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Clearance Sale. PRIM'S MILLINERY STORE!

United States Hotel Announcement.

THE U. S. HOTEL, Cor. 3d and California Sts., Jacksonville - - Ogn.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS - MEALS AT ALL HOURS. ROOMS TO LET BY THE DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

Prices Very Moderate. OUR NEW HOTEL BUILDING BEING completed for occupancy, the undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that we are prepared to entertain the traveling public.

ASHLAND Livery, Sale & Feed Stable. Main St., Ashland.

THE ASHLAND Woolen Manufacturing Co. Take pleasure in announcing that they now have on hand a large and select stock of

THOMAS' SAW MILL AT THE MEADOWS. IS NOW FULLY PREPARED TO FURNISH the market with every description of lumber of a superior quality.

Criterion Billiard Saloon! CALIFORNIA ST, James F. McDaniel, Prop.

CITY BREWERY, VEIT SCHUTZ, - - Proprietor.

WOOD WORKING MACHINERY. BERRY & PLACE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

REAMESBROS., CALIFORNIA ST., Jacksonville, - - Oregon.

AHEAD AS USUAL !! BY ADOPTING A CASH BASIS !! THE GREATEST REDUCTION IN PRICES -AND THE- LARGEST STOCK -OF- GENERAL MERCHANDISE ! -THE- GREATEST VARIETY TO SELECT FROM IN ANY STORE IN SOUTHERN OREGON OR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. ALL FOR CASH !! OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF FALL & WINTER DRY-GOODS, FANCY GOODS, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, CASHMERE, AND DIAGONALS, SILKS, AND SATINS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING, ETC., LADIES' CAL. MADE CLOAKS

WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE ladies to the fact that we have now on hand the largest and best selected assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS and FANCY GOODS of every description in Southern Oregon, and we will benefit them as cheap for cash as any house in the county.

Cheaper than the Cheapest. To the gentleman we will say, if you want A NO. 1 SUIT OF CLOTHES you must go to Reames Bros. to buy them as we claim to have the best STOCK OF CLOTHING in Jackson County and will allow none to undersell us.

These goods were all purchased by a member of our firm from FIRST CLASS Houses in San Francisco and New York, and we will warrant every article and sell them as cheap for cash as any house in the county.

DAVID LINN, GENERAL UNDERTAKER, AND DEALER IN COFFIN TRIMMINGS.

COFFINS FURNISHED ON THE shortest notice and cheaper than at any other establishment in Southern Oregon.

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES pleasure in announcing that he has taken charge of this house and that the management will be first-class in every particular.

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES pleasure in announcing that he has purchased these stables and will keep constantly on hand the very best SADDLE HORSES, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.

On reasonable terms, and given the best attention. HENRY NORTON.

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WOOD WORKING MACHINERY. BERRY & PLACE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ASHLAND COLLEGE -AND- NORMAL SCHOOL.

REV. L. L. ROGERS, A. M., President, Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages, Mental and Moral Philosophy.

REV. LADRU ROYAL, A. M., Vice President and Professor of Higher Mathematics and Natural Science.

MRS. A. A. ROGERS, Principal of Preparatory Department.

MISS A. WEBBER—Teacher of Instrumental Music.

MISS KATE THORNTON, Assistant Teacher.

Expenses. TUITION—\$5 a month, \$15 a quarter \$40 a year.

Courses of Study. Course in English Language and Literature.—Reading, Elocution, English Grammar, English Analysis and Parsing, English Composition, English Literature, Rhetoric, Ancient History, Mediaeval History, Modern History.

Course in Latin.—Latin Grammar, Latin Reading, Caesar's Commentaries, Virgil, Cicero's Orations, Livy, Tacitus, Cicero de Officiis.

Course in Greek.—Greek Grammar, Greek Reader, Anabasis, Greek Testament, Memorabilia, Homer, Herodotus, Demosthenes' Orations.

Course in Mathematics.—Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Mechanics, Acoustics and Optics, Astronomy.

Course in Modern Languages.—French Grammar, French Reader, Corinne, Racine, German Grammar, German Reader, Goethe, Schiller.

Course in Natural Science.—Geography, Physical Geography, Botany, Zoology, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology.

Course in Mental and Moral Philosophy.—Ethics, Psychology, Logic, Esthetics, Moral Philosophy, Theism, Butler's Analogy & Christian Evidences.

Normal Course.—English, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, Physical Geography, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Ancient History.

College Calendar. The Fall Term begins Thursday, September 1, 1881.

Winter Term commences Thursday, November 24, 1881.

Spring Term begins Thursday, March 2, 1882.

USUAL COLLEGE DEGREES CONFERRED.

SELLING OUT At Cost, at BRECKENFELD'S! -AND- NO HUMBUG.

The undersigned is now selling out, at cost, to close out business, its complete and first-class assortment of Jew's Furnishing Goods, such as Hats, Shirts, Underwear, etc.

