

The Gold Hill News

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by
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Jack's House Refurbished.

The house that Jack erected bore an aspect most dejected, there never was a domicile more dreary or forlorn; of structure antiquated, weather worn and antedated, it seemed to wait the trumpet of the Jericho-an horn; from any old direction that cot defied detection of aught that pleased the fancy or warmed the faded eye, it was blind and bald and peeling from the cellar to the ceiling, a wart upon the scenery and the jeer of passers by. So it chanced the famous cottage, for a paltry mess of pottage, passed into the care and keeping of the Most Progressive Guy, and he coned his acquisition from the north and south position, viewed it o'er from every angle with a calculating eye; then with pot and brush he splashed it, mixed some paint and deftly dashed it on the worn and weathered siding, daubing low and daubing high, till emerged a slightly dwelling, of a presence most compelling, and the O's and Ah's ascended from delighted passers by. And it happened that old Cressus, in his friendly game of fleece-us, drove his racer up the roadway in the golden light of morn, and upon the gentle hillside, by the wimpling, dimpling rillside, first beheld the habitation where the sons of Jack were born; and the rehabilitation of that hoary antiquation pleased the aged ancient sinner till he rose within his socks, and he bade the servile shuffer, with such goods as "dub" and "duffer," speed the wagon back to Bungtown for the necessary rocks. Now they call it old colonial, early English and baronial, but the simple fact remaineth, with the wherefore and the why, that some paint and erudition may reverse the worst tradition; "Go and try it on the henhouse," quoth the Most Progressive Guy.

The Common End.

Within the magic glass I gazed, and saw a pensive monster stroke his loathsome maw, fresh smirched from Mercy knows what fell repast—each banquet being fouler than the last—and as he picked his teeth I looked him o'er, to marvel at the colony he bore, the strange and weird germlings that fled and chased along his frame from tail to head—nor seemed to give him source for mere annoy, but rather to afford him utter joy, for malice seemed to light his bulging eye, and Fagin-like he rubbed his palms forbye, then preened his wings as ready to take flight—and I bethought me that some gallant knight—some St. George called to slay him and his ilk . . . straight off he buzzed, and fell into the milk.

Nuthin' in a Name.

A citizen of Sweet Home attempted suicide, married and filed a petition for the appointment of a guardian for himself all within the space of ten days.—Salem Statesman.

Attorney's Old Friend Foozles.

Evan Reames, the lawyer man of Medford, was in this burg last week. Evan says he knew a burglar once who broke into a country editor's house and starved to death before he could get out.—Portland Journal.

A New and Complete Line of Fishing Tackle at the

BON TON

We have spoon hooks especially constructed for Rogue River. The best assortment of cane poles in the town. Something new in flies.

Give us a trial

We also issue hunting and fishing licenses

All Trails Lead to
Gold Hill - July 4th

STEPPING OUT INTO THIN AIR

WITH conscious or unconscious irony it is the decreed custom to open political conventions with prayer—supplication for the divine guidance of the delegates to whom the destiny of the nation is entrusted. In the ensuing fracas the iron heel of the machine marches ruthlessly over all opposition, to an ultimate victory for Big Business and a nomination in express defiance to the voice of the people.

In the recent Republican convention we are afforded a pat illustration of machine domination, of the principles of liberty perverted to defeat the very end they were designed to attain.

Whether they wish it or not, republicans who would remain within the party must tamely submit to the party whip and accept as their standard bearer in the coming campaign the flaccid and fatuous representative of the system which has made a mockery of popular choice and a gibe of party integrity. Were proof utterly lacking in his presidential record, though in truth there is an abundance of irrefutable evidence, the nomination of Taft through the medium by which it was obtained, is sufficient in itself to proclaim him the choice and creature of interests opposed to American welfare.

By every rule of right and reason, La Follette should have been not only the titular head of the fight for progressive principles within the party, but should have been accorded the nomination as the expressed preference of the citizenry. That he was not is traceable to no other cause than the self-seeking ambition of Roosevelt—whose eleventh hour declaration of candidacy wakened into clamorous insistence his fighting cohorts, stampeded the progressives, precipitated a bitter personal fight between president and ex-president, and hopelessly cleft the cause in twain. Were the hero of San Juan less blindly infatuated with his own destiny, and more keenly alive to the requirements of his countrymen, the tremendous force of his personality and personal following would have been cast in the balance with La Follette—to toss the Taftian avoidupis moonward.

La Follette, tried and true champion of popular ideas and ideals, has been shorn of his birthright. Roosevelt, hitherto the invincible, has been humbled beneath the identical steam roller of which he was wont to be chief engineer. Taft, of the fine judicial mind, will be the burnt offering for November.

