

LOCAL NEWS

W. J. Butteley was in from the mine Friday. Joe Johnson was at Medford Thursday evening. Gus Newbury of Medford was in town Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy Florey visited friends at Talent. Arthur Williams of Grants Pass was in town Wednesday. William Henry is working on a ranch near Hilt, California. G. Simmons of Palmer creek was a visitor in town this week. Miss Lenore Godlove of Medford was a recent visitor in this city. Charles Ellis and Joe Johnson were visitors at Medford Monday. S. Brown of Gold Hill was transacting business in this city Tuesday. S. P. Jacobs of the Applegate valley was a recent visitor in this city. Prof. and Mrs. F. C. Smith spent the Fourth with friends at Talent. Mrs. G. A. Gaadner is attending Chautauqua at Ashland this week. C. L. Monson of the Pacific Paper Co. at Portland was in town to-day. Prior Eaton of Medford was transacting business in this city Wednesday. Charles Tuttle and family of Central Point visited Prof. Smith Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. John Reter spent the Fourth on Rogue River, near Bybee's bridge. H. H. Sowers of Central Point was transacting business in this city Wednesday. Rodney Taylor of Ashland was attending to legal business in this city Tuesday. Curly Wilson will play with the Talent baseball team at Klamath Falls, tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gallup and Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Fulton spent the 4th at Ashland. T. W. Miles, Esq. of Medford was transacting business in this city Monday forenoon. Henry Mankins of Poorman's creek was transacting business in town Thursday morning. C. Santerson, Jr. of Central Point was transacting business in this city Thursday afternoon. D. H. Cronemiller who spent the Fourth at Klamath Falls, returned home Sunday evening. Attorney Williams, of Baker City, visited his sister, Mrs. Fred J. Fick, several days this week. Threshing began this week. The wheat crop is reported heavier than last year in most districts. S. L. Johnson, the dairyman who was recently operated upon for appendicitis is getting along nicely. Chase Gardner, umpire of the ball game at Talent, Saturday had his collar bone broken by a foul ball. F. J. Newman, Esq. of Medford was attending to legal business before the circuit court Wednesday morning. Joseph Morcom who had been spending the Fourth with his family in this city returned to California, Wednesday evening. The street commissioner and a number of property owners have been burning the dry grass along streets this week. A good job. A forest fire on Poormans creek Monday afternoon is reported to have destroyed about forty cords of wood belonging to Pearce Bros. The construction of the Pacific Highway between Ashland and Talent was let Friday to the Clark-Henry Co. at a rate of about \$12000. per mile. Since Oct.-1914, up to and including July 7, this year Sheriff Singler has collected delinquent taxes amounting to \$12692.77, for the years 1902 to 1912. Mr. Luper, of Salem, representing the State Engineer's office was in town Thursday on business regarding the right of the city to waters of Jackson creek. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Hanna and brother Leon, returned Monday afternoon from Evans creek ranch where they had spent the Fourth with Will Hanna and wife. The Sans Souci club met at the home of the Misses Morcom Tuesday evening. The meeting was in the nature of a farewell to the young hostesses who expect to remove to Ashland. Mr. and Mrs. George Henry, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Epperson left Wednesday morning for the home of Mr. Henry near Butte Falls, where they will reside for the present. Mrs. S. S. Foster and family and her brother, Blaine Bagshaw, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw for the past two weeks, returned to their home in Washington, Sunday evening. John B. Renault of Boston, Mass., arrived last Saturday evening and is visiting his uncle and name sake John B. of this city. Our old friend John is as well pleased with the visit as a boy with his first pair of red boots.

