

One Exception.
It used to be told of General Logan, who was a member of congress at the breaking out of the war, that when he saw there was really going to be a fight he seized a musket, slipped out of Washington and walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to have a hand in the fray.

He wore a dress coat, but he stood his ground as long as any one. The rout was complete, and the next morning, a good deal out of breath, he was back at the capitol, telling some of his fellow congressmen what he had seen.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from northern New York as he joined the group.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan.

The New Yorker was mystified. Apparently he had not heard the news.

"You were there?" he exclaimed.

"Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan; "the cars ain't running, but every other thing in the state of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."

An Anecdote of Handel.
On one occasion Handel was caught in a shower of rain and being unprovided with an umbrella was obliged to seek shelter in a blacksmith's forge. Either Handel was in a silent mood or else the blacksmith showed no conversational symptoms, for in a little while the latter began hammering away at his anvil, accompanying his work with a song. He little thought the use his visitor was making of him and his anvil, for it is said that Handel was listening all the time to the strokes of the hammering on the anvil, which, by producing two harmonic sounds, according in time and tune with the tune the man sang, formed a bass accompaniment. Handel, on reaching home, remembered the air and the hammer accompaniment. He wrote down both, and so we owe to a shower of rain the composition known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

When He Killed His First Man.
The killing of a brother man, even in battle, is a painful thing to remember. A soldier of the war thus vividly described his first experience:

"My first man I saw but twenty seconds, but I shall remember him forever. I was standing by my gun when a Confederate infantry soldier rushed up. I whipped out my revolver and took him through the breast. He tossed up his arms, gave me the strangest look in the world and fell forward upon his face. He had blue eyes, brown curling hair, a dark mustache and a handsome face. I thought the instant I fired that I should have loved that man if I had known him. I tell you war is terrible business."—Youth's Companion.

A Famous Quarry.
The entire mass of the Monte Sagro, 5,000 feet high, which dominates Carrara, is solid marble. One of the most famous quarries is in the valley of the Porsaccio. From this were extracted in Roman times the 1,700 tons of marble that served for the construction of Trajan's column at Rome. Here Donatello got the block which he carved into his St. George, and Michael Angelo the one for his Moses. From here also came the huge block mentioned in the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, which served for the colossal Neptune of Ammannati in the middle of the fountain of the Piazza della Signoria at Florence.

A Water Volcano.
One of the greatest natural curiosities in Central America is the Volcan de Agua or water volcano, which is situated in Guatemala, about twenty-five miles southwest of the capital. Its apex is 14,450 feet above the level of the sea, and cultivated fields and forest trees extend almost to its summit. It occasionally vents forth torrents of pure cold water. On one occasion an "eruption" of this kind inundated the northern valley and destroyed a whole village situated on the side of the peak.

The Way He Put It.
At a school examination at Newcastle-under-Lyme, England, a boy was told to write an essay on the pleasures of reading. He wrote: "People read for many reasons. Sometimes they read for humor, and then they read such books as 'Don Quixote.' At other times they read for amusement, and then they read the Bible."

Took It Mildly.
"Yes, old Bizalboy gave a reception out to his place on the hills and then turned the hose on the first detachment to arrive."

"He did! What did they say to that?"

"They called it unconventional hospitality. You know, he's too rich to quarrel with."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Malady.
Tess—She's a professional nurse, I believe. Jess—Not at all. What gave you that idea? Tess—She remarked that she sat up last night with a sick man. Jess—Lovesick; that was all. It was that fancy of hers.—Philadelphia Press.

A Strong Word.
Dr. Blunt—We must wake her, because I want to ask her if she has obeyed my orders. The Patient's Husband—Er—ab—doctor, it might be as well to—ab—put that question in a somewhat different form.

Much Bigger.
Y.—Do you think Ike ever lies about the fish he catches?—C.—No, I don't, but I think he lies about the fish he doesn't catch.—Stray Stories.

Being asked the name of the world's greatest composer, a smart university young man said "Chloroform."

