

TO SAVE GRASS.

Horses Are Killed by the Northwest Ranchmen.

No Aid for the Animals, and Their Fish Is Fed to the Hogs—A Perplexing Problem to Solve.

The interesting news comes from the city of Butte, Mont., that in several parts of that state horses are so numerous and there is so little use for them that they are being killed by ranchmen and their flesh fed to hogs as food instead of corn.

These facts suggest the inquiry as to what is to become of the horse. With the introduction of electricity on street car lines, where, until a few years ago, horses were practically the sole motive power, and with the ever-increasing use of the bicycle, there seems to be less use for the horse than ever.

In the states of Montana, North Dakota, Idaho, Washington and Wyoming hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in cattle, sheep and horses. Large herds were formerly driven from Texas and the southwest to fatten on the nutritious grasses to be found in the states named, but the constant increase in the number of cattle, especially those of the half-breed variety, has also caused a reduction in their value.

The establishment of canning factories in Madison county, Mont., where horse meat is put up is not the first experiment of the kind in the northwest. In 1895 it was made in Portland, Ore., where horse meat was canned and shipped to France. It was found, however, that the enterprise did not pay, the demand being insufficient, while packers of beef refused to add horse meat to their line of trade because of the prejudice which would arise.

Reports from Madison county state also that horses in some instances are driven into corrals on the ranches, killed and the bodies dragged out into the fields, where the hogs can devour them. It seems almost incredible that this should be the case, but it has come to be a matter of self-preservation with the owners of large grazing districts, where there was danger that the horses would eat up all the grass, thereby leaving no fodder whatever for beef cattle.

The few horse canning establishments in that part of the state cannot, of course, use up all the horses that are offered to them; hence it becomes necessary to kill the animals and dispose of them in the manner stated. It is not only the half-breed horses that are found to be a drug on the market, but such fine stock as Clydesdales and coach horses are being offered by ranchmen there for very small figures.

One ranchman in Madison county is said to have a herd of 1,700 horses, of Clydesdale and Norman stock which he is willing to dispose of for \$15 a head. He is unwilling to sacrifice his stock for canning purposes, although the herd is eating the grass required for the grazing cattle and sheep.

The cattle herds in the northwest are numbered by thousands, the prices for which are ridiculously small. The feed on the ranges is not increasing, while the cattle are, thus making the problem of finding feed more difficult. These immense herds roam the prairies of North Dakota, Washington, Montana and Idaho.

The Montana advices referred to state that those persons who have established the horse canning factories believe that their project will be successful. There seems to be little likelihood, however, that much, if any, horse meat will be sold in the United States.—N. Y. Herald.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

Not Long Ago They Were Treated as Turkish Women Are.

It is curious to think what a short time it is since the emperors of Russia treated their womankind in the same way they are still treated in Turkey. In those days the czar chose his wife from among his subjects and she was never considered his equal. The matter was arranged in this way: On a certain day the nobles brought their young daughters to be looked at, and she who took the emperor's fancy was forthwith chosen to be his wife.

The princesses were kept with the same strictness as eastern princesses, and marriage only changed their place of residence, but gave them no more freedom. They were allowed occasionally to be present when guests were received, to whom they would hand a cup of wine and then retire to their apartments, there being a suite of rooms at the north side of the palace reserved especially for them.

If they were ill the room was darkened before the doctor was admitted, and he was not even allowed to feel their pulse, and when they drove out the windows of their carriages had drawn curtains.

The first czarina who emancipated herself from this state of slavery, and so instituted a new and happier era for Russian women, was the beautiful Nathalie Neryschki, the second wife of Alexis Michaelovitch and the mother of Peter the Great, and her triumph was when she obtained her husband's consent to drive with him in an open carriage to the monastery of Troitzky, a proceeding which at the time occasioned a great scandal.

Naturally, when the Russian princes began to intermarry with other European royal families they were obliged to treat their wives differently, but it was a long time before the court of Russia became as civilized as the rest of Europe.—Montreal Star.

MENDING MANKIND.

Marvelous Results Achieved by the Modern Surgeon.

