

## HOOF AND WHEELS.

BY A. T. VANCE.

Two bicycles leaning together on an arid, treeless, rolling plain: a few tufts of scattered cacti; no human being, beast or bird in sight; perfect stillness and early afternoon under a sun that blazed where never a cloud had flown for weeks. Even insects had perished from drought in that desolation—so anyone might have imagined had anyone been gazing about on that California scene from a point within a hundred yards of the apparently deserted wheels.

Had a native stood there he would not have supposed the wheels deserted, but guessed that the riders were concealed in some crack of the sun-baked earth.

Indeed, Del Hall and I were almost within springing distance of our bikes, and much disinclined to remount them. We had lunched fully if not comfortably on the provisions and drink we carried; the earth-crack in which we lay was deep and narrow enough to shade us from the slightly western sun, and we shrank from more pedaling under its glare.

Del and I, college chums, had undertaken to wheel from San Francisco to Los Angeles, nearly 400 miles as the crow flies. Our guides were a pocket compass and the "lay of the land." Our interpreters were the natives and ourselves—their much Mexican being about as clear to us as our little Spanish to them. But they were wonderfully quick in understanding all demands made in the name of the white almighty dollar of Uncle Sam.

Without good letters of introduction to various owners of ranches, who passed us on with equally good letters to others of their hospitable kind, we could not have traversed the country. Much of it lacks inns and stores, and even places of public resort. But for hospitality we should have starved. And on this blazing day we were making for the Rancho del Paso, an interesting old mission ranch established long before gold-seekers rushed to California.

We had not met a soul for ten miles before lunching.

"Are you sure we're on the way?" Del asked, as the time came near when we must remount.

"Certainly; the track is plain enough," I said. "The last man we met said we couldn't miss it as long as we kept about this far from the foothills."

"But he said something else. I wish we had stopped longer to make out what he did mean. It was something about Plaza de Toros. I've been thinking he was warning us against cattle."

"Pooh! Are you afraid of cows? Come along; we must move. There's a rise about half a mile ahead; perhaps we shall see the rancho from there; it can't be more than 15 miles away; maybe not half so far."

Again we sped over the vast plain, cobwebbed with fissures and cracks by the long drought, which had made a veritable desert of the tract within sight.

Five miles nearer the coast the country smiled with grass and grain, vineyards and olive groves, but here we were running through a waste drearier than any we had traversed.

As the fissures and cracks mostly ran on a southerly course, we seldom needed to dismount, though frequently forced to short detours. So we soon climbed the gradual rise, whose summit extended on a level broad enough to hide the lower tract immediately beyond. Yet the more distant ground was in view, and there, as if it had suddenly sprung from the earth, we saw the irregular, broken line of the adobe walls of Rancho del Paso, our resting place.

"Hurrah! It can't be more than four miles away, Del!" I cried. "Come along; let us drop into this dried-up arroyo and get its shade till it runs out in the next lowland," for we knew that such an arroyo, or water course, cuts somewhat deeply through the slow rises and but little into the hollows of these plains.

While we dipped into the arroyo the tufts of cacti on the upland seemed moving in the shimmering sunlight. No more of the plain did we see until we reached the lower level, when our heads were higher than the frayed sides of the water course. Then Del and I cried out together in amazement, for countless cattle were near us on the plain.

As we ran up out of the water course we saw groups scattered as far as the eye could reach. They flanked us on both sides; hundreds were behind us; a compact array, almost numerous enough to be called a herd, stood on our path to the rancho.

Toward this mass all the others seemed to be converging, as the sloping sides of a funnel trend toward its hole, or rather as the horns of a cow often curve inward at the tips.

Our course to the rancho lay almost evenly between the sides of this living funnel. But its opening was blocked. Still, we believed we could pass round that small, massed herd.

It was not at all necessary for us to make the attempt, and we would not have tried it had we imagined it to be dangerous. Nothing but a little shade and comfort could we gain by reaching the Rancho del Paso quickly. Time was of no account just then, for we meant to stay at the rancho until the next morning. And yet we went "scorching" along with never a thought of prudence or delay.

None of the cattle that flanked us on either side were within 200 yards when we began the run. They were slowly moving in groups, and those which formed, as it were, the tips of the horns were not within 150 yards of the herd directly in our way. An opening lay on each side of these, and we started for the easterly gap at moderate speed, not imagining how the strange spectacle of bicyclers would hurry the cattle.

