

TEAZEL RAISING.

A Circumscribed Industry in This Country.

Onondaga County, N. Y., Supplies the Curious Seed Case So Important in Dressing Woolen Cloth.

A few weeks ago Onondaga county, N. Y., harvested the last of this year's crop of teazels, a statement which, judging from the effect of it as made in the presence of a number of generally well-informed people, means nothing to the average New Yorker. And yet the humble and almost unknown *Dipsacus Fullonum* plays a larger and until recently an indispensable part in each man's economy, and, in these tailor-made days, of many a woman's. Nature has devised about 150 patterns of teazel, but, so far as known, only one species, the fuller's, the subject, as the political biographers say, of this sketch, has any value to man. He used to drink a decoction made from its roots as a diuretic and sudorific, so old books of *materia medica* say, but the plant's chief utility has been found in its peculiar seed-cases, which a careless observer might call its burrs. These, with their elastic recurring spines, with points finer than the most delicate cambric needle, are used to raise the nap on such fabrics as are commonly used for men's clothing, and have always been a valuable article of commerce in the countries where these latter are manufactured.

Though so greatly in demand in this country, teazels have never been raised in any quantity outside of the circumscribed territory of Onondaga county; not because there was not a market for more, but because the peculiar soil necessary to the development of the best quality seems to have been found nowhere else in America, if we except a portion of Oregon, which produces a few good teazels. The possibilities of the rich central New York uplands were discovered by the men of Somersetshire, England, who formed so large an element of the early population of this part of the state and who naturally turned their attention to an industry which had flourished in their native country across the sea.

Perhaps another reason why the teazel is not found distributed in wider area is that its cultivation is too slow for the average northern farmer. It takes two years to bring it to maturity. The first year the seed is drilled in, as is done with wheat, except that the rows are about three feet apart. As the plants come up, they are thinned out, and the crop is hoed and cultivated at intervals, hills of corn being planted among it, that the stalks may hold the snow on the ground, lest the tender plants be winter-killed. The second year they are cultivated until they are so high and spreading that a horse can no longer pass between the rows, and the cutting begins at any time from July 20 to August 1, occupying a space of three weeks or more. A teazel field approaching maturity is a pleasant sight, with its tall, sturdy plants, with their spreading, serrated leaves and blossoms somewhat resembling those of a large thistle and of a sweet and penetrating odor.

The cutting begins as soon as the seed cases growing on the central stem become ripe and hard. They are the largest, and are called "kings;" next come the "mediums," on the branching stems, and last the "buttons," or smallest of all. The teazel farmer has a teazel barn, built much in the style of a tobacco barn, in which he places his crop for drying, on scaffolds, or shelves, four feet apart, piling the teazels eight or ten deep. They are left here from two to five weeks. At the end of that time the teazel buyer is making his rounds. This year the price offered the producer was ten cents a pound, without sorting. If he thought that too low, he was under no necessity of selling, so far as any deterioration of his teazels were concerned, for while a teazel cannot be said to improve with age, and dealers prefer new ones, the product is serviceable even after 20 years' storage, and many a man has had to hold his crop year after year until his barns were full to overflowing, in the hope of receiving higher prices. In a good year the supply has been known to reach 40,000,000, and it has fallen as low as 20,000,000 pounds.

At the woolen factories the sum paid for teazels ranges from ten to twenty-five cents a pound, but that is after the heads have been trimmed, sorted and packed, a work requiring some patience, for each teazel must be handled separately. How elaborate an operation this sorting is may be understood from the fact that within the three classes already mentioned there are 30 subclasses.—N. Y. Tribune.

The King of Belgium.

A tall, slim, rigid-faced man, of austere manner, is the king of Belgium. His forehead is broad, his features keen, his beard full and heavily streaked with gray. King Leopold is seventy years old, and a simple-lived, quiet potentate, who divides his spare time between studying scientific problems and outwalking his courtiers. He eats or drinks sparingly, sleeps on a camp bed, rises abnormally early, loves England, and hates any form of entertainment, especially theaters. He is, however, a ravenous reader, and is posted up to date, not only on matters of political importance, but with the court gossip of the day. Personally, he cannot be said to be popular with his subjects, but he is not a bad sort, as kings go, and a zealous adversary of capital punishment. "Never," he declared, before his accession, "shall a drop of blood flow during my reign."

