

BRAINS AND BREAD.

Intelligence an Important Factor in the Bakeshop.

The Staff of Life as Produced by Bakers is Possessed of But Little Sustaining Power—A Three-Cent Luncheon.

"With brains, sir," was the celebrated rejoinder of Sir Joshua Reynolds to the question of an inquisitive and probably shallow young painter who asked him with what he mixed his colors.

Is brains the ingredient that was left out of the loaves which were exhibited at the pure food show? asks Kate Field's Washington. Four hundred competing loaves all fell short of the standard, if it is reported fairly. It is more generous to believe, however, that the standard has been raised by an intelligence which means to educate the community.

In New York a few exclusive bakers advertise "high-class bread" at high-class prices; actually it is not too good. But brains in Boston, joined with brotherly kindness, have produced bread which may challenge any competition and which is sold to the public in tiny loaves, perhaps better called long rolls, at one cent apiece; faultless bread; sweet as the wheat can make it, but not sweeter; light and fine and close; exquisitely baked in the mild, slow heat of a brick oven. This bread, such as the rich seldom taste, comes daily from the New England Kitchen for all who are so fortunate as to be able to send for it. It is the product of the intelligence and philanthropy of a society for the promotion of public health. When the kitchen was organized a few years ago its first six months' working was supervised by Mrs. Mary Abell, who had taken the Lamb prize for an essay upon sanitary and economic cooking. This essay, accompanied by recipes and menus for the poorest wage earners, is among the publications of the Syracuse public health society.

Proof of the economy and excellence of the cooking of the delightful Boston Kitchen may be made by anyone who is hurrying, as I once was, to the Providence depot without time for lunch and with ideas above a railway station restaurant. I was provided with a small paper box. I bought one of the little loaves I have just described; it nearly filled the box. For another cent it was buttered. What else could I carry? I was offered a slice of spiced pressed meat, such as is made very poorly in some houses and called veal loaf. But that was not poor, but delicate and savory. It was daintily wrapped in white paraffine paper, all ready to be handled neatly. This was also one cent. Here was a wholesome, delicate and abundant lunch for three cents. I thought of Franklin, opening his career in Philadelphia with his big Dutch penny roll, and, like him, I indulged in some philosophizing. One hundred and fifty years of what we call "progress" separate us from Franklin. In those years the era of homemade bread, with that of homespun clothing, has departed. And still we have no good public bread—only the chaffy and spongy baker's loaf, overrated, undermarked, deceitful and dear. Poor men cannot be fed with such bread, and so they wash it down with spirits.

We are a great people and we have the greatest chain of lakes and the biggest rivers and the widest wheat-fields on the globe; but we are not able to give the multitude bread until it has been turned into carbonic acid gas for the profit of the bakers.

In feudal days the lord of the manor had the monopoly of the oven; no bread for the peasant but that which was baked in his oven. By the independence and competition of the laborer we have attained the privilege of starving ourselves. Is it not almost time to swing back to the public oven, supervised by the best intelligence of the community, and secured against the greed of competition? There is not wanted free bread to deprave the soul, or sour bread to deprave the stomach, or high-class bread to suit the rich; but honest bread, fit to be called once more the staff of life.

BIG PRICES FOR FURNITURE.

Auctioneers Talk of the Private Sale of Rich Men's Effects.

A party of auctioneers en route from Chicago to Buffalo were in the smoking-room of a Lake Shore sleeper the other night telling stories. "Selling horses and farm stuff by auction is all right," said one, "but for genuine fun give me the private sale of a rich man's furniture. When Anthony Drexel died there were a lot of things which had personal reminiscences connected with them which everyone wanted. It was finally decided to hold a family auction and sell them to the highest bidder. The first thing I put up was a small clock, worth, I suppose, about twenty dollars. 'I'll give five hundred dollars,' was the first bid. It came from a nephew. 'Make it one thousand dollars,' interjected a younger son. 'Fifteen hundred dollars,' replied the nephew.

"The nephew won and got the twenty-dollar clock for money with which he could have bought the finest clock in Philadelphia. I never knew what the history of the clock was, but it must have had a peculiar one. Then I put up a big arm-chair. It was the chair Drexel had sat in for over twenty years and it had a valuable association for each one of the family. A married daughter and young Anthony Drexel were the ones who wanted it the most, and the bidding, which opened at one thousand dollars, was spirited and lively. I finally sold the chair to Anthony for six thousand five hundred dollars. The day's sales brought in over twenty-five thousand dollars. 'I never had anything as good as that,' said another auctioneer, 'but I sold the Childs effects in the same way. The chief contest was over one of those old-fashioned tall clocks. Childs' eldest son finally bought it for eighteen hundred and fifty dollars, and it is now in the Lederer office in Philadelphia.'

