

THE MEDFORD MAIL

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MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.

He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

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MEDFORD, FRIDAY, Jan. 22, 1897.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Bay is the name of the new county the divisionists would carve out of Coos county.

There were 49,100 tons of Coos Bay coal shipped to San Francisco in 1896, an increase of 4400 tons over 1895.

Hon. T. T. Geer, of Marion county, was last week elected to carry the electoral vote of Oregon to Washington.

The destruction by fire of Judge Fullerton's residence in Roseburg, caused a loss of fully \$10,000. There was only \$2000 insurance.

The county court of Washington county has allowed fees aggregating \$3000, as costs in Steeves last trial. It is considerably less than was asked for.

The greatest coyote hunt of the season took place last Saturday in Umatilla county. There were 500 men engaged in the hunt, and the slaughter of coyotes was large.

Agent Emery has announced his determination to strictly enforce the law against furnishing liquor to Indians on the Klamath reservation. It cost about \$300 to punish an offender for this crime.

Tuesday while two boys were scuffling over an old revolver, at The Dalles, which they supposed was not loaded, it discharged and the ball entered the arm of one of the boys, inflicting a severe wound.

It is said that Sherman county will have a larger acreage of wheat this year than ever before in its history. The major portion of the cultivated land will be seeded besides thousands of acres of new lands belonging to a syndicate.

While Mr. Rigby, of Umatilla county, representative, is at Salem attending the legislature, his wife will be at the agricultural college at Corvallis taking a course in dairying as they intend to start a dairy on their ranch next spring.

R. L. Jeffrey, a leading hotel man of Astoria, while intoxicated Thursday night, kicked a man named Geo. Collins almost to death. Collins was taken to the hospital where examination showed that he was probably fatally injured.

Albert Gautebein, a young man employed in the Oregon City woolen mills, slipped and fell into a dye vat last Friday. Assistance was at hand, but before he could be rescued he was so seriously scalded that he cannot recover. He fell in head first.

At Riddle, Douglas county, last Saturday, Levi Crane, a young man, was arrested for using obscene language in the presence of a young lady, and was fined \$15 for it. After paying his fine he was re-arrested and bound over to the grand jury for fighting some school children by flourishing a revolver in a reckless manner.

The investigation begun last October by the Klamath boundary commission, to settle the dispute incident upon the claim of the Indians of over a million acres of land outside of the present reservation in Oregon, has been concluded and the report forwarded to Secretary Francis. The report states that the Indians lost 750,000 acres on account of a defective survey made by the government in 1871, while the northern boundary line claimed by the Indians was rejected. The total amount awarded the Indians is 615,490 acres.

WANTED TO BORROW HIM.

Queer Request Two Women Made of a Philadelphian and the Reason Therefor.

A genial Philadelphian, who for obvious reasons does not care to have his name printed on this occasion, secured a parlor car seat on an express train for Reading a few days ago, says the Philadelphia Record, and as he was about to pass through the gates was surprised to hear himself accosted in feminine tones with the somewhat startling question: "Please, mister, could I borrow you for awhile?"

Looking around he found two buxom women, who hastily and hesitatingly explained that they were riding on a pass made out in the name of a gentleman and his wife, and, as the gentleman was not present, they wanted the genial-looking citizen to place his bought ticket at the disposal of one lady and take the other one under his wing, while he personated the absent owner of the pass.

"Which is my wife?" he inquired with an inward quail, lest his own absent better half should hear the story. "You can take your choice, sir," said the lady in search of an escort, and he promptly did so by tucking the arm of the youngest fair one under his own and leading her into the car. The couple proved to be right jolly traveling companions, and the citizen's only regret in the transaction was due to a fear that the story might leak out and get home ahead of him. But it didn't.

JERSEY WASH DAY.

A Salt-Water Festival on the Coast at Sea Girt.

It is held the second Saturday in August and Smacks Pleasantly of Old-Time Rustic Revelry—Some Droll Sightings and Incidents.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, in an article on "American Rural Festivals" in the Century, writes as follows:

Of those which I have seen, and those of which I have been able to gather accounts, the one smacking most pleasantly of old-time rustic revelry, and therefore to be offered honorable precedence in this recital, is the "Salt Water Day," or "Wash Day," of the New Jersey farmers, that since time out of mind has been celebrated on the second Saturday in August, upon the coast at Sea Girt.

