

LOCAL NEWS

Did you turn over a new leaf? Hard wood for sale \$2.75 per tier C. Prim.

The county court was in session this week.

Eighteen inches of snow is reported at Butte Falls.

John Harrington of Portland was in town Tuesday.

E. E. Bagley of Ashland was in town Saturday.

Ben M. Collins was a Medford visitor Wednesday.

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Mrs D. W. Bagshaw is seriously ill at her home in this city.

William Benedict of this city was a visitor at Ashland Monday.

W. J. Moore was transacting business in this city Saturday.

Mrs William Howard of Eugene is visiting friends in this city.

Fruits, soft drinks, cigars and tobacco at Shaw's Confectionery.

Miles Cantrall of Ruch was transacting business in town Friday.

Latest books by standard authors at Thompson's Confectionery.

Joshua Patterson of Talent has gone to Los Angeles for the winter.

Mrs C. B. Watson wife of Judge Watson died at her home in Ashland Wednesday morning.

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John T. Donegan a wellknown miner of the Applegate, was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Miss Porter, who has been visiting her aunt Mrs Harrington will return to Klamath Co. where she is teaching Monday.

Mr and Mrs Fred J. Fick returned from Portland Sunday on account of the illness of Mr Fick's sister, Mrs L. V. Larson.

Theodore J. Mattingly was at Medford Friday offering proof before Commissioner Caron in support of his homestead claim.

An insane man named Ryan was brought over from Talent one day this week and placed in the county jail pending an examination by the county court.

Train No. 16 on the Southern Pacific was held up and robbed near Redding Cal. early yesterday morning. It was thought that the bandits secured several thousand dollars from the mail car.

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The city council did not hold its regular session Tuesday night. We understand that the meeting has been adjourned to Jan. 9, at which time the proposals for constructing the distributing water system will be considered.

Andrew Swatzel of Ashland was assaulted and robbed of nearly \$40 about 10 o'clock Thursday night on the road between Central Point and Medford. Dick Thomson was charged with the crime and was arrested yesterday.

Small Change.

A real detective is a rarity. Why is a person who is put in jail always thrown in?

It seems difficult to have a peace meeting without war.

A wonder is why any good, busy man wants to be a police commissioner.

Roosevelt not being present, the recent peace convention passed off quite peaceably.

While trying to teach and illustrate success, the Success Magazine could not succeed itself.

Roosevelt says he can accept no invitations to anything whatever. Is this because he is not a candidate?

It is announced that straw hats are to be higher. But there is no need to worry about that yet.

This year Lillian Russell will be married again. She can afford a new husband every year if she chooses.

Boy shot another with a Christmas present gun. About the most unsuitable present on earth for a boy is a gun.

Some one, depending on a goose bone predicts a hard winter. Anybody bound to prophesy a hard winter can always find some sign for it.

Colonel Watterson says Colonel Roosevelt, if nominated would not carry a single state. But a great many people do not see things as the venerable Kentucky colonel does.

The various ways for killing moles seem to amount to about this: Equip yourself with a full supply of digging utensils, a machine gun some dynamite, several kinds of poison, and a pitchfork. Then if you can catch the mole you may kill him.

Just received a full line of gentlemen's furnishing goods and notions.

Sid M. Nichol.

Good Elderberry Wine

By M. QUAD

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One summer's day in the long ago, when you could meet a lightning rod outfit at every five miles on the highway, one of the craft drove into the town of Plainfield. In showing off his fine horses he ran over a hog, and the hog limped squealing away. It was nothing to make a fuss over, and none would have been made if the hog hadn't belonged to Elder Carpenter.

The elder was a solemn, severe man. He happened to be passing at the time the animal was run over, and he caught a laugh and an oath from the lips of the man of lightning. What does he do but go before a justice and swear out a warrant for malicious injury to a hog. An arrest and trial followed. Of course the lightning rod man testified on his own behalf that no malice existed. He and the elder's hog had never met before. He was driving up to the hotel in a fancy way to show off before the loafers sitting on the veranda, and the hog was unseen until too late.

At the conclusion of the trial the lightning rod man told the elder and about forty others what he thought of them, their town and their fathers and mothers before them, and there was a fight, in which he got badly banged up and driven out of town. Of course he wanted to get even. You must know that there is a fellow feeling between men who are skinning the public, and it was quite natural that the elder's victim should select a tin peddler as his instrument for carrying out his plan.

