

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. E. PICKEL, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon.

FRANCIS FITZGEE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Medford, Oregon.

J. B. WAIT, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon.

E. P. GEARY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon.

ROBT. A. MILLER. Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law. Jacksonville, Oregon.

J. H. WHITMAN. Abstracter and Attorney-at-Law. Medford, Oregon.

W. S. JONES, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon.

DR. O. F. DEMOREST. RESIDENT DENTIST. Medford, Oregon.

R. PRYCE, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Medford, Oregon.

WILLARD CRAWFORD. Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Medford, Oregon.

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DRUG STORE. The leading drug store of Medford is GEO. H. HASKINS.

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Woman's World.

Birthday Cake.

The cake need not be rich or difficult to make, for the fact that it is specially prepared gives the plainest loaf a flavor not commonly tasted.

Besides the well-known frosting made of whites of eggs and sugar, there are several other kinds more economical or less troublesome to make.

Another frosting of granulated sugar and boiling water, in the proportions of one teaspoon of sugar to five tablespoons of water, is satisfactory, and is quickly made.

A certain knack of manipulation is needed to do it easily, which comes largely with repeated making.

The sugar and water should be stirred until it is thick, and should be stirred enough to keep it from burning.

If the fire is hot, placing the saucepan of boiling sugar in a basin of hot water, making a sort of double boiler, is a preventive from scorching.

At the end of four minutes the sugar will thread slightly if dropped from the tip of a spoon.

Then take it, and placing the saucepan in a dish of cold water, stir till the frosting cools and thickens.

Spread it on the cake rapidly, as it hardens fast, dipping a broad knife in hot water to spread over the loaf.

This frosting is not to be stirred as long as uncooked frosting, for it will harden beyond spreading.

A steel palette-knife or spatula is most convenient for spreading the frosting.

This same frosting can be made into chocolate icing by adding three tablespoons of grated chocolate to the boiling sugar.

Delicate pink or straw-colored frosting is particularly attractive to childish eyes, and is made by adding a tablespoonful of colored sugar, sold by confectioners, in the same way the chocolate is added.

If eggs are plentiful, the white of one added to the boiled frosting makes it of finer grain and easier to spread.

The white of egg should be beaten to a stiff froth, and then the sugar poured upon it gradually after having boiled four minutes, and the whole then well beaten.

Frosting made of maple sugar is nice, and particularly well suited to spiced cakes. It is made by the same method as the white sugar frosting, but requires one minute longer boiling.

Milk frosting is another favorite with children, and is prettier to look at when spread on soft yellow cake.

Boil together a teaspoon of sugar and half a one of milk, with a teaspoonful of butter, until a little thickened in cold water will thicken.

Then beat it thoroughly and flavor with vanilla. Long beating makes the frosting white and creamy.

Farm Notes.

Breaking Colts.

Many who claim to be familiar with the business of breaking colts neither understand the nature of the colt nor the art of subduing and training them.

A colt is a highly sensitive animal possessing more intelligence than he is given credit for, quick to learn, having a memory of certain things which goes beyond that in the human family, which can neither be explained or understood.

A coarse, rough man who knows next to nothing of human nature and less than that of the horse is no more fit to have the handling of colts than one whose education is acquired in the street and bar-room is fit to take charge of a district school.

A neighbor has a colt that is old enough for light business and he wants him broken. He invites his neighbors to help him harness and drive his colt.

It is brought out, and having had no previous handling is all excited, trembling in every nerve. Nothing is done to give the poor thing the least intimation of what is wanted of him.

Three or four stout men hold him by the head while others are trying to put on the harness; he is spoken roughly, his ears cuffed for shaking his head; the struggle goes on until the colt is attached to the vehicle and now the supreme moment has arrived and in spite of the efforts of all these men the colt rears and starts off, leaving the trainers first and then the wagon far in the rear and all exclaim, "That is a terrible colt to break."

This is not fiction but fact. A colt that would not resist such treatment would not be worth breaking.

Before touching your colt have your plans formed and a knowledge of the general characteristics of the colt to be handled. He is fearful of being hurt, and must be managed accordingly. As a general thing it may be said that he will do what is wanted of him as soon as he is made to know what that is.