SANGUINARY BEQUESTS.

The Hearts of Great Warriors Left as Legacies.

Bequests of hearts have been by no means uncommon. Richard Cœur de Leon bequeathed his heart to the canons of Rouen cathedral, and in July, 1838, this remarkable relic was once again brought to light after the lapse of six centuries; the heart, which is said to have been surprisingly large, says Temple Bar, was inclosed in boxes of lead and silver, and withered, as it was described, to the semblance of a faded leaf.

Bruce's heart was, by his dying wish, entrusted to Douglas to fulfill a vow, which he was unable to execute in person, of visiting the sepulchre of Christ. Douglas, "tender and true," promised to fulfill his sovereign's last request, and after Bruce's death, having received the heart incased in a casque of gold, set forth upon his mission. Proceeding to Spain, however, he fell in the thick of a fight with the Moors, having previous to his final charge cast the heart of Bruce from his breast, when he carried it into the ranks of the infidels, crying: "Onward with thee! wert thou, Douglas will follow thee!" Bruce's heart was afterward recovered by Sir Simon Lockhart, by whom it was brought to Scotland and buried along with the bones of Douglas in the Abbey of Melrose. When the remains of Bruce were disinterred at Dunfermline, in 1819, the breastbone was found sawn through so as to permit of the removal of the heart.

MUSIC IN A PHOTOGRAPH.

A New York Musician Plays a Tune from a Picture of Wall Street.

"I have a friend who is an amateur photographer," said a Wall Street broker to a New York Commercial Advertiser reporter, "and one day he conceived the idea of securing a snap shot of Wall street and its environs. Accordingly he secured the necessary permission and carried his kodak to the roof of the Manhattan Life company's building, on Exchange place. He turned his lens eastward over the roof of the Stock exchange and pressed the button. When the negative was developed it showed little else than a confused network of telegraph wires, chimneys and flagstuffs, but, undaunted, he developed his picture. Then he discovered that the photograph of Wall street bore a striking resemblance to a sheet of music, the wires forming the lines of the staves, and several linemen at work and the chimney pots and flagstuffs, in silhouette, taking the place of the notes. Contemplating his work with disgust, he was interrupted by the entrance of a friend, an amateur musician. Throwing the photograph to the musician, he exclaimed: 'What can you make of that?'"

"That," said the musician, knowing-ly, "why, that is—"

"You can't play in my yard, I don't like you any more."

"And he turned to the piano and rattled off the song."

BLUE-GRASS IDYL.

Two Kentuckians Settle a Difficulty and a Bill in a Gentlemenly Way.

A blue-grass idyl has been circulating through the Southern society for several days. It is, says the New York Times, a tale of two Kentuckians—one a Major, the other a Colonel—who, after a night of luck at poker, determined to gratify an oft-expressed desire to visit New York. They came, and after two days of sight-seeing the Colonel suggested to the Major that a trip to New York would not be complete without a dinner at Delmonico's. The Major agreed.

It was deemed that it would hardly be considerate to take Mr. Delmonico unawares, and in order to prepare him for so unusual an event as a swell dinner for two the Kentucky gentlemen went to the restaurant early in the day, called for the head waiter and told him what they wanted. "Spare no expense," they said.

They dined at six. It was a splendid dinner. They tasted wines of all kinds that they had never heard of before. They ate a great deal and drank a great deal and told each other stories that both knew by heart. The banquet lasted three hours.

They called for their bill. The waiter placed a check, face down, on the menu. The gentlemen were toasting each other as the waiter did this, and when they placed their glasses on the table he was gone. They saw what appeared to them to be a scrap of paper on the menu and brushed it off. The old fellows were ignorant of the customs of French restaurants and they concluded that the menu must be the bill. The Colonel began to figure up the prices. It seemed that they had eaten a great deal, but the names of dishes were in a language unknown to them, and, any way, they were not in a mood to bother about trifles.

But the Colonel gasped when he figured up the total. It was \$960.

"Great heavens, sah!" he exclaimed to the Major. "It is \$960. If we pay this we can't get back home."

"We might," suggested the Major, faintly, "we might jump out of this window and run."

"No, sah," said the Colonel, bringing his fist down on the table. "We are Kentucky gentlemen, sah. We will pay this bill, sah, and then, sah, we will shoot the landlord, sah."

Antiquity of the Harp.

