

LOCAL NEWS

John Rigg of Ashland was in town Monday.

Cap. Roch of Ruch was in town Monday.

The county court was in session Wednesday.

Charles Nickel was a visitor in Medford Saturday.

Geo. F. Cuthbert of Medford was in town Sunday.

Peter Ensel was a visitor at Medford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Taylor were in Ashland Sunday.

Mrs. R. B. Dow visited friends at Medford Sunday.

M. D. Cusick of Trail was a visitor in town this week.

W. C. Kitto left Monday for a short visit to Portland.

T. W. Osgood of Medford was in town Saturday.

J. A. Percival of Medford was a visitor in town Thursday.

Mrs. T. T. Shaw is reported ill at her home in this city.

Judge Watson of Ashland was in town one day this week.

Rev. R. E. Dunlap of Ashland was in this city Wednesday.

Mrs. J. Percy Wells who has been ill, is reported convalescent.

Latest books by standard authors at Thompson's Confectionery.

W. H. Venable of Ruch was transacting business in town Monday.

Gus Newbury of Medford was transacting business in town Monday.

Deputy Sheriff Dow visited friends in the Applegate valley Sunday.

Nunan-Taylor Co. and Sid M. Nichol are each having closing out sales.

Clarence Reames has been re-elected Exalted Ruler of the Medford Elks.

NOTICE—All furnishing goods and notions at cost. Sid M. Nichols Store.

Frank Neil of Eagle Point was transacting business in this city Friday.

P. B. Fuller of Ashland was transacting business in this city Wednesday.

E. D. Briggs of Ashland was transacting business in this city Wednesday.

M. D. Jones will apply to the new council for the position of marshal and night watchman.

This office is in receipt of copies of the State Grange Road bills, but have not had time to examine them.

Mrs. Megley, who had been visiting her sister Miss Stella Levy, returned to her home in Portland Monday.

Part of the pipe for the distributing system of waterworks arrived Tuesday and work will begin in a few days.

E. G. Trowbridge and family of Medford passed through town Sunday en route to the Applegate valley.

Mrs. C. Reuter and daughter who have been visiting friends in Portland and The Dalles, have returned home.

The Federal Telegraph company are planning the erection of a modern high-power relay station in this valley.

W. C. Kitto is erecting a wire fence around his lot opposite the court house and intends to plant the lot to small fruits.

Miss S. P. Jones and daughter Miss L. use who have been visiting friends in the east for several months have returned home.

PNEUMONIA may be aborted and controlled by spinal adjustment. Dr. E. Brooke, D. C. 247 S. Riverside, Medford, 84-R.

A new paper, to be published by O. H. Griswold, lately from Grants Pass, is expected to make its initial appearance in a few days.

Chris Ulrich and J. M. Cantrall have each circulated petitions asking that the mayor and council elect them as street commissioner.

Mr. J. O. Rigg of Ashland, President of the Epworth League Convention to be held next May or June addressed the members of that society here last Sunday evening.

Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw who has been seriously ill for the past two months is improving slowly. She was out of the house a few minutes Sunday, the first since Jan. 2nd.

A correspondent in the Medford Sun says that "What we need is scientific money," but really most of us would be glad to get any old sort of money, scientific or otherwise.

The city council held an adjourned session Friday night. Only routine business, such as the auditing and allowing bills, etc., was done. The new council will organize next Tuesday evening.

The county court at its session this week decided to abolish the office of county roadmaster, for this year at least. This action was taken on account of the lack of funds for road purposes.

The St. Anthony's Mission car has been in town all week and has been visited by numbers of our people.

Those attending the series report that the lectures were interesting and instructive.

Three prisoners, confined in the county jail made their get-away Friday night. They had been confined in the new steel cage and simply tore out a few bars and walked out. No blame attaches to the sheriff or his deputies.

Twelve pairs of Hungarian partridges were released in the valley city Friday. The birds are from Simpson's pheasant farm at Corvallis and resemble the native pheasant in appearance. They were shipped to the game warden for this district.

WATER PIPE ARRIVES

For street mains and is being distributed. Excavation will commence soon.

