arrest of Chas. Davis, of Griffin Creek. Davis is charged with killing young deer, the offence having been committed on November 23, of this year. The warrant of arrest was issued at the instance of Deputy State Game Warden George Hargadin of Ashland. Several witnesses have been subpoenaed and a hearing will be had in Judge Taylor's court at 1:30 Saturday December 16.—Mail Tribune.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey For Coughs and Colds.

My Passport By PETER RUDINE Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Of all countries in the world that foreigners had better keep away from Russia is first. I happened when there some years ago to be a well known man among my own countrymen. I had represented my country at several foreign courts, and any member of any American embassy abroad would know me at the mention of my name. After an interview with the American minister concerning certain matters of diplomacy with which I had been charged from Washington I went to my hotel, intending to leave the next day for Berlin, thence on to Paris, London and New York. I had left my passport to be vised, and it was to be sent me the next morning. It was brought me by a clerk in the American embassy, a young Russian who had lived in the United States and spoke and wrote English. When he handed it to me I noticed that he seemed to be studying my personal appearance. I glanced at the passport to see that it was all right, then, looking up at the young man, saw that he was still studying me. "I seem to interest you," I said tartly. "I beg your pardon, sir. When we deliver a passport we are responsible for its getting into the right hands." With this he bowed and withdrew. The next day I boarded a train at the station. As soon as I appeared a man in the uniform of a railroad official took me to a carriage and put me into a compartment. There were six seats in the compartment. One of them occupied by a gentleman and four by some friends who had evidently come to the train to see him off. I took the sixth seat. A moment before the train started the official who had put me into the carriage came to the door to shut it. Before he did so the friends got out, leaving the traveler alone with me in the compartment. As soon as we left the station and rolled into the light I noticed that my fellow passenger was the exact counterpart of myself. He was about my height, though a trifle shorter. In every other respect he might have been taken for me. My looking at him so scrutinizingly appeared to irritate him, so I stopped it. We rode on together all the afternoon, and as we were approaching the border separating Russia from Germany the man pulled out a cigarette and began to puff lustily. Both windows were up, and I attempted to lower one of them. The man stopped me. I persisted, whereupon the man drew a revolver, leveled it at me and said something in Russian. Understanding this to mean that if I didn't let the window alone he would murder me, I desisted. Gradually I became overcome by the fumes of the cigarette and lost consciousness. I was awakened from my slumber by a man shaking me. It required some time for him to arouse me, and when he did so I found that we had arrived at the station on the border where all passports are examined. I looked about for my fellow passenger, but he was not there. Not thoroughly myself, I seized my hand baggage and went into the apartment in the station where passengers are required to wait while their passports are being examined. Then I opened a satchel in which I carried my passport. It had vanished. I now recalled the man that looked like me, and it occurred to me that he had robbed me of the document with the intention of passing out of Russia by it. I told my story to the officer in charge of passport examination, and he immediately issued an order to detain any one attempting to pass on a passport bearing my name. He was too late. One of his deputies reported that the passport had been used by a man for whom a sleigh was waiting; he had jumped into it and been driven away. When I was shown the official he threw up his hands, exclaiming: "Great heavens! This is the man." In this instance I was saved from suspicion because my passport had been used, but there remained the question, "Was I in collusion with him?" I requested the officer in charge to telegraph an account of the case to the American minister to Russia, and he did so. But I was delayed several days in the little station before an order came to permit me to go through without a passport. Had it not been for my diplomatic connections heaven knows what would have become of me. Several years after this I was sitting in my office in the state department at Washington when a man with a Russian name was announced. I ordered him admitted, and he said to me: "I owe you my life, sir, or more. Had it not been for my using your passport I would now be working in the mines of Siberia." "Are you the man who drugged me with cigarette smoke?" "I am. I was made up. The clerk in the embassy who took your passport did the work. The railway official who showed you to the compartment was one of our circle. And the friends seeing me off were also members, holding the seats that there should be no one else in the compartment." "Why were you trying to leave Russia?" "Let us not speak of that."

THE PHALANX.

Its Formation in the Military Methods of Ancient Greece. A phalanx in the military affairs of Greece was a square battalion or body of soldiers formed in ranks and files compact and deep, with their shields joined and pikes crossing each other so as to render it almost impossible to break it. At first the phalanx consisted of 4,000 men, but this number was afterward doubled by Philip of Macedon, and the double phalanx is hence often called the Macedonian phalanx. Polybius describes it thus: "It was a square of pikemen, consisting of 16 in flank and 500 in front. The soldiers stood so close together that the pikes of the fifth rank extended three feet beyond the front. The rest, whose pikes were not serviceable owing to their distance from the front, conched them upon the shoulders of those who stood before them and so locking them together in file, pressed forward to support and push on the former rank, by which means the assault was rendered more violent and irresistible." The spears of those behind also stopped the missiles of the enemy. Each man's pike was twenty-three feet long. The word phalanx is also used for any combination of people distinguished for solidity and firmness. A grand phalanx consisted of 16,384 men.

Charlotte Corday. Charlotte Corday, the slayer of Marat, was, according to the best authorities, of noble lineage. Unlike the Maid of Orleans, the most illustrious blood flowed in her veins. She was well educated, and not a whisper was ever heard against her moral character. It does not appear that she ever manifested the slightest signs of insanity or fanaticism. Her action in killing Marat was attended by nothing like madness or hallucination. Taught to believe that the Paris butcher was the one man who hindered the righteous settlement of the strife that was destroying her country, she quietly went down to the great city and in a very unostentatious manner dispatched the man she believed to be her people's greatest enemy.—New York American.

