

GOLD HILL NEWS.

A NEWSPAPER, NOT AN ORGAN.

Vol. 2---No. 90.

GOLD HILL, OREGON, JANUARY 21, 1899

Subscription \$1

She May Marry



Any one of the Gentlemen friends she presents with a box of Kurtz's famous Cigars, Meerhaum or Briar Pipes. There is no telling—gifts of this kind always appeal to the hearts of all men who love a good smoke.

MEDFORD CIGAR FACTORY,
Geo. Kurtz, Proprietor.

IF...

You Want Choice Groceries, give me a call. I will fill your order and deliver it, Town or Country. I also carry Flour, Feed, Fruit, Vegetables, Window Shades and Bed Springs.

A. L. VINCENT,

THE GROCER, Gold Hill, Oregon

I WILL BOOT YOU!

Now don't think I mean the "boot" that require force. I am no "scrapper" except to high prices and inferior goods. The BOOT I refer to is of the Gum variety, just what you need for wet weather. I have a large stock to select from, and my prices cannot be beat, much less equaled quality considered. Although you might find a "cheaper boot" which would be dearer in the end.

IF YOU DON'T CARE TO BE BOOTED

You certainly will need a rain coat or rubbers. If so give me a call. I can fit you out.

My stock of General Merchandise is constantly being replenished. My line of Groceries is the Largest and Most Complete in the city. Every train brings me new goods, consequently they are always fresh.

Give me a call whether you buy or not,

A. R. MERRITT,

THE CASH STORE, Gold Hill, Oregon

CUTTING



About our Knives, Scissors, Razors, etc., are in order. They are keen goods and call for sharp talk.

Our cutlery department contains a particularly fine assortment of high class articles. The cutting parts are made of the finest steel and will retain their keenness for years.

The prices are less than such high grade articles should sell for.

BOYDEN & NICHOLSON,

The Hardware Men, Medford, Ore

Wood taken on subscription at the News office.

Congressman Dingley of Maine died at Washington last Friday, January 13, of pneumonia. He was 66 years of age.

Jos. H. Choate, an eminent lawyer; of New York has been appointed ambassador of Great Britain by President McKinley.

Not far from the final resting place of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster abbey is the tomb of General John Burgoyne, who was defeated by Gates at the battle of Stillwater and who surrendered to the Americans at Saratoga in 1777.

There are no "professional jurors" in Mexico. Nine of a man's peers try him, and a majority is a verdict. If the nine are unanimous, there is no appeal. To serve on a jury one must have a diploma in law, medicine or some other profession, or an income of \$100 a month or he must be a member of a family whose head has an income of \$2,000 a year.

SICK HEADACHES.

The curse of overworked womankind, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood purifier and tissue builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 25 cts and 50 cts. Gold Hill Drug Co.

Equal to Occasions.

Lord Whitworth, who held various posts of honor in English diplomatic circles, was a kindly, gracious gentleman as well as a wit and a man of the world. He had indeed almost ensured swords with Napoleon at the Tuileries when that despot railed at England for not having evacuated Egypt and Malta, accused her of having violated treaties and ended by flourishing a cane dangerously near the face of the English ambassador.

Lord Whitworth put his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"What would you have done if the emperor had struck you?" he was afterward asked.

"I would have felled him to the ground," was the quiet answer.

Perhaps the best story told of him is one showing how his quick wit disposed of a rival. When he was at the Russian court, Fox sent there as a sort of ambassador of his own a man named Adair, the son of a surgeon.

One day the empress, speaking in French, said to Lord Whitworth:

"Is he a very important man, this M. Adair?"

"Not so very, madame," replied Lord Whitworth, "although his father was a grand seigneur," a remark which readers of French will recognize as a very good pun, for the word as used by Lord Whitworth means "blood letter," while by its sound it also meant a great lord.—Youth's Companion.

The Poetical Old Lady.

An old lady in a small country town has kept for the last 20 years and still keeps her accounts in doggerel verse. For example (and the specimens given are actual extracts from her books), if Mrs. Jones has half a pound of tea on "tick" it is entered thus:

Mrs. Jones doth owe to me
For half a pound of Souchong tea 1s. 4d.

Or if Mr. Smith buys a pound of sugar, two pounds of rice and a Dutch cheese the entry will be under Smith's name:

A pound of moist sugar
And two of best rice,
With four pounds of Dutch cheese,
Which I hope will be nice—1s. 11½d.