The Order of Albert the Bear was founded in 1836 in the state of Anhalt. In 1014 an order was established in Palestine, the Noble Order of Martyrs. There are over three hundred orders of nobility in the various states of Germany.

HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN LIVED

For Many Years a Shrine Visited by Thousands of Patriots.

The Lincoln homestead stands on the northeast corner of Eighth and Jackson streets in Springfield, Ill. Mr. Lincoln bought it in 1846. It was then a story and a half house but subsequently raised to two stories. It is a plain frame structure and contains twelve rooms. Mr. Lincoln lived there fifteen years; in fact, until he departed for Washington on the 12th of February, 1861, to take the presidential chair. A family by the name of Tilton occupied the house during the war, and in those four years sixty-five thousand people called to see the home of the president. For a long time it was unoccupied. In November, 1883, Capt. O. H. Oldroyd rented the house and threw its doors open to visitors. In 1887 Robert Lincoln decided the house to the state. Capt. Oldroyd was the custodian for a long time, but was removed by the democratic administration, his successor being Herman Hofferkamp. Capt. Oldroyd is now the custodian of the house in which Mr. Lincoln died in Washington and has taken with him the grandest collection of Lincoln relics in the world. Oldroyd spent a lifetime getting these mementos together. The state could well afford to have bought the collection and set apart a fund for its preservation.

The house, says the Chicago Tribune, is open to the public now and is virtually just as Mr. Lincoln left it. Some repapering and repairing has been done, but the proportions in the house are in no way changed. A year or so ago the state officials had the house photographed and had accurate measurements made of the edifice that it might be rebuilt in case of fire.

Hundreds of thousands of people have visited this house, men and women representing every civilized nation of the earth, and some of the barbarous ones, too, for that matter. Some years ago John Philip Sousa, then the leader of the Marine band, gave a matinee in Springfield. At the conclusion of the performance he took his band, sixty-five pieces in all, over to the Lincoln mansion. After appropriate music every member of this famous body of musicians made his signature on the register book. The occasion attracted an immense crowd, and numerous and prominent speeches were made by citizens of note. Sousa held a special train two hours to accomplish this, he and his men regarding it a slight testimonial of the respect in which they held Mr. Lincoln's memory.

POOR BOB WHITE.

A Pile for the Sby Game Bird When the Weather Is Bad.

When snow covers the ground and sleet envelops trees and shrubs many birds of various kinds seek the farmhouse and its vicinity. They seem to know that in their extremity man is their friend. Their confidence is not misplaced; they are liberally fed by different members of the household until the emergency has passed and they are again able to make their own living. These birds come to man's abode for protection as well as for food, and after the cravings of hunger are appeased they stay around the dwelling, feeling that the predatory hawk, fox, owl and the heartless, murderous gunner of this season will not recklessly venture to assail them. Frequently these birds return season after season to the same homesteads. By reason of their appeal to mankind birds of this class seldom die from the effects of hard winters, says the Baltimore Sun.

That the great game bird, the partridge, excessively wild and timid, does not, when privation comes, seek man's homestead like the birds mentioned above, though in extremes of weather a covey of partridges may be seen about the strawyards where cattle are housed and fed. Their presence about such places is proof of their sufferings, for they only leave their accustomed haunts and fastnesses when sorely pressed for want of food. These birds have been found dead in severe weather, poisoned from eating laurel to satisfy their hunger. Clothed in beautiful plumage of hues in accord with the ground, they escape fairly well from the hawk in ordinary times, but they stand out in bold relief on the snow and fall an easy prey to the tireless, insatiate hawk, as well as the fox and owl. It is against the law to either shoot or trap this noble bird at this season, and farmers and others should see that no marauding in this line is done. In addition to preserving this gallinaceous bird the agriculturist knows that the partridge is the farmer's friend, and that he destroys myriads of injurious insects, thus protecting the grain crops and the fruit from much injury. Everyone, whether resident of the city or country, loves to hear the call "Bob White," on bright summer days through harvest time and early in the fall, when the young ones are nearly grown, and to watch the male partridge perched on the fence as he gives out the note. It is impossible to look at him then without feeling love and admiration stir the heart. He is in trouble now. Let everyone who can help him. Bait the haunts of the partridges in your vicinity daily with corn and wheat. Use your gun on the hawks and owls and put your pack of hounds on the foxes.

The Boston Museum of Art has received a legacy of fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of modern American paintings.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY, it is said, has written a play in which the characters are to assume, as far as possible, the forms and features of his drawings.