Democracy, in convention at Baltimore, has read the writing on the wall, and under the leadership of the Commoner declared for all that the privilege-seeking republican bosses repudiated. The nomination of a democratic candidate, either Wilson—or Bryan—in the not improbable event of a popular stampede, is as certain as the courses of the stars. In the face of this, all talk of third party organization is idle breath.

Steeped in iniquity, calloused to its own crimes, and blinded by the glitter of gold, the once grand old party is striding to the precipice.

Toll the bells.

News of Near Neighbors

Riverside.

Mrs. McQuilkin, of Ashland, is visiting with Mrs. Gay and Miss Harper.

Miss Elsie Miller, of Gold Hill, was calling on Riverside friends Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Nye, the former's father and Mrs. Alden, were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Hare, Sunday.

Mrs. W. W. Little returned Sunday from Portland where she attended the Rose Festival and visited a sister the past two weeks.

Mr. Stine, of Medford, was at Riverside Monday talking fire insurance. Mrs. I. T. Galligar, R. C. Slead and G. B. Alden insured with him.

Mr. R. C. Slead is still adding to the beauty of his place. He now has the cement steps finished, a cement walk and a very pretty fence across the front of the yard.

Mr. I. T. Galligar was in Medford Saturday to settle insurance claims on his house which burned to the ground recently. All claims were satisfactorily settled by the company.

Mrs. Woolverton, Miss Bertha Woolverton and Miss Anna McKeown went to Rogue River Monday afternoon to attend the ice-cream social given by the ladies of the Rogue River Improvement Club.

Mr. Kaiter and his uncle, from Omaha, were Sunday callers at the home of Mrs. Gay and Miss Harper. They are touring the west, and say that Rogue River valley is ahead of any part of the country they have visited, and they were much pleased with this particular part of the valley.

Mr. H. B. Nye has two very rare plants which he carefully transplanted from the back yard to a prominent place at the front of the house. Since they have fully developed they prove to be Nicotiana glauca and Verbascum Thapsus, otherwise known as tobacco and common mullein.

The members of the Recreation Club were out in goodly number Thursday in spite of the rain. The club met with Mrs. Woolverton, and each member gave original ideas on housekeeping. Mrs. Miller read an original poem which showed wit and humor, and also that we have not yet discovered all of our local poets. Each lady gave her favorite cake recipe for the rest to add to their collection of good things, and Mrs. Miller and Miss Woolverton gave some excellent musical selections, both vocal and instrumental. The hostess then served most excellent refreshments. Next meeting will be July 18th with Mrs. G. B. Alden.

Galls Creek

By Prospector.

Frank Lawrence made a business trip to Medford Tuesday.

O. E. Blackington made a business trip to Medford Tuesday.

P. W. Blackert has two horses again. He says he needs two in his business.

H. W. Steelman made a very pleasant trip to Hustville Thursday on business.

Ed. Jamison and R. M. Cook made a business trip to Medford one day recently.

Gale Blackert was over from the Braden Mine one day recently visiting his folks.

Mrs. Mary Lawrence and daughter May, made a business trip to Central Point Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Shoemaker from the Braden Mine visited with relatives on the Creek Sunday.

Claude Lawrence left a few days ago for a trip to California where he expects to remain for some time.

Next Sunday is election of officers in the Sunday School, so new candidates had better get busy.

Alton and Leter Dungey left for Talent a few days ago where they will work thinning apples until the 4th.

H. W. Steelman visited with his sister Mrs. Ed Shoemaker at the Braden Mine Wednesday.

A very pleasant rain set in Wednesday evening and continued up till Thursday night. It did some damage to hay.

Mrs. R. M. Cook has been on the sick list for the past week but is some better at this writing.

Mrs. Dungey and Mrs. Jamison made a business trip to Medford one day last week to market some chickens.

Wm. Shoemaker butchered Saturday and started his wagon again. We hope he stays in the field all summer as it makes it nice for people on the creek.

Miss Lellie Eaton has secured the school again. The School Board decided that she is the right teacher in the right place, and that she gave satisfaction to all concerned.

Business visitors to Gold Hill this week were—Billie Hawkins, Jimmie Burns, Mr. Johnson, Miss Lellie Eaton, Frank Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Blackington, Mr. and Mrs. Blackert, Mrs. W. Steelman, H. W. Steelman, Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker, Mr. and Mrs. Dungey, R. M. Cook, Ed Jamison and your humble servant.

Debenger Gap

By Norman Gage.

Walter Chapman, of Beagle, was a business visitor at Central Point last Monday.

Tom Jones, of Beagle, was a business visitor in Medford and Central Point last Tuesday.

Dr. Kirchgessner was a professional visitor in Medford last Monday and again Wednesday.