To make this Jersey holiday, assemble a thousand back-country vehicles, of all sorts, from the hooded farm wagon, which has not greatly altered its pattern for centuries, to the rude buckboard and the pert sulky. The horses are withdrawn from shafts or pole to be tethered behind the wagons or picketed at a little distance in the rear. Around the impromptu camp gather people enough to blacken a mile of the sandy shore—people who for months have been looking forward to the occasion as the chief holiday of the year. Cedar chest and camphor trunk and flowered bandbox have been called upon to disgorge their treasures; but there is no other attempt at costuming than the assumption of mere Sunday best. An odd feature of the great course is the seriousness with which it takes its pleasure. A solemn, even strained, expression of determination to revel or die sits upon the majority of faces. During the unharnessing of the wagons, which have been arriving upon the scene since early dawn—camping over night being not infrequent—the good wives unpack their luncheon baskets, take tally of their pies, and, if need be, while away the time by methodically administering punishment of the good old-fashioned variety to their impatient youngsters.

Around the outskirts of the concourse are seen the booths and rostrums of the fakers attracted from New York by the promise of rich harvest from the farmers' wallets. There are also a rifle-range, a merry-go-round, and a doll target at which balls are thrown for prizes. Many another cheap diversion offers itself during the explorations of the farmer and his wife and clamoring progeny, and more than one pinch of dire experience falls to the lot of the paying member of the party. The nasal cries of the Yankee Autolycus offering his incandescent candles and lanterns are continually heard above the swelling murmurs of Jersey joviality. Fairing over, there is a general retreat to the tent dressing-rooms, improvised with shawls and canvas curtains in connection with the vehicles. The great annual bath of the pilgrims is next in order, and down to the shining reach of ocean, where the crisp billows hurry in, presently troop the queerest processions of bathers ever seen out of a caricature. Many of the men and boys, disdaining change of dress, go into the water in their ordinary clothes, sunning themselves afterward in the hot sand until toasted dry again. Others put on shirts from which sleeves have been removed, and trousers cut off at the knee. The bathing outfit of the women reveals droll miscellanies of bygone fashion in cut and texture, some of the more costly among the matrons including pantalets, sunbonnets and gloves. With sober mirth, demure smiles, suppressed cries of excitement, the phalanx moves into the surf, taking hands to jump discreetly up and down in long lines, safe within the danger line. To the great number this venture into the sea is actually no more than an annual experience.

After the bath, noon-time turns all thoughts dinnerward, and the camp settles down into one vast picnic. Pies of all kinds suggest the litany—chanted without taking breath—the feminine hotel waiter in the ear of the summer boarder: "Apple-pie, mince-pie, custard pie, lemon pie, squash pie and pieplant pie."

Doughnuts (called "nuts" in the vernacular), cheese in liberal wedges, ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and pickles, supply the favorite menu; and lemonade and root beer—perchance a stronger beverage—are produced in bottles each confessing by label to a different intention in its earlier career.

Then, while the summer sun slants in the cloudless heaven, the merriment goes on to its climax, more dips in the ocean are taken, more money changes hands, more solid food is consumed, till at last the shades of evening close upon the scene, and a general "hitching up" of teams betokens the end of Salt Water day at Sea Girt.

RURAL GEORGIA JOYS.

The Old-Time Log-Rollings and Corn-Shuckings Are Things of the Past.

"The old-time corn-shuckings and log-rollings have played out in the land of the south," remarked a Georgia farmer from Elbert county recently to an Atlanta Constitution man, the conversation turning to farm life and its joys. "Yes, one rarely ever sees the genuine old-time Georgia corn-shucking these days. You see, for a number of years the farmers of this section of country did not grow enough corn to have a respectable corn-shucking, and as for log-rollings, the farmers have not been in the humor of late years to clear up much new ground land, and for this reason there has been no occasion for much log-rolling."

A listener wanted to know what was a log-rolling anyhow. "Why, have you never heard of the log-rollings we used to have in this country?" asked the farmer. "Then you've missed half your life. It was the greatest fun the darkeys on the farms had for years and years. The farmer who had cleared a new ground, when the trees had all been cut down and the brush clipped off and burned, wanted to get all the logs off the field before he would cultivate it. Therefore he would give what is called a log-rolling, to which he would invite all the larkies and laborers on the neighboring farms on some suitable day. There was no compensation in it, for it was a picnic, though you would never think it, for it was the hardest sort of work. The darkeys all would come in high glee, knowing that a great jug of whiskey would be dished out to them and that a big dinner would be given by the landlord who gave the log-rolling. What is meant by rolling logs is putting a handstick under them, with a darky at each end of the stick, and lifting the logs from the ground and then conveying them to a pile here and there about the new ground, where they would be burned later. The fun came in with the rivalry among the darkeys to see who was the champion lifter of the day. They would have great straps of leather that went over their shoulders in a loop, and through this loop they would stick their handsticks, sometimes enabling them to lift with their hands and their whole bodies at the same time, throwing their strength against their opponent, who had hold of the other end of the handstick under the log. This strap of leather, for some reason, was called an 'Alabama.' It was great fun to see them straining their very lives away under the great, heavy logs here and there about the field. When night came on the frolic wound up with a great dance and 'hot supper,' as they called it, in the landlord's kitchen."