Scarcely had we started when the commotion began. Thousands of eyes turned to us; a thousand snorts made din; beasts near and far on our flanks were leaping as if to catch a glimpse of us over others; the sounds of wonder

and alarm went to the massed herd in front.

These leading cattle never seemed to glance behind to see the cause of the sudden tumult, but broke into a slow run, heads down and tails in air. Within ten seconds the whole multitude of cattle went crazy, as if with desire to mass with the leading herd.

The leaders seemed equally desirous to maintain their distance. They ran faster, they galloped, but they were massed and could not go at the top speed of the fastest among them.

The quicker gallopers in the groups that formed the sides of the funnel could set their own pace and force that of their companions. So the groups strung out; they soon became two continuous but narrow columns on our flanks, and these long columns were incessantly widened and solidified by the inrushing of flanking cattle that made short cuts to reach the stampeding throng.

"We've got to get through quickly or they'll be on top of us," cried Del, looking at me with great alarm.

"We'll get through—they're not closing the gap," I shouted, for we had to shout if we would be heard above the dull, strange din.

"They are!" he roared. "The cattle in front are not running as fast as those leading the sides. Don't you see the sides slowly closing in?"

If it had been possible for us to stop them we should have rejoiced to do so. But masses of cattle behind us were galloping furiously—a dark, bellowing array under the cloud of their own dust. We dared not risk a stop; we could not turn aside; our only chance of escape seemed to lie in outrunning the flanks of the cattle impi, and so escaping by the front.

We had good hope to get through, and pretty easily, though the course of the leading flanking cattle seemed to slant more than ever across our line, and the front herd, perhaps because they instinctively wished the others to mass with them, seemed to slightly slacken their speed.

As we hurried toward the narrowing gap we came ever nearer to the thundering beasts of the side columns. We were so near them that the heated, nameless smell of their galloping bodies, their breath, the very fumes of their hot blood seemed enveloping us in a smoky air, which became thick and blinding as a light, transient wind blew from the foot-hills, and bore around us the fine dust from frantic hoofs.

"Take more ground," screamed Del. "Spread out. We must keep further apart. They'll keep back, maybe. Try it. It's our last chance."

"No—let us stop—let us turn and run back. There may be an opening behind us in spite of appearances."

"There's not," roared Del. "I looked behind before the dust closed in. Don't you hear the rush back there? I saw a perfect horde right behind us—a regular line. Cattle have run in from the plain and caught up to the rear line. Take more ground, I tell you!"

I was so close to the galloping column on my right that I could see the beasts' eyes. They had not given way as I came nearer, but still did not seem inclined to crowd me. I have since thought that they did not see us at all after the stampede began, but rushed blindly on with the impulse to mass.

Well, I knew that those directly behind us were pouring on in a frenzy that would, did we fall, carry them over us as in perfect unconsciousness that they trampled anything living.

I felt my strength failing fast. It seemed that the course was carrying us up a slope. But now we were so closed in that the dust was quite blinding. I could no longer see Del. I yelled to him, but heard no reply. With a horrible cowering realization of what a formless mass he must be now, if he were down among the hoofs, I pushed my pedals desperately.

Right ahead of me the dark places that denoted cattle intermingled with the dust seemed still unjoined. The gap was not yet closed, I believed, and drove for it. Could I but get through and a little more than through—I might swerve off against the breeze, pass round the front of the furious, wedge-like mass, and escape the wide, flanking ends.

More choking, more acrid, more evil-smelling, more blinding the hideous dust enveloped me. I was close on the leaders now. I was so close that I could dimly see the gaunt, ridgy backs, the muscular hind parts, the crazy tails—these cattle, tried by drought and lean with much wandering for water, were in condition to run far—even in my despair, I noted that.

In condition to run! They seemed in condition to leap as if for fun while running! Up—they sprang by ranks—how strange! Ah, I understood!

But I understood too late. The earth-crack which they had leaped was deep; my wheel seemed to go from under me; just then I heard what sounded like rapid revolver firing; and down, down I fell.

When my eyes opened I saw a warthy face close to mine. A peon from the Rancho del Paso was holding a little tin of wine to my lips. Others stood about. And Del—could it be possible? They had lifted me tenderly out of the earth-crack, and now told me how Del and I had been saved.

He had fallen into a crack, too, but had escaped with fewer hurts than I. As for the peons, they had ridden from the Rancho del Paso in an attempt to stop the stampede, and the sound of their shooting into the leaders was that which I had heard at the moment of my fall.