No Love Lost Between the Arnolds.
John Penhese Champlin told an amusing story of Matthew Arnold and Sir Edwin Arnold. "Some years ago," he said, "when walking with Matthew Arnold on the banks of the little river Test, near Romsey abbey, conversation turned on Sir Edwin Arnold and 'The Light of Asia,' published four or five years previously. It is not necessary to enter into Mr. Arnold's opinion of the poem. During the conversation I took occasion to ask him if he were related to Sir Edwin. He paused a moment, as if shocked at the suggestion, and then said: 'No, we are not of kin. Indeed, I doubt if he had any right to the name of Arnold. I have been told that he is of Jewish descent.' A few weeks later I happened to meet Sir Edwin at a dinner in London and, prompted by, I hope, a not unpardonable curiosity, propounded a similar query to him. 'No,' he replied quickly, with what seemed a shade of asperity in his tone, 'I am not related to Matthew Arnold. We are of wholly different families.' Then, his face breaking into his peculiar smile, he added: 'Matthew Arnold is an intellectual dyspeptic. His brain does not digest properly.'"

"Maarifsh" River.
Maxwell Sommerville of the University of Pennsylvania spent nearly forty years of his life in oriental travel and study.

Professor Sommerville used sometimes to narrate the strange error that was once made by a French explorer he had known. This explorer had made a journey to Kairwan and had drawn a map of the country he passed through. The singular thing about this map was that the name "Maarifsh" appeared so many times on it. A river would be the Maarifsh river; a mountain would be Mount Maarifsh; a village, a lake, a valley, each would be called Maarifsh.

When Professor Sommerville saw this map he laughed.

"Don't you know," he said to the traveler, "what 'maarifsh' means in Arabic?"

"No," said the other. "What does it mean?"

"It means 'Don't know.'"

A Jealous Ape.
Sir Harry Johnston, the English explorer, once traveled on a ship with a pet ape. It was a great favorite with all the passengers until there came aboard at Madeira a lady with an infant. The latter received a good deal of attention and the ape in consequence became neglected and jealous. Sir Harry Johnston followed it on deck one day just in time to prevent a tragedy. The child had been left unguarded for a moment in its cradle. The ape had made for it, pulled it from the cradle and was in the act of throwing it overboard when the traveler pounced upon it. Says Sir Harry, "It would certainly have hurled it into the sea had not my arrival caused the guilty ape to drop the child on the deck and scramble away." The ape was relegated to a strong iron cage for the rest of that voyage.

Medical Use of Whisky.
Whisky as an alternative to wine may undoubtedly be employed medicinally with advantage in certain cases, both for men and for women. But this is very different from the constant recommendation which is suggested, as if, indeed, doctors regard whisky as a sort of panacea for every disease under the sun, and take a perfect delight in urging its consumption upon their patients. As a matter of fact, there never was a time when medical men were more slow to prescribe the use of alcohol in any form than they are in the present day, nor a time when so many refrained from advising its use at all.—Hospital.

Queer Nest of the Tontobane.
The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

Not Neglected.
"The art of letter writing is sadly neglected nowadays," said the man of literary taste.

"That remark," said his more practical friend, "shows that you haven't a son at college who is applying himself to showing you why his allowance ought to be increased."—Washington Star.

Nothing If Not Original.
Mrs. Smith—Have you named your twin girls, Lucy? Lucy—Yes; we've done name 'em "Flopsy" and "Jopsy." Powerful poopy names. Dave, my old man, he done got dem names outen de river colyum.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Jumping at a Conclusion.
Bragg—About a month ago I fell into a nice job as assistant manager, and the manager told me if I made good he'd raise my salary. Newitt—Is that so? What are you doing now?—Catholic Standard.

Wide Awake.
Passerby—I thought you were blind? Mendicant—Well, boss, times is so hard and competition is so great that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do any business at all.

A Dog without a Tail must feel as though he were in the deaf and dumb class.—Piano (Ill.) News.