A Noseless Man Has One of His Fingers Transplanted to His Face and a Man Who Lives Without a Face.

The nose is such a prominent feature that it is apt to suffer severely when there is anything of a "smash-up," and it accordingly happens that surgical skill is very frequently called upon to patch up broken noses, and sometimes even to plant a nose where there is none. One case, likely to be long known as "the blackbird case," is recorded from the London Royal Free hospital. A servant girl was brought in with her nose smashed by a hydraulic lift coming in contact with it. The surgeon sent out for a blackbird, took out the breast bone and managed to insert it where the broken cartilage had been, with complete success in restoring the maid's former appearance.

A severe task was set for the surgeons of another London hospital by an unfortunate individual who, having by default of nature no nose at all, wanted to be furnished with one. Willing to oblige him, an amputated finger of another patient was grafted on his face, but it was found that amputation had caused the finger to die, and it failed to take.

The undaunted "noseless" man then agreed to the surgeon's suggestion that one of his own (the patient's) fingers should be cut off to furnish the missing nasal organ, but in order that the finger should not be wasted, should the operation prove unsuccessful, the patient's arm was inclosed in plaster, and for four weeks he had to hold his finger to his face, in the hope of its taking root.

It ultimately did, and was then cut off from the hand, and now remains fixed as a nose, having been so manipulated that it can no longer be recognized as a finger, and the process of shaping it is proceeding, so that ultimately what is expected to be a very passable nose will be the result.

There was recently seen at the Paris academy of medicine a young woman to whom Dr. Berger, the eminent French surgeon, had supplied an entire underlip in place of the one nature had given her, which she had accidentally lost. He had made good the loss with a piece of flesh cut from her arm, and had accomplished the substitution with remarkable skill. There was no apparent disfigurement about the mouth, and the lip was red and quite natural looking.

The French, when they wish colloquially to refer to something that does not exist, use the phrase "an army pensioner with an artificial head"—much as we speak of the "horse marines," or say, on the continent, of a "Swiss admiral." But there has now been found something very like the first-named phenomenon, for in a village near Lille there lives a retired artilleryman named Moreau, who was a hero on the French side of the war of 1870.

In action he was wounded by a shell, which exploded right in his face. He was cared for by the surgeons, who were much astonished to find him still alive at the end of four days. Nothing remained uninjured of his face but the forehead and jaw. An operation was performed, and no fewer than 35 pieces of bone were taken out of the wounded part. A wax mask was resorted to to hide the hideous cavity in his face. Moreau recovered and for years plied the government with petitions to be supplied with a platinum mask, which he at last got some ten years ago. It answers well, only requiring to be repainted from time to time.

Dr. Peau, another Paris doctor of eminence, recently showed his colleagues of the academy a man, aged 41, from whom so much of the throat and windpipe had been removed in operating on tumors that speech was lost. An artificial larynx was made and inserted, and has restored his voice. The mechanism consists of a spiral silver tube covered with india rubber, which causes no discomfort, and can be inserted in the throat or removed by the patient himself.—London Answers.

NATURE'S LAKE OF SOFT SOAP.

A Curious Formation in the Far Northwest Which Lathers at a Touch.

The Great Northern Railway company lately announced a rate of 60 cents per 100 pounds on soap slush from Northern Pacific coast points to Chicago and Mississippi and Missouri river points, says the Seattle Times. Some one has requested a rate on this commodity, but there does not appear to be many people who know what soap slush is. One ingenious gentleman said that it was the product of certain small lakes on the line of the road that are filled with a thick silica water, which, when one's hands are washed in it, gives a lather that would bring joy to the heart of any washerwoman or tonsorial artist. When the hair is washed in this wonderful native product the head swells with lather till it takes the proportions of a snow mountain. Sunburn on the face vanishes as mist before the sunshine in June.

"There is a lake of this wonderful liquid," said this veracious informant, "over on the East side. It is a mile long and proportionally broad. Do you know that we are really yet in ignorance of what we have in this country?"

