

LOCAL NEWS

A. M. Dean of Glendale is spending the week at this city. The local lodge of I. O. O. F. will install officers tonight. Mrs. Ellen Grimes of Eugene visited relatives here Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ulrich visited friends in Medford, Sunday. John Harms of Grants Pass transacted business in this city Tuesday. J. A. E. Percival was a business visitor at Medford Friday afternoon. Our thanks are due Mrs. S. P. Jones for recent issues of several eastern papers. Dr. Seely of Medford has made several professional calls in this city recently. Prof. Rowland, leader of the Medford band, was a visitor in this city Wednesday. W. R. Coleman, who recently returned from Alaska, is visiting Fred Offenbacher on the Applegate. Mrs. Elizabeth Coulter was taken to the Sacred Heart hospital Tuesday evening to be treated for heart trouble. Mrs. Walter Miller, who has been visiting at the home of J. W. Rock, in this city, has gone to Hornbrook, Cal. Dr. J. W. Robinson has returned from San Francisco and is ready to greet his patrons at the City Drug Store. Misses Pauline Greaves and Jewell Bailey have moved to Medford, being employed by the Home Telephone company. Mrs. J. L. Tracy of Minneapolis, Minn., is looking after her interests on her ranch, The Laurels, just north of Jacksonville. Mrs. Anna Broad, who has been in Coquille for some time, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Nicklows in Medford. Judge and Mrs. TouVelle entertained quite a number of young people from Medford, a few evenings ago, with a dancing party at their home. One is being hauled to this place by four-horse teams, twice a week, from the Blue Lodge mine. On their return trip they carry lumber and supplies. Guy R. Harper, ex-deputy tax collector of Jackson county, has accepted a remunerative position with a large eastern financial concern and will begin work about Feb. 1st. He expects to remove with his family to Portland in a short time. The household effects of T. J. Kenney were taken to Medford Tuesday. Mrs. Kenney and daughter, Francis, will make their home in Medford, while Mr. Kenney expects to leave for Alaska, in the spring. Their residence here is occupied by J. B. Coleman, the county assessor. A total of \$119,987.45 will be returned to the various counties of Oregon as their share of the 1916 motor license fees. Jackson county will receive \$5,936 less \$1,060 expenses, making net refund of \$4,876. Jackson county ranks fourth in the number of autos, being surpassed only by Multnomah, Marion, and Umatilla counties. Mrs. Artemesia Merriman of Medford died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. L. Bennett, aged 85 years. She was a native of Ohio, and with her parents crossed the plains in 1851, settling in Douglas county, the town of Riddle being named after her father. Mrs. Merriman was the mother of sixteen children, of whom sixteen are still living. A surprise party was given on Miss Beattie Beer, at the home of Mrs. Galligan, Tuesday evening, Jan. 11. Those present were: Mrs. Galligan, Misses Beacroft, Beattie Beer, Delpha Coleman, Maude Central, May Cotel, Ellen Hartman, Myrtle Pitz, Birdie Copeland, and Messrs. Godward, Ernest McIntyre, Kenneth Puhl, Cecil Ager, Arnold Coleman, Harley Flemming and Ivan Applegate. Two prisoners, George Botts and Louis Lavigne, confined in the county jail on a charge of shooting at a brakeman on the S. P. railroad while stealing a ride on a freight train, made an attempt to escape Saturday evening, in which Botts got clear away and has not been heard of since, and Lavigne broke his leg and is now in a hospital at Medford. The break for liberty was made while the jailor, who is a new man in the position, was away at supper: The prisoners, being left outside the cells in the jail corridors, ascended to the top of the upper tier of cells and with a couple of old knives and a jimmy cut a hole through the roof and escaped to the top of the building. Botts jumped first, alighting on the top of a low building alongside, and Lavigne, frightened by the appearance of a passerby, jumped off farther along the roof, landing on the cement walk and breaking his thigh. He was found about 6:30 and taken to Medford where aid was given. Botts is still at large, although efforts have been made by the sheriff to locate him.

