

## FROM SINNEMAHONE.

BY ED MOTT.

"I wish to goodness," said the man from over Sinnemahoning way, "that I could remember half what my father used to tell about snakes. I really do. I do indeed. I suppose that if my father had been telling about snakes that lived anywhere else except on the Sinnemahone spread I could have remembered everything. But, Lord! It would take a man with nine memories, every one of 'em phenomenal, to remember even a little bit of what them Sinnemahoning snakes did, because they did so much. They were always doing something, and doing it well. I wish somebody would simply give me an inkling of what there is in that Sinnemahone atmosphere that makes things have so much more snap in them than things have anywhere else on top of earth. Even grasshoppers. Now, I know heaps of places where there is twenty times more grass than is on the Sinnemahone. As for that, Sinnemahone doesn't run particularly to grass. We slash out a good many hoop poles, and we peel considerable of bark. We do a little in the maple sugar way, and our 'taters ain't few to the hill. But we don't brag on our grass. Then why should grasshoppers seem to like to settle down with us so much, and get to be so overpowering smart among us? I give it up. I don't know. But to prove to you that they do, I'll tell you something. I don't pretend to explain these things, mind you. I simply give you the facts.

"You know, of course, that there ain't any better bait for trout along late in the season than grasshoppers. Our Sinnemahone grasshoppers know that well, and I want to tell you that it's a hard matter to run one down and catch him when you want to go fishing. But I used to manage, by various slick bits of strategy, to get enough to fish with, but it was hard work, and so I was delighted one day, being over to the county seat, to see in a store an artificial grasshopper, with a hook concealed about it. The grasshopper was as natural as life, and I saw at once that there wasn't any use of my putting myself any longer against our smart Sinnemahone grasshoppers to get bait, when I could use the artificial grasshopper to fool the trout with, and I bought it. It worked to a charm. I think the trout went for it better than they did for the real thing, for I have an idea that they knew how smart our Sinnemahone grasshoppers were, and were kind o' afraid of 'em. I used that imitation grasshopper with great success.

"I had a tame trout in a spring near my house. It had been in the spring a year. It was a big one. I had caught it one day on a Sinnemahone grasshopper, and as the hook hadn't hurt it much I put it in a pail of water and got it home alive and active. I put it in the spring and it lived and thrived. A funny thing was that the grasshopper I caught the trout with wasn't killed by the trout nor by the hook. Being through fishing, I took the grasshopper off the hook and tossed it on the ground. It moved away, but was minus one leg. Its eyes were just as bright as ever, though, and as I remember it now, it kind o' shook its head and looked volumes as it limped away, headed straight for my place. I don't know where that crippled grasshopper wintered, but when warm weather came next year I give you my word that grasshopper was the first I saw on my place. It was perched on a saw horse in my back yard. I recognized it at once, and it seemed to recognize me, for it shook its head and had a queer look in its eye as it limped on one leg along the saw horse, tumbled off and stumped away.

"As long as I've got a place," said I, "that grasshopper has a claim on it, and anyone that hurts that grasshopper must settle with me!"

"Well, sir, that grasshopper hung around the place, and hobbled about in a melancholy sort of way, but always with that queer look in its eyes. Every time it met me it settled down and shook its head, spit tobacco juice, as grasshoppers will, and stumped on its way. I know now that that grasshopper had vengeance on its mind, and was only biding its time.

"This was the season I got the artificial grasshopper. I frequently saw the crippled real one sitting on the flat stone over the spring where my pet trout was, glaring down at the trout and shaking its head in a startling way. The grasshopper remembered that this was the trout that had crippled it, and it went to the spring to glare at the trout and show its hate. I used to tremble for it, for my trout just doted on grasshoppers, and I was fearful lest this poor crippled one might tumble in the spring and thus give up the rest of itself to the foe that had bereft it of its leg.

"One day I had been fishing with my artificial grasshopper. I came in, took the leader off my line, with the imitation grasshopper on it, and laid it on the back stoop, being called away for something or other. When I went to get the leader ten or fifteen minutes later it was gone. I looked around, but couldn't find it. Some time afterward I started for the spring to get a pail of water, and as I drew near I saw the crippled grasshopper dragging itself up on the flat stone that covered, or half covered, the spring. I stopped, and then saw that the grasshopper was dragging something up along with it. I started when I saw that it was my missing leader. My first impulse was to go and recover my property, but on second thought I didn't.

