

LOCAL NEWS

Write it 1912. Turn over a new leaf. Go to Nichol's for your flour. Frank Robinson was at Medford Tuesday. Paul Hansen of Medford was in town Tuesday. Captain Ames of Ruch was in town Tuesday. The public school will open Tuesday January 2. A Happy New Year to the readers of the Post. Mr Bob Finney was a Medford visitor Tuesday. Clarence Reams of Medford was in town Saturday. E. Forman of Buncom was in this city Wednesday. Miss Emma Wendt was a Medford visitor Tuesday. W. H. Summers of Sterling was in town Wednesday. R. B. Dow was a visitor at Medford Saturday evening. L. Lytle has removed with his family to Holton Calif. Mr Will Normile was in Medford a few hours Tuesday. Joseph Gunst of Sterling mine was in this city Monday. Mrs L. E. Luper left for Grants Pass Thursday morning. Mr and Mrs L. G. Ulrich were in Medford Monday evening. Mr and Mrs James T. Buckley spent Xmas with Mrs C. Ulrich. Mr C. M. Ruch and Matthew Ray of Ruch were in town Friday. Mr John McGriotor of Poor Man's Creek was in town Thursday. Fruits, soft drinks, cigars and tobacco at Shaw's Confectionery. Sheriff and Mrs Jones spent Christmas with Mr Jones' mother. Mr Fry, a mining promoter of Yreka Calif. was in town this week. Mr and Mrs Chauncey Florey visited friends in Eagle Point Monday. Latest books by standard authors at Thompson's Confectionery. C. B. Watson of Ashland was a business visitor in town this week. Charles Hamilton of the Applegate was a recent visitor in this city. Frank Ray of Gold Ray was transacting business in this city Monday. Miss Bertha Prim of Portland spent Xmas with her parents in our city. Mrs Cris Ulrich spent Wednesday with Mrs Hugh Elliott of Medford. Mr W. Kirtley of our city left for Eugene Wednesday to join his wife. Miss Fay Sears and Mr Murray spent Sunday evening with Mrs L. G. Ulrich. Mr and Mrs T. C. Norris of Medford visited relatives in this city this week. Mrs P. F. Swavne is reported to be quite ill at her home on the Applegate. Mr James McLaren, an aged resident of this place is reported seriously ill. Joseph Goldsby of Buncom was transacting business in town Wednesday. Mr Ed. Wendt and family spent the holidays with Mrs Walters at Applegate. Mrs Will Shultz of Medford spent Xmas with her Mother Mrs Bostwick at Ruch. Miss Laura Dorm of Medford spent Xmas with Mr and Mrs Miles Cantrill of Ruch. Mr Erwin Eckilson of Portland spent Xmas in our city with friends and relatives. Alfred De Vore of Oakland Cal. is visiting his father, T. L. Devore of this city. Henry J. Bauten, a wellknown resident of Poor Man's Creek is reported seriously ill. Miss Annette Penninger and Smiley Childs of Medford were in Jacksonville Monday evening. Ed. Day who is employed at Phil Hamill's place spent this week at his home in this city. The new steel cages for the county jail arrived this week and are being placed in position. Several slight snows have fallen during the week just enough to make it sloppy to get about. Mr and Mrs Miles Cantrill of Ruch attended "The Three Twins", at Medford Wednesday evening. Mrs J. W. Rogers of Ashland who had been visiting friends in this city has returned to her home. Mrs Chas. F. Dunford who has been ill for some time is reported not so well as usual this week. Mr and Mrs Herman King of Medford spent Xmas with Mrs Tom McGriotor of Poor Mans Creek. Mr Robt. Maine teacher at Ruch is spending his vacation with Mr and Mrs B. M. Collins of this city. Miss Harriet Doelen who has been teaching school at Talent spent the holidays at Bend Ore. with friends. Miss Maud Newbury who is attending

