

A CAPTIVE PASHA.

Inhuman Treatment of an Explorer by African Mahdists.

The Prisoner Was Loaded Down with Chains Which He Was Compelled to Wear for Eight Months—Gen. Gordon's Death.

I was kept for eight months in chains by the mahdi. The chains were of the thickness of my wrist, one round my neck and two about my arms and legs. In addition to this, I was led to a pole like a dog or a bear. This treatment did not begin immediately upon my capture. The mahdists never, of course, treated me very cordially, but considering their fanaticism toward all unbelievers, I had really not very much to complain of before I was cast into chains. To the mahdists, all non-mahdists are infidels, whether Mohammedan, Christian, Jew, or anything else, and all infidels are deemed worthy only to be slain. I was taken to the mahdi's suite to Khartoum, and when we arrived at the walls the mahdi asked me to write a letter to Gen. Gordon calling upon him to surrender. Accordingly I wrote a letter in German, which no one in the mahdi's camp could control in any way, and it was duly dispatched. No answer, however, was returned, and from that, as well as from other indications, the mahdi concluded that I had not carried out his wishes. Therefore he cast me into chains.

For the next eight months I was very badly treated. The chains were so heavy that I could scarcely rise up at all. When we moved from place to place I was put on to a donkey, and two men walked by my side to prop me up. The object of this was to prevent my escaping into Khartoum, which they suspected I intended to do. When Khartoum fell, the mahdists found certain documents which they considered incriminating, so they increased my irons and their severity toward me. Within an hour of Gordon's death his head was brought to me in my prison wrapped up in a cloth, which they unfolded before me. I had no difficulty in recognizing it at once. For some reason or other they had taken it into their heads that I was Gordon's nephew, and no amount of arguing could disabuse them of that notion. They thought they recognized a likeness, and they kept repeating that we both had fair hair and blue eyes, as if that were conclusive. After all, one European seems very like another to them, just as one negro seems like another to us. I heard full details of Gordon's death afterward. Gordon defended Khartoum as well as it was possible for him to do under the circumstances. I think Gordon might have escaped from Khartoum, had he wished to do so, at the last moment. He was killed on the top of the steps of the palace during the first rush of the invaders. One of the foremost men plunged a spear into his body; he was dragged down the steps in a wild tumult, and pierced through and through by countless spears.

For three months my diet consisted only of various kinds of corn, chiefly douma, not ground, but in its hard, indigestible state. Afterward I was given beans and a kind of polenta. They would no doubt have killed me, but that they considered me too valuable a prisoner. I had been governor general of the province of Darfur, and it added to their prestige to take me about with them to make use of the influence I possessed in the district. I suffered a good deal in health during my confinement, being attacked by fever and dysentery. No one made any attempt at nursing me, or provided me with any remedies. I had to lie on the bare ground with a stone for my pillow, and was afforded no comfort or relaxation of any kind. I was released a couple of months or so before the mahdi died, but the strictest watch was kept over me.

On the death of the mahdi I was made one of the khalifa's bodyguard, which meant that I was practically always under his eye. I used generally to be stationed outside his door, and was liable to be called in to do his bidding at any moment. Of the two, I preferred the mahdi to the khalifa. Until he threw me into chains, the mahdi was comparatively amiable to me. He was a man of some education, knew how to read and write, and possessed an intimate acquaintance with the Mohammedan religion. The khalifa has not the religious prestige of his predecessor, and is alienating many of his supporters by an attempt to found a dynasty. This he has no earthly right to do, either by law or tradition. Before his son could succeed him, other khalifas, appointed by the late mahdi would have a prior claim. Very strict rules are in force against either drinking spirituous liquors or smoking tobacco. Ner do the mahdists use opium or hashish—for one reason, because they are not procurable. Anyone caught smoking tobacco is liable to a punishment of one hundred lashes, and the confiscation of all his property. In spite of that, there are still a good many persons who venture to do it secretly. All these regulations are simply a cloak for the most monstrous immorality. The khalifa has a harem of four hundred or five hundred women, and devotes a large part of his time to its amenities.

The khalifa maintains his influence by tyranny and despotism, and the inhabitants—other than his own tribe—look forward, anxiously, to the time when Egypt will once again claim her lost provinces. But that is not a project to be undertaken too lightly, and when we do set about it we must be sure that we are able to carry it out to a successful issue.—Slatin Pasha, in London Saturday Review.