BERLIN proposes to have an international art exhibition next year. The Association of Berlin Artists, with Anton von Werner, the painter, at its head, has the matter in charge.

At Narbonne a Roman mosaic pavement eighty-six feet square was recently discovered near the city cemetery. The stones are black and white, arranged in beautiful and novel designs.

RAISIN VINEYARDS.

A Great Industry in the State of California.

Treatment of the Grape Vines to Keep Them in Bearing—Irrigation Is a Most Essential Portion of the Work.

Fresno county, of California, is pre-eminently the raisin center of the United States, its exports alone during the past year having amounted to sixty-five millions of pounds.

This locality, comprising an area of eight thousand square miles, lies in the heart of the justly celebrated San Joaquin valley. Two-thirds of the county is level vineyard and orchard land; the remainder, spurs of the snow-clad Sierra Nevada and their luxuriant and fertile foothills. Fifteen years ago this vast tract of land was a barren plain, fit only at its best for sheep pasture and grain farming on a small scale.

To-day the desert literally "blossoms as the rose," and its "milk and honey" of solid comfort and wealth are its raisin vineyards. But these in turn are the product of the irrigation supplied by the two magnificent rivers, Kings and San Joaquin, which flow westward from the melting snows of the Sierras.

This supply is ceaseless, the water being conducted by about two thousand miles of canals and five thousand miles of lateral ditches to thousands of small farms and vineyards in Fresno valley. The county is supposed to have the most extensive irrigation system in the world—certainly in the state—and the system is as essential to its vital existence as is the warm blood rushing through the veins to the health of the animal.

The cost of supplying a vineyard with water is but sixty-two cents per acre per annum, and the labor of applying it, if the land has been properly leveled to receive it, is slight. No Venetian canal, with its graceful gondolas sailing between the marbled walls of the old palaces, is half as beautiful to the Fresno raisin vineyardist as the ribbon-like and limpid "ditch," upon whose quiet surface are mirrored earth and sky and the tangled leafy loveliness which lies between.

A raisin vineyard is in full bearing in three years, but the grape has not reached its perfection until the vine from which it springs is six or seven years old.

The Muscat and Thompson seedless are the best variety of raisin grape cultivated, the latter having only been introduced within the last few years, but the Zinfandel and Sultanina have also large claims upon popularity.

Standing before one of these vines, upon which inverted cones of countless perfect spheres are hanging—each cluster weighing several pounds—a vision of the Hebrew spies, with their magnificent grapes of Eschcol, borne "on a staff between the two," rises before us, and involuntarily we exclaim: "Is not this also the Promised Land?"

Few sights are more disappointing to the eastern tourist and stranger than a ride through a raisin vineyard in March or early April.

Nothing greets the eye but acres of level land covered with brown soil, from whose arable surface thousands of small horned stumps protrude, about four or five inches high and standing ten feet apart.

The pruning of the vines is done between the middle of November and the 1st of March.

Soon after the wooing sunbeams of May coax open the folded buds the cultivator begins its work. Soon the laterals throw out their long arms, upon which already appears the embryo grape cluster, and until the leaves of the vine meet and shut out the possibility of getting a plow between them the cultivation continues. In this constant vigilance lies the secret of success.

Slowly the forest of vines expands. As far as the eye can reach is a dead level of living green interspersed with silvery isles of running water.

About the first of September the long sunny days, the dewless nights and the percolated soil have perfected their marvelous work, and the first crop is ready to be gathered. By this time the laterals have run riot, and the vineyardist can scarcely see over the top of his vines.

The process of grape-gathering for raisins requires the most delicate handling and cleanliness. Hundreds of shallow wooden trays, about five feet square, are distributed among dozens of trained pickers. The bunches are carefully cut from the vine, and as carefully laid upon the base of the tray to avoid bruising them. They remain untouched for ten days and nights. One-half the grape is by this time cured; but instead of turning them with the hand, an empty tray is placed over them, the lower one is inverted, and the turning and transfer have been made. In twelve more days the curing is completed. The trays and contents are then stacked about twenty trays high, where they remain for five days sweating, when they are ready to be graded and packed in boxes of five, ten, twenty and fifty pounds for the eastern market.

Vines six years old yield one and a half tons of raisins per acre, giving a net income of two hundred dollars per acre. While the supply of raisins is as unending as the growing demand, there is an aesthetic as well as an economic side. A few women have not only found raisin vineyards a source of comfortable revenue, but their cultivation a most elegant and healthful pastime.