The Value of a Dollar

The value of a dollar depends upon the amount of goods it will buy --- the amount of goods it will buy depends on the place you go to buy

COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH PRICES OF OTHER TOWNS:

D. G. Sugar per 100 pounds . . .	\$ 6.30	Pink Beans, 20 pounds for . . .	\$ 1.00
Fruit Sugar, per 100 pounds . . .	6.50	Dry Prunes, 12 pounds for . . .	1.00
Pure White Flour, per sack . . .	1.50	Royal Club Coffee, 3 pound can . . .	1.00
Peerless Flour, per sack . . .	1.45	Lance & Co.'s Coffee, 4 pounds for . . .	1.00
Carnation Flour, per sack . . .	1.45	Macaroni, 3 gallons for . . .	1.00
Cupid Flour, per sack . . .	1.50	Baking powder, 100 ounces . . .	1.00
Golden Rod, per sack . . .	1.30	Laundry Soap, 28 bars . . .	1.00
Feed Rolled Oats, per sack . . .	1.50	Tomatoes, 10 cans for . . .	1.00
Barley and Wheat, mixed . . .	1.55	Corn, 10 cans for . . .	1.00
Oranges	Lemons	Bananas	Nuts

See our Dry Goods Department for Bunting, Ribbon, Handkerchiefs, Ties, etc., and don't forget to come to Gold Hill the Fourth

Lance & Company

Mrs. G. W. Stacey and two daughters, Alberta and Bessie, of Beagle, left for Dunsmuir, Cal., last Thursday.

E. Kirchgessner, of Riverdale, was a professional visitor at Gold Hill last Friday, and Norman Gage a business visitor at the same place and date.

Celebration on Morrison Creek in the Meadows on July 4th. Platform dance at night. Good floor. Good music. Lots of notions and confectionery.

Rex H. Lampman, ex-editor of The Gold Hill News, visited from last Friday until Monday with Dr. Kirchgessner, of Riverdale ranch, and also friends at the Debenger Gap ranch.

Sams Valley News.

The rain will hinder the hay a little but it is fine for other crops.

Many of the valley people expect to celebrate at Gold Hill.

For popular music schools and private work, write Prof. Isaac, Ashland, Ore.

Mrs. Stoner and daughter, Ella, visited their Sams Valley ranch this week and was delighted with the progress of the place.

Crops and orchards are fine this year, and the valley will soon demand some means of transportation to handle its products.

Rev. Davis made his monthly trip through the valley and spoke encouragingly of the work in his parish, which reaches hundreds of people without the usual opportunity to attend any kind of service.

New life has been introduced into the valley during the last two weeks, and the people are looking for great results. Two music schools was organized by Prof. H. Isaac, recently from Chicago, and now living in Ashland, a graduate of European and American music schools.

The course of instruction includes theory, definition, analysis, conducting, sight reading, voice and harmony, preparatory for advanced work and instrument. One class meets at Cooper's Hall, the other at the Antioch school house. The classes will comprise a chorus choir of 75 voices, and will give concerts later in the season. Prof. Isaac will direct the chorus work at the southern Oregon chautauqua at Ashland this year.

Fisher Flouring Mills Observe First Anniversary

SEATTLE—One of the features of Progress and Prosperity Day, recently observed in Seattle, as a result of the activity of the new Seattle Chamber of Commerce, was the observance of the first anniversary of the operation of the Fisher Flouring Mills Co. This plant has been in operation 98 1-2 per cent. of the time; twenty-four hours a day. The only closing down was to permit making minor repairs.

No new industry of recent years has proved of more importance to the northwest than the Fisher Flouring Mills. It requires 10,000 bushels of grain every day to keep it going. This means more than 3,000,000 bushels a year. Since wheat is one of the more important products of this part of the country, it will be seen that a manufactory using so much of it is bound to prove of great value to the farmers.

Thousands of people visited the big plant on the tideflats and got an idea of how flour is made today. They saw that the "dusty miller" is a thing of the past. The grain is not touched by human hands after it starts on its course. Almost every step is automatic. Following the inspection refreshments were served.



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A Point Worth Noticing

is that which indicates that here is the best place to get Drugs and Medicines that are at all times reliable. We pride ourselves upon our reputation for keeping the best articles and for putting up doctor's prescriptions exactly as written, in reasonable time, and at a most moderate charge. All our offerings are dependable, and you will find our prices reasonable too. In the matter of Bath and Toilet Articles we certainly take the lead.

Jarvis the Druggist

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The Architect and Builder

Is here to stay, and is very much alive to the needs of this growing city, and will design and execute anything in the Building line. Brick, Stone and Cement. Plain or artistic

Cement and Iron Grill Fences

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Soda Fountain Drinks

Cold as ice and pure as snow

Have a sundae 'fore you go

Turner's Lunch Room

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'Rigs for all occasions

Good horses and drivers that know the roads

We make no specialty of any class of trade

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