Miss Marian Bowen visited friends at Talent Saturday. J. A. Lemery of Ashland was at the court house Tuesday. Home grown peaches and apples are in market this week. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Gardner visited friends at Talent Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ensele were visitors at Medford Tuesday. Deputy Sheriff Wilson made a trip on official business to Medford Tuesday evening. John H. Carlin of Medford was a visitor at the court house Wednesday morning. Pantorium Dye Works will accept parcels on "hurry" work—at Reter's barber shop. Dr. Burnett of Eugene, a former resident of this city, visited friends in the valley this week. B. R. McCabe of Medford was transacting business at the court house Wednesday forenoon. An enjoyable party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Abbott Thursday evening, the occasion being the 14th birthday of their son Charles. Mr. and Mrs. Benj. M. Collins of this city accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Walker of Medford returned from the Applegate valley Tuesday evening. Elsewhere in this paper appears the statements of Beekman's Banking House and Bank of Jacksonville, which show that both these financial concerns are in splendid condition. The Fourth was a quiet day in this city, most of our citizens went out of town—some to Grants Pass, some to Talent, others to Palmer Creek some to Rogue River or Applegate on fishing trips and a few remained at home. Miss Mary Bagshaw, a composer in this office, left Sunday evening for her annual vacation which she will spend with relatives and friends in Washington state. Her position on the staff of the Post will be filled during her absence by Miss Alice Hoefs.

THE ROYAL NEIGHBORS Meet at Home of Neighbor Morcom Tuesday Afternoon

The Royal Neighbors held an interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. Morcom Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Freel of Oregon City and Miss Nellie Baker of the state of Kansas were visitors. The members present were Mrs. M. D. Jones, Mrs. T. T. Shaw, Mrs. S. Wilcox, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Anna Broad, Mrs. P. H. Dailey, Mrs. S. Walsh, Mrs. Ada Bagshaw and Mrs. Morcom. Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake were served and a general good time had. This is probably the last meeting of the lodge to be held with Mrs. Morcom for some time as she expects to move to Ashland in a week or ten days.

MARRIED HOUSE—RUKES—At Jacksonville, Oregon, Tuesday July 7, 1914, by Henry G. Dox, Esq.; Carl H. House and Miss Geraldine Rukes, both of Medford.

MINING CONGRESS In Session at Ashland, Thursday. Interesting Meeting Says Tidings.

The mining Congress convened at the Elks Temple at 9 a. m. today. An informal reception was given them by the Ashland committee and Mayor Johnson gave an address of welcome. A table of exhibits was arranged and the visitors spent some time looking at these. I. J. Luce presided over the meeting as chairman. After the address of welcome by the mayor F. W. Bunnell, representing Siskiyou county, responded and commented on conditions in that part of California. A. L. Lamb next addressed the convention and brought out many hitherto unnoticed phases of mining. F. J. Newman of Medford spoke to the congress next, in behalf of his city, and remarked that "Ashland deserved great credit for its man being the organizers of the Mining Congress." Henry Callaghan of the Blue Ledge camp was next called upon by the chairman, and he recited his experience in Alaska, and also those he has had on the Blue Ledge for the last twelve years. The next speaker was very interesting. Mrs. L. A. Turner of Boise, Idaho, who told of her husband's experiences during the early days at the Jacksonville mines. Her talk was very much appreciated as it was compelling and straight to the point. W. L. Marthland next made a few remarks on the mining industry. Following Marthland, Wilfred Blackman of this city gave a talk and J. P. Schmitt of Medford succeeded with another talk.—Tidings.