The approach to some of their homes, with the vineyard in the rear of the dwelling house, is through avenues of palm and magnolia trees, and if they live, as many do, against the foothills of the Sierras, a ride through the columnar glories of giant redwoods is a fitting introduction to the beauty and utility which is sure to be found.—Nellie Blessing Eyster, in Harper's Weekly.

HARD TO MANAGE.

Cats Give Animal Trainers a Great Deal of Trouble.

An English exhibitor of trained animals, Mr. Leoni Clarke, is reported as saying that, though he has educated all sorts of animals, from lions downward, he has found that the most difficult of them all is the cat. He has to treat these creatures with extraordinary care. A dog is sensible, a monkey accommodating, and a rat either forgiving or forgetful—but a cat! She is a hopeless bundle of sensibilities. Strike her once, if only by accident, and she will never perform again. Kindness is not only politic, it is absolutely necessary, in the training of cats.

Although thirty cats are sufficient for his entertainment, he has sixty or more with him, for cats are very skittish creatures, and when they take the whim into their heads it is useless to take them on the stage. When Mr. Clarke enters the stable the mewing is prodigious and he is instantly buried in a moving mantle of cats. It took him four years to train some of his animals before he could put them upon the stage. A parachute cat, which climbs up a rope to the roof of the theater, and flies down by parachute, is the second which has done the trick. The first became too fat, and fell into bad ways. It is now Jim Corbett, and boxes Mitchell nightly. A curious feature of the show is the way in which the cats walk over a rope of rats and mice and canaries, stepping gingerly between the little fluttering bodies. This mighty forbearance is brought about by training up the cats from kittens in the same cage as the rats and birds. There are only six of the cats that Mr. Clarke dares trust among the rats. The rats and mice come from Java.

ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S WONDERS.

Leaves That Seem to Crawl When Blown Off the Trees.

Among the strange stories told about the wonderful things to be found in Australia there is one of crawling leaves, says the New Orleans Picayune. English sailors first brought an account of this phenomenon. They were roaming along the coast when a sudden breeze shook down a number of leaves, which floated gently to the ground. The sailors were surprised at this shower, because it was not the fall of the year, but midsummer, and the falling leaves looked fresh and green. But this was nothing to what followed. After a short rest these leaves began crawling along the ground toward the tree from which they came. The sailors were too much frightened to stop and investigate, and one of the men said, in relating the adventure, that he expected every minute to see the trees step out and dance a hornpipe. Fortunately other travelers were not too much frightened to stop and examine the matter. It was discovered that these queer leaves are really insects which live upon the trees and are of the same color as the foliage. They have very thin, flat bodies and wings shaped like large leaves. When disturbed by a breeze they fold their legs under their bodies, and then the leaf-like shape, with stem and all, is complete. Not only are they bright green in summer, like the foliage of the trees at that time, but they actually change like the leaves to the dull brown produced by frost. Another peculiarity of these insects is that when shaken to the ground they seldom use their wings. After lying there for a few minutes, as though they were really leaves, they crawl to the tree and ascend the trunk without seeming to know that they have the power to get back to their quarters in a much easier and quicker way.

CAPT. CHARLES GALE, who now resides at Sombre, Ont., at the age of seventy-seven, was born at old Fort Dearborn, Chicago's historic site, and spent several years of his boyhood there.

ONE of the most noted architects of Boston, Dennis Reardon, has been totally blind since his ninth year. He designed the plans for the Boston library, the natural history building and many other prominent edifices.



If a man knew he was going to be hanged, he would certainly make every effort to prevent it. He would do everything he could and strain every nerve to the last minute to get himself out of his predicament. Men have been saved from hanging after the rope was around their necks. There are ways of dying that are not so quick that are even more certain. The man who neglects his health, and who in sickness refuses to take medicine, really has the rope of disease around his neck. He will die if he doesn't throw it off. A man who will struggle against hanging is really careless about his health. He may be traveling straight toward consumption and pay no attention to it, and yet death by consumption is much more terrible than death by hanging. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Consumption is likely to be caused by weakness and in its turn, it increases the weakness. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is an invigorating, strength-giving and flesh-making medicine. It increases the appetite, puts the digestive organs in perfect order, purifies and enriches the blood, and builds up firm, healthy flesh.

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