Local soap people, when asked to define and tell about soap slush, were nonplused. They said it up. Another party said that not long ago he received a curious product from Walla Walla, a kind of sand mixed with soap substances, from which it was thought soap could be probably made here to supply the washerwomen of the goat commons in the New York suburbs.

A last effort to determine the character of soap slush elicited the information that the commodity originated at Portland, probably at the horse meat cannery.

SIFTING THE SANDS.

How the "Beach Combers" Work When a Storm Comes.

Searching for the Lost Valuables of Summer Bathers—Mining in the Sands for Missing Money.

A storm is just as good as a fire, though. When the "beach combers" see one coming across the waters they pull on their rubber boots and oilskins and forth they sally. The first wind picks up the light dry sand and blows it away in little swirls. That takes off one layer. The "comber" hurries around after the swirls and picks up whatever is exposed to sight. Layer after layer of sand is removed, uncovering more and more coins and trinkets for the scavengers of the seashore. On the day of the last great storm one man picked up \$32, which is the best day's work remembered by any of the men talked with. This storm chasing is pretty hard labor. The men have to run around from place to place after the "blows of sand," and the wind soon begins to lift and throw in big waves, which, with the tide, pour in shore and cover the beach. So profitable is it, however, that the combers search till the water is over their boot tops.

The most profitable work of all is the hardest. That is digging around the base of the piles of the iron pier. The pier in summer is a promenade as well as waiting-room. From it all sorts of things drop, and, sinking in the water, are given up by the owner as lost. The comber knows otherwise. He has learned that the ebb and flow of the tide washes little eddy holes around every pile, and that everything that comes anywhere near these holes is deposited in them. He is aware, moreover, that even heavy objects are borne backward and forward by the waves, and that consequently the chances are in favor of the pile hole receiving, on some in and out flow of the tide, all things worth recovering. So when the beaches are left by the summer crowds and the hucksters, the combers go out with their big shovels and sieves and dig up the sand in the holes. They say that the finds are of good value and very miscellaneous. Most numerous are the pickings from the surface of the "hard pan" from two or three feet down through the surface sand. Upon this hard floor the coins stand on edge in a position to penetrate to the safe regions below. But the comber, understanding this, shovels down three or four feet further, and though it is heavy work and exhausting afterward when the sieve has to be used to release the sand the patient placer miner makes sure he has reaped the summer harvest before he leaves off his task.

There are two rich places which have not been explored. One is defended by a married man who owns the ground. It is a line of poles set up for the bathing patrons. Four years ago a young man went into the water there with two \$20 gold pieces around his neck. He was about to be married and was saving up the money for the event. It was too precious to be left in the bathhouse keeper's safe, so he kept it in the little leather bag at his neck. When he came out of the water the bag and the gold were gone. He wept and cursed and made such a noise about his loss that everybody "on Coney" knew of it. The combers were not alone in the search for it, but it was not found during the season and in the fall the winter men prepared to dig around the life-line poles. Gebbard was afraid they would dig up the poles or loosen them and he forbade them to work there. The police assisted him when they were within call, but whenever they and Gebbard were away down swooped the combers to search for the gold. The owner found it necessary to leave his wife to watch while he was away and the combers while he was kept off ever since. But they mean to have those double eagles yet; they know they are in the pole holes and Dave Stewart, the negro comber, said recently:

"Ise goin' to have them goldbugs if it takes till Gabriel blows."

The other untouched spots are also life-line poles, those that once carried a line from the pier to the scenic railroad. When the bathing houses there were torn down the poles were left and the combers are welcome to delve beside them. But every year they have been passed over because there were enough other places equally rich to last through the winter, and now the tide and the sand drift are gradually rising over the tops of the poles. They will soon be buried and their location will be forgotten unless some energetic comber attacks them.—N. Y. Post.

BREAKING OFF MATCHES.

Outsiders with Their "Random" Words Do Lots of Mischief.

The "random" word, which, according to the poet, may "soothe or wound the heart that's broken," may also do a great deal more—it may change a destiny. Many a match has been made or prevented by some casual remark which has had its influence pro or con in the beginning of events.