A shallow river runs through Plainfield. At that time its banks were lined for a mile up and down with elderberry bushes. Toward the last of August the clusters of berries were a sight to see. One could gather a wagonload in half a day. One day a tin peddler stopped to gather a couple of bushels. In answer to inquiries he stated that he was going to make elderberry wine after a recipe brought from China by a missionary. Your mother, if she lived in the country, used to make wine of these berries, but only in limited quantity. It isn't the beverage to make one enthuse. There was considerable talk about the tin peddler and his Chinese recipe, and an excitement followed. He returned to Plainfield with a twenty gallon keg of new wine, and wanted to form a syndicate for gathering the berries and making the wine. He had with him a letter purporting to come from a large wine house and offering him \$8 a gallon for all the elderberry wine he could ship.

Six hundred dollars was the cash capital wanted for a press and building and to pay for the gathering. The dividends for the season would be 100 per cent. There was no hayseed in the hair of the population of Plainfield. The peddler's talk sounded all right, but the people said he must show them before they invested. That was why that twenty gallon keg was placed on the tavern veranda, and the public asked to help themselves. Elder Carpenter was a temperance man right down to refusing ginger beer, but he saw no hurt in manufacturing a good brand of elderberry wine and selling it for medicinal purposes.

It was three hours before the keg was empty, and by that time it was the universal verdict that the peddler was a "goo" fell" and that the town stood ready to invest not \$600, but \$600,000,000. In his enterprise. They would buy 6,000 presses. They would gather 60,000 loads of berries. It was in the midst of the greatest good feeling and general hilarity that the town blacksmith said that Elder Carpenter was a hog himself for making the lightning rod man trouble over the offer hog. The elder promptly replied that the smith was a born liar and started the row. The peddler made for the tavern barn and hid away, but his example was not followed. Every man got the idea that it was his duty to wade into some other man, and for an hour there was fighting up and down the streets. Fathers whanged away at sons, and brother punched brother. The three local ministers butted in as peacemakers and were early left stranded in the dust. There were a few men in the town who did not get black eyes and bloody noses and lumpy heads, but they were the old men who had had their fun in other days and were now willing to let the younger generation go in and whoop'er up. It was these old men who assisted the women when it came to poultices and bandages and to wheeling home those who could not walk.

Only two men knew what was in that keg, and they never told. It may have been Chinese elderberry wine according to missionary recipe, or it may have been a mixture of whisky, brandy, gin, wine and drugs. At any rate, the "feeling" lasted two whole days, and there were fights almost daily for the next fortnight. It was a month later that the lightning rod man came driving up to the tavern again. This time he ran over two hogs instead of one. Elder Carpenter was passing again, but he did not stop or turn. He simply uttered an "um" and held his way. There was the usual crowd on the veranda, but they crossed their legs, spat their tobacco juice over the railing and were mum. The town had been struck by lightning and didn't want any more of it. It didn't even want the empty keg the peddler had left behind him in his flight.

A Bishop's Stories.

Preaching at St. Peter's, Harrington, just outside London, one Sunday night, Dr. Ingram, the bishop of London, told two stories which attracted widespread attention. He said that in the congregation at a confirmation service he once conducted in Westminster abbey was a girl of thirteen. During the service she said to her mother, "Do you see them, mother?" "See what?" asked the mother, and the child replied, "Angels on each side of the bishop." "It is said," commented the bishop, "that the pure in heart shall see God, and is it not therefore possible that a child perfectly pure could see things that an adult could not see?"

The bishop also told a story of five girls whose father, feeling ill, went to bed. The youngest child was sent to bed, but ran from her room, calling "Come out. There are two angels walking up the staircase!" Later the child called out again, "The angels are walking down the staircase, and father's walking between them!" All five girls, said the bishop, saw the same thing, and, going into their father's room, they found him dead.

Odd Schools. "Freak" schools were the subject recently of an article in a provincial paper, and we are confident that few of our readers will have heard of some of these very odd educational establishments. It appears that in Belgium before qualifying for a post as sexton one must pass an examination in a school of gravediggers, while in Paris there is a school for judges, where make believe trials are carried out in detail before lawyers of repute.

Russia has a school for policemen, which it is, we believe, the pet ambition of the young and aspiring burglar to join. In an adjoining museum "the pupils make themselves familiar with jimnias, drills, chisels and other tools used by professional thieves."

Still more ambiguous are the merits of the course of instruction given in the casino at Monte Carlo. Here is evolved the professional croupier. Some six months' training is all that is needed to produce a finished specimen of these useful articles, which are turned out at the rate of nearly a hundred a year.—University Correspondent.

Work of the Heart.