READY FOR BUSINESS. THE JACKSONVILLE STEAM FLOURING MILL. Commenced Manufacturing the best of flour on MONDAY, SEPT. 20, 1880.

We are prepared to do all kinds of Custom Work, in the way of exchange of flour for wheat, chopping feed and grinding corn.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

[From the Philadelphia Times.] "Let her go!" shouted Prof. Samuel A. King at 4:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon, as the great Wanamaker balloon, which had been tugging impatiently at the ropes, shot up into the air.

The balloon kept on falling until the drag-ropes whipped along through the tops of the trees, only about 150 feet below. To the left a clearing was discovered, with a farm house upon it.

The balloon ascension, under the charge of Prof. King, was the crowning event of the entertainment furnished by Mr. Wanamaker. The balloon was a new one and named in honor of a new aerial visitor, the Comet.

The occupants of the basket were the professor, who was making his 129th ascension, a lady friend of Mr. King's family, and a representative of the Times. The balloon, which was inflated with 125,000 feet of gas, left the earth behind in a jiffy amidst the applause of the thousands of spectators and the music of Carl Senz's orchestra.

The wind, which had been blowing strongly throughout the afternoon, seemed to die away as the word of command was given, and at first the great air-bag hung listlessly above the heads of the multitude.

At 2,000 feet above the earth the view was a perfect one. All the people of the city seemed to be gathered near Memorial hall. Their figures faded away gradually, then blended into one solid mass, and finally disappeared over the city.

The balloon took a southeasterly course and followed down over Ridge avenue. Far beneath lay the great city. It was a city composed of red brick. Prominent buildings could be easily distinguished.

The penitentiary looked like the spokes of a great cart-wheel, the public buildings like a massive fortress. At 4:55 the balloon was over the Delaware. The vessels were in their holiday attire, and the snapping of crackers and the popping of guns from the Camden side bore evidence that the day was being spent by the Jersey small boy in a much different way than by his brother on the other side of the river.

It was a beautiful country that the balloon passed over after crossing Camden. At a height of 3,000 feet the truck gardens looked like the squares of a checker-board.

Now the wind died away and the sun shot its rays down spitefully upon the occupants of the balloon. It was warm, very warm, away up there in the clouds, and the rarified air acted upon the ears in a rather disagreeable way, but nobody minded that.

Far below a puffing engine drew a train of passenger cars toward Atlantic City. Although they looked like toy cars at a distance, the rails were perfectly distinguishable. The intricacies of the average Jersey creek could be appreciated at this height. They were something awful to contemplate.

And so the balloon floated on over the cultivated lands of Jersey. At 5:15 the balloon was 5,000 feet high. Then it took a sudden fall, as the sun went behind a cloud, and popped up again as a little ballast was thrown out.

What a sense of quiet and peace it was, away up there. Hardly a sound could be heard. The faint puffing of an engine away off to the right, an occasional bird call from the trees, the almost indistinguishable cackling of the barnyard fowl—that was all.

All the rumbling noises of the city were left far behind. This was a new world, as yet unexplored except by the few. Mists hung about the air ship on all sides. Dark clouds were gathering off towards the left. They foreboded no good.

It was 5:45 when a low, grumbling roar in the distance caused all ears to quicken. "It's a wagon going over the bridge," said the professor. "No, I'm wrong," he added a moment later; "it's thunder." A little village was near by and the passing balloon caused a commotion. Far off to the left the gathering clouds were causing a different kind of a commotion. There was a heavy storm brewing. The question was, how long would it hold off, and where would the balloon make a landing!

At 6 o'clock the village of Acto was just beneath. A train drew up to the depot and the engine saluted. Then the sun disappeared and the chill of the coming storm was felt, and in a moment the balloon had fallen to within a few hundred feet of the earth.

There was nothing ahead but a forest. It was a gloomy outlook. Sharp eyes searched for a favorable spot. A landing must be made or the thunder storm braved in the skies. There was no telling where the balloon would wind up should she get into the center of the storm.

The balloon kept on falling until the drag-ropes whipped along through the tops of the trees, only about 150 feet below. To the left a clearing was discovered, with a farm house upon it. Strong and loud calls for aid brought ready responses, "Head us off catch the drag-ropes!" shouted the captain of the air-ship, but the drag-ropes whipped merrily along over the trees skirting the clearing and defied capture. Matters were coming to a crisis. The shadow of the coming storm upon the trees in the distance was black as night.