And so on all through the book. In some cases the verses express doubt as to the customer's intention or ability to pay for the goods ordered. Thus:

Lizzie Barber for her father
Had some flour today;
Some apples, too, and toilet soap,
But I don't believe he'll pay 2s. 8d.
[This booking work will drive me mad
When I think of folk like they.]

The lines in brackets are very suggestive if not exactly grammatical.—Chambers' Journal.

Cats and Monkeys.

All animals, even the wildest, can be subjected in some way to the dominion of man and be domesticated to some extent. Here, for instance, are two very curious facts about cats. Many persons, including some of our greatest naturalists, believe that our English domestic cat is descended from the Egyptian domestic cat. Yet all records go to prove that the cats of Egypt lived in droves, were cared for in droves, were fed in droves and worshiped in droves, with the result that Egyptian cats never got domesticated or became half as intelligent as ours.

The like truth is suggested from India, where monkeys are worshiped. These are allowed to become nuisances. They are fed and they have any amount of liberty, and what is the consequence? They never lose their innate savagery. The method of caring for them has been wrong. All the devotion and care expended on them are practically wasted, and if we treated our cats in the same fashion as the Indians do these monkeys they would become just as wild and undomesticated.—Cassell's Magazine.

A Prince as a Railway Guard.

Prince Chilkow, the Russian minister for railways, commenced his career by making a tour of the world in order to take note of all the latest inventions and to study the working of railroads abroad in a practical manner. He first of all worked as an ordinary mechanic in the locomotive works at Liverpool, after which he became a railway guard and afterward station master at an English town. Returning to Russia, he again worked as a mechanic and afterward as a station master. After passing several years on the Transcaspian railway he was made director of the Varsovie railway, then inspector general of railways and finally minister.—Paris Signal

Advantages of Married Life.

"Married life is the thing."
"Why, for instance?"
"Well, you can have the comforts of home then."
"Are you keeping house?"
"No, but we've got a peach of a boarding house."—Chicago Chronicle.

Sharks and the Dead Whale.

The presence of any large quantity of easily obtainable food is always sufficient to secure the undivided attention of the shark tribe. When "cutting in" whales at sea, I have often been amazed at the incredible numbers of these creatures that gather in a short space of time, attracted by some mysterious means from heaven only knows what remote distances. It has often occurred to us, when whaling in the neighborhood of New Zealand, to get a sperm whale alongside without a sign of a shark below or a bird above. Within an hour from the time of our securing the vast mass of flesh to the ship the whole area within at least an acre has been alive with a seething multitude of sharks, while from every quarter came drifting silently an incalculable host of sea birds, converting the blue surface of the sea into the semblance of a plain of new fallen snow.

The harpooners and officers from their lofty position on the cutting stage slew scores upon scores by simply dropping their keen edged blubber spades upon the soft crowns of the struggling fish, the only place where a shark is vulnerable to instant death. The weapon sinks into the creature's brain, he gives a convulsive writhe or two, releases his hold and slowly sinks, followed in his descent by a knot of his immediate neighbors, all anxious to provide him with prompt sepulture within their own yearning maws.—National Review.

The Four Greatest Poets.

Who are the four greatest poets of the world? The question was one, we gather from Sir Edward Hamilton's monograph, which used to exercise Mr. Gladstone. About the first three places indeed he believed that there could be no reasonable question. They must be assigned to Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. But about the fourth place Mr. Gladstone found great difficulty. He considered that there were four competitors—Eschylus, Virgil, Milton and Goethe. We wonder how many of our readers would at a first guess select Mr. Gladstone's final choice? It was Goethe.

Who, in recent days, have been the greatest masters of English? This was another question which Mr. Gladstone was fond of considering. He decided in favor of two as greater than all others—Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ruskin. It is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Morley, in a lecture, answered the same question. According to him, the great masters of English in our generation have been three—Carlyle, Macaulay and Mr. Ruskin. The last named alone appears, it will be seen, in both lists.—London News.

Life's Changes.

While in the drawing room coach on his way home from Philadelphia not long ago a New Yorker found himself face to face with a woman whom he had not seen for some time.

"Why, Mrs. Blank," cried the New Yorker, "how!"

At the woman's reproachful glance he stopped. "Not Mrs. Blank," she corrected. "I got my divorce from Mr. Blank some time ago. I'm now Mrs. Dash. Let me present my husband, Mr. Dash," whereupon a man got up and bowed.

"You—you don't mean it!" gasped the New Yorker. "I hadn't heard. You and Mr. Dash haven't been married very long, have you?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the woman, "about 45 minutes, I think," consulting her watch. "We're on our wedding trip now."

