

NEGRO LIFE.

A Word Picture of Its Delights and Disappointments.

The Corn Shucking at Uncle Moses' and Its Interesting Features—Scenes of Hilarity Among the Dusky Participants.

Uncle Moses and his wife, Aunt Dilsy, both being very old and afflicted, were allowed to occupy a little old cabin and use what land they could tend, rent free.

Uncle Moses requested that he be permitted "to cut de trees often dat ar h' branch, what runs from my bac yard, please, sah."

Permission granted, Uncle Moses didn't look as if he could fell a sapling. He was so afflicted that he couldn't plow. It was Aunt Dilsy that plowed. But he displayed an ability to cut down trees that was truly astonishing. Soon he had a long, narrow strip of rich, low ground, and Aunt Dilsy plowed it with the cow. She plowed with the cow because she was of a timid nature besides being afflicted. She would have been afraid of any other beast, even if she had had one, which she hadn't. And now, behold the corn! Such a pile of corn had been raised on "dat ar h' branch bottom" that its fame had spread abroad over the plantation.

Very proud and boastful was Uncle Moses, and great was the crowd at his corn shucking. Old and young, renters and hired hands, and even Uncle Bristol Hunt, who owned seven acres of land, were all there. As it was not a "licker corn shucking," but a "supper corn shucking," the ladies were out in full force.

Conspicuous among them were the Conitchee girls, in red skirts and new shirt waists, the belles of the evening. Running them pretty close, though, were the Turner girls, who wore only gingham dresses, but had side combs in their bangs and their back hair arranged in Psyche's. The boys were numerous and jolly, several from "over the creek" being present. Jimmie Goode, the crack banjo player, was also there.

"You, Jimmie, dar!" cried Uncle Moses. "Don't you shuck none o' my corn; you pick dat banjo, so dese niggers can wuk fast. Dis ain't no one-horse corn pile!"

"All right, Uncle Moses," assented Jimmie, readily. "Jesso I don't haf ter pick it at supper time," and the fascinating strains of "Georgie Buck" filled the air.

The shucking went on briskly with increasing hilarity.

"Hi, dar, you niggers!" interrupted Uncle Moses. "Don't you dassen't play baseball wid my years o' corn," and "You stop dat rasslin', you Sam Jones en Kiah Hawkins! Miss Pattie Belle Conitchee ain't lookin' at yer en yer ain't got her ter presy."

The task of preserving order kept Uncle Moses busy and gave him little time for telling any of his stories of "de good old time befo' de war."

When the huge pile of corn was getting low, the magic announcement of "Supper!" was made—and such a supper! Fat roasted pig, luscious chicken pie, spiced pumpkin pies, golden potato custards and the most wonderful cakes.

Aunt Dilsy was a cook "shore nuff."

The compliments she received from the appreciative consumers were fairly overwhelming. The crowning feature was the cutting of the "live bird cake." It was a veritable cake, brown and delicious, in the center of which was a bird, alive and fluttering. A vote was taken to decide which of the young ladies should have the honor of cutting the cake and liberating the bird.

Excitement ran high, and through the energetic efforts of Kiah Hawkins, Miss Pattie Belle Conitchee came very near being elected to that honor. But Miss Ginky Turner received the most votes in the end, greatly to the elation of the Turner faction. Miss Ginky Turner was led up to the cake table by Jimmie Goode, his banjo swung jauntily over his shoulder, and she sliced the cake with much grace and dexterity. The live bird hopped out, and after flying about the room in bewildered, perched itself upon a raft, among sage and red peppers, from which height it seemed to view the proceedings with a quizzical eye. The banjo being again called into requisition, Jimmie Goode played "Bird in a Cage, Love," all singing with him. This was followed by "Dat Yaller Gal, She's Mine," a solo by Kiah Hawkins. Jimmie then played his imitable "Johnnie, Cyann't Yer Cum?" but it was to the dulcet strains of "Greasy Bread" that old Uncle Moses went to sleep under the table.—N. Y. Sun.

A Courageous Woman.

As an example of woman's courage a story of a brave school-teacher comes from India. Miss Lucinda Gore, of Luckharabad, was standing in the schoolhouse one day, when, turning round, she saw in the open doorway the glaring eyes of a tiger. She did not scream or faint, but seized a broom and drove it full in the tiger's face, brush foremost. Some of the bristles entered the tiger's eyes and, with a howl of pain he drew back to make a spring at her. Then she slammed the door in his face. The supports of the door were but slender and would not resist the tiger's attacks long, but, while he banged his head at it, she lowered one of the boys through the window to alarm the neighbors. Assistance soon arrived and the tiger was shot.