A Curious Revival By F. A. MITCHEL

One day a man of uncertain appearance, so far as age was concerned, called at a dwelling that is considered a landmark on the northern end of Manhattan Island and asked for the lady of the house. Mrs. Van Valkinburg, the occupant, asked her daughter Edith to go down and see what he wanted. She did so, and the moment she looked at him she started. He was of medium height, very thin and of a leathery complexion. His eyes were deep set in his head and had a peculiar glitter, such as is seen in the eyes of one who has gone a long while without sleep. As his long, he might have been twenty-five, and he might have been seventy-five. "Pardon the intrusion," he said. "Many years ago I left this house, which was then my home, to attend lectures at a university in Germany. I have not been here since." It seemed to Miss Van Valkinburg that she listened to a Punch and Judy figure. Never had she heard or dreamed of such a voice. The vocal tubes seemed to be dry and stiff. The lady involuntarily cleared her throat, as if to liberate that of her visitor. "Will you be seated?" she said. "Thank you," replied the man, who was dressed like a gentleman of fashion of half a century ago. As he spoke he looked about him. "You rent the house, do you not?" he said. "Yes, but why do you infer that?" "The furniture is changed, but some of the pictures that were hung on the walls hang there now. That"—pointing to a portrait—"is my father." The picture referred to represented a man of sixty. "Indeed!" said the lady, beginning to quake inwardly at being alone with this singular person. "Yes; when I went abroad I bade him goodbye in this very room. We little thought that we should never meet again." These last words were intended to be spoken in a sad tone. They sounded like a street organ playing "Annie Laurie," the pipes refusing to respond at the words "I'd lay me down and die," giving instead a series of croaks. Miss Van Valkinburg was glued to her chair in terror. "It was my craze for science," he continued in tones something like those of a boy whose voice was changing—the first part a high squeak, the last a subterranean rumble. "That was a time when thinkers were beginning to wonder if life might not be preserved in a subconscious condition. The man with whom I studied, Dr. Schmelkefriedheim—" The last syllable of this extended name was cut off by a violent fit of coughing. It sounded to Miss Van Valkinburg as if a rat had been caught in a leather pipe and was strangling. She did not know whether to cry for help or to take up a bellows that stood beside the fireplace and blow a passage through his windpipe. Before she could decide the paroxysm was over. The gentleman leaned back in his chair, holding his handkerchief to his mouth. There was every evidence of tears from the violent coughing except the tears. His eyes seemed as dry as his throat. "I was speaking," he said presently, "of Professor Schmelke—" "Yes, yes, I know whom you mean; don't try it again," interposed the listener. "He was a wonderful man." "He must have been," Miss Van Valkinburg hastened to put in, dreading lest another mention of his name might bring about another paroxysm. "Half a century before our wonder workers of the Institute For Original Research learned how to introduce the organs of one living being into another Professor—" "I know whom you mean." "Succeeded in extracting life's potentialities from the human system, leaving life itself to resume those potentials." "At the difficult word the visitor's vocal organs again showed signs of collapse. "Potentialities," supplied the lady. "Whenever a successful process of revival was applied." There was a weird look in the man's eyes, the look of one about to tumble into a grave, that proved the limit of Miss Van Valkinburg's endurance. "Excuse me for one moment," she said and hurried out of the room. She hunted for the butler to go and get the visitor out of the house before he collapsed, but the butler had gone out on an errand. She spent some time telephoning for assistance; but, not knowing just what she wanted, there was no result. Then she took a peep into the parlor to find it vacant. The visitor had gone. The next morning in the loft of the stable the coachman discovered a leathery looking thing resembling an Egyptian mummy. On searching it a paper was found pinned on the vest under the coat, buttoned over it, on which was written: "The body of Edward Warren Schmelkefriedheim. Desecrated by Professor Carl Schmelkefriedheim Dec. 10, 1853. Fortunately for science, a worker in the Institute For Original Research got wind of the matter and succeeded in getting possession of the mummy. It is not yet known what disposition has been made of it. Now, who revived Mr. Schmelkefriedheim, and how did he manage to get back to the home of his youth? That is the mystery of this story."

How Turner Painted.

If we are to believe Thornbury, the wonderful "burning of the House of Lords and Commons" was almost entirely painted after the canvas was hung on the walls of the Royal academy. So certain was Turner of himself at that period that he would send to the exhibition just a laid in sketch, trusting entirely to vanishing days to complete the scheme. He would arrive at the academy as early as 4 o'clock in the morning and be among the last to leave in the evening. Unlike Lawrence, who had to step back constantly to judge of effects, Turner would work so to say, with his nose to the canvas. When Lord Hill at too close quarters looked at the houses of parliament picture he condemned it as "nothing but dabs." Catching his magical effect from a just distance, however, he exclaimed enthusiastically: "Painting! God bless me! So it is!" According to Thornbury, Turner made a number of sketches of the fire, but produced two pictures only.—London News.

Why He Played It.

Some years ago the Oldham amateurs were producing one of Handel's oratorios under the personal tuition and conductorship of the late Charles Halle. Among the orchestra was the famous and gigantic bassoon player, George Seal. At the final rehearsal Halle went to George and, indicating several bars for the bassoon, told him not to play them on the night of the performance. George was inwardly boiling with indignation, but said nothing. On the night of the performance George played the banned music. When the affair was over Halle went up to Seal in a great rage and, pointing to the notes, said: "I told you to leave that out, didn't I?" "Aye, you did," said George, "but Handel told me to put it in, and he were a better judge than you!"—London Answers.