"This unfortunate grasshopper," I reasoned, "has some purpose in view. Let us see what it may be."

"I soon saw. Growing near the flat stone over the spring was a currant bush. With great deliberation the crippled grasshopper took one end of my leader in its mouth and hobbled round and round the bush, winding, as I could see, the leader about it. The artificial grasshopper had been hauled

up on the stone and lay there in full view. Having taken a firm hitch with the leader about the stem of the currant bush, the vengeful crippled grasshopper pushed its counterpart presentment along toward the edge of the stone, and when it reached there, showed it over. The artificial grasshopper fell, and there was leader enough left to let it just touch the water lightly. There was a flash and a splash in the water, and the next instant my pet trout was dashing wildly about in the spring, hooked on the deadly lure and played by the limber currant bush. Oh! but it was a stroke of genius! The crippled grasshopper stood on the edge of a stone, looking over at the vengeance it had wrought, glaring savagely and gloating. I could easily have saved the trout.

"But no!" I said. "It is but retributive justice! Let it stand!"

"In a short time the trout was dead. The crippled grasshopper hobbled off of the stone and disappeared. I never saw it again. Will somebody give me an inkling of what there is in that Sinnemahone atmosphere that makes things have so much more snap in them than things have anywhere else on top of earth? Even grasshoppers. Will some one simply give me an inkling?"

Not even the man in the red, blue, pink, yellow, green and purple mackinaw jacket seemed capable of utterance, and the man from Sinnemahoning way had to go without his inkling.

"Oh, yes! Snakes!" said he, suddenly brought to himself. "Lord! I wish my father was here! But he isn't! He couldn't be very well. He left the banks of the Sinnemahone for the same of Jordan, some years since. My father was a fiddler, and if he is playing the harp half as well as he played the fiddle, he isn't taking a back seat for anybody on the other shore, and I'll bet on it! And how he could tell about snakes! It's a shame the way I've forgot most of the things he used to tell me about 'em, but I remember one that may strike you as a tolerable fair showing as to what Sinnemahone snakes were able to do in the days of my father. Sinnemahone snakes are at the head of the serpent race yet, of course, but in those days they had the benefit of my father, and they simply shone.

"The blowing adder was always a big favorite with my father. The blowing adder, you know, is that interesting snake that has the faculty of flattening out its head to about four times its natural size, then puffing it up, and then blowing a small gale from its mouth for a few seconds. I never knew just what they gained by doing all this, but they do it, and that's enough. The blacksnake was another snake my father liked, but somehow they never liked him, but they feared him, and when he wanted to use 'em they knuckled right down and were used.

"Once my father had a pet blowing adder and a blacksnake that he wanted to be a pet, but which had a feeling against being one, and just wouldn't. It didn't dare to rebel altogether, though, and learned the tricks my father taught it, and did them, but kicked like a steer all the time. The blowing adder, on the other hand, was fonder of the old man than a cat of her kittens, and never lost a chance to show it. One of the tricks my father taught the rebellious blacksnake was to take a match in its mouth, reach back and scratch the match on its scaly side, and then rise up on its tail and light father's pipe as he held it in his mouth. It was a neat trick, and used to please father next to knowing that the little jug with the corn cob stopper in it wasn't empty.

"Whenever father went to his cabin in the woods for a hunt, he always took Jehosaphat and Prudence with him for company. Jehosaphat was the blacksnake and Prudence was the blowing adder. Once, while out on one of these trips, father was taken sick with rheumatism in his cabin, and lay on his bed of straw, unable to move hand or foot. Jehosaphat cheered up and got chippy at once. He tumbled all over himself, father used to say, he felt so good. And he felt more than that. He had murder in his heart. While father lay there helpless the wicked snake took a match in his mouth, glared like a fiend in father's face for a moment, struck the match on his side, just the way the old man had taught him, and then deliberately set fire to the straw on which my father lay helpless. With one more fiendish glare at my father Jehosaphat fled from the cabin.

"Imagine my father's feelings lying there unable to move, and that fire creeping slowly toward him! He saw no escape from a horrible death. But he didn't know Prudence, the blowing adder. That loving snake yoke from a nap in her corner, and soon saw the awful danger my father was in. She dashed over to the burning straw, flattened out her head, and with one tremendous puff blew out the blaze.