St. Mary's academy at Medford spent Christmas at her home in this city. Go to Thompson's for Post Cards. Dr Golden has returned from Marshfield where he had been attending court as a witness in a murder trial. Zada, Crimmeton, a former resident of Applegate valley but who now resides at Medford, was in town Monday afternoon. Miss Harriet Dolson has been selected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs Crauch as teacher in the public school. Mrs Gertrude Norton, formerly a compositor in this office but now employed at Yreka, Calif. spent Christmas with her parents in this city. Thomas Paulsen who formerly edited the Oregon Sentinel, a newspaper published in this city some years ago, died at Portland recently, aged 79 years. Christmas trees, and entertainments consisting of music, recitations etc. were given at both the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches, Saturday evening. Elbert Coleman, mention of whose illness was made in these columns several weeks ago, is still confined to the house, but is able to sit up for a short time each day. Mrs H. Crouch, a teacher in the public school of this city has resigned her position and gone to join her husband who is employed in a cyanide plant at Grass Valley Calif. Mr Owen Keegan, who was stricken with paralysis last week is still in a precarious condition. Owing to his extreme age, (about 80 years) small hopes are entertained of his recovery. Prof. and Mrs J. Percy Wells left Wednesday morning for Portland and Salem. Mr Wells will attend the meeting of the board of examiners at Salem and will return in about two weeks. The improvement of the county road leading to the Applegate valley, just completed by order of the city council, is said to be an excellent piece of work and will be of great advantage to the travelling public. Rev. and Mrs J. M. Schultz who have been visiting friends in this city left Wednesday morning for a visit with relatives at Shedd, Oregon after which they will return to their home at Hannibal, Mo. Cost of a Silk Secret. The development of the silk manufacture in England began some time in the seventeenth century, but was greatly extended through the enterprise of John Lombe of Derby, who in 1715 went to Leghorn, Italy, to learn the secret of the Leghorn silk manufactures, a most difficult and dangerous adventure. Visitors were allowed to pass through the factories and see the machines in motion, but could learn nothing of their construction and operation. Finally, through the good offices of a priest, Lombe secured employment as a workman, slept in the mill, worked at a spinning machine and by night made measurements and plans. He worked at the mill until an English ship was sent on purpose to take him away. He had scarcely sailed when an armed brig was sent after him, and he barely escaped safely to England. It is said that he died at the age of twenty-nine, poisoned by the emissaries of his Leghorn employers, but the silk manufacture was securely established, became a great industry in England and has since been established all over the world.—National Magazine. Trains Charged by Buffaloes. In pioneer days the railroads crossing the plains were often delayed for many hours by buffaloes. Sometimes they caused more serious trouble. In 1871 and 1872 trains on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad were charged by the enraged beasts, cars were derailed and overturned and the lives of train crews and passengers endangered. Many tales of hairbreadth escapes were related by small parties of soldiers, frontiersmen and emigrants, and it is altogether possible that many an emigrant wagon with its occupants that left the Missouri river and was never seen again was overwhelmed by the buffaloes rather than wiped out of existence by the Indians, to whom all unexplained disappearances were attributed. Large buffalo bulls weighed 2,000 pounds or more, and cows weighed in the neighborhood of 1,200 pounds. Herds numbering many thousands were really irresistible and in a stampede carried all before them.—Outing. Fatal Street Music. In casting up the score against street musicians it must never be forgotten that to them was due the untimely death of one of England's foremost humorists, John Leech. The strain of ceaseless application to his work rendered Leech abnormally sensitive to street noises of all descriptions, and street music in particular drove him frantic. The organ grinders, it is said, knew of his enmity toward them and played within earshot of his studio simply to plague him. In a letter to Mr. Bass, M. P., who was framing a bill for the suppression of street noises, Mark Lemon, the editor of Punch, declared that beyond a doubt Leech's ultimately fatal malady, agonia pectoris, or breast pang, was due to the disturbance of his nervous system caused by the continual visits of street bands and organ grinders.—London Chronicle.