Several carloads of steel pipe for the water system arrived this week and have been distributed along the routes marked on the plat. The balance of the pipe and fittings will probably be along in the course of a few days. It is the intention of the contractors to begin the excavation of trenches for the pipe next week and to push the work to an early completion. If there is no delay on account of the arrival of the balance of material the system will be completed in time for use this season.

The supply line from the dam to the reservoir on Britt's hill has been completed some time and the work at the dam is progressing nicely. It is only a question of a short time until the city will have an abundant supply of water sufficient for all the needs of the city for many years to come.

BIG LAND SALE

N. Jerry, sells 300 acres to Los Angeles parties.

Approximately 300 acres of land belonging to N. Jerry, the nugget king, situated near Willow Springs, has been sold to Los Angeles parties for \$20,000. The Los Angeles men are Dr. A. T. Vance, Dr. W. R. Price, C. B. Campbell and Clinton Johnson. The sale was made through A. J. Dunlap and the money was paid to Mr. Jerry in gold pieces.

The tract is composed of timber, garden and fruit land and the new owners intend to improve it to the highest state of cultivation and probably subdivide it. It is also rumored that the land has rich mineral deposits, in addition to being good land for cultivation.—Sun.

Leads in Asbestos manufacture.

In 1910 the United States excelled all other countries of the world in the conversion of raw asbestos into manufactured products, but a very small percentage—less than 1 per cent of the asbestos used—was mined in this country, by far the larger part being imported from Canada. The total production in the United States for 1910, according to the Geological Survey, was valued at \$68,357; the imports of raw material from Canada were valued at more than fifteen times that amount.—U. S. Geo. Survey.

Political Announcements

For County Judge

I hereby announce my candidacy for County Judge of Jackson County, Oregon, subject to the action of the Republican primaries to be held April 19, 1912.

If nominated and elected, I promise an honest progressive, businesslike administration.

Geo. W. DUNN.
Ashland, Oregon, Feb. 29, 1912.
(Paid Advertisement)

For County Recorder.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of County Recorder subject to the will of the voters of that party at the primaries.

I was born and raised at Eagle Point, Ore. I have for the past two years been deputy in the assessor's office, and all I ask the people to do is to look up my past record before casting their ballot.

CHAUNCEY FLOREY.
(Paid Advertisement)

MINERS NOTICE—Notice of Location 10th Quartz and Placer, for sale at this office, JACKSONVILLE POST.

For rheumatism you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. Try it and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by all dealers.

Our Wedding Tour

By JAMES B. OTIS

My wife, whom I married abroad and who was a great traveler, said that she had visited every country except Russia, and she insisted on our taking our wedding trip there. I shuddered, because, knowing her record, I felt sure she would not only wish to visit the large cities, but to penetrate the country, possibly Siberia.

I armed myself with a 42 caliber revolver and slung a knife with a blade twelve inches long down my back, mutely vowing that I would protect my life to the last moment from all kinds of Russian dangers.

By the time we reached the Siberian border I had been married long enough to rebel against being carried across it.

My wife pointed, but I stood firm. We had gone so far that we were obliged to return to the railroad in a tangerine that we hired for the occasion. It was October, and there had been a heavy fall of snow to the north of us. I dreaded being caught in another storm and set out on our journey to the railroad, wishing it were over. My bride did not attempt to conceal her contempt for what she was pleased to call my timidity.

The distance we must traverse to reach the railroad station was ten versts, or about two hours' drive. We had accomplished a little more than half of it when we heard a bark coming from a wood on our right. I saw the driver start, but my wife said serenely:

"Hear that dog. We must be near a house."

I said nothing, but the start given by the driver put an idea into my head. Possibly that dog might be a wolf. In a few minutes the bark was repeated and echoed by others. The driver laid on the whip. Then my bride looked at me curiously.

"Crouch down under the seat," I said, "and I'll cover you with the robes. I have a fight on my hands, and I must be free. All depends on the surety of my aim."

"What is it?" she gasped.

"Wolves!"

She knew enough about the ferocity of those animals to understand what was at hand and got down as far as she could, while I pulled the robes up over her head. I did not dare let her see a pack of wolves fighting for us for food lest she get hysterical and interfere with my defense. I didn't know a word of Russian nor the driver a word of English, so I could give him no instructions. I didn't see how he could desert us to save himself, but I feared he might.