Such creatures of impulse and change are we that at certain times the wisest of us are swayed by the merest trifles. A criticism from some one whose opinion we do not even particularly value, a word of ridicule and a dawning preference may be quickly nipped in the bud, while, on the other hand, a few words of kindly praise work wonders in opening the eyes of the blind.

It was remarked the other day that a certain coterie of admirers that used to surround pretty Mrs. Z— a decade ago have all remained unmarried.

"What is the reason, do you think?" said one of her acquaintances; "were they all in love with her, do you suppose?"

"Of course not," said her companion. "Mrs. Z— was not in the least a flirt. It was the way she cut up everyone; not a girl had a chance who came her way. She made everyone ridiculous and the men of her set saw with her

THE RECORDS SHOW CURES OF Rheumatism. BY THE USE OF ST. JACOB'S OIL OF CHRONIC GRIPPLES AND OF RED-HIDDEN INFLAMMATORY CASES. THERE'S NO DENYING, IT CURES.

eyes; that was all. It did seem rather a pity in the case of Minnie S—, for she really liked John Brown and he certainly gave her cause to think that he cared for her, but it never came to anything and they said, at the time, that it was all on account of Mrs. Z—a ridicule and mimicry.

"She had such a way of making every woman appear disadvantageously to 'her men' without really saying anything actually untrue or unkind.

"Minnie S— never married and John Brown is a disgruntled old bachelor, all on account of a few disparaging words when the scales were evenly balanced." It is an unfortunate phase of human nature that a derogatory observation makes more impression than a word of praise, but a kind remark aptly spoken, sometimes does a world of good at a critical juncture. And it is a great pity it is not oftener freely given.—N. Y. Tribune.

BICYCLE VOICE NOW.

Enemies of Wheeling Say It Affects the Vocal Chords.

All the talk of the bicycle face having practically died out, the foes of the wheel have now trotted out another scarecrow, claiming that as a result of wheeling women are becoming loud talkers, with an unpleasant quality of voice. They assert that wheeling, especially with the mouth open, has a detrimental effect on the vocal chords, and when to this is added the strain to which the voice is subjected in an effort to keep up a conversation while cycling the danger seems something more than a shadow. Some persons who have made voice culture a life study are inclined to fall in with these views, asserting that exercise on the wheel is responsible for an apparent alteration in the voices of women. One vocal teacher says:

"While bicycle riding people frequently fill their lungs with dust, and this is, of course, injurious. Then the exercise leaves the system exhausted and unable to resist the bad effects of excessive perspiration. A severe cold is detrimental to the speaking voice, and when these colds are frequent, as they are with bicyclists, they will ultimately result in permanent injury. If women would ride but a few miles at a time and would keep their mouths closed there would be no danger; but I find that many of my pupils cannot refrain from overdoing the sport. Professional women realize the harm that bicycling does to their voices, but they say that they cannot bear to give up wheeling. Calling to one another as wheelwomen frequently do cannot help but strain the voice if persisted in."

Another vocal instructor holds totally opposite views. Said she: "I am strongly in favor of cycling for women. It is a most healthful exercise, and so cannot fail to be beneficial to the singing and speaking voice. I do not believe the old-fashioned theory of things affecting the vocal chords directly. Of course it is possible to strain the voice, but I should think this most unlikely when wheeling. The very tendency of the wheel is to keep the rider quiet. If riders should call from one to the other when outdoors their speaking voice might be affected, but the most strident speakers are often the sweetest singers. The soft, well-modulated voice of the English girl does not give us as many brilliant examples of the song bird as the less pleasant and somewhat nasal tones of the American. Nine out of every ten successful singers abroad to-day are Americans. This is because the other girls are never allowed to expand their lungs with the same delightful freedom. A good digestion is the first requisite toward good singing. I should say poor cooks have more to do with spoiling the voice than all the wheels in Christendom. A theory has been advanced that the rapid breathing necessary when riding the wheel is injurious. This is wrong, as the vocal chords are completely protected when not in use."—Philadelphia Press.

WOMEN AS LINGUISTS.

The Are Quick to Learn But Lose it Profoundly.