The Order of the Porcupine was established in France in 1893.

The Order of the Wing of St. Michael is Portuguese; founded in 1172.

There are said to be nearly six hundred orders of nobility in Europe.

In 1890 an order was established at Cleves entitled the Order of Fools.

The new derby hats will have lower crowns and wider rims, and the silk hats will be less bell shaped than those worn last year.

DUNGEONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

Cells Just Discovered Said to Have Been Built Three Hundred Years Ago.

An old English dungeon has been brought to light by the tearing down of a building in Philadelphia, according to the Press of that city. The building is thought to have been more than three hundred years old. Every brick in it was brought from England, and the building was once the pride of the little colony that lived here. It was originally, it is said, the courthouse of the settlement, and underneath the ground were those dungeons, or cells, in which prisoners were kept. It is supposed that the cells were used as temporary places of confinement and not for prisoners serving long terms, much the same as the "lockups" or station houses of to-day. The workmen who are tearing down the building say it is the toughest job they ever undertook. The bricks stick together as though a solid stone, and it is only after long prying with a bar that they are separated. The bricks themselves are as solid as in the days of old, and will be used again in another building.

The old prison or courthouse was in the neighborhood well known to be the oldest in the city. Other big buildings hemmed it around until it was hidden entirely from sight from the street. It was a three-story structure, about twenty by fifty feet in size. The first floor was originally used for court purposes, but later had been turned into a dwelling. For fifteen years it has not been used at all. Leading down stairs to the cellar was a flight of broad steps. The cellar itself during the years that have passed and gone had become half filled with dirt. In fact nobody knew of the existence of the dungeons, that now see the light of day after three centuries. The dungeons so far discovered are three in number. Two are about ten feet square and the other extends twenty feet toward the street and is about ten feet wide. All are half filled with debris, but are deep enough for a man to stand erect in. The roof is vaulted, and in the top of each is a hole, which may have been a breathing place or a place through which to let down food to the prisoners. Near the cells is a big chimney place fully eight feet wide, in which were found a handful of coins bearing date of 1627 and some of much more recent date.

The old house has been burned out several times, but the walls were never damaged much. The whole neighborhood is an interesting one. The building adjoining the one torn down has a fourth floor which is windowless. Instead of the usual windows it has port-holes slanting downward, from which "in days of old, when knights were bold," men probably picked off Indians or enemies of some kind.

TAKING OUT THE SLANT.

Japanese Eyes Straightened by an American Surgical Process.

"All the subject has to do is to submit to a simple and comparatively painless operation, and hold his head still," says a Japan correspondent of the Boston Herald. "I take a small scalpel in hand, that is the right, of course, and, stretching the skin with the forefinger of my left hand, make an incision on the outer point of the eyelid in a straight line for the barest part of an inch. The lashes are then drawn into shape, and held so firmly by a piece of the chemically prepared sticking plaster I have made strong enough for the purpose. The wound needs no further dressing, and the subject of the emperor and ex-mikado of the Flower kingdom goes on about his business as if nothing had happened. In a few days it is entirely healed, when I am sought to remove the plaster, and with the plaster comes my fee. This is the only bill I issue."

"When the wound is healed the subject patrols the streets and enters the tea houses in high glee. His triumph over his friends is interesting to note, for then he looks upon his fellow-workers out of eyes as straight as mine, and with an aristocratic gleam of scorn. But I have no complaint to make of this exhibition of Japanese pride, which is always prominent when they have anything to be proud of. It is my living advertisement, for soon all of the friends are at my door and ready for the transformation that will redeem the companionship clouded by the pride installed in those who have undergone the arduous which causes them to look down on their 'uncivilized friends.'"

"The direct result of this exhibition in the streets on the higher classes was also noticeable, as I began to receive calls to attend the celebrities of the kingdom. Prince Komatsu was my first royal patient. Then in rapid succession came Counts Okuma, Matsukata, Itakura and Salago; Viscount Tani and Prince Konoike; M. Matsui, the minister of agriculture; and M. Kusunato, the great reformer; Gen. Oshima, commander-in-chief of the army; Lieut. Gen. Nous, chief of the Fifth army corps, now stationed at Corea; Field Marshal Yamagata; Admiral U. Ito, commander of the imperial squadron; First Vice Admiral Kabayama, Second Vice Admiral Senkichi Ito, Third Vice Admiral S. Ariji, and Commodore Sakamoto, of the Akagi, and Kurooka, of the training ships, have also visited me professionally."