WHEN THEY WERE IN LOVE.

Cornelle could not write poetry until he fell in love; then he could not write enough.

When Schumann was in love he wrote: "I wish I were a smile, that I might play about your cheeks."

When Hume fell in love his friends became aware of the fact by his sporting a rose in his buttonhole.

Sheridan fell in love with Miss Linley and told the story in "The Rivals," which is a true account of his courtship.

When Farquhar was in love with Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, he told her: "My head and my heart are at fisticuffs about you."

Addison fell in love with the countess dowager of Warwick, but she did all the courting and gave him no trouble in that regard.

When Heine was in love he was so jealous that he poisoned a parrot belonging to his mistress, for fear it would claim too much of her affection.

Byron was crazily jealous of every woman he ever loved. His loves were almost innumerable, and sooner or later he made every one miserable.

Thomas Moore was always in love. The names of no less than 14 different ladies to whom he vowed eternal fidelity are to be found in his poems.

Waller wrote his most pleasing poetry of Sacheriassa. After she rejected him he in a letter to a friend said: "She is only a red-headed drab, anyhow."

When Otway was courting Mrs. Barry, the actress, he said in a letter to her: "I am gone insane for the love of you," and very probably he was right.

A Dentist's Experience. "Talk of presence of mind," said Fogg. "Did I ever tell you of Pullyhard, the dentist? No? Well, he was down in Florida, and, falling into the river, one of the biggest alligators you ever saw made for him. In an instant poor Pullyhard was in the reptile's jaws, and in another moment the life would have been crushed out of him. But when Pullyhard saw the creature's teeth he pulled out a probe he always carries with him, and pressing it into the gator's gum, he asked: 'Do you feel that?' Of course the reptile screamed with pain, and of course he spat Pullyhard out as quick as he would a hot potato."

"Yes," said Bass, after ruminating upon the story, "but I shouldn't call that presence of mind, but a slavish devotion to one's profession."

"That's what I always contended," replied Fogg, "but Pullyhard would have it that it was presence of mind."

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LITERARY LONDON.

A Strong Attraction for Americans Who Write.

No Aristocracy in the Field of Letters in the English Capital—Striking Democracy is the Rule.

During the last half-century the importance of London as a great literary and artistic center of English-speaking people has been steadily increasing. Not only have Edinburgh and Dublin, in the old world, lost that literary character which once attached to their names, but Boston, Philadelphia and Richmond, in America, have in like manner failed to maintain the promise of earlier days. New York has for some years past been the real literary center of the United States, but it is now a little doubtful whether this distinction can long be hers.

Half a century ago American authors were content to abide in their own country, and to find inspiration there. To-day it is to England that most of the prominent literary workers are turning for the recognition which is denied them here, and while Besant, Barrie, Blackmore, Du Maurier, William Black, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle and other Englishmen are writing for American periodicals, Henry James, Bret Harte, Robert Barr, Henry Harland, W. L. Alden and a score of younger American authors have made London their residence, and rank among the most popular of the contributors to English periodicals.

The reason for this state of things is obvious to all persons who are in touch with the literary and artistic circles of both England and America. In the United States literary workers and artists have long felt the want of proper organization. The little coteries already formed are too exclusive.

In England, literary men, artists and journalists live in a world of their own. When once a man has demonstrated true literary ability, no matter what his pecuniary or social position may be, he meets all his fellow workers on a common ground. An introduction from a literary friend or some editor with whom his manuscripts have found favor will secure him an entree to some "literary at home," and from that time on his social advancement is a question of either personal popularity or literary success. Every week he meets new faces and makes new friends. He soon numbers among his acquaintances some of the best known exponents of contemporary literature, and it is not long before he begins to experience a feeling of comradeship with men who have won high standing.

One of the most striking features of London literary life is its sterling democracy. There is no aristocracy in the field of London letters. The wealthy author may have a secret preference for the atmosphere of the exclusive Athenaeum club, but he never declines to mingle at times with the rank and file at the "New Vagabonds," or at the numerous "at homes," where the struggling literary tenants of Bloomsbury, Canterbury and Brixton attics drink tea and "talk shop" with young illustrators and embryo journalists.