Did you see the eclipse? T. J. Kenney and family have moved to Medford. James Buckley of Rach was in town Wednesday. All work done in 1917 spot cash at W. R. Sparks. Walter Seidler of Buncom was in town this week. Oliver Harbaugh was a visitor at Medford Wednesday. D. C. Vinton of Steamboat was a recent visitor in this city. Sylvester Patterson of Ashland was a recent visitor in this city. B. F. Platt of Medford was a business visitor in this city Tuesday. The fog this week has been almost thick enough to cut with a knife. H. H. Taylor of Ruch transacted business in this city Wednesday. Sam Jones, a miner from Salmon Bar, Cal., was in town this week. W. I. McIntyre of this city was a business visitor at Medford Friday. Mrs. Martha Dunnington visited friends on the Little Applegate Sunday. Jno. G. Dunnington of this city was a business visitor at Medford Wednesday. Howard Hunter, of Red Bluff, Cal., was a business visitor in the valley this week. George Samuels, of Grants Pass, transacted business in this city Wednesday. S. K. Lane, of Redding, Cal., transacted business in this city Wednesday afternoon. H. A. Cannady, Esq., of Medford, transacted legal business in this city Monday forenoon. When you are hungry and in Medford, try the rice meals served by Anna Coffman and Anna Hoxie at the Nash Cafeteria [A-1v] Seven or eight of the men employed by Mr. Bullis on the railroad grade quit work this week because a raise in wages was not given. The poultry show at Medford this week is said to have been a mighty slim affair, both in the attendance and in number of exhibits. Mrs. Healy, mother of Joseph and Mary Wetterer, died at her home in this city, early this morning. Funeral arrangements have not yet been announced. Emmett Beeson, a wellknown resident of Jackson county, committed suicide by shooting himself with a rifle, at his home near Talent, Monday afternoon. He was afflicted with a cancer from which there was no hope of recovery.

The ordinance authorizing the issuance of \$300,000 bonds for extending the S. O. T. Co's. road to the mines, has been declared invalid by Judge Hamilton, in a recent decision. The "Hanson plan" was adopted by a good majority at Medford's election Tuesday. C. E. Gates for mayor and the candidates for councilmen who favor the Hanson plan, were elected. Talent basket ball teams played against the locals, at the U. S. hall, last night. Both games were won by the Jacksonville teams. Score of boys game was 22-11, and the girls game was 14-7.

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At The Churches PRESBYTERIAN Albert H. Gammons, Minister Sunday Services regularly as follows: 10:00 A. M. Sabbath School Classes for all ages. 11:00 A. M. Morning worship, with sermon. 6:45 P. M. Christian Endeavor Prayer meeting. 7:30 P. M. Evening worship, with sermon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everyone welcome to these meetings. "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. 122:1.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Services held every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Everybody welcome.

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CUPID'S QUICK WORK By EVEL HOLMES

Arthur Armstrong was driving up grade in his motorcar and nearing a sharp turn. Toot! Toot! Toot, toot, toot! On the other side of the summit the ground fell off. A motor was coming up at the accelerated speed used by all chauffeurs in hill climbing. At the wheel was a girl, the only occupant. Not being quick enough in turning or not having the strength, she shot out on to the wrong side of the road—on her left. Armstrong's car received the blow on the bumper and was not injured. The girl's car was put out of commission, and the girl—well, the girl was caught in Armstrong's arms. But it should be noticed that Armstrong was a famous baseball catcher. "Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. "I think not," she said, but she lay limp in the stalwart arms. Armstrong looked down into her face anxiously. Her eyes were closed. His lips were within an inch of hers. He reduced the interval to zero. "Oh, my! Good gracious!" she exclaimed, starting up and looking at her car. "How fortunate!" said Armstrong. "Fortunate! Do you call that wreck fortunate?" "I mean that you are not seriously hurt." "But my brand new car is ruined." "Better that than you should have been killed or mangled. Had you been thrown against the car or hadn't missed the wind shield by a hair's breadth you would have been killed. As it was, being thrown into—" He stopped short. "Oh, dear, what am I going to do?" moaned the girl. "I'll take you home. My car is all right." "But mine—what shall we do with it?" Armstrong looked puzzled. They were in the country, far from any town. "It's off the road," he said, "and won't endanger any one. We'll go to the nearest garage and have them send it out for it. But I'm afraid it isn't worth hauling in." This being the only thing that could be done, she consented reluctantly. Armstrong got out of his car, gathered up her belongings, then, returning to his car, pushed a button, pressed a foot brake, made other starting moves and began to descend the slope before him. The girl cast a lingering look at the wreck and wiped away a tear. There is every reason to believe that Cupid had sat beside the girl and caused the disaster. Else why should it have occurred, and why should she have been shot into Armstrong's arms, being just enough upset to lie there long enough for him to kiss her ruby lips? And there is every reason to believe that Cupid, having caused the collision, hopped into the rear seat of Armstrong's car. At any rate, everything from that moment was beautifully arranged to hasten a union between these two young persons. In the first place, it was late in the afternoon and growing dark. As soon as he had started Armstrong pressed a button to turn on his lights. No light came. "That's bad," he said. "The shock must have broken the electric connection." If Cupid was managing the affair this was his most important work. No one but a fool dare run an auto at night without lights. Another clever stroke was that Armstrong had no skid chains, and there was a lot of ice on the road, which, being of asphalt, was thereby made very slippery. In addition to this, the country was hilly and the road full of turns. The time was late in November, and within twenty minutes after the collision darkness fell over the face of the land. Coming to what looked through the gloom as if the road suddenly ended—it was a sharp turn—Armstrong pulled as far out of the road as he dared and stopped. "It'll never do to go any farther in this machine," he said. "Oh dear, what shall we do?" "We must find a house. And I don't see any way but for us to stay there and go on in the morning." "That would be impossible in my case." "Why so?" "After some pressure the girl said that her father and mother were French. The French have very stringent notions as to a girl being away from home, unaccounted for, overnight. Her life would be blighted. "We'll have to find a house, all the same," said Armstrong. "The rest of it we can settle later." Leaving the auto, they went back over the road, having seen a light some distance to the rear. Maybe it had been put out. At any rate, they didn't find it. They wandered for miles before a house, darkened, loomed up before them. They were in a small village. Armstrong banged at the door till a man opened it. "Got a parson in this place?" Armstrong asked. "Right over there in the house across the street." The couple went to the parson, called him up and were married. It is questionable whether Cupid ever did quicker work than this. From the moment the girl was pitched into Armstrong's arms till they were pronounced man and wife was just six hours and twenty-five minutes.