The Ancient Greek Theater.

The performance at Athens, in ancient Greece, began at dawn, and, as several pieces were produced one after the other, these performances lasted the whole day. On the days the performances were given all work was suspended, business put off, imprisoned debtors were set free and arrests strictly prohibited. Long before sunrise thousands of people assembled, and outside of the theater noisy crowds of men, women and children congregated, all bent upon enjoying themselves and eager to obtain the best seats. Many of them brought their food with them, and in order to stimulate the enthusiasm of the people copious quantities of fiery Greek wine were given to impecunious citizens by wily authors, who endeavored thus to buy the applause of a discerning public.

Whoever Loves Is Never Old.

When life has been well spent age is a loss of what it can well spare—muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom which was old in infancy was young in fourscore years and dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old. I have heard that whenever the name of man is spoken the doctrine of immortality is announced. It cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, having knowledge, having skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspiration of affection and of the moral sentiment.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Life of the Sun.

Adopting the well known hypothesis of Helmholtz, which attributes the production of the heat emitted by the sun to its contraction, an idea can be formed of the sun's duration. If one gives to the sun a coefficient of expansion intermediate between that of mercury and that of gas one arrives at the conclusion that it has taken 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 years for the sun to contract to its present radius; in particular, it would have taken 10,000 years to contract from infinity to a radius twice its present radius. Finally, the sun will take 200,000,000 years to contract from its present radius to half that radius, and even then its temperature at the surface will be 3,000 degrees.—Scientific American.

The Old Style.

No, this is not Esperanto: Room ontaw thez yelauoo sandz And then taak handz; Koorteld hwen eeco haav and kist The wayid waagz hwiist. Nor is it the song of a boy scout who is imitating the bellow of the hedgehog and at the same time whistling between his teeth. No. It is Shakespeare's lyric, "Come unto these yellow sands," etc., as rewritten after the Elizabethan style.—London Globe.

The Point of View.

"You sang off the key!" exclaimed the musical director reproachfully. "Sir!" replied the young but haughty soprano. "What you mean to say is that your orchestra occasionally failed to harmonize with my voice."—Exchange. "An' you were at MacDougal's last night? What kind o' man is he?" "Leebrai wi his whisky, but the quality o' it's that indeefrent I verra near left some."—Exchange. No other person in love acts so foolishly as the person in love with himself.

A Nabob.

"Itch as a nabob," is an expression not infrequently heard, but why a "nabob" should thus be associated with wealth and who he was precisely is not so generally known. Under the great moguls the provinces of India were administered by deputies known by the designation of "nawab," who commonly amassed much money and lived in great splendor. The office and the title continued under British rule in the orient, but gradually the word became corrupted into "nabob" and was applied generally to all natives who had grown rich. More latterly it was bestowed—often in a derisive sense—upon Europeans who, having made large fortunes in India, returned home and spent their money in a luxurious and ostentatious way.—London Tatler.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The gigantic Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world. It was erected in honor of the sun by Chares of Lindus, a disciple of Lysippus, and was thrown down by an earthquake about 224 B. C. The figure stood upon two moles, a leg extended on each side of the harbor. A winding staircase led to the top of the figure, from out of the eyes of which were visible the coast of Syria and the ships sailing on the coast of Egypt. The colossi were the peculiar characteristic of eastern art and were of common occurrence, many of them being over sixty feet in height. The most celebrated is the statue of Memnos, on the plain of Thebes, described by the historian Strabo.

Widows' Caps.

The widow's cap is a survival of an old Roman custom. Widows were obliged to wear their weeds for ten months, and the bereaved woman shaved her head as a token of mourning. Naturally the widow could not very well appear in public with a bald head, so dainty caps were made in order to hide the disfigurement. The necessity for its existence has long passed away.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Financial Genius.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?" "A financial genius, my child, is a man who can spend money that he has never had and which the people who think they are getting it will never see."—Chicago Record Herald.

Both Sold.

Deserted Wife (telling grocer her troubles)—And I trusted him so! Grocer—Confound it! So did I.—Boston Transcript.

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