W. S. Macdonald, of Glasgow, in a recent lecture before the Highland society of London, traced the history of the harp from the shadows of mythology to the present day. It is, he said, the first musical instrument on record and was the principal one of ancient and medieval times. All the skill and artistic genius of the Egyptians were lavished upon its design and decoration. The Druids first brought the tone and pitch of the harp to perfection. It attained the height of its favor in modern times in 1819, when Sebastian Erard, of London, brought it to the front rank of musical instruments. It has been inseparably connected with the traditions and lore of the Gaelic people from time immemorial.

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

Used by Various Peoples of the Earth.

What to Do When You Meet a Sioux, a Zuni, a Polite Jap, a Haughty Persian, a Proud Spaniard or a Native of Hot Orinoco Land.

The North American Indians do not have many conventional forms of salutation. Their etiquette generally is to meet in silence and smoke before speak-

ing, the smoking being the real salutation. But a number of tribes—o. g., the Sheshoni, Caddo and Arikara—use a word or sound very similar to 'How!' but in proper literature Hau or Hao. Most of the Sioux use the same sound in communication with the whites, from which the error has arisen that they have caught up and abbreviated the "How are you?" of the latter. But the word is ancient, used in councils, and means "good" or "satisfactory." It is a response as well as an address or salutation. The Navajos say, both at meeting and parting: "Agafani," an archaic word the etymology of which is not yet ascertained. Among the Cherokee the colloquy is as follows: No. 1 says: "Siyu" (good). No. 2 responds: "Siyu; tahgwatsu?" (good; are you in peace?). To this No. 1 says: "I am in peace, and how is it with you?" No. 2 ends by: "I am in peace also." Among the Zuni happiness is always asserted as well as implored. In the morning their greeting is: "How have you passed the night?" in the evening: "How have you come into the sunset?" The reply always is: "Happily." After a separation of even short durations, if more than one day, the question is asked: "How have you passed these many days?" The reply is invariably: "Happily," although the person addressed may be in severe suffering or dying. In quaint contrast with this Zuni custom is that of the Japanese, where the party visited asserts the prosperity of the visitor. The host and hostess politely ejaculate: "Ohayo gozaimasu!"—"you have come quickly!"—which welcome is given even if the visitor has suffered delay and all kinds of mishaps. It is never contradicted. Perhaps our expression: "You have been long in coming," as indicating longing and waiting, is no more artificial.

The wish of salute is often specific, connected with circumstances of environment. The people of Cairo anxiously ask: "How do you perspire?" a dry skin being the symptom of the dreaded fever. In hot Persia the friendly wish is expressed: "May God cool your age!"—that is, give you comfort in declining years. In the same land originates the quaint form: "May your shadow never be less!" which does not apply, as often now used in Europe, to the size and plumpness of the body as indicating robust health, but to deprecate exposure to the noon sun, when all shadows are least.

The Genoese in their time of prosperity used the form "Health and gain!" In some of the Polynesian isles the prayer for coolness is carried into action, it being the highest politeness to a jar of water over a friend's head. According to Humboldt the morning salute to the Orinoco is: "How have the mosquitoes used you?" The old religious views of the Persians are found in their wishes: "Live forever!" and (still retained in Spain, probably a direct legacy from the Moors), "May you live a thousand years!" They believe only in this life, and that through Divine favor it might be unlimited.

The Chinese sojourners in Utah fell into a curious blunder in using some of our phrases. On meeting a resident at any time of day or night they called out: "Good-morning!" and on parting: "Good-night!" even if it were before breakfast. A similar error in imitation was made by the Zuni. When the officers from Fort Wingate visited the Pueblo they were naturally anxious to reach the trader's store, so they called out to the first person met: "How are you? Where's the store?" The Zuni caught up all the sounds as one greeting, and in the kindness of their hearts shouted them to all subsequent visitors. The salutation "How-are-you-give-me-a-match," has a like explanation.

Moslems, while scrupulously saluting the meanness of their own communion, refuse all friendly greetings to the Jews. If inadvertently they have accosted one of that people with "Peace be unto you," or the like, they will hastily add "Death to you!" to which the Jew may respond, pretending to have heard only the beginning, by "The same to you!" in a spirit somewhat different from that in which the same words are used by us in answer to "Many happy returns!" on birthday and other anniversaries. It may be mentioned that where the Jews are in power they give no salute whatever to one of the Golem, but scowl at him.

Peculiarity of the Salesman.

"There is one peculiarity about the average salesman or sales-woman (not sales-lady—you might as well say sales-gentleman as sales-lady) which is very stupid and decidedly exasperating to the customer," said a lady the other day. "I will give you an illustration. This morning I went to a large store and asked to see a certain article, saying that I wanted to examine both the higher and lower priced qualities. The salesman showed me two pieces, one at forty-five cents. He said, in answer to my question, that those were all he had. For certain reasons they did not suit me, and after some hesitation I said that I thought I ought to end something at about twenty-five cents a yard good enough for my purpose.