—Great New York Editor—"What does this mean? Why was my editorial on the decadence of journalism left over?" Trembling Assistant—"Please, sir, so much room was taken up by the 'How to Eat Corned Beef Hash' symposium."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SNOW MADNESS.

Awful Effect of the Beautiful Upon People Way Down South.

Any person who has lived in countries where snow is an ordinary circumstance and condition of the winter season must, if he had witnessed the extraordinary behavior of the people of New Orleans in the snowstorm, have been thoroughly astonished, says the New Orleans Picayune.

The falling of the feathery flakes seemed to have operated on the people like wine, and from the highest to the lowest, young and old, grave and gay, the dignified and the comical, revelled in the unwonted conditions and fell to pelting each other with snowballs as if they had been a gang of schoolboys.

The result of this midwinter madness was that every person who passed along the streets was unmercifully pelted, and in many cases no consideration was shown to age, sex or condition. There were men who were posted at street corners with magazines of snowballs ready to fall upon the unwary passenger, whether on foot or in vehicles.

Many of these balls had been dipped in water and compressed until they were solid lumps of ice, and when they struck a victim about the head and face inflicted severe injury. One gentleman who was passing on Gravier street, near the Citizens' bank, got a blow in the eye which may cost his sight, and many others were knocked down and otherwise injured. Glasses in windows of houses, of street cars and of private carriages were broken by the volleys of balls and nobody was safe from attack.

The people afflicted with this snow madness, although many were respectable citizens, did not seem to realize that they were violating private rights or disturbing the peace, or, if they did, they were too intent on making the most of an opportunity which occurs only at long intervals to pelt all comers without fear of punishment, to care.

In countries where snow is common every winter there are ethics of snow-balling, just as well as of any other sport or business. There the fun is only indulged in between friends and acquaintances who consent to liberties taken, while to strike a stranger or an unwilling person with a snowball is as much an assault as would be striking with a stone. Of course some allowance must be made here for the extraordinary excitement caused by so rare an occurrence as a snowfall, but even the maddest of the revelers ought to understand that a ball of ice or one mixed with mud, lumps of coal and oyster shells is capable of inflicting a serious wound upon the head and face, and the deliberate use of such missiles is more like an act of malice than sport.

BANANAS IN A BLIZZARD.

Combination Which Excited the Risibilities of Some Street Railway Men.

Two Italians were trudging down the street-car tracks under the South side elevated road in Chicago during the blizzard the other day. Great clouds of snow were swept by them by the wind, so that half the time they were invisible or only dimly outlined two blocks away. The tracks were covered faster than the sweepers could clear them and the cars had a time of it in getting along. Each Italian had a huge basket of bananas on his head, protected from the unfriendly elements by a piece of oilcloth, and trudged along in the teeth of the blast as serenely as if he were under the skies of Italy, and the howling northwester was a summer zephyr from summer seas.

An employe of the street car company, a strapping fellow with seven-league boots on, faced about for a moment to let his back stand the brunt of the storm for awhile, and in doing so caught sight of the two banana merchants. Immediately his half-frozen features relaxed into a broad grin, and turning to the other men who were at work with him, he shouted:

"Say, boys! look at them Egyptians with their bananas. I guess we ain't got no kick comin'."

All the men joined in the laugh, and after a few moments returned to their work much relieved by this little diversion.

Would Be More Land Than Water.

If old ocean's waters were lowered three miles more than half its great depth would be taken away. All the great seas, such as the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, and those of the China coast, would vanish or be reduced to small basins inclosed within a rim separating them from the shrunken field of waters. The lands, after a subsidence of two miles, would rather exceed the ocean in area; with a subsidence of three they would occupy more than two-thirds of the earth's surface. The seas which would remain would form, not a connected ocean of considerable size, but separate basins, the largest gathered around the south pole.

A Spring That Runs Up Hill.

One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Ga., says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way into the Atlantic ocean. Of course, it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country, and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

Pearls for the Poor.

By the will of the late Caroline, duchess of Montrose, the amount realized by the gem of her casket of jewels—the wonderful necklace of over three hundred pearls—is to be devoted to the relief of the East end poor. As the necklace realized no less than eleven thousand five hundred pounds sterling I hope the money will be wisely expended. One could do a great deal of good with eleven thousand five hundred pounds sterling, but one could also do a great deal of harm with such a sum, and create quite a small army of paupers with it.

PONY PENNING.

A Favorite Sport of the People of Chincoteague Island.