Private O'Neil

By F. A. MITCHEL. Copyright by American Press Association, 1911. During the Spanish-American war one morning Colonel Brewster of the 4th United States Infantry was sitting in his tent at Tampa, Fla., when a private—a mere boy with rosy cheeks and jet black hair—was brought up by the corporal of the guard. "Well, corporal," said the colonel, "not coming to wag a large palm leaf, 'what's he been doing?" "Interfering with the guard in the line of duty, sir." "How?" "Private Thompson on being reprimanded by Lieutenant Bilster knocked the lieutenant down. We put Thompson in the guard tent, and this man lifted up the rear part of the tent wall while the sentinel wasn't looking and helped the prisoner out." "What did you do that for?" asked the colonel of the prisoner. "Why, they told me," said the boy in a trembling voice, "that Thompson would be shot for mutiny." "What good would it do you to try to save him that way?" "There was no reply to this, the prisoner standing with eyes bent on the floor. "Do you think," said the colonel, "that if I let you off this time you can let the prisoners in charge of the guard alone?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't know!" "I think I can, sir." The colonel told the corporal to march the boy back to his company encampment and release him. The next day the recruit was marched to the colonel's tent again, having committed the same offense. "See here, young man," said the colonel, "do you know that you are liable to be shot for this?" "No, sir." "Thompson's striking an officer was outright mutiny; your helping the mutineer to escape from the guard is the next thing to it. Do you want to get yourself shot too?" "Could I take Private Thompson's place, sir?" "Take his place in what?" "Being shot." "What in thunder do you want to do that for?" asked the astonished colonel. "I'd like to, if he has to be shot." "How old are you?" asked the colonel, hoping the boy was under age and he could discharge him from the army. "I'm twenty, sir." "Twenty? Were you enlisted as twenty? You're nothing but a child." There was no reply to this. Tears were standing in the boy's eyes. "Take him away," said the colonel to the corporal, "and tell his captain to try and find some reason to get rid of him." The commander heard no more of the recruit Private O'Neil until after the first fight in Cuba. Then, on looking over some papers that had come up to him from D company, he noticed that charges had been preferred against one of the men for cowardice. The colonel, suspecting that some boy had flinched under his baptism of fire and needed to be carefully handled, directed that the accused man be brought to his headquarters. When this was done, who should appear but Private O'Neil. "You're the man who was continually trying to get another man away from the guard when we were in Tampa, aren't you?" "Yes, sir." "And if I remember rightly you wanted to be shot in his place?" "Yes, sir." "What's become of him?" "He's Private Thompson, sir," the corporal put in. "Lieutenant Bilster withdrew the charge of mutiny on the ground that Thompson, being a recruit, didn't know any better than to strike an officer. Thompson has distinguished himself in the battle and has been made a sergeant." "I don't understand why this boy was continually trying to save Thompson." "They seemed to be great friends." "Well, take him back where he came from and order Thompson to report to me in person." "He won't tell you anything," said O'Neil. "You impudent, cowardly youngster, what do you mean? Away with him." Thompson reported with an arm in a sling and a bandage around his head. "I understand, my brave fellow," said his commander, "that you have been promoted for gallantry in the battle. Now, I wish you to tell me why this little chap who is to be tried for cowardice was constantly interfering in your behalf with the guard when we were at Tampa." "I can't do that, colonel, unless you order me to tell you." "Very well; order you to tell." "O'Neil isn't a man; he's a woman." "Phew!" "She's my wife. When I enlisted she followed me and enlisted, too, dressed as a man. I tried to make her go back to our kid, but she wouldn't. I wish you'd send her home." "Orderly," cried the colonel, "go to the captain commanding D company and tell him to send Private O'Neil here." Private O'Neil came, evidently fearful that the cat was out of the bag. "You are to go north," said the colonel, "on the next train. You don't need a discharge since no such person exists. All I have to say to you is that you are a cowardly man and a brave woman."

Suicides at \$100 Each.

A gentleman who lived a number of years in the city of Amoy, in China, told me that he could secure any number among the common people of that town to commit suicide for \$100 apiece. As human nature is the same everywhere, he explained that as we may find many who will lay down their lives for their country and whom we highly honor on that account, so an ordinary Chinaman is willing thus to die for the benefit of his children in order that they may worship him afterward as an ancestor who died for their benefit. This explains also that noble reverence for their parents which the Chinese display, because their parents will soon be endowed with all the mysterious powers of the next world.—W. H. Thomson, M. D., LL.D., in "Life, Death and Immortality."

Pronunciation in Ireland.

Many persons seem to see, or to hear, rather, something to be amused at in the soft Irish brogue. As a matter of fact, most of the words of the Irish "dialect" are not Irish at all, but the purest of English—English a trifle antiquated. It is true, but nevertheless the real thing. The ears of Milton, Dryden, Spenser and Chaucer would not have been surprised to hear an Irishman speak of "a rough say" or "a clane shirt." At the court of Queen Bess the cultured Englishman carefully garnished his conversation with "gould" rings and brave "swoodes" and bored his friends with accounts of the smart sayings of the "chilidre" at "hoom." This was the English originally imported into Ireland by the cultured Irish, and the Irish have found it good enough to preserve.—Chicago Tribune.

Granulated Butter.