"Well," said the man, "I believe we have some at that price, but it is cheap," and he brought out the very thing I was in search of.

"Why didn't you show me that at first?" I asked.

"Well, it's cheap," said the stupid fellow; and that was the only thing I could get out of him.

"If I hadn't really wanted the article I would have turned around and walked out of the store. I have had that same experience time and again. The man was either trying to force me to buy the higher priced goods or was too indifferent to his duty to wait on me properly; in either case he was both stupid and exasperating."

FAITHFUL BUT HELPLESS.

Touching Tale of an Old Servant of Queen Victoria.

In the "Life of James Holmes" may be found a pathetic story of a man named Damer, the scion of a royal house, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was one of the queen's pages. She grew to have a very warm regard for him, but the time came when, on account of increasing age and infirmity, he was pensioned off, and some one else was put in his place.

It grieved him much to change his habits, but he was in some degree consoled at being allowed to attend certain royal entertainments, and it was at one of these that he distinguished himself by a somewhat eccentric action which greatly amused his former mistress.

He was wandering forlornly about, alone, when the queen, ever mindful of her old and tried servants, hastened toward him with extended hand and a word of kindly greeting.

He took the proffered hand and held it for a moment, while he gazed with a smiling though puzzled expression at the queen. Then he said:

"I know that face! I know it as well as I know any face, but—pardon me, madam—I cannot for the life of me recollect where I have seen it!"

"Poor Damer!" said the queen, with a sorrowful smile, as she turned away. "Poor Damer!"

The old man looked after her for a moment, and then asked a passing gardener who the lady might be.

"Why, the queen," Damer laughed.

"I'm afraid," said he, "her majesty will think I have forgotten her!"

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

Our Country Has More Than a Quarter of the World's Riches.

The wealth of the United States is more than a fourth as great as that of all of the rest of the world put together. So reports Prof. Francois, a student of political economy, in a recent number of *Monde Moderne*, a French publication.

He places the wealth of this country at \$13,000,000,000 francs—which is equivalent to about \$2,600,000,000—and that of the other eighteen countries covered by his statistics at 1,144,700,000,000 francs.

According to this statistician the value of all property owned in England, including money in circulation, is \$65,000,000,000 francs—48,000,000,000 less than this country's wealth. Third place is given to France with 255,000,000,000 francs, and fourth to Germany with 161,000,000,000 francs. Then come Russia with 127,000,000,000 francs, Austria-Hungary with 82,000,000,000 francs, Spain with 62,000,000,000 francs, Italy with 54,000,000,000 francs and—as the French say—of milliards and—

—as the French say—of milliards and—These are the richest countries of the world. There are four in the list—Italy, Spain, Russia and Austria-Hungary—whose combined wealth is only a little larger than that of the United States.

It is true that much of the wealth of this country is in the hands of comparatively few people. Even if the inequality were as bad as reported by the worst of the discontents, the condition of the masses here would still be much better than it is in Europe. Wealth is more concentrated even in England than in the United States.

The Underlying Fact.

An Albany lady tells of an abnormally bright boy in Amsterdam who called at the home of an aunt, where he felt at liberty to do about as he pleased.

There were some beautiful oranges in sight. The boy had evidently forgotten that boys are always hungry and did not offer him one, perhaps she had forgotten that there were any in the house.

The young visitor concluded that something would have to be done and said:

"Auntie, please give me an orange."

She told him that she hadn't any oranges, to which he promptly replied:

"You lie!"

Frightened to think how it sounded he ran home and told his mother, who immediately sent him back to apologize.

The young man improved matters by saying:

"Auntie, I am very sorry for what I said to you, but, auntie, you did lie."—*Albany Journal*.



The Indian medicine man cures by charms and incantations. He frightens away the "evil spirit" who causes the sickness. He does all sorts of things that civilized people would call idiotic and barbaric, but the civilized folks are not so very much ahead after all. They do just as foolish things as does the medicine man. They go along carelessly, and allow the little sickness to grow into the big sickness. They allow constipation to grow into indigestion, heartburn, dizziness, headache, insomnia, and a hundred other distressing conditions. They do this frequently because they do not know the cause of their trouble. It is a pretty safe rule to look for the source of 9-10ths of human sickness in this one simple and appallingly prevalent trouble. Another foolish thing that smart people do is to take some alleged remedy for constipation and keep on taking it, day after day, month after month and year after year. Perhaps it is better to take the medicine than not to take it at all, but of course if they stop taking it, their trouble will come back. This last statement is true of every other medicine prepared for this purpose except Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They are gentle and efficient in their action, permanent in their results. You don't become a slave to their use, as with other pills.

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