Some Famous Duces. Literary history is crowded with instances of torpid and uninteresting boyhood. Gibbon was pronounced "dreadfully dull," and the utmost that was predicted of Hume in his youth was that "he might possibly become a steady merchant." Adam Clarke, afterward so deeply skilled in oriental languages and antiquities, was pronounced by his father to be "a greivous dunce," and of Bolleau, who became a model for Pope, it was said that he was a youth of little understanding. Dryden was "a great numskull," who went through a course of education at Westminster, but the "stimulating properties of Dr. Busby's classical ferule were thrown away upon this drone who was to be known as "Glorious John."—London Standard.

Stated a Fact. A clergyman highly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, of which oratory is not one, has recently had placed in his church by his loving congregation a new pulpit. It is a fine piece of work, ornate with carving and artistic embellishment. But the text inscribed on it, considering the effect of the good rector's sermons, might have been more happily chosen. "He giveth his beloved sleep." it runs.

The Way of Them. "Oh, yes; he's a very intellectual man." "What makes you think that?" "I judged so from his talk." "Why, what does he talk about?" "He's forever talking about how intellectual he is."—Catholic Standard and Times.

RAINED ICY BULLETS.

A Hailstorm in the Pyrenees is a Serious Matter. In a letter to the London Times a traveler tells of a hailstorm that came upon his party in the Pyrenees. "It was as if night was devouring day before our very eyes—a night, too, of tempest and torn and trailing clouds, of storm, smoke and thunder." Midway in the darkness was "the clear cut straight line of cloud which invariably tells of hail." Except for the shelter of a small tree the travelers were exposed to the storm's fury, and when they examined the hailstones they found they were of the average size of marbles, with a scattering here and there of much larger stones, "as large as golf balls."

This, however, was merely the prelude. The real storm came when they had reached their tents. "Suddenly the whole land was bombarded by great hailstones as large as lawn tennis balls." These fell with deafening roar on the canvas of the tent, and "it seemed only a matter of a few seconds for us to be battered into the earth, tent and all." An India rubber bath in front of their shelter, "with its sides beaten down in places, was half full of things like white cricket balls."

When the storm had finally passed the mountains around were white with the hailstones. The hail was weighed. "Six stones went to the kilo." The size was that of "a tennis ball and almost uniform." Seventy sheep were killed on the heights above the travelers' shelter, and in a neighboring valley thirty-five cows and some mules and the body of a child that had been wandering in the mountains "were brought down by a stream."

ABOUT A MILE.

It Makes a Difference in Which Land One Travels This Distance. If you take a notion to settle down for a time and after you have been whisked out and back in a motorcar you think to ask how far the house is from the station the agent carelessly waves his hand and affly remarks, "About a mile," you had best take heed as to what country you are in at the time. If it is in England you are all right, for the familiar 1,760 yards is the standard, but if you have taken a fancy to some sod thatched Irish cottage it means a tramp of 2,240 yards, and if you are moved to linger in the highlands remember that the braw Scot calls 1,976 yards a mile. Considering the size of Switzerland, one might expect a mile to be about as far as one could throw a ball, but the hardy mountaineers think 9,153 yards the proper thing, even when, as it generally is, it is very much uphill. The Swiss is the longest mile of all, being followed by the Vienna post mile of 8,256 yards.

The Flemish mile is 6,800 yards, the Prussian 8,237 yards, and in Denmark they walk 8,244 yards and call it a stroll of a mile. The Arabs generally ride good horses and call 2,143 yards a mile, while the Turks are satisfied with 1,820 yards, and the Italians shorten the distance of a mile to 1,700 yards, just six yards more than the American has in mind when the agent waves his hand and blandly remarks, "About a mile."—Chicago Record Herald.

The Measure of Life. There is no use in repining that life is short. It is not to be measured by the quantity of its years, but by the quality of its achievements.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He that plants thorns will not gather roses.—Proverb.

NOISE OF THUNDER.

Theory as to the Cause of the Crackle, Roar and Rumble. It has usually been thought that the noise of thunder is caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of the lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap. But the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now supposed thunder is due to the intense heating of gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of electric discharge and the consequent conversion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure. In this way the crackle which with a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosion on a small scale caused by discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which sounds loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor.

In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the earth to the clouds the clap is loudest at the beginning. Trowbridge gave substance to these suppositions by causing electric flashes to pass from point to point through terminals clothed in soaked cotton wool, and he succeeded in magnifying the crack of the electric spark to a terrifying extent.—Exchange.

Promise and Performance.

In Tolstoy there was the same contradiction between the natural man and the ascetic moralist that pertains to lesser minds, and in a certain instance cited by Aylmer Maude in his "Life of Tolstoy" this mental elasticity makes for humor. When Sarah Bernhardt visited Moscow the great man delivered himself of a crushing condemnation of the contemporary theater and of the falsity of dramatic art in general. After a momentous silence one of his guests admitted, somewhat timorously, that he was going to see the French actress that evening. Tolstoy's face suddenly lighted up with a good humored smile. "Do you know," he said, "I am awfully sorry I'm not going."

Fifty Years An Editor.

St. John's Neb., Dec. 13.—The St. John's Globe issued a special fifty-page edition today to mark the completion of the fiftieth year of the editorship of John Valentine Ellis. Mr. Ellis is believed to be the oldest daily newspaper editor in America in point of continuous service. He was born in Halifax seventy seven years ago, and at the age of twenty-six became editor of the Globe.—Sun

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