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It Must Be.
They say that all the world's a stage, And it's a fact All sicks, regardless of their age, Think they can act.

No Proof There.
"Do you think the good die young?" "I doubt it. You look healthy."

FERT PARAGRAPHS.
Many a woman could make a fortune if she had the face to do it.



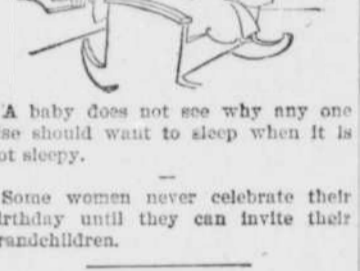
A man may smile and be a villain, but he cannot hold his job as one on the stage if he does.

A man feels complimented to be called a "sly dog," but just try "deceitful puppy" on him once.

Gray hair is seldom caused by intellectual effort.

One peculiarity about money is that it takes so much longer to earn it than it does to spend it.

All fruits and vegetables taste so strongly of money these days that it really takes away one's appetite.



A baby does not see why any one else should want to sleep when it is not sleepy.

Some women never celebrate their birthday until they can invite their grandchildren.

The Only Way.
"Why is Mrs. Scapple always sitting down on her husband?" "Because that's the only way she can get him to support her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.—Swift.

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Their Hatred of England.
Ferdinand de Lesseps used to tell how a Frenchman came to his aid when he was struggling against Palmerston's opposition to the Suez canal. The man, who was a total stranger, walked into his office one day and drew out of his pocket a wallet stuffed with bank notes.

"Monsieur," said he, "I beg the privilege of being allowed to subscribe toward the railway of the island of Sweden." "But, monsieur," said Lesseps, "it is not a railway; it's a canal. It is not an island, but an isthmus. It is not in Sweden, but at Suez." "I don't care what it is or where it is," said the capitalist, "so long as it worries England. Put me down, I say."

But Lesseps had little reason to make fun of this episode if the picture his own son draws of him be true. Becoming incensed at some attack made on him in the British parliament and being inadequately provided with means to express his rage, his mind suddenly reverted to his linen collar, which was of English make. He tore it from his neck, dashed it upon the floor and danced on it, all for hatred of the island it came from.

Routed by Puppets.
Toward the close of the reign of Elizabeth, when the Spaniards were frequently hovering about the southwest coast of England, a party from their ships landed in the neighborhood of where Falmouth stands today, with the intention of burning the borough of Penryn. It chanced, however, that that same evening some strollers had set up in Penryn market place a representation by puppets of certain incidents in the life of Samson, including his victory over the Philistines.

At the port of Samson's onset upon these with the jawbone of the ass the strollers beat drums and sounded trumpets indicative of an alarm, and the Spaniards, who were at that moment about to rush the town, believing it to be full of soldiers, bolted for their boats.

This probably occurred in 1595, when there was a Spanish squadron on the coast, which landed troops and burned Penzance.

Sport on the Kafue River.
A trader in ivory and rubber writes as follows of sport on the Kafue river, in Africa: "Every morning at daybreak we got up and scanned the plains with our glasses for game. Often our boys called us first to say that a herd of water buck or hartbeest was grazing in sight, especially if the camp was out of meat. The river was full of fish—barbel, bream, pike and tiger fish. The bream were by far the best eating, but the tiger fish and big barbel gave the best sport. Spoon bait, with strong pike tackle and a stiff bamboo rod, was all that was required, and, trolling behind a dugout paddled by natives, we could soon make a bag. The tiger fish fight gamely and, breaking water repeatedly, very often succeed in shaking the hook from their mouths. Barbel run up to eighty pounds weight, and a heavy one can tow a canoe along the surface at some speed."