We were at the Rancho del Paso four days before I was fit to travel; and when next we crossed that dreary stretch of plain it was with a wagon train. Del and I had learned to appreciate the dangers of bicycling among range cattle, and the value of a considerable acquaintance with the Mexican vernacular. When next we heard a peon yell us to avoid Plaza de Toros we knew that he meant something more dangerous than the bull fight circus ground.—Youth's Companion.

## WHERE BRAINS GO BEGGING.

College Educations at a Discount in New York's Labor Market.

For the student of social science there is food for reflection in the fact that an advertisement for "a person of good education to do some pen copying for small compensation," inserted recently in the Sunday papers, says the New York World, brought forth several hundred letters, largely from educated men and women out of employment.

As showing that the old proverb about knowledge being power is not universally true, the following answers to the advertisement are especially significant:

"I am a linguist, and can do the necessary copying not only in English, but also in German, French, Italian, Latin and Russian."

"I am of good education, well qualified to do some pen copying for a small compensation, either in ancient or modern dialects and languages. Am a teacher, bookkeeper, compiler, translator, typewriter and stenographer in English, French and Spanish."

"I matriculated at the London university, and took my degree of B. A. (bachelier-es-lettres) in Sorbonne, in Paris."

"I am a graduate of St. John's college, London, England, and have had great experience in educational work."

"I am a bachelor in science of the University of Brussels, Belgium, a good Franco-English scholar and a rapid worker."

"I beg to apply for the copying mentioned in your advertisement. I am an Englishman, and was educated at Cheltenham college, in England."

"I am an Englishman, thirty-nine years of age, and have received a thorough education at an important public school in the city of London. I am a lawyer, but have given up practice. I am energetic, careful and correct in business, and can furnish references as to character and ability."

A young woman sets forth her references from the Young Woman's Christian association. Another has been a government copyist.

"I have been educated for the church," writes an unfortunate young man, in pale ink, "but was compelled to seek other employment through not having the necessary funds. I speak English, French and Italian; am honest and reliable; am now five years in my present place, where I have to work hard; would like, if possible, to add to the support of my two little motherless children. My writing, for want of practice, is nothing to be compared to what it was some years ago."

## IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Royalty Hoping to Find Their Fresh Worlds to Conquer.

If the name of Emperor William does not appear in the catalogue of the exhibition of the Berlin academy of arts that opens shortly, the hanging committee of that institution had better look out for squalls. If they were to reject the picture he has sent in, the kaiser would be quite capable of ordering them out to instant execution, or of writing down the exhibition in the columns of any newspaper that would accept imperial art criticism. The painting represents, we are told, "a maneuver at sea, black clouds of smoke, torpedoes, guns and boats tossed upon raging waves." The description is rather incoherent. Probably the picture is, too. But there is no fear that the loyal Berliners will be deprived of the chance of feasting their eyes upon it. There is one magnificent feature about the canvas that would secure its acceptance in almost any exhibition in the world. That is the signature, "William I. R. 1895," which appears in the right hand corner. The effect which these simple words and figures will produce upon the minds of humbled believers in the divine right of kings could not be equaled by any artist in Europe.

All the great ones of the earth seem to be going in either for art or literature nowadays. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has just completed a drama in verse, which is shortly to be acted and afterward published in St. Petersburg. The prince is said already to have "achieved some local reputation as a poet." The phrase is excellent. One can imagine the following epitaph being compiled for William II.: "He was for many years king of Timbuctoo and Bithynia, and he achieved some local reputation as a marine painter and drawing-room song writer." Then there is another prince—Touretsky to wit—who has just had an opera of his own composition produced at Moscow. It will soon hardly pay anyone who is not a crowned head to write or paint or compose anything at all.

## EVERY-DAY ETIQUETTE.

Ten Rules of Politeness for Little Princes and Princesses Charming.

A writer in the New York World says:

Do not beat a tattoo with your feet when in company with others; nor whistle; nor hum a tune; nor drum with your fingers upon convenient objects.

Complete your toilet in the privacy of your own room. If the nose, ears and finger tips must be cleaned, perform these operations elsewhere than in public.

Try not to gape, hiccup or sneeze in company.

Resist the desire to caress the face with the hands. Either the face or the hands are sure to suffer in appearance by being brought together. Rubbing the eyes, smoothing the forehead, and patting the mouth add nothing to personal beauty.

Overcome the habit of nudging people, or catching them by the arm or by the clothing, when you wish to attract their attention.

Do not bore strangers by discussing family affairs with them.

Don't chew a toothpick. When in company never open a book and begin to read; never appear inattentive to the conversation; never tell long stories; and, above all things, never talk about yourself or your wonderful achievements.