Another essential thing is that whatever impressions are made on the brain of a colt are almost as crassable as though written on a tablet of stone, and hence the importance of making the right impressions, for right or wrong he will carry them for a long time.

To eradicate a bad habit formed in breaking is a difficult task; start wrong and the chances are ten to one that your colt will have tricks that will render him an unsafe horse; start right and the battle is fought.

If a colt kicks the first time you attempt to harness him he will be very liable to try it the next time that you come near him with a harness. If he jumps out of the shafts the first time that you draw them up behind him you may expect that he will make the same attempt again.

If he runs back when you tell him to go, you may expect he will try the same game when you bid him go again. If he turns with you on the road the first time that you start him he will do it or try to whenever objects ahead do not suit him.

If he finds that he can master you once just so true as he belongs to the equine race he will make the attempt again, but make him think you are his master and that you can handle him as you please, and your colt is broken, and all that you will have to guard against in the future will be yourself.

Do not attempt to touch a colt in the front, advance carefully and slowly step by step. Do not ask a colt to draw you before he has been fitted and taught to rein; as well made of a child the solution of a mathematical problem before he has learned to make figures as to expect a colt to drive like a trained horse before he has had the necessary preliminary training.

Commence at the very beginning; the word "Whoa" is the first letter in the alphabet of a colt's education; how to make him understand this, how to make him know that you are both his friend and master, in short, how to give him that training which is implied in the word "break."

Cor. New England Farmer.

Fistulas Withers. My horse has a large bunch on the withers. Do not think he has been struck or hurt in any way.

Should judge the animal has what is called fistulous withers, sometimes caused by a fill-fitting collar. It is like a mild case of poll evil only in a different location. That is usually caused by a blow or injury.

Some say it is a fraud to color but there is a fraud to color your hair or mustache for that sometimes deceives people; but there are few who do not know that June colored butter in winter time is artificially colored.

EXILED.

It comes to me often in silence When the bright spindles low And the sunbeams shimmering show Seem wreaths of the long ago.

I'm sick of the roar of cities, And I'm tired of the hum of the street, I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old home.

When I go home again! The music I never will die away, And it seems the hands of angels, On a mystic harp to play.

Outside of my darling window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn shadows, In the night winds murmur: "To the spirit of the autumn rain."

A wild goose story. "Poor old goosey, poor old goosey," sobbed my niece as she softly stroked the head and neck, extended across her lap, of the dying bird.

It had been my practice to run these wild geese, and other similar birds, and to clip their wings each spring and fall so they might not fly away if so disposed.

Whether touched by the loss of his first wife or influenced by the crippled condition and inability of his children, it is certain that the latter with great consideration, his solicitude for her welfare was apparent in every movement.

From my desk I look out upon the fresh mound that marks the rest of a man who died in the prime of his life.

When one starts downward the steeper goes at full speed. You can't hurry up time by using the spur of the moment.

A man of standing—the one who gives up his seat in a horse-car. The first woman, at the start, was a coquettish affair, but she soon got over that.

Before marriage acceptances are often secured without due reflection. It is a common thing to see a man who has just been married, and who is very obtuse in his ideas—the duke.

Johnny—Ain't you going to school, Jim? Jimmie—Now, see 'ot the sculler fer 'ot our house and do doctor see I can't go ter school. I'm going to der dime museum. So long.

Minister (to bereaved widow)—My dear madam, your husband's virtues should console you now. Widow—They do, but I never went out and he'd do for a cheerful fire.

Unless some crop-topper not anticipated over-comes the era-risks will get 200,000,000 bushels of corn this year. The crop of 1900 was 1,200,000,000 bushels.

The request of \$200,000 from the late Daniel B. Fayerweather to the Cooper Union Art School for Women has enabled that institution to double the number of pupils it can receive, making an increase from 350 to 700.

A preliminary report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the operations of the Internal Revenue Bureau during the fiscal year ended June 30 last shows that the total collections from all sources were \$145,035,376, an increase of \$34,438,801 as compared with the collections during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891.

Popularity of the American hog, steadily increases. The number of hogs marketed in the United States has increased from 14,700,000 in 1880 to 15,900,000 in 1891.

It is stated in the press of the West that a large corporation has been formed with capital enough to carry on operations which shall eventually result in the erection of 50,000 hog plants in the United States.