The Chinese preserve their eggs indefinitely by drying them, the yolks and whites being first separated and then each reduced to powder by evaporation. In India butter is treated in much the same way, so that it never becomes stale and may be kept fresh for a hundred years. The butter is boiled till all the water and curds are got rid of and nothing remains but clear oil. When the oil cools into a solid it is granulated and in this form will remain fresh indefinitely. This is what they call ghee, and ghee is nothing more or less than dried butter.—Chicago Journal.

The Other Kind.

"As you don't seem to know what you'd like for your birthday, Freddie," said his mother, "here's a printed list of presents for a good little boy." Freddie read over the list and then said: "Mother, haven't you a list for a bad little boy?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Safe.

Fluddub—Why have you never married, Singleton? Singleton—Well, the women have always regarded me as an unfortunate fellow who wasn't bad enough to need reforming or good enough to make a desirable husband.—Life.

Hamlet.

"I maintain that Shakespeare really meant Hamlet for an actor." "How can you prove it?" "Because he was so anxious to see the ghost walk."—Exchange.

Something Just as Good.

Peddler—Can I sell you a watchdog, mister? Pedestrian—Don't need one, my friend. I've the wolf at my door.—Exchange.

The Relations Between.

"What are relations now between your wife and yourself?" "Oh, only her mother, two uncles, a sister and a few cousins."—London Telegraph.

Thought of the Kitty.

"John," said Mrs. Gayman, with a knowing twinkle in her eye, "you seem to be exceedingly kind to animals." "Why or how do you mean?" asked her husband. "In your sleep last night you said, 'Take out something for the kitty.'"—Exchange.

Ancient Puffs and Switches.

The Greek, Egyptian, Carthaginian and Roman ladies of twenty-five centuries ago made us of the most astonishing quantities of borrowed hair, and the Roman women of the time of Augustus were especially pleased when they could outdo their social rivals by piling upon their heads a greater tower of additional tresses. They also arranged curls formally around the head. An extensive commerce in human hair was carried on, and after the conquest of Gaul blond hair such as German girls along the Rhine became very fashionable in Rome. Caesar did not disdain to mix a little commercialism with his military enterprises and collected a vast amount of hair from the vanquished Gauls, which he sent to market at Rome, and in the Roman provinces a cropped head was regarded as a badge of slavery or at least of subjection. The hairdressers of Rome were persons of real importance and charged exorbitant prices for forming the hair into fanciful devices, such as harps, wreaths and diadems.—New York Herald.

The Prince's Majority.

The famous "mad king of Bavaria, Louis II., and Prince Otto, his brother, were brought up with great strictness and simplicity. Their father, Maximilian II., an excellent constitutional king, but in private life not particularly genial, allowed them no pocket money but what they earned by good marks at their lessons, on the modest scale of 1 pfennig per mark, and he would fine them a thaler without compunction if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority at eighteen he was provided with an establishment of his own and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese. "Am I now my own master?" he asked with a smile of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then," said the prince gleefully, "you may bring me some chicken and a melbspelsen (pudding)."

The Senator's Sarcasm.

For many years there served in the United States senate a man of brilliant mind and many fine qualities, but who was forever estranging many with whom he desired to be friendly by reason of his incurably sarcastic manner both of speech and action. Once an intimate friend wrote the senator urging the appointment of another friend to a minor position in the government. The senator returned a most sarcastic reply, declining to recommend the appointment. It is said that he never forgot the merited rebuke he received from the friend who had suggested the appointment. My dear senator—I think it would be well for you to reserve your sarcasm for the rapidly increasing number of your enemies, instead of offering it to the decreasing number of your friends, of whom I am one.

Seen on an Ostrich Farm.

It is no uncommon thing to see a male ostrich strutting about followed by three or four distinct broods, all of different sizes. When the incubating process is completed the cock bird lends his young ones off and if he meets another proud papa engages in a terrific combat with him. The vanquished bird retires without a single chick, while the other, surrounded by the two broods, walks away triumphant.

More Than Serious.

Enlala (under a delusion)—Do you think the bronch regards me seriously? (To a—Serious?) Why, my dear, every time I mention you he looks positively wild.—Filigande Blatter.

Quarters and Dollars.

Jack Why did you give up your bachelor quarters? Tom—Because I'm going to marry dollars.—Birmingham News.

The plot of all benevolent actions is blind piety and fraternal love.—Confucius.

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