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THE MAIL CIRCULATION 1900

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Your Advertisement ...

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The Medford Mail

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# Medford Mail.

## BUCKLE ON TO A GOOD THING ..

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Harness and Saddles are going cheap this spring. The good quality of my goods has won for them a reputation unrivaled .....

MEDFORD, OREGON

Repairing promptly done .....

### BEAR THAT SAVES LIFE.

#### Walks Into Town Carrying Lost Child in Its Mouth.

Residents of Apalachin, N. Y., had a bad scare recently, reports the New York Press, when a four-year-old child started out alone to look for trawling arbutus. It was half an hour before she was missed, and then all trace of the little one was lost. Her distracted father and his neighbors joined in the search.

While passing through a ravine they were startled to see an uncouth object shambling toward them some distance up the road, carrying a bundle in its mouth. Closer inspection proved to the terrified searchers that the object was a bear and the bundle a child. It is many years since a bear was seen in this section, but the men, though unarmed, prepared to give battle, one of their number going back for help. But the bear trotted toward them as though totally unconcerned, and when a few yards away carefully laid down the child it was carrying by its dress.

When the men approached and took up the little one the bear did not show fight, and a closer investigation proved he had a ring in his nose. Later it was found the bear belonged to an Italian who was camping in a near-by barn, making a tour of the country. He had purchased the animal when a cub and reared him in a New York tenement, where he was allowed to play with the children, and it was there he had learned the trick of carrying the little one.

### WAGES IN LUMBER CAMPS.

Experienced Woodsmen Go to Work Without Stipulating Their Pay.  
"What wages are you receiving this winter?" was asked of a well-known woodsman the other day, reports the Menominee (Mich.) Enterprise.

"I don't know," was the reply. Evidently seeing a look of surprise, he continued: "You see, when we come up into the woods we never ask what our wages are going to be. We simply get our job, pack our turkey and start for camp. In the spring, if we do our work satisfactory, we get the highest pay that's going. A good man always gets fair wages, and the companies invariably treat him right when he gets down in the spring in the matter of pay. No, I never ask when I hire out what my wages will be. There is one very good reason for this. In the fall the towns are always full of men hunting for jobs in the woods and naturally the wages offered to those who ask are not very large. Along toward the 1st of January these fellows get weeded out. Some of them are dissatisfied with their work and quit, which leaves a scarcity of men, and wages go up again. Now, if I should ask what my wages were going to be when I hired out in the fall I certainly could not expect more than had been promised me. Experienced woodsmen understand this, and never ask, and when they settle up in the spring they get good pay."

### HIS LARGE NOSE.

#### How the Boys in the Class Tormented Him About It.

There was a certain excise-man in Shrewsbury who was very trim and neat in his attire, but he had a bottle nose of more than usual size, says "Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler." As he passed through the school lane the boys used to call him "Nosey," and this made him so angry that he complained to Dr. Butler, who sympathized, and sent for the head boy, to whom he gave strict injunctions that the boys should not say "Nosey" any more.

Next day, however, the excise-man reappeared even more angry than before. It seems that not a boy had said

"Nosey," but that as soon as he was seen coming the boys ranged themselves in two lines, through which he must pass, and all fixed their eyes intently upon his nose. Again Dr. Butler summoned the head boy and spoke more sharply. "You have no business," said he, "to annoy a man who is passing through the school on his lawful occupation. Don't you look at him." But again the excise-man returned to Dr. Butler, furious with indignation, for this time, as soon as he was seen, every boy had covered his face with his hand until he had gone by.

### TIRED OF HIGH LIVING.

#### Reason a Boy Gave for His Collection of Bottles and Cans.

A member of the police force came across a boy the other day, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, who was wheeling home a load of oyster cans and bottles, and, curious to know what use the lad could put them to, he made a direct inquiry:

"Going to throw them over into our backyard," replied the boy. "I took two loads home yesterday."

"But what do you use them for?"

"It's a trick of the family," grinned the lad.

"How trick?"