How Hundreds of the Little Animals Are Rounded Up and Captured by the Men and Boys—A Gala Occasion.

Chincoteague and Assateague have had their hundredth annual pony penning. Chincoteague is a small island in the Atlantic close to the shore of Accomack county, Va. Assateague is a long, narrow peninsula lying outside of Chincoteague and protecting it from the assaults of the Atlantic. Chincoteague is a glittering little island, brilliant with sand and salt water, densely peopled, well wooded and haunted by mocking birds. There is neither poverty nor crime there, drunkenness is almost unknown, and doors are always unlocked. It is the boast of Chincoteague that no slave ever lived upon its soil, and that the island remained true to the union throughout the war. There are no better sailors anywhere than the people of Chincoteague, and there are no stancher little boats than the Chincoteague canoe with double leg-of-mutton sails.

Nobody knows positively the origin of the Chincoteague ponies. It is only known that they have roamed the marshy pastures of the islands for at least a century, and there is a tradition that the ancestors of the ponies came ashore from a wrecked ship in the eighteenth century. These, doubtless, were full grown horses, and the Chincoteague pony of to-day is a degenerate, through droughts in summer and exposure in the open pastures through long winters. But degenerate as he is, the Chincoteague pony is a fine, hardy, and often beautiful animal, with strength out of proportion to his size, and when well broken, has strength, agility and speed. He is from ten to twelve hands high and from six to eight hundred pounds in weight. From two hundred and fifty to four hundred of these little creatures roam the island pastures. There are, perhaps, half as many on the lower end of Assateague.

A stallion leads upon the pastures a group of from ten to twenty-five mares and colts. The leader is on the constant lookout for danger, and at his snort his whole polygamous family take to their heels. The ponies are really far from wild, and one may easily approach within fifty or twenty yards of a group at pasture. The older stallions become fierce and quarrelsome, and have to be removed from the pastures from time to time, lest they should destroy one another or the younger stallions. They are all excellent swimmers, and when the pastures become bare on Chincoteague they frequently swim to the neighboring islets, where the salt grass is still green. It is not uncommon to see from the top of Assateague light a group of horses bathing in the surf. The colts are born and nurtured in the open pastures, and the annual pony penning is for the double purpose of branding these colts and selling some of the older horses.

Pony-penning day is still a fete day on Chincoteague. The pen for the horses is built near the center of the village, and on the morning of the pony penning men and boys mounted on swift and well-broken ponies ride out to the pastures to drive in the wild creatures. The groups of ponies are slowly driven together on the pasture and then started toward the pen. As the pen is neared the guards thicken, so that the whole band is easily driven into the enclosure. Branding irons are heated; men with rope nooses on the end of long poles leap into the pens. The colts are thrown to the ground and held there while the iron is applied. The branding done, the auction follows. Unbroken horses fetch from twenty-five to forty dollars each. Others, broken to harness, fetch as high as sixty dollars. Well-matched pairs sometimes fetch one hundred and fifty dollars. The ponies have long been the pets of children of well-to-do families on the mainland, and of late years have been sold over a large part of the United States. They are larger than Shetland ponies and more beautiful.—N. Y. Press.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF GIRLS

How They May Be Distinguished by the Young Men of the Period.

It has occurred to me, says a writer in London Truth, to compile a "Guide to Girls," for the use of young men who are beginners in society. To give some idea of the scope of that work, I submit the following extracts:

"Not exactly pretty, but such a good daughter"—Plain beyond description, and as tenacious as a barnacle. To be scrupulously avoided.

"Knows everyone and goes everywhere"—Middle-aged and unprepossessing; has been hawked about for years. Not only knows everybody, but knows more than they do themselves.

"So clever"—Clear eyes, high forehead, masterful. Talks pretentiously upon pretentious subjects.

"Very artistic"—Untidy, unwholesome, unkempt; voice which sounds as if it had come from her boots. Too much "soul" and too much "body." To be well shaken before taken.

"So good-natured"—Chatters unceasingly; agrees with everybody. Looks stupid and amiable, but is shrewd and selfish.

"An heiress"—Imperious and supercilious; forehead generally shiny. Needs a fortune and more to make her not only presentable but bearable.

"Writes"—Affects a far-away, preoccupied air; dresses curiously, and talks riskily. Depreciates the work of others, and by inference magnifies the excellence of her own. Has nothing more original in her than original sin.