The average human heart is a suction and force pump of remarkable capacity and durability. Each of its two chambers contains on an average seven-fifths cubic centimeters, or 4.575 cubic inches. The total contents of 150 centimeters, or 9.15 cubic inches, being discharged eighty-one times a minute, corresponding to a delivery of 12,150 cubic centimeters (12.15 liters, or 741 cubic inches) per minute, 729 liters, or 25.73 cubic feet per hour. Expressed in the United States measure, the average human heart pumps through it each hour 192.6 gallons; each day, 4,622.4 gallons; each year, 1,687,176 gallons, and in the adult life time of a man living to the age sung by the psalmist, \$4,358,800 gallons. The pressure against which this fluid is pumped is equivalent to that of a water column two and a half meters, or, say, 8 feet 2 1/2 inches high; otherwise expressed, about 0.242 atmosphere or 3.55 pounds avoirdupois per square inch.—Scientific American.

No Chance For Detection.

"Townley says you'll have to count him out of the theater party." "Eh? What's the matter?" "He's so hourse he can't speak." "Tell him to come, anyway. You can pair him off with the gabber girl. She won't give him a chance to say a word."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Scallops.

How many people know anything about the toothsome scallop? The little round bits of white meat we see in the market are really the hearts of mollusks. In other words, the only edible part of a scallop is the muscular tissue that controls the opening and shutting of its shell. The name scallop is derived from the fluted shape of the creature's shell. These are very thin. In fact, the weight of the scallop is so near that of an equal volume of water that it floats by the very slight propulsive force given by the opening and closing of the shell; hence scallops have the reputation of a shellfish that swims. They are caught in scoop-nets as they float along with the tide.—New York Tribune.

Golden Gate Fogs.

The fogs of the Pacific and especially those on the coast of California, Oregon and Washington present some characteristic features of their own. They are low lying, dense and of frequent and regular occurrence and have been the cause directly and indirectly of a large percentage of marine disasters in the vicinity of San Francisco. Owing to the general movement of the air from the sea toward the land and the climate of the great interior valley, fog is frequent and well marked. In summer the afternoon sea fog varies in depth from 100 to 1,700 feet, but it rarely reaches far inland. On some afternoons the velocity of the wind at San Francisco rises with almost clock-like regularity to about twenty-two miles an hour, and a solid wall of fog, averaging 1,500 feet in height, comes through the Golden Gate, causing a fall in temperature to about that of the sea—namely, 55 degrees F. The upper level of the fog can be plainly seen from the hills in the vicinity. Above the fog level the air is cloudless, and the afternoon temperature ranges from 80 degrees F. to 90 degrees F.—Chicago News.

Saved by Irving's Recital.

Sir Henry Irving, through the realistic portrayal of the sufferings of a haunted man by his recital of "Eugene Aram," caused one human being to be saved years of agony and suspense. A murder had been committed in a certain neighborhood, and a man had been seen in the vicinity where the crime was perpetrated. He himself knew that he was innocent, but feared to face or run the risk of a trial. Therefore, although cleverly disguised, he ventured out only at night. One night he went to the gallery of a theater where Henry Irving was playing and in listening to the recital of "Eugene Aram" lost sight of the fact that Eugene really did the murder. The great actor so vividly imparted the happy sense of relieved conscience which follows confession that the following day he gave himself up to the police. The evidence was not strong enough to convict, so he was able to bravely face the world instead of crawling about the earth the most miserable of all creatures, a haunted man.—London Sketch.

A Torrent of Meteors.

The great shower of stars which took place on Nov. 13, 1833, and was seen over the greater part of the United States extended over the north Atlantic and from the great lakes to the West Indies and Central America. An old paper of that time, describing the scene as it appeared at the falls of Niagara, says, "The awful roar of the cataract filled the mind of the spectator with an infinitely heightened sense of sublimity when its waters were lighted up by the glare of the meteoric torrent in the sky." In southern Indiana, where the display was fully as brilliant, many persons were badly frightened, believing the end of the world, so often predicted, was at hand. As the end of the world did not come, the thirteenth day of the month was thereafter for several years marked down as a lucky day in the calendar.—Indianapolis News.

The Weather.

Following is the report of U. S. Volunteer Cooperative Observer, E. Britt, Jacksonville, for month of December Latitude 42 deg. 18. min. north; longitude 123 deg. 5 min. west.

Table with columns: DATE, MAX. MUM, MIN. MUM, WIND, CLOUDS, etc. showing weather data for Jacksonville, Oregon.

Temperature—mean max. 39.7; mean min. 28.91; mean 34.33 Max. 55 on 3rd min. 23, on 21st greatest range 42. Precipitation—Total for month, 2.79. Greatest in 24 hours, .99

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