"I'd just as lief tell," continued the boy, as he spit on his hands to resume hold on the barrow. "We are going to have some relashuns come in from the country. We may not have much to eat, but if they see these cans and bottles and boxes they'll think we've had isters, champagne, figs and puts till we're got tired of 'em and are living on bread and taters for a healthy change."

The officer scratched his ear like a man who had received a new idea.

### A CURIOUS BET.

#### How the Old Woman Dashed a Reckless Youth's Hopes.

Two of the younger members of a well-known club, both of whom are so fond of betting that they are willing to wager money upon almost anything, became involved in an argument over the popularity of mustaches a few days ago, says the Philadelphia Record. One contended that the wearing of the hirsute adornment was on the wane; the other said that more mustaches are worn now than ever before. The upshot of the matter was that the first offered to bet that seven persons without mustaches (including women, for the sake of making the test more interesting) would pass the club windows before three with mustaches should go by. The wager was promptly accepted, a referee was selected and the three stationed themselves at the point of vantage to take observations. The first four to pass were young women and the anti-mustache man grieved jubilant. His jaw fell, however, when the next two pedestrians, with luxurious growths upon their lips, hove in sight. Then followed two more women, and the watchers waited expectantly. The ninth passer-by was a young man who was raising a mustache, yet in his infancy. A warm argument followed as to the disposition of this case, but the referee settled the matter by crediting one-half to each side, making the score 6 1/2 to 2 1/2. An old woman was approaching in the distance, and the man who had 2 1/2 points began to lose hope, but when she arrived opposite the reviewing stand it was seen that she had more hair on her lip than her male predecessor. The referee decided against the fellow who had proposed the bet.

### Salt Mountains of San Domingo.

In the island of San Domingo there is a remarkable salt mountain, nearly four miles long, estimated to contain 90,000,000 tons, and so clear that medium-sized print can be read through a block a foot thick.

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MEDFORD, OREGON.

**Friday His Lucky Day.**  
"I've quit her," said Grilly as he smoked a good night cigar with his chum. "It's all off. Henceforth it will be like the memory of a dream, what the novelists call a passing romance."  
"But I thought you were engaged."  
"So we were. I had seven warm opponents with the old gentleman before I gained his consent. She wears my ring, and I'm paying for it on the installment plan."  
"What's gone wrong, then?"  
"It's her superstition. She's bright and cultured, but she's the most superstitious girl that ever came within my experience. I wouldn't believe it, you know; couldn't at first. I proposed to her on Friday. A fellow in love is lucky to know the year, to say nothing of the day of the week. Nothing must do but we break off so as to escape the bad luck. We happened to make this shift on the 18th, and I'll be blown if we didn't have to break off again in order to kill down the hoodoo. Yes, sir, engaged three times and never had a quarrel. It breaks the record."

"We never started any place yet that she didn't forget something. Do you know that girl would always go to the end of a block before she would turn back? Djd it every pop; all superstition. I raked up my whole pile to take her to the musical event of the season. Passing into the theater she stubbed her toe. That settled it. She must get right home to avoid a catastrophe. Had to hire a coupe and the driver carries my watch yet."

"I looked my record up and got word to her that I was born on Friday, in the dark of the moon, and with an unlucky star in the ascendant. She promptly called the engagement off, and that's what I was after."—Detroit Free Press.

### Hindoo Cruelty.

The correspondent who sends the following to the Calcutta Asian states that his information came to him on unimpeachable authority. During a royal hunt in one of the Rajpoot states an exceptionally fine tiger was caught—netted, no doubt—and lured into a cage. His captors then proceeded to noose his feet and draw them through holes bored in the floor of the cage, and a blacksmith was directed to draw his claws. The tiger's legs having been secured by ropes, the royal sportsmen had a sliding door in the cage opened, and when the captive put his head out they shut the door down on his neck while the blacksmith, with mallet and chisel, broke off his teeth. Preparations were concluded by muzzling the poor brute with strong wire in some inhuman fashion. The tiger was then released, to be baited by dogs, and, despite his maimed condition, he killed several before the "sportsmen" wearied of the game and shot him.