## FOUGHT FOR THE HAIR.

A Barber and His Customer Stand Up for Individual Rights.

"Now you have cut my hair," said the shorn countryman to the barber, "kindly collect the hair from the floor, wrap it up in a paper and hand it to me."

"I shall do no such thing," the barber replied, firmly. "That hair belongs to me. I cut it off, didn't I? That makes it mine."

The customer got excited, says the New York World.

"Don't you know," he exclaimed hotly, "that under the common law of the land anything that grows upon my head is as much mine as are the contents of the head? In every copyright case it has been settled that the product of a man's brain is his. Don't you know that?"

Now was the barber's turn to get mad.

"If hair is the product of your brain," he shouted, "I guess it's about all it does produce. What do you want the blamed hair for? I don't need it myself, but I'm fighting for a principle, and I'd spend my last cent to do you out of that hair."

"None of your business what I want it for," howled the countryman. "Perhaps I need it to stuff pillows with, and perhaps I am a wholesale manufacturer of wigs. That's none of your business. I'll admit that I don't need the hair. What then? I'm fighting for principle, too. Gimme my hair."

They shook their fists in each other's faces. It took a policeman to separate them.

Such are the ills of life. For these trifles do men wildly battle.

## Something New in Windmills.

The old-time windmill—that towering skeleton of ribs and fans with which we are familiar—has recently been improved in a fashion that promises much better results—an increased rate of power and much greater ease of management. Instead of fans or arms turning over and over, wheel-fashion, the conditions are reversed, the axle being perpendicular, and the fans turning from side to side. This arrangement has advantages, in that the machinery can be made stronger, and by an ingeniously contrived set of levers the fans open and close automatically. This is of great importance, as a sudden gale is liable to wreck an ordinary windmill on short notice. With this new device, it is claimed that no matter how rapidly the fans may revolve, they will catch the wind only at the proper time, the other side opening to give free passage to the air; thus the higher the gale, the higher the rate of speed and the more effective the machinery. It is said that in windy countries enough power can be generated to run a small dynamo. The greatest value of a windmill is in countries where continual pumping of water is necessary for purposes of irrigation. A windmill constructed on this new principle costs no more than the old style, is infinitely more effective, less liable to get out of order, and has a greater variety of uses than any heretofore made.

"I got into a discussion with a friend the other day," said a man, addressing an acquaintance, "concerning the exact reading of a clause in the constitution of the United States. We argued awhile, and then agreed to submit the question to a well-known Congressman. We did so, but he couldn't tell us any thing about it."

"But why did you not get a copy of the constitution and settle the matter?" "Couldn't find one. We were in Washington City at the time."

Arkansas Traveler.

MILITARY statistics show that more than twenty per cent. of the young men presenting themselves for service in the army in the Governments on the Vistula are rejected on account of feeble health. The Medical Department of the Ministry of the Interior has appointed a special commission to inquire into the causes of the defective state of health in that part of the Empire.

**Saved His Life**  
—by a fortunate discovery in the nick of time. Hundreds of persons suffering from consumption have had the progress of the disease stopped, and have been brought back to life and health by the "Golden Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce.

Years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, now chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., recognizing the fact that consumption was essentially a germ disease, and that a remedy which would drive the germs and their poisons from the blood would cure consumption, at last found a medicine which cured 98 per cent. of all cases, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease.

The tissues of the lungs being irritated by the germs and poisons in the blood circulating through them, the germs find lodgment there, and the lungs begin to break down. Soon the general health begins to fail, and the person feels languid, weak, faint, drowsy and confused.

This is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; it drives the germs and poisons from the blood, and has a soothing effect upon the dry cough. In cases of bronchitis the "Discovery" is invaluable.

"Golden Medical Discovery" increases the amount and quality of the blood, thus invigorating and fortifying the system against disease and builds up wholesome flesh and strength after wasting diseases, as fevers, pneumonia, grip and other debilitating affections.

J. M. HITE, of Audubon, Audubon Co., Ia., says: "I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and chest, and I suffered intensely with it. I tried several of our best physicians here and they gave up all hopes of my recovery, and thought I would have to die. I would cough and spit blood for hours, and I was pale and weak. I was greatly discouraged when I began the use of the 'Discovery,' but I soon got better. It has been five years since I took it and have had no return of that trouble since."

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**THIRTY** years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without hesitating. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

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Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-dose bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.

Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

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The two-dime signature of J. C. Whipp.

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