The London literary "at home" has, unfortunately, no equivalent in America. It is usually held from four to seven o'clock in the afternoon, or from nine to twelve at night. The "at home" of Lady Jeune and Douglass Shiden are probably the best known in London, and are deservedly popular with all those who are fortunate enough to have the entree.

Many of the younger literary men whose success has enabled them to change lodgings for chambers are to be found domiciled in the picturesque old inns of court—Gray's, Furnival's, Lincoln and others. Here each usually sets aside some night in the week for the entertainment of his friends. These informal functions are as delightful as they are numerous, and there is usually no night in the week that a writer who is fairly well acquainted cannot, after a short stroll or a bus ride, find himself in a circle of kindred spirits.

In London, artists, novelists and journalists belong to the same clubs, attend the same social functions and patronize the same restaurants. The English tavern, or "public house," as it is now called, is no longer the rendezvous for Englishmen of letters that it was in the preceding centuries, but there are still places that may be regarded as the legitimate successors of "The Cheshire Cheese" and "The Cock," which, though still in existence, have lost much of their former fascination for idle writers. In the Press club, just off Fleet street, and in several modest drinking houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden and Soho, one may find at almost any hour in the day men of more or less celebrity who earn their bread by means of their pens.—N. Y. Sun.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

A Course of Treatment That May Give Beneficial Results.

It is not necessarily a sign of incipient baldness or premature age when a woman's hair, in the spring of the year, begins to fall out with amazing rapidity. This is an alarming manifestation, but one is moulting, changing the heavy winter suit for a lighter spring covering, and the quantity and quality of the new growth depend very much on the discreet and careful treatment given one's head at this critical juncture. Deluging with more or less trustworthy tonics and panicky trips to

the hair specialist are not of so much avail as simple home remedies, and all along in these days, when the sap is rising in the trees, sensible women clip their tresses once in every 15 days. They merely trim the edges, with a pair of very sharp scissors, and then singe the raw ends over a candle flame. This has exactly the same effect as pruning a hedge. It forces a fuller growth on the scalp.

Another word to the wise. In the spring wash your hair at least once every fortnight and don't wash it before going to bed, for hair must dry rapidly and in the light. It is not only healthy to shampoo the head frequently, but at this time of the year nothing so stimulates the sprouting strands.

Wash your head in a warm bath and use either castile or sulphur soap. If you don't care to use a soap, the next most cleansing process—and invigorating, too—is to beat the yolk of an egg and pour it over the dry scalp. With your finger tips rub this in, and then plunge your head and tresses into the basin of tepid fluid, dashed with one teaspoonful of cloudy ammonia or borax. Directly the water grows discolored, a fresh bath must be drawn and a basin of the clean fluid used, until the last one is quite cold and the scalp is quite free of sticky egg or soap suds. After wringing out the bulk of hair a couple of big Turkish towels, if used hot from hanging before a fire, will all but completely dry the head.

Hair washed in ammonia, borax, or even with soap, though left light and shiny from the effect of the egg, is apt to fluff and fuzz as though every strand had been separately through hot tongs. To allay this a little cocoa oil or any pure grease ought to be rubbed into the scalp and a vigorous brushing put in train. Excessive dryness is indeed a peculiarity of many American women's hair, the result of our climate and rather second-class digestions, and to correct this a steady cocoa oil or grease treatment ought to be kept up for two or three months at a time, applying a very little of the emollient once in six or seven days and brushing it out in the length of hair.

It is absolutely only by regular matting grooming that dandruff can be kept down and that the gloss and color of hair is retained after the vital juices of early youth are ceasing to flow. It requires two brushes to do this business well; one meant only for the scalp, and this one must be a rubber affair. It is a new invention, the rubber brush. Back, handle and bristles are all of rubber, pliable indeed, but sternly aggressive, for the bristles get right down to first principles and stir the dandruff from its hitherto inaccessible strongholds. Moreover, the rubber brush is delightfully clean, for after use every morning it can be washed under the faucet and laid white and dry back on the dressing table. The second brush ought to be a conventional long-handled, stout bristled affair, to use for stroking the length of hair, where the rubber one will not go and where the daily accumulation of dust, lint, straws and thread is a matter shocking and astonishing to a dainty woman.

What with this careful brushing and washing anyone's spring crop of hair can be induced to come forth in unusual luxuriance and beauty of quality, but for the women who have long ignored the simple cleanly precautions for preserving their hair and are in danger of having soon to thatch their crowns with borrowed tresses, a more rigid course of treatment must be followed. Clip skimpily, fading, splitting hair once a week and every morning fill a basin with clear cold water and treat the head to a plunge bath. Dry out quickly and brush in a little oil, ever so little, not more than a couple of drops per morning. Provided the oil is pure any sort will do, and for as many hours as possible wear the hair hanging loose or very lightly done up with tucking combs.—Detroit Free Press.