One of our university lights who is deeply interested in the study of languages, declares that what woman loses in profundity she gains in quickness. She excels in tact, and extricates herself from a difficulty with astonishing adroitness. In language she is more apt than man. Girls learn to speak earlier than boys, and old women are more talkative than old men. Among the uneducated the wife can express herself more intelligently than the husband. Experience in coeducational institutions shows that women are more faithful and punctilious than men, and at least equally apt. In colleges where a record of standing is kept the women gain probably a somewhat higher average. In the years immediately following graduation the men make much greater intellectual progress. Women reach their mental maturity at an earlier age and develop relatively less after maturity. In many kinds of routine work, especially that requiring patience, women are superior, but they are less liable to endure protracted overwork. We have seen that woman is less modified physically than man and varies less from the average. The same is true mentally. Women are more alike than men and more normal, as it were. The geniuses have been men for the most part; so have the cranks. Woman's thought pursues older rather than new lines. Her tendency is toward reproduction, while man's is toward production. Woman loves the old, the tried, and the customary. She is conservative and acts as society's balance-wheel. Man represents variation. He reforms, explores, thinks out a new way.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

- I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 85, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers a way welcome. IMA A. PHILIPS, N. G. G. C. TAYLOR, Rec. Sec.
I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Chapter, No. 80, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m. I. A. WHEAT, Sec.
I. A. W. M. U. W. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m. in I. O. O. F. hall. W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.
Knights of the Macabees.—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. W. T. YORK, R. K.
Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 10, meets every Thursday evening in A. O. U. W. hall, Medford, Oregon. L. E. HOOVER, C. C. GEO. E. WEBBER, Clerk.
A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 90, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. C. W. WELTZER, M. W. E. A. JOHNSON, Recorder.
W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 34 meets second and fourth Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Woolf's hall. Mrs. M. E. DAVIS, Sec.
G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47 meets in A. O. U. W. hall every second and fourth Saturday afternoon in each month at 2 o'clock. W. T. YORK, Adjutant.
W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon in the Flyway Block. Mrs. ELL FISHER, Pres. Mrs. I. F. WILLIAMS, Sec.
A. O. U. W. Degree of Honor—Hether lodge, No. 66, meets every Tuesday evening at A. O. U. W. hall. ALLEN E. KLIPPEL, C. of H. E. A. JOHNSON, Rec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

- Saint Marks Episcopalian Sunday School meets at Episcopalian Church every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. Wm. Hart, Rector, S. S. Potts, Superintendent.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Edw. Gittins, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. E. E. Thompson, supt. Class meeting every Sabbath at close of sermon. Lavi. Faulstich, leader. Epworth League every Sabbath evening at 8:30, H. L. Gilkey, pres. Junior League every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Miss May Shippe, supt. Regular weekly prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30. Ladies sewing circle every two weeks. Mrs. Bedleman, pres. Missionary societies, home and foreign, meet Friday in each month, presidents, Mrs. Van Antwerp and Mrs. Hubbard.
Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. S. Foster, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. F. S. C. K. 6:15 p. m. Junior Endeavor Society at 3 p. m. Sunday Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Baptist church—G. N. Annes, pastor. Worship and preaching every Sunday morning and evening at usual hours for church services. Covenant meeting on Saturday at 2 o'clock preceding each first Sunday. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8:30 on Sunday evening. Baptist Young Peoples Union meets at 8:30 on Sunday evening. Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Christian church—Corner of Sixth and 1st streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m.; V. P. M. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Ladies Missionary Auxiliary to C. W. B. E. first Thursday 7:30 P. M. each month. Choral Union every Friday at 7:30 p. m. The people welcome. Eli Fisher pastor. Resides at the Rev.
Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. J. A. Crutchfield, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sabbath. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. and Epworth League at 6 p. m. every Sabbath at Medford. Services on 4th Sabbath at Soda Springs at 11 a. m. and 5th Sabbath at 3 p. m. A hearty welcome to all.
Medford Secular Sunday School meets at Woolf's hall at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Mrs. Melbride, Secretary.

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