If this story is true, and the information is said to have come from an eyewitness—and there is nothing impossible in the crippling part of the business—one would dearly like to take each of those Rajpoot royalties in turn and read him a lesson with a cutting whip.—London Sketch.

### The Long Journey.

In a certain township not many miles from Cleveland the good man of a local household was laid away in the little churchyard on the hill. After the funeral the relatives, both near and distant, returned to the family home, and the officiating pastor came with them. There they enjoyed a good dinner and afterward gathered in the best room for social converse.

Naturally their talk turned upon the serious event of the day, and presently the good pastor, drawing a deep sigh, solemnly remarked:

"Well, our departed brother has gone a long journey."  
There was a brief silence, and then a cousin of the deceased, a fussy little woman with an intense desire to bear a share in the conversation, suddenly remarked in a tone of profound wisdom:

"Well, you know, brother, that they all say that travel is such an educator!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**D'Annunzio's Art.**  
The Italian correspondent of Literature, in discussing Signor d'Annunzio's alludes to the fact—if it is a fact—that in spite of "his putridly and morbid sensuality" he "compels, even the most averse from his standard of art to acknowledge his power as an artist. Well, suppose he does compel the acknowledgment. What of it? The art in literature goes on to ask if the artist's "seem by preference to be near putrefactions and morbidities, there not cause to conclude that 'something rotten?' But apparently he is afraid to answer the question fully, and to add that rottenness in art should be kept from further discussion."

We are well aware that this kind of proposition always wakes a shrill yell of protest in certain quarters. To deny the right of "art" to do anything it pleases is, we are told, to write oneself down not only a Philistine, but a gibbering idiot. Nevertheless, the great shining fact remains that a man like D'Annunzio never got anything like a permanent foothold upon Parnassus, and all this talk about his "art" might just as well cease. It will never make him a classic. Those talkers who think it will, and hence go on talking, must be curious individuals. Like Charles Lamb, we would like to see their bumps. But we are not sure that even this trivial attention would be more than they are worth.—New York Tribune.

**A Noted Authoress' Workshop.**  
"Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley's study is at the top of her Staten Island home. Under the eaves and from the windows she can look out far over into another state and see the great ocean," writes Laura M. F. Lake of "The Author of 'Titus, a Comrade of the Cross,'" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "About her are the pictures painted by herself, as well as by her artist parents. Books of reference—those in Greek and Latin, as well as in English—books that are simply a delight, not merely tools and pretty bits of bric-a-brac that collect themselves in the room of a refined woman, surround her everywhere. But the door of this room is never closed against any member of the family, and the busy worker is never too busy nor too tired to listen to some childish story of woe or happiness from any one of her five children."

"With her, while her work with her pen means much, still her duty as a wife and mother and a clergyman's wife, comes first. Two afternoons in the week are devoted to teaching poor girls how to sew. Much time must necessarily be given to her home and the little people in it, and yet she finds time for social duties and is always a charming, intelligent companion to her husband. With a smile she tells how, when in doubt as to Greek and Latin, she goes to him for help."

### No Cause For Enmity.

"That's very nice," said the spectator. "I am glad to see those two politicians go out of the room arm in arm, chatting pleasantly."

"There is nothing very extraordinary about that."

"But from what I have read I supposed that they were antagonists and rivals."

"Oh, yes, they are antagonists and rivals! But that is no excuse for their hating each other. They don't belong to the same party."—Washington Star.

### Different.

"Maria, you look simply ridiculous with that tremendous ostrich feather in your hat—as elderly a woman as you are."

"I know it, John. I borrowed it from the big hat you wear when you go out marching with the Resplendent Knights of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Fuzzy Guzzies."—Chicago Tribune.

### Hearty Enjoyment.

"Are your children fond of reading?"  
"I should say so. There isn't a book in the house that has a back on it."—Chicago Record.



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