I am a very good shot with any kind of a gun, having been a rancher in the American west, and I relied solely on my revolver. There were six shots in it, and I had no more. My only hope was to keep off the wolves till we reached the station. How far it was I did not know. I asked the driver in English and by pantomime finally made him understand. He held up four fingers, by which I inferred that the distance was four versts. My heart sank at learning that it was so great.

In a few minutes after this the wolves—there were some twenty of them—were upon us. Since we were going pretty fast, they must follow in our wake. I cocked my revolver, aimed for one of the foremost brutes and shot him between the eyes. The pack stopped to devour him, and we gained perhaps twenty minutes' respite, when they were after us again. When they came up I aimed for another wolf. I missed him, but broke the leg of one behind him, who fell, and his comrades finished him.

We thus gained another interval, at the end of which I fired again and, missing my mark, lost a shot. Expanding my fourth shot, I brought down a wolf, and when it came time for the fifth shot I failed. The sixth produced an effect, and we had gone over about three versts since the attack began.

But what were we going to do when the pack came on us again? I whipped out my knife, but the driver, who was turning now and again to see the fight, when he saw me waiting to receive a whole pack with steel shook his head. Then he did what appalled me. Reaching for my knife, he took it out of my hand and, to my horror, cut the traces with it. The horse, leaving the tarantass, went galloping on. We rolled on for some distance, then brought up against a tree beside the road.

I gave it up. I had not the slightest doubt that we would in a few minutes be devoured. I was thinking of plunging the knife into the driver before I died when the wolves' yelping reached us and, instead of stopping, ran on after the horse. It was evident that the Russian knew more about the propensities of the brutes than I. They chased the horse a mile before they caught him, but we could hear his cry when they overpowered him. At the same moment we heard bells jingling behind us and saw a vehicle coming with several men in it.

That ended our danger, and my wife, who had after the wolves went on raised her head to take in the situation, seeing we were safe, fainted in my arms. We reached the railroad station and did not stop traveling until we got beyond the confines of Russia. My bride changed her opinion both as to my discretion and my timidity. She had enough of the czar's domain.

TRICKY ELEPHANTS.

The Cunning They Displayed in Procuring a Stolen Meal.

Singular as it may seem, elephants which have associated with men entertain the notion that, under special circumstances, they are not responsible if they utilize another to commit an illegal act. The following is an instance of this elephantine morality.

A man in Rangoon bought three young elephants to send to England. They were tame and playful, but cunning. Knowing that it was wrong to steal paddy (unhusked rice)—the idea had doubtless been impressed upon them by punishment for stealing—they would not touch it themselves, but if a boy went to see them he would be seized by one, the little trunk would be coiled around his arm, and he would be led to where the paddy was kept in bags.

The elephant would make a cat's paw of the boy's hand to take up a handful of paddy. Then, letting go, he would turn up the end of his trunk, open it and coaxingly invite the boy to drop in the paddy.

Should the boy, however, put it back in the bag his arm would again be seized by the trunk, and his hand would be again inserted into the paddy bag.

The boy, anxious to be released, would usually drop the paddy into the trunk, and the elephant would blow the rice into his mouth. After repeating the operation several times the elephant would scamper off, feeling that he had got the paddy without stealing it.—Harper's.

GAMBLER IN SECRET.

The Romance of Mark Lemon's Most Successful Drama.

There is a singular story connected with the play "Hearts Are Trumps," which Mark Lemon, the famous Punch editor, wrote many years ago. When Mark Lemon was visiting a friend's house one day he found there an elderly gentleman with long white hair and a worn, sad face. He was very sedately clad, and there was something in his appearance which excited Lemon's curiosity. When the visitor had gone Mark inquired who he was.

"A rich man once," replied his friend. "Lost everything at the gambling table. But the strangest part of the story is that no one, not even the members of his own family, suspected him of gambling until the crash came. He had kept it a secret from all who knew him. He is now little better than a beggar. He comes to me sometimes and I give him a good meal for the sake of auld lang syne."

The tale haunted Mark, says Thorndyke in "The Spice of Life." He imagined a daughter waiting at home night after night for the gambling father, ignorant of his secret vice until the day of ruin revealed the cause of all those mysterious absences. He worked the idea into a play which he called "Hearts Are Trumps," the most successful of all his seventy dramas. On the first night it was produced, glancing into the pit, he saw seated among the audience the very man whose career had suggested the plot.