WILD YAK.

Has Some Spirit, But Not Enough Decision and Energy.

The yak, or wild ox of Tibet, has sufficient spirit to turn and attack a hunter. If it had more perseverance



Appearance is what attracts the opposite sex. Sometimes this seems a pity. It seems as if it would be just as if a fine mind was the attraction instead of a fine face and figure. But you can't change human nature. When you come to understand it there is a sort of justice about it too; because although we can't all be handsome, almost every one of us can add at least 50 per cent. to his or her attractiveness by a little attention to the laws of beauty. When the eyes are dull, the lips pallid, the skin sallow, blotchy or pimply, the figure thin and wasted or overstuffed and ungainly, the trouble is something more than mere outward appearance; the inner condition is wrong; the blood is poor; it lacks the pure nourishing qualities which are needed to vitalize and invigorate the body. In this case physical activity is largely a question of pure, rich, red blood.

Every woman will be healthier and happier following the friendly, practical counsel contained in Dr. Pierce's great universal medical work, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It is the most comprehensive medical book in one volume in the English language. It contains 1000 pages, fully illustrated. 650,000 copies have been sold at 15¢ each bound in cloth. The profits are now used in printing half-a-million free copies bound in strong manilla paper covers. To get one you have only to send at once stamp (to pay cost of mailing only) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

it would prove a dangerous claim. Col. Prejevalski, in his account of his travels in the Tibetan mountains, narrates an adventure which illustrates the yak's disposition:

I was returning to camp when I saw several old yaks grazing on a little plateau. I fired on them, and one fell and slipped down the snowy slope. Stunned by his fall, he lay motionless at the bottom of the ravine. I ran to him. As soon as he saw me, some hundred feet away, he rose and tried to flee. I fired, but the ball did not touch him.

Then he turned and rushed at me. I had only two cartridges; I fired one at a distance of 70 feet, and one at a distance of 50 feet. He stopped when he was quite near me, holding his head down and lashing his sides with his tail.

I was near enough to see his little eyes and the blood which ran from his nostrils. If he had had a little more decision and energy, I should have been lost. I could not get away, and I had no weapon but my empty gun. We stood looking at each other. Presently he raised his head and stopped lashing his sides. Evidently he was getting over his anger. I threw myself on the ground, and without taking my eyes from him, crawled backward some 60 feet. Then I jumped up and walked away as fast as possible. I did not breathe freely, until some 200 feet lay between us.

Population of the World.

German geographers have made a careful estimate of the population of Africa, and place the total at 163,953,000, which is 42,240,000 more than the aggregate population of North and South America. Europe and Africa combined have a population of 521,332,000, though their area is not greater than that of all America. The new world has plenty of room for many times its present population of 121,713,000. The German estimate of the population of the world now is 1,480,000,000, and one of the best authorities of the Royal Statistical society says it will be increased by the year 2517 to 33,585,000,000.

Harper's Bazar

IN 1897

The Bazar a thoroughly up-to-date periodical for women, will enter upon its thirtieth volume in 1897.

As a fashion journal it is unsurpassed and is an indispensable requisite for every well-dressed woman. Katharine de Forest writes a weekly letter on current fashions from Paris. In New York fashions and in a fortnightly pattern sheet supplement, ladies find full details, directions and diagrams for gowns, wraps and children's clothing. Zandor, Bunde and Chapuis draw and engrave the newest and finest Parisian designs every week.

The serials for 1897 will be: The Red Bridge Neighborhood, by Maria Louise Foot; Father Quinallion; by Octave Thanaet. Short stories will be constantly presented by brilliant writers among whom are Mary E. Wilkins, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Ruth McEwen Stuart, Viola Roseboro and Margaret Stutton Briscoe.

What women are doing in various parts of the Union will form a series of special interest. Other interesting features are the Out-Door Women, devoted to beautiful sports and pastimes; music, a weekly critical summary of music in New York; amateur theatricals, embroidery and needlework, ceremony and etiquette good housekeeping. "What Girls are Doing," "Current Social Events," and personal gleaned from original sources.

Women and Men, Colonel T. W. Higginson will regularly continue his series of essays. Answers to correspondents. This column is conducted for the benefit and convenience of readers and all questions received are answered in relation, as promptly and fully as practicable.

Art. The Bazar is a notable picture-gallery, reproducing the most beautiful works of American and foreign artists as presented in the annual Paris and New York exhibitions. Wit and Humor. Everybody turns for a hearty laugh to the Bazar's last page.

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