"Sinnemahone!" exclaimed the man in the red, blue, pink, yellow, green and purple mackinaw jacket, "let me tell ye sumpin'! That blowin' adder mowt a blowed out that blaze, but there ain't no blowin' adder, nor sweepin' gale, nor howlin' cyclone that kin ever blow out the blaze you'll git into one o' these days, an' when ye git there, just remember that I told ye so!"—N. Y. Sun.

An Unwashed Model. "This is one of my models," Mr. Brown said one day to the writer, pointing to a ragged urchin, who looked as if he had walked out of the frame of one of the artist's pictures to take a rest in the arm chair in which he was so comfortably curled up. "This is 'Pete.' The little rascal never took a bath in his life. When his hands and feet show in a picture he has to be washed up a little, as they are even too dirty to be picturesque." Pete grinned, as if he was pleased with the distinction of being an absolute stranger to the bath. But he probably does wash his face and hands occasionally. His face was bright enough to deserve not to be hidden by dirt.—John J. a'Becket, in St. Nicholas.

## MARKS THE MASHERS.

The Hotel Sleuth Who Protects the Telephone Girl.

When Chappie Gets a Little Too Promiscuous the Hawk-Eyed Man Interferes—A Sample Case of the Botherson's Dade.

A pale-faced young woman with delicate features and auburn hair sat along-side of the telephone closet in the reading-room of an up-town hotel the other day reading a book, says the New York Sun.

"Will you please ring up 329 Spring for me?" asked a young man who had just come in from the lobby.

The tone of his voice was familiar and patronizing, and he looked down at her with a very friendly smile. She, however, did not smile in return, but looked extremely bored. Without making any reply to his question, she went into the closet and rang the telephone. The young man stood just outside the door and leaned against it.

"This is a lovely—" he began, but was interrupted by the girl's reaching out her hand, apparently in a mechanical way, and pulling to the door. He got out of the way just in time, and stood biting the ends of his mustache. Presently she pushed open the door again.

"329 is at the telephone," she said. "Kindly ask if Mr. Joe Jones is there," he said very sweetly.

She shut the door again and addressed the person at the other end of the telephone. Presently she wheeled around in her chair, opened the door, and said: "They say they don't know any such person."

There was a frown on her face, but it was not in any way disconcerting the young man.

"Oh, pshaw," he said. "I must have made a mistake in the number. Never mind; how much is it?"

"Fifteen cents."

He pulled out a roll of bills, which he displayed ostentatiously, and then thrust back into his pocket again. From another pocket he then drew out the exact change, which he handed to her. At the same time he beamed on her in a languishing manner, but, as her face was averted, all this effort to impress her was lost. As soon as she received the money she resumed her seat, recorded the transaction on a slip of paper, picked up her book and returned to her reading. The young man did not leave, however, but tried to engage her in conversation.

"I am awfully sorry to have put you to so much trouble needlessly," he began, "but—"

At this moment he was interrupted by a sharp-eyed, strongly built man who had been watching him for some time from a corner of the room. He had stepped up unnoticed and suddenly ran against the young man as if by accident.

"Beg pardon," he said, as if in a great hurry, "but I want 1041 Courtlandt right away, miss."

The girl's face brightened as she jumped up and entered the closet again, while the young man looked savagely at the intruder, and then walked off disgruntled. As soon as he had gone the stout man tapped on the window of the closet and winked significantly, and the telephone girl called into the transmitter:

"Never mind, central, it was only another one of those duds. He has gone now, thank goodness."

The stout man walked back to his corner, and the girl resumed her reading.

Every day similar scenes are enacted, although sometimes there is delay before the rescuer arrives, owing to his being busy elsewhere.

"You see," he said in explanation of one such occurrence, "there is a lot of well-dressed fellows who come in here and patronize the bar more or less, who would like to flirt with the girl, and it wouldn't do to have any rumpus about it. So whenever I see any of them around I steer in here and watch them. When they get too fresh I give them this sort of a song and dance. It always works, too."

## A GREAT TIMEPIECE.

A Watch That Has Run Since 1754 and Is Still a Good Timepiece.

Judge Frederick W. Moore, of the superior court, is the possessor of an heirloom in the shape of a watch that no amount of money would buy, says the St. Louis Republic. And, besides its value as an heirloom, it has a historic interest.