A Contrast in Monarchs.

Emperor Napoleon has often been seen detaching his own cross of the Legion of Honor to place it himself on the breast of a hero. Louis XIV. would first have asked if the brave man was a noble. Napoleon asked if the noble was brave. A sergeant who in battle had performed prodigies of valor was brought before Louis XIV. "I grant you a pension of 1,200 livres," said the king.

"Sire, I should prefer the cross of St. Louis."

"I should think so, but you will not get it." Napoleon would have embraced the sergeant. Louis XIV. turned his back on him. It is the decided distinction which separates the two epochs.—From "Recollections of an Officer of Napoleon's Army."

An Eccentric Vicar.

One wonders what London thought of Robert Stephen Hawker, the vicar of Morwenstow, when he visited London (for the second time in his life) in 1804. Lord Exmouth, invited to lunch with him at the Great Western hotel, Paddington, found him dressed precisely as he used to dress in his Cornish village—fisherman's knitted jersey, long purple coat and wading boots. Lord Exmouth, bubbling with laughter, said, "I am not surprised the waiter should say there was no clergyman here." To which Hawker replied: "No doubt you would rather see me dressed like a waiter, with a black coat and white choker! I've felt obliged to say 'Sir' to him twice already."—London Express.

Dyaks Fond of Monkey Meat.

The Dyaks of southwestern Borneo hunt nearly all the game in the vicinity of their settlements with spears except in the case of the orang outang, which is hunted with guns. It seems that these wild people are very fond of the meat of the orang outang and consequently those animals are very scarce in the neighborhood of Dyak camps.

Not Acquainted.

"Are you at all familiar with Plato?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No; that's one thing Josiah always blames me for. He says I never make real friends with anybody."

Welcome.

"I s'pose I look like a tramp, Catherine Ann, but I'm your cousin, Cy Barker, back from the Klondike with \$40,000 in gold. Gee, don't smother me!"—Chicago Tribune.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

It Tells a Pretty Story of the Origin of the Chrysanthemum.

The Japanese have an interesting legend in connection with the origin of the chrysanthemum. In a garden bathed in the soft moonlight a young girl plucked a flower and commenced to strip the petals to see if her fiancé loved her truly. Of a sudden a little god appeared before her and assured her that her fiancé loved her passionately. "Your husband will live," he added, "as many years as the flower which I will let you choose has petals." With these words he disappeared. The young girl hastened to search the garden for a flower which should have an abundance of petals, but each one appeared to promise but a brief future for her beloved.

At length she picked a Persian carnation, and, with the aid of a gold pin taken from her hair, she separated each one of the petals of the flower so as to increase the number of folioles and of the number of years accorded by the god to her fiancé. Soon under her deft fingers 100, 200, 300 petals, thin, pliant and beautifully curved, had been evolved, and the young girl cried for joy to think of the happy future which her ruse had assured her fiancé. So, runs the legend, was the chrysanthemum created one moonlight night in a Japanese garden, where silver brooks murmured softly as they ran beneath the little bamboo bridges.—London Globe.

Serious Complication.

"I know how to sympathize with you, Mrs. Polhemus," said Mrs. Lapsling. "My left eye was affected once just as yours is, and I had an awful time with it. The doctor said the trouble was that the subjunctive was granulated."—Chicago Tribune.

Consistency.

Maud—Where are you going? Beatrice—Out to buy a birthday present for Belle. Maud—Mercy! I dislike that girl so much I had forgotten her utterly. Get something for me to give her, too, will you?—Harper's Bazar.

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Change in Southern Pacific Time Table.

Effective January 1st, 1910.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.
20 Portland Passenger.....8:04 A.M.
24 Grants Pass Motor.....10:21 A.M.
32 Grants Pass Motor.....4:48 P.M.
16 Oregon Express.....5:24 P.M.
2-16 Oregon Express.....5:34 P.M.
12 Shasta Limited (Mail only) 2:35 A.M.
SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.
23 Ashland Motor.....8:45 A.M.
15 California Express.....10:35 A.M.
31 Ashland Motor.....2:24 P.M.
13 San Francisco Express...3:32 P.M.
11 Shasta Limited (Mail only) 5:47 A.M.

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