Inoculation For Love By SADIE OLCOTT

Dr. Dinsmore had sent away the last patient from his morning consultation and was preparing to make his daily visits when his colored housemaid came in with a shamefaced look. "What is it, Sue?" "Mars Doctah," she said, "can you inoculate anybody with a sickness?" "Certainly." Sue looked in every direction except the doctor. "Come," said the doctor, "there's something on your mind. Out with it." "I hearn tell, Mars Doctah, dat tub is a disease." "Well?" said the doctor, becoming interested. "I hearn tell, too, dat long ago dey was lub potions and if any one took de potion dey was lub. I been thinkin' dat yo' might gib de disease dat way somehow." "You mean that you are in love and wish me to make the man you love love you?" "It's about dat." Sue confessed in a voice scarcely audible. "Whom are you in love with, Sue?" "I don't like to tell dat. Can't yo' gib me de potion to gib to him?" "No; I should have to manage the case myself. If yo'll tell me his name perhaps I can do something for you." "I reckon it's Sam." "Mr. Trotter's Sam?" "Yes, Mars Doctah." The doctor's eyes expressed amusement, but he kept a straight face, although this was scarcely necessary, for Sue never once looked at him. Presently he went to a medicine case, took up a bottle and poured a little of its contents into a vial. Then, handing it to Sue, he said: "The next time Sam comes to see you and asks for a drink of water or cider—in fact, anything to drink—pour some of this into it. It will make him sick. Appear to be much frightened and telephone for me." "Yes, Mars Doctah, I do dat." It was not long before the doctor was called upon to cure Sam of the effects of the dose Sue had given the man she loved. He examined his patient carefully and gave him something to settle his stomach, then, pricking his arm with a lancet, drew a little blood. "Sam," he said, "I'm going to test this blood for the disease yo've got. Come and see me tomorrow morning, and I'll tell you what it is." The next morning Sam was perfectly well, but curiosity and fear drove him into Dr. Dinsmore's office. He was admitted in his turn, and when the physician had felt his pulse and tested his temperature with a mouth thermometer he looked very solemn. "Sam," he said, "you've contracted a serious disease." "Fo' de Lawd, Mars Doctah, is it gwine to kill me?" "Not unless it drives you to suicide. In itself it is not fatal, but it sometimes drives persons to do very foolish things. It will on rare occasions throw the patient into a fever, a hysterical condition, in which he will act like a lunatic. You have a little of that feverishness about you now." "La' sakes, Mars Doctah! What yo' call dat disease?" "Amormania." "How you know I got dat?" The doctor took down a bottle from a shelf, put a drop of rainwater on a bit of glass, put the glass on a microscope and after adjusting a focus told Sam to look into the instrument. The dainty saw a lot of monsters swimming about. "Now, Sam," said the physician, "I don't wish to scare you, but you are looking at a drop of your own blood." Sam collapsed, and the doctor held him up. "All diseases nowadays, Sam, are caused by germs. Those creatures are the germs of amormania that have got into your blood. When a man falls in love with a woman they take possession of him and—" "But I hain't in lub with any woman," protested Sam. "I didn't say you were, Sam; at least you don't know it. The disease hasn't developed yet. When it does you'll find out that you are in love and no mistake. If there is no response to your love yo'll suffer from a sort of lunacy." "Fo' de Lawd!" "There is a medical theory, Sam, that like cures like," continued Dr. Dinsmore. "I can take some of your blood and inject it into the veins of the woman you love." "But I hain't in lub." "Yes, you are, Sam; you're in love with a good girl. As soon as these monsters I have shown you develop—there's only a dozen now; in a few days there'll be a million—you'll have a regular attack of amormania." "What I do den?" cried Sam, aghast. "Unless your passion is returned you will act like a lunatic. They all do. Now, I'll tell you what I propose to do. I can inject some of your blood into the body of a nice girl. This will give her the disease and she'll love you desperately. Then we shall have a case of 'like cures like.'" "Mars Doctah, you do dat right off," said Sam, baring his arm. The next day Dr. Dinsmore called Sam and Sue together in his office and told them that they were both about to come down with a case of amormania and they had better get married at once. Sue needed no persuasion, and Sam thought a marriage with Sue far better than a term in a lunatic asylum.