"As a climax of the recognition my work received, I had a request from court to attend his imperial majesty, the emperor. I entered the royal chamber, as instructed, and found his majesty resting on a couch. His face was impassive, reserved and changeless. He wore the undress uniform of a French general—cherry-colored trousers and black frogged coat braided with gold lace. He greeted me warmly, emphasizing his regard for all Americans. I fulfilled the object of my call, and departed with but few words."

"It is only during the past month that I have been performing the operation extensively, but from all appearances I am not going to be able to attend to all callers myself in the future. It has often impressed me how much the straightened Japanese optic resembles that of the beloved Caucasian. Transformed it is really beautiful."

FOOD FOR FIVE MILLIONS.

The Great Mass Daily Consumed by the People of London.

Tons Upon Tons of Fresh Meats and Game Required to Fill the Hungry Stomachs of the Dwellers in the World's Metropolis.

There are within the limits of the metropolis no fewer than 5,000,000 human beings each of whom has every day to be provided with food. To set forth fully the particulars on this point would be impossible, and we shall only glance at one or two of the staple supplies, respecting which we have been able to secure something like reliable information. In spite of the growth of vegetarianism in recent years, the vast majority of the residents in these islands still believe in "the roast beef of old England." In London this is especially the case; and when you come to think how many of the millions of this vast metropolis eat meat at least once a day, some idea may be formed of the extraordinary resources that must exist to meet the demand. These resources are to a large extent beyond the sea. Not only does London itself not furnish any of the cattle killed for consumption, but those sent from the provinces and from Scotland and Ireland only go to form a fraction of the meat consumed in London. The larger proportion comes from the United States, Canada, the River Plate, New Zealand and Australia—either dead or as live cattle. The latter are landed at Deptford and at Birkenhead, at which places they are killed.

Live cattle from abroad, intended for the London meat market, are, as we have said, landed at Birkenhead and Deptford. Practically, all the cattle arriving at Deptford are from the United States and Canada; none from European ports are admitted at the present time. There is splendid accommodation for the largest steamers at the Deptford jetty, and last year 480 of them discharged cattle there, being an increase of 126 as compared with the previous year. The total number of animals landed at Deptford last year was 237,645—171,843 being beasts, and 65,802 sheep. Immediately on arrival, the cattle are examined by the government inspector to see that they are free from disease, then they are run into sheds, where they remain till their time of pole-axing comes. No animal is allowed to leave Deptford alive; slaughter houses exist here, not in tens and threes, but in whole streets—and all the meat is, of course, sent to London.

Another of the feeders of Smithfield meat market is the Metropolitan cattle market at Holloway. The cattle disposed of here come from all quarters of England, Scotland and Ireland. There are at present, and have been for some time, orders of the board of agriculture in force prohibiting cattle from Canada, the United States and all continental countries, but last year toll was received on 40,822 Canadian and 27,299 United States sheep. The total number of animals entering Holloway market last year was: Beasts, 204,193; sheep, 910,430; calves, 5,207, and pigs, 597. The very small number of pigs is accounted for by the fact that the pig market was closed for the greater portion of the year owing to the prevalence of swine fever.

If London had to depend for its meat supply solely upon the number of live cattle that arrive, its wants would be but inadequately met. Of late years there has sprung up an extraordinary trade in frozen and chilled meats. So far as beef is concerned, America, of course, leads the way, and some idea of the steady growth of this trade, and the proportion which the supplies of American refrigerated beef—which is simply chilled, not frozen, as is generally supposed—bears to the total of supplies of meat of all descriptions which comes into the central meat market, may be gleaned from a statement made by the chairman of the Hammond company. In 1887 the proportion was only 7 per cent.; ten years later it was 9 per cent.; and last year the proportion was 22 per cent. This means that one joint of beef out of every three consumed in London and immediate district is American refrigerated beef. The quantity of this beef sold in the central meat market for eight months to the end of August last year, exceeded that sold during the corresponding period of the previous year by 24,713,920 pounds. But beef is only one thing. The importations of frozen mutton and lamb during 1894 show the highest aggregates yet reported from New Zealand, Australia and the River Plate, and these classes of meat seem to be steadily increasing in public favor, as they well deserve to do.