The timepiece is of the open-face bull's-eye pattern. As with all old-style watches of the pattern mentioned, the outer case must be removed before it can be wound. The outer case of this watch is of hammered gold, and all the work on it was done by hand. While this is apparent from the workmanship, it is further proved by the date on the inside, which is 1754. There is an inscription on the inside as follows: "Daniel De St. Len, Servant to Her Majesty, London." Her Majesty then was the queen of George II., the then reigning king of England. The authentic history of this valuable timepiece is this: In the years preceding 1754 William Augustus, duke of Cumberland, the second son of George II., was the commander of the British armies. In the Scottish campaigns and in the campaigns against the Prussians and the Russians, and when he was at the head of the British, Hanoverian and Danish forces of fifty thousand men, Dr. Frederick William Schwartz, a Hanoverian, was on his staff as surgeon. At the close of the campaign against the Prussians and the Russians the duke had three watches made like the one Judge Moore has, and of which it is one. The watches were presented to three officers of the duke's staff by him as a mark of his esteem. One went to Dr. Schwartz, as a Hanoverian, one to a British officer and one to a Danish officer. The presentations were made in 1755. After the doctor's services had ended in 1757, and the duke had returned to London, it was expected he would succeed to the throne, but the birth of a son to his elder brother cut him out.

## MONEY IN PEANUTS.

Ten Million Dollars Spent Annually in America for This "Fruit."

A man incidentally asked a street vender if his peanuts were first-class, and the response to the inquiry was surprising, says the Chicago Tribune.

"No," said the vender. "You do not get first-class peanuts in this country in this way. The best peanuts are used for other purposes. They are made into meal and grits by scientific men, and in Germany they are prepared for sick people in the hospitals. The peanuts you get in candy are the very poorest grade. And some of the 'burnt almonds' which you get are nothing more than fourth-rate peanuts."

"Where did the peanut come from?"

"From Central and South America. They grow there in long pods, and the pods contain from four to five kernels. They were carried to the old world in the early days, and in the seventeenth century they constituted the chief staple of Africa. You will find if you look it up that the slave dealers of Africa in those days used to load their ships with peanuts to be used as food for their human cargoes. The negroes who were imported from Africa to this country brought over the peanut and they were scattered and first grew in Virginia. And now this country is raising the crop, and, owing to American shrewdness, the nut is ground and used for various purposes and shipped all over the world.

"I reckon you know," the vender continued, "that peanuts in a certain condition are more nutritious than beef. When specially prepared they rank with beans and peas. The peanut is said to contain 29 per cent. of protein and 49 per cent. of fat. What is known as peanut meal contains 52 per cent. of protein and 8 per cent. of fat. It is the cheapest of all food materials."

In 1861 and 1865 peanut oil was manufactured largely in four southern states, and was employed as a substitute for olive oil. In fact, one druggist admitted, some of the "olive oil" sold now in this country is nothing more than peanut oil. Nearly all of the olive oil sold in the United States is mixed with part of the peanut. Peanuts furnish from 30 to 50 per cent. of the weight of their kernels in oil. Sometimes peanut oil is used for lighting, and again it is utilized to advantage in the making of soap and as a lubricant in machine shops.

The American peanut is larger and better flavored than any other, but it does not contain so much oil as the African nut. The "cake" which is left after extracting the oil makes excellent feed for cattle, and is used very largely for that purpose in Germany, where it sells for \$30 to \$33 a ton. This country owes to Germany the suggestion it has received in relation to the edible qualities of peanuts, and the department of agriculture is now investigating the method of Germany in the way in which that country has handled the nut, and the result is to be published by the department for the benefit of the farmers.

The United States now produces 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts annually, or 88,000,000 pounds. The total world's supply amounts to about 600,000,000 pounds. The exportation from Africa and India to Europe during the last year amounted to nearly 400,000,000 pounds. Of this quantity 222,000,000 pounds were delivered at the port of Marseilles, France, the bulk of it being pressed for oil.

It is estimated that \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts are eaten every year in the United States, and most of the quantity, it is said, is consumed between meals and at odd times.

A strange sight was seen in London at the great fire in the grain warehouses near Blackfriars bridge. As the buildings, which were on the water's edge, were burning, a black mass was seen in the river floating from the Surrey to the Middlesex side. It was composed of thousands of rats, cut off from escape on the land side. About ten thousand of them succeeded in crossing the river, but were then unable to get up the smooth side of the Thames embankment and were carried down stream and drowned.

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