A Penitent Rent Payer.
Michael Davitt in his "Fall of Feudalism in Ireland" gives the following as a sample of the letters that used to reach the Land League offices in the good old days: "Ballinrobe, Mayo, Jan. 8, 1881. To the Honorable Land League—Gintlemn, in a moment of weakness I pade me rint. I did not no ther was a law aginst it or I wd not do it. the people pass by me dure as if the smal pox was in the hous, I heer ye do be givin pardons to mia that do rong, and if ye wd send me a pardon to put in the windy for every one to rede it I will never komit the crime again. Mis-ther Scrab Naly will give me a Karacthur if ye write to him at Bal."

Bridges in Korea.
Some idea of the delights of travelling in Korea is given by the following description by a traveler of the "bridges" in that country: A first class bridge in Korea is simply an assortment of planks nailed together. These are scarce. A second class bridge is a series of isolated stones, from one to another of which the visitor may jump. A third class bridge, much the commonest variety, is invisible, its position being indicated by a couple of posts, one on each side of the river. They mean that you may safely wade a ross, as the water will—probably—not go much above your chest!

Cannon of 1812.
Cannon were small, measured by modern standard, in 1812, but the Ohio world was quiet, and the pioneers had keen sense. There is much evidence that the guns of Perry's squadron were heard by settlers living at least thirty-five miles east of Cleveland, or nearly 100 miles in an air line from the scene of the famous fight which gave the control of the lakes above Niagara falls to the Americans and did much to save the northwest for the United States.

All Have Troubles.
"Everybody worries about money." "Oh, I don't know. Some men are so rich!"

"That's just it. Poor men worry because they can't get money, and the rich man worries for fear that it will get away from him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

In Plain English.
Doctor—I found the patient to be suffering from abrasion of the cuticle, tumefaction, ecchymosis and extravasation in the integument and cellular tissue about the left orbit.—Judge—You mean he had a black eye? Doctor—Yes.

Just plain, ordinary stubbornness often masquerades as strength of character.—Acheson Globe.

Democratic State Ticket	
U. S. Senator (to fill vacancy)	No nomination
U. S. Senator (term beg'ing March 4, '07)	John M. Gearin, of Mult.
Representative in Congress, 1st Dist.	Charles V. Galloway, of Yamhill
Governor	Geo. E. Chamberlain, of Multnomah
Secretary of State	P. H. Sroat, of Marion
State Treasurer	J. D. Matlock, of Lane
Supreme Judge	T. G. Hailey, of Umatilla
Superintendent of Public Instruction	No nomination
State Printer	J. Scott Taylor, of Klamath
Attorney General	Robert A. Miller, of Multnomah
Commissioner of Labor	No nomination

Democratic County Ticket	
State Senator	L. L. Mult, of Ashland
Representatives	C. L. Reames, of Jacksonville T. J. O'Hara, of Central Point
Sheriff	Frank E. Rybee, of Jacksonville
Clerk	M. Purdin, of Medford
Recorder	R. B. Dow, of Medford
Treasurer	Oris Crawford, of Jacksonville
Commissioner	H. H. Taylor, of Roxy

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Socialist Candidate for State Senator for Jackson County

FIRST—Believing in the principles of International Socialism, I hold that labor produces all the wealth of the world and is therefore entitled to all the wealth of the world.

SECOND—That our present system of government, wherein our representatives have the power during their term of office to enact such laws as they see fit, results in class legislation, thereby favoring the classes instead of the masses and creating a favored class who are rapidly absorbing the wealth of the nation; and realizing that so long as we continue to live under private ownership system that this state of affairs will always exist, therefore, if elected, I pledge myself to work for the overthrow of this present private ownership system and inaugurate in its stead the co-operative commonwealth wherein the natural resources shall be the common inheritance of all the people, and wherein every worker shall have an equal voice in the administration of the affairs of the government.

THIRD—In regard to electing United State Senator by a direct vote of the people, I will say that as Socialists we have no interest in the matter, as we do not believe in a delegated system of government, and hold that so long as you give the law-making power into the hands of any set of men, that it does not matter by or through what means they get this power, the fact remaining that during their term of office they are masters of the situation, and so long as they have this law-making power in their hands they will sell it to the highest bidder.

R. C. HENSLEY.

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