Then there is Leadenhall market. No statistics as to the quantity disposed of at this market are available, but of meat alone it is very considerable, and to this have to be added the poultry and the game. Of poultry, W. J. Gordon, in his interesting book on "How London Lives," says the Great Eastern company alone brings to the metropolis over 3,000 tons per annum. Game also arrives in very large quantities and some years ago, according to the same authority, a well-known salesman estimated that there were shipped from Leadenhall alone in twelve months:

Grouse.....	100,000	Wildgeese.....	70,000
Partridges.....	125,000	Teal.....	30,000
Pheasants.....	70,000	Wild ducks.....	150,000
Snipe.....	80,000	Small wild birds.....	1,500,000
Irish plovers.....	150,000	Larks.....	400,000
Egyptian quail.....	30,000		

To these quantities have to be added: Pigeons..... 400,000; Hares..... 100,000; Geese..... 100,000; Rabbits..... 1,300,000; Ducks..... 500,000; Domestic fowls..... 2,000,000; Turkeys..... 104,000.

And these do not by any means exhaust the list. The figures and facts stated will, however, give some idea of the enormous quantity of meat and poultry and game that every year finds its way into the capacious maw of hungry London.—Westminster Budget.

SCORES OF HUMAN WRECK.

Pitiable Condition of Shabby Gentility Seen at the National Capital.

Washington has more than its share of "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." Some are reduced gentlemen, who just manage to keep their heads above water and maintain a deprecating front in their club and society. They are too lazy to work, says the Washington Post, and have long since run through with what little they have had in a brief splurge, and are now getting more shabby gentility and sordid looking every day. They retain, however, the debonnaire air of men of wealth and bear themselves bravely, but oh, the pinching and stricken to keep up appearances! Oh, the sickening ordeal of having to face the lodging-house keeper, and, worst of all, the washerwoman! Oh, the mortification of belonging to a club, and being unable to do more than sit in it, and stay there, to be marked by the servants as a poor devil who never by any chance is able to reciprocate hospitality or order anything, to have club dues amounting up with no prospect but through a loan to meet them; to have the cold shoulder shown by the very men who helped him to run through his money, and who now give him a cool nod instead of both outstretched hands. This is the pity of it, yet there are men who endure it rather than leave Washington. Such is the upas tree effect of the life here on them.

Lower down in the social strata you find in these eddies of the stream of humanity, the hotel corridors, regular habits, shabby genteel, social, political and business failures, lobbyists, promoters, hangers-on of official magnates, men dismissed from the army and navy, cheap sporting "gents," all with red noses to a man. Everyone of them has seen better days, and they all retain even at their shabbiest stage the manners of their prosperous years, but they are tainted with an element of fawning, and sadder still, with a forced gaiety and familiarity, painful to see and endure. Here is an ex-member of congress, shorn of his previous importance and plumage, an exile and "back number" from his former district, who has turned claim agent, or is charitably supposed to be practicing law, while shaking down lower and lower every day. Here is a once prosperous business man who seems to have taken a contract or made a wager to drink up all the whisky in town. There a poor wretch who has spent the best years of his life in office, has lost his place and is now one of the procession of hotel corridor ghosts. There some broken-down politician, who has been hanging on here for years and has filed applications enough for office to start a paper mill. The hotel corridors are havens of rest for these poor, harmless, heart-broken "cankers of a calm world and a long peace."

Woman's Resignation.

The cool, calm resignation of women was illustrated during the recent severe earthquake which shocked the City of Mexico. A correspondent of the Boston Herald, writing from that city, tells the story of how women accept the inevitable: "Some Mexican lady friends were at church, praying for the rest of us, up in the northern part of the city, when, as they relate to me, they felt faint, and all at once heard the roof crack and saw mortar falling all around them, while the great chandeliers swung back and forth as in a steamer in a storm. I asked them why they did not get up and run, but they replied simply: 'We just shut our eyes, commended our souls to our Maker, and went on with our prayers for the city full of people.'"

—It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Kurth, of Bremen, has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must, therefore, have existed in the filtering material and have been developed by the passage of water through it.



BABY'S COMING.

Nature intended that every woman should look forward to the coming of her baby with joy and hope, unclouded by anxiety. Almost painless parturition is quite the usual thing among uncivilized people. Even in our own country it occasionally happens with women in robust health and good condition. It ought to be the rule instead of the exception; and it is a fact that a very large proportion of the usual pain and suffering may be avoided by looking after the mother's general health, and specially strengthening the particular organs concerned in parturition.

Many mothers have been brought through the trying time almost painlessly by the aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It prepares the system for delivery by imparting the organic strength and elasticity which the mother specially needs; shortens the time of labor and of confinement; promotes the secretion of abundant nourishment for the child and fortifies the entire constitution against the after period of depression and weakness. Its use should begin in the early months of gestation—the earlier the better.

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Mrs. Fred Hunt

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