Playing For a Wife By ELINOR MARSH

Miss Winterton was an inveterate gambler. She inherited \$20,000 from her mother, which was invested at 5 per cent interest, giving her a thousand a year. This was not enough. She could not possibly get on without two thousand. She gambled and lost all her money except a few thousand dollars. Steady girls make good wives, and there is not much to be expected from unsteady ones. A gambler is not likely to make a satisfactory companion for a man. Nevertheless men are not prone to marry a woman because she is steady. They marry the woman who fascinates them, and a reckless woman is sometimes more fascinating than a careful one. At any rate, Fred Molineux fell in love with Miss Winterton and asked her to marry him. But he was poor, and she declined him. Had he been wealthy she would have married him, because she liked him. But Molineux did not know this. Molineux went away. Everybody said that he could not remain in the same place with the girl who had refused him. This was before she inherited her \$20,000 or had taken to gambling. One day several years later he returned. One evening the two met at a bridge party and were opponents in a four handed game. Miss Winterton took \$200 away with her. Mr. Molineux told her he had brought back with him several thousand dollars and would be pleased to have her win it from him. She said she would rather win some one else's money, but he insisted, and she consented. When they sat down to cards Molineux asked his opponent what game she preferred. She chose bridge, and they began a two handed game. Molineux told her he couldn't lose his money to her fast enough without playing high. She was not averse to this, and they kept "doubling" and "going back" till there was much money passing. But instead of Miss Winterton winning Molineux's money he won hers. She was reduced to a few hundred dollars, the remains of her inheritance, when the luck turned and she began to win, and it was not long before she had recovered all she had lost to him. From this time on Molineux played with apparent recklessness, which would have indicated to an uninterested observer that he was playing purposely to lose. A thousand dollars of his money went to Miss Winterton, then another thousand and another till \$1,000 had changed hands. Then he drew five \$100 bills from his pocket. "I thought," said Miss Winterton, "that you had brought back only a few thousand dollars." "I am not yet at the end of my pile," he replied, dealing the cards. Molineux continued to lose steadily. His adversary expected every time she made a bad hand he would announce that he had been frozen out. But his funds seemed to hold out amazingly. The more Miss Winterton won the more excited she became. The more Mr. Molineux lost the cooler he appeared. When Miss Winterton had won \$10,000 she was so absorbed in the game that she forgot about her opponent having only a few thousand. She played high, but Molineux played higher. Occasionally he won. "They had been playing many hours when Miss Winterton paused to count her winnings. She had won \$20,000. "How would you like to throw a hand at poker double or quits?" asked Molineux. "Suppose you lose," she said doubtfully, "have you the money to pay?" Molineux drew a certified check from his pocket for \$25,000 and laid it on the table. His adversary looked surprised. "I thought you were poor?" she said. "Since I saw you last I have made this money. I have come back to you. He paused, uncertainly how to finish. "Back against me, your purpose is or was to clean me out, then offer to take care of me as your wife." "Proceed with the game and you will know my object. Is it double or quits?" She peered into his face, endeavoring to read what was at the bottom of all this. It was inscrutable. Then she said: "Double or quits it is. Deal the cards." He dealt her a pair of tens and scattering. His own cards were all scattering. She called for three cards, and he dealt himself a new hand. Throwing his cards on the table face up, he showed high high. Miss Winterton turned her cards over and showed two tens. Imperturbably as ever, Molineux pushed the check over to her. It was only at the latter part of the play that Miss Winterton's attention had been directed to what was going on between her and a man who had proposed to her. Somehow now she forgot what she had won in his possible object. "Are you cleaned out?" she asked. "Yes; I made this money on a speculation and came back to lose it to you. I am going away again to seek some more, and when I have made it I am coming back to lose that to you too." "No, you're not," she said. "And he didn't. He married her."