The professor sat with the neck of a bag of ballast in his hands as the balloon sailed over a wamp covered with tall cedars. It would be impossible to land here. The water was neck deep. The balloon would have thrashed itself to pieces in short order. Down went the air vessel as if to reconnoiter. A cold current struck her. It was the advance guard of the storm. With the swiftness of an express train the great gas bag flew along. "Look out! Brace yourself well!" sang out the professor, as it became evident that the balloon would strike. The shock came and the basket rushed through the tree tops and bounded up again. Down she came and dashed in among the cedars as if trying to level them. A little more sand was thrown out and the basket cleared the trees, and in a moment more the dangerous swamp had been cleared. It was high time. The storm was almost upon the balloon. "Now look out for yourselves!" and the Professor threw over the anchor as the gas bag floated over a dry spot covered with bushes and small trees. "We must come down here and I'll explode the balloon if necessary." The anchor caught, and held, and the balloon careened over and went up above the trees. The valve was open and the gas rushed out. But not half fast enough. The wind increased and the balloon tugged to get free. The professor seized the collapsing cord. In an instant the balloon was rent from top to bottom. Out went the gas with a rush, and down came the balloon. It fell over some high bushes in the form of a tent. Then the rain descended in torrents, and there, in the midst of a Jersey forest and in the midst of a little tornado the voyage of the Comet was ended. She had been in the air an hour and a half.

The rain stopped and the mosquitoes came. A tramp of an hour through swamps and wet bushes, and help was found. A wagon took the air voyagers three or four miles to Acto, and the city was reached at 1 o'clock this morning.

The San Jose Mercury reports that \$1,500 has been drawn from the widow Brown relief fund, and \$1,372 applied in her behalf. The balance will be used in a few days. She has now a clear title to her mountain home. The entire John Brown fund collected now amounts to nearly \$3,000.

The country at this time seems to be infected with an unwonted overflow of one-horse shows. Prof. Black and the Kentucky Jubilee singers have come and gone, and now comes the news that Mrs. Devere and troupe will inflict their presence upon us in the near future. —[Plaindealer.]

A Native Fiji Dance.

The most graceful 'meke' of all Fijian dances was one which represents the breaking of the waves on a coral reef, a poetic idea admirably rendered. Years ago I remember the delight with which we hailed an exquisite statuette in Sir Noel Patton's studio, representing the curling of a wave by a beautiful female figure, supposed to be floating thereon; but I never dreamed that we should find the same idea so perfectly carried out by a race whom we have been wont to think of only as ruthless savages.

The idea to be conveyed is that of the tide gradually rising on the reef, till at length there remains only a little coral isle, round which the angry breakers rage, flinging their white foam on every side. At first the dancers form in long lines and approach silently, to represent the quiet advance of the waves. After a while the lines break up into smaller companies, which advance with out-strewn hands and bodies bent forward, to represent the rippling wavelets, the tiniest waves being represented by children. Quicker and quicker they come on, now retreating, yet, like true waves steadily progressing, on every side of the imaginary islet, round which they play or battle, after the manner of breakers, springing high in mid air, and flinging their arms above their heads, to represent the action of spray. As they leap and toss their heads, the soft white 'masi,' or native cloth (which for greater effect, they wear as a turban, with long streamers, and also wind round the waist, whence it floats in long scarf-like ends), trembles and flutters in the breeze. The whole effect is most artistic, and the orchestra do their part in imitating the roar of the surf on the reef—a sound which to them has a never ceasing lullaby from the hour of their birth.—[At home in Fiji—Gordon Cumming.]

THE NOISE OF THE FINGER.—In a late number of the Medical Record Dr. Hammond says that when you poke the end of your finger in your ear the roaring noise you hear is the sound of the circulation in your finger, which is a fact, as any one can demonstrate for himself by first putting his fingers in his ears and then stopping them up with other substance. Try it, and think what a wonder of a machine your body is, that even the points of your fingers are such busy workshops that they roar like a small Niagara.

The roaring is probably more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of all the vital processes together—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going forward in every living body from conception to death.

LEMONS FOR CONSUMPTION.—A correspondent of an English medical journal furnishes the following recipe as a new cure for consumption: Put a dozen whole lemons in cold water, and boil until soft (not too soft), roll and squeeze until the juice is all extracted, sweeten the juice enough to be palatable, then drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity, and use five or six a day until better. By the time you have used five or six dozen, you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course as you get better you need not use so many. Follow these directions, and we know that you will never regret it if there is any hope for you. Only keep it up faithfully.

THE COMET.—People are beginning to look for the new comet, which will be in perihelion about August 15th. It is at present about 100,000,000 miles from the earth. When it reaches its perihelion it will be distant about four-tenths of the distance between the earth and the sun. The tail is now perceptible by the aid of a telescope. Whether the comet will become visible to the naked eye cannot yet be determined. This is the great comet which was observed by the Chinese in 1337. The orbits of the two are the same. The earth is in no danger. Sleep in peace.

Another exhibition of all nations is projected—an exhibition of models and designs of floating craft, from fishing smacks to war ships, to be held at London next June, under the auspices of the Shipwrights' company of that city. This ancient company has for arms a Noah's ark, with the cross of St. George charged with the lion of England.

Cyrus W. Field is confident of the success of the application of electricity to railroads, and thinks the time is not far distant when at least all the elevated roads of New York will be run by this motor.