The ultimate product of these would reach the enormous aggregate of 3,200,000,000 pounds of sugar annually. According to a statement referred to in the Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas six factories the present season—Omaha Bee.

Joanna's Bracelet.

On a morning early in the spring of last year two men stood leaning against the mantelpiece of a room in one of the government offices.

"Well, the funny part of it is," he was saying lightly to his shoulders, pressed against the mantelpiece, "I am dining at the Burton Smiths' this evening."

"Ah!" his companion answered, looking up at him with eyes of envy. "And so you will see her?"

"Of course. She is to come to me to-day. But they do not know about our engagement yet, and, as she does not want to blurt it out the moment she arrives, why, for this evening it will be a secret. Still, I thought I would tell you."

"He stepped away as he spoke to strengthen a red morocco-covered book on the table behind him, the book being his name, 'Ernest Wibberley'—his name."

"Thank you, Jack," Wibberley replied. "I knew you would. I rather fancy myself a bit of a fortune teller. I have died today."

"Happy dog!" said Jack, and presently disappeared. The Burton Smiths, whom he heard them mention, are tolerably well known in London.

"He will talk about nothing but India," he protested, "and the superiority of Calcutta over London. A little of these Bombay ducks goes a long way, my dear."

"Well, James," Mrs. Burton Smith replied placidly, the Hon. Vereker May is a son of Lord Haverburys. She will take me in and I do not mind. Only I must have Mr. Wibberley on the other side to make conversation and keep me alive. Let me see—that will be three.

"Then for goodness' sake do not let them sit together!" Burton Smith cried, "or they will talk to one another and to one else."

"Very well," Mrs. Smith asserted. "They shall sit opposite to one another. And Mr. Wibberley shall take in Mrs. Burton Smith, and the private secretary, and we can watch Joanna's face. I shall soon see if there is anything between them."

Mr. Wibberley was a young man of some importance, if only in his capacity of private secretary to a minister. He had 1,000 acquaintances, and certainly two friends—perhaps three. He might be something some day—was bound to be. He dressed well, looked well and talked well. He was a little presumptuous, perhaps even a trifle conceited, but when he talked of these things in young men he had never yet found himself in a place too straight for him.

As he brushed his hair vigorously at the bath, he looked at his wrist, and saw the bracelet which he had bought for himself. It was a simple one, but it was his own, and not in the glass—was in his happiest mood. Everything seemed to be going well with him. He had no presentiment of evil. He was going to a house where he was appreciated. Mrs. Burton Smith was a great ally of his. And then there would be, as we know, some one else. Happy man!

"Lady Linacre," said his hostess as she introduced him to a stout personage with white hair, a spout chin, and diamonds. Wibberley bowed, making up his mind that the dowager was one of those ladies with strong prejudices, who draw their skirts together if you prove a home ruler and leave the room if you mention Sir Charles Dilke. "Mr. May you have met before," Mrs. Smith continued, "and you know Miss Burton, I think?"

He murmured assent, while she—Joanna—shook hands with him frankly and quietly, with the ghost of a smile perhaps. He played his part well, too, for the moment, but halted in his sentence as it flashed across his mind that this was their first meeting since she had said "Yes." He recovered from his momentary embarrassment, however, before Mrs. Burton Smith could note it, and promptly offered Mrs. Galantine his arm.

"She was an old friend of his, as friends go in society. He had taken her in to dinner—that is, half a dozen times. 'Who is that girl?' she asked, 'when?' were asked; and she raised her head and stared through them at her."

"I declare she would be pre-nice were not so short."

"He seized the excuse to peep at her, and took a look at her. 'Short,' he admitted, gazing with a sense of surprise at the organ. 'But some people like noses, you know, Mrs. Galantine.'"

"Ah! And theatre in August?" replied incredulously. "And draw your own games? And commend me! Seriously, she would be pretty if it were not for that."

"Would she?" he questioned gravely. "Well, I think she would, do you know?"

Joanna's Bracelet.

Joanna was still traveling along the fence. She would walk a few rods, stop, and listen, and then move on. It seemed that she invariably followed the same route, and that she had been through the park, turning always to the right.

"He had his frock coat open and his thumbs in the arm holes of his waist-coat. The attitude denoted complacency, and the man was discontent."

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