The New Yorker gasped again. Then, "Bless you, my children," he cried and fled to the smoking car.—New York Sun.

An Offset.

"This is Mr. Pnceer, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have rented a house fronting on Mulberry square, I believe?"

"I have."

"Well, my name is Ferguson. I have rented the house next to yours, and by a queer mistake the man I sent to clean it up so I could move into it went to the wrong place and cleaned up yours. His bill, which I settled, is quite moderate—only \$1.50—and I thought that if the work proved satisfactory on inspection perhaps you would not object to assuming the payment of that amount."

"Not at all, sir, but I shall charge you \$1.50 for one day's occupancy of my house. That, I think, makes us even, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Strange Mistake.

North Side Mother—I told you a little while ago, Jerry, who our first parents were. Let me see if you remember. Who was the first man?

Preccious Boy—Adam.

North Side Mother—That's right. Who was the first woman?

Preccious Boy—Evil.

Their Wedding Trip.

A summer visitor in a New England mill town made friends with one or two of the French Canadians who were employed as operatives in the mills.

One of these was an elderly widower whose two youngest children the visitor had taken to drive with him several times.

"I make a marriage nex' week, ma'mselle," said the father as she deposited the children at their home late one afternoon. "You see us all go past your house on the wedding trip."

"Indeed!" said the young woman. "Shall you go in the coach?"

"No, we go in hired buggy. My wife she go, and I with her, to the bury ground, same as our people most always," said the man, with evident surprise at the lady's ignorance. "Three buggy more behind us, and we all carry two, three bouquet to put on my first wife's grave. Yes'm, it is a pretty wedding trip to the bury ground, and respectful."

Three or four days later the summer visitor was filled with mixed emotions as he saw the four buggies, laden with the wedding party clad in gay attire, pass the house and turn into the little cemetery. Some minutes later the buggies again went by, that time at a cheerful trot, and she was favored with an elaborate bow from the bridegroom, whose face wore a happy and virtuous smile.—Youth's Companion.

Luxury and Extravagance.

In general the destruction of wealth is a social as well as an individual loss. The wealth that is used up in riotous living is diverted from better uses. Extravagance is not necessarily luxury. The mere transfer of wealth from one hand to another does not involve destruction. Consumption means using up. When a nation spends \$250,000 for a great picture, the wealth is not destroyed; it is simply transferred. When the jubilee plunger ran through \$2,500,000 in 12 calendar months, the wealth of the world was diminished only by the amount of it he and those who sponged on him put down their throats and otherwise wantonly destroyed. In so far as it was simply transferred to others to whom he paid extravagant prices, it was not destroyed.

To give high prices for articles which are rare is not necessarily luxury, for the price and the rare edition or the old master both remain. It is true that extravagance may mean the transfer of wealth to those who will not use it well, but it does not usually mean this. It generally involves a transfer to the hands of those who will use it more wisely.—Journal of Ethics.

The Missing Pawn.

One Saturday afternoon two friends of the noble game of chess sat playing together in a cafe. Suddenly one of them started up in a passion and exclaimed, "You have pocketed one of my pawns."

A glance at the board and men sufficed to show that a pawn was really missing. The excitement over the lost pawn became so intense that a lively altercation ensued, in which everybody in the room took part.

Quiet was at last restored, and the player who had lost his pawn resumed his seat and began to drink his coffee, which was covered with thick cream, when he all at once got something into his throat which nearly choked him. He succeeded, however, in extricating the intrusive article, which turned out to be the missing pawn.

The chess player, intent on the game, had thrown it into his cup in place of a lump of sugar.—Pearson's Weekly.

When the Time Came.

Maud—Oh, Ethel, and what did you say to him when he proposed to you? Did you say what you said you were going to the other day? That was a noble speech, just suited to crush the boldest man. And did he slink away like a whipped dog?

Ethel—Well, not exactly. You see, I didn't say just that. I—I—well—er—er—well, you see, I said "yes."—London Fun.

Ainwick castle, according to the observations of a learned antiquary, owes its origin to the Romans. It is one of the largest Gothic buildings in Britain, containing about five acres of ground within its outer walls, flanked with 16 towers and turrets.

When you can not sleep for coughing take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It always gives prompt relief. It is most excellent for colds, too, as it aids expectoration, relieves the lungs and prevents any tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by Gold Hill Drug Co., or Ben Haymon, Rock Point.