"Sings beautifully"—Bursting with trills and trills; with the slightest encouragement would set to singing, even in the middle of a dinner. Hovers hungrily around the piano. To be taken in homeopathic doses.

HIGH PRICES FOR HORSES.

The Horseless Age Is Evidently Very Far Distant Still.

When a pair of registered Hackney mares sells in harness at public auction for 1,000 guineas it is somewhat difficult to conjure up a vision of "the horseless age." "The passing of the horse"—that phrase which now so rhythmically glides from the daily press—is not without its real significance. It means that the horse is passing old marks as to time on the track and price in the market place. His royal highness the prince of Wales caused a selection of Hackney brood mares and fillies and hacks and harness horses to be sold from his Sandringham stud July 11, and fifty-three head made an average of \$650. Thirty-one Hackneys made an average of \$665 and twenty-two hacks and harness horses averaged \$620. Included in this last average are the Hackney mares which in harness brought \$5,000. These were the 4-year-olds Bay of Ancona (5,004), by Aconus 2d, and Viola (6,278), by our own Cadet. The purchaser was William Waldorf Astor. Red Ruin, by Cadet, and Kit-Cat, by Vigorous, brought \$1,750, the next highest price for a pair. Thoroughbred, Arab, Cleveland Bay and Hackney stallions sired the harness horses, and the Hackney progeny led considerably in the selling. Among the Hackney breeding stock the highest price was \$2,000 for the Confidence mare Jessy, which fell to Sir Walter Gilbey; but Cadeau, by Cadet, was hard after this figure, with a bid of \$1,750 from Lord Durham. Seven of the mares and fillies each brought \$1,000 or upward, while only ten sold for less than \$500. Col. North, the "nitrate king," was the heaviest purchaser, although Mr. Astor bought five, including the highest-priced pair.

WEAPONS INDIANS FEAR.

They Don't Like to Face Telescopic Sights and Heavy Bullets.

Indians sometimes face light firearms with great courage, but they fight shy of the attentions of any weapon that sends a large projectile," said Col. F. A. Blake, who has had wide experience on the western plains. "The rush and scream of the heavy bullets frightens them, and they prefer to keep away from their range. To that not unreasonable prejudice is due the fact that the buffalo hunters of the early '70s, who in following their business were constantly exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians, were molested comparatively little by them. The long, heavy rifle, with its telescopic sights and the knowledge of the deadly certainty of the buffalo hunter's aim, almost invariably served to make the red man keep his distance, and set him temporarily free from the notion of scalp hunting.

"One buffalo hunter by the name of Murdock, that I knew, was creeping upon a herd on the Staked Plain when he spied a band of Comanches riding toward him. He instantly leveled his gun upon them as a warning that they should not approach too near. Checking his warriors, the chief of the band pointed with his hand to a buffalo in the distant herd, then mentioned in the Indian language that the hunter should shoot it. Murdock fired as the chief indicated and the buffalo fell. The Indians gave a loud 'How' of approval, waived their hands, turned their ponies and swept on past the hunter, leaving him to pursue his shooting of the buffalo unmolested."

Lobsters Milked by Eels.

Capt. Asbury Adams, who has been connected with the United States fish commission for a number of years, and has had a large experience in hatching deep-sea fish at Ten Pound Island and Wood's Hole, gave a talk on fish hatching before the Business Men's association the other evening, says a Gloucester (Mass.) dispatch to the Boston Herald. He said that last year the work of hatching lobster eggs was begun at Ten Pound Island, and one hundred million young lobsters were hatched and liberated. He said he had seen eels suck eggs from lobsters in an aquarium and he had become convinced that the greater part of lobster spawn is destroyed in this manner.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

—the bad habits and early vices of young men and their disastrous consequences. Young men and old men, those who suffer from nervous debility and exhaustion, the wasting away of the vital strength and power from hidden drains or interpermeable habits can readily find relief for body and mind by writing the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. They employ a full staff of physicians and Specialists, who treat at a distance by correspondence or at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, all this class of diseases. Those who suffer from low spirits, irritable temper, a "broken-down" nervous system, and such distressing symptoms as backache, dizziness, shooting pains in head or chest and indigestion, sexual excesses or abuses, all the result of exhausting diseases or drains upon the system,—will find a permanent cure after taking the special prescriptions sent them from the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. This association of medical men have prepared a book written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice, with 10 cents (in stamps for postage) mail, sealed in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, parent and guardian in the land.

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for Infants and Children.

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Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

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Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

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