

WOMEN WHO HUNT.

Modern Dianus Are Numerous in the Maine Woods.

Accompanied by Professional Guides the Fair Disciples of Nimrod Go Forth to Slay.

Though women have been hunting in the state each fall with good success for the last ten years, women have not before this ventured in unless with male escort. These women who are stepping up beyond the Debskonning "dead water" are some very self-reliant women from Massachusetts. They work in some of the stores in a populousety, and, being spinsters, decided to paddle their own canoe this season. One or two reliable guides accompanied them, and, according to all reports, they are doing extremely well. One of them vouchsafed the information to a passing sportsman that they were doing "a blessed sight better than if they had half a dozen men tagging them around to see that they didn't wet their feet or blow their heads off with their rifles."

"But," remarks old Jed Hawkes, "there won't be any spruce gum left in that neighborhood. Lord, how those women are yanking. They say they have chewed a great deal of gum in their lives, but that they never knew what the clear quill was till they came down here into the state of Maine. While they're about it they are going to take back all they can dig, buy or beg to the city. Even the tall trees can't hide their big bumps away from these women. Three of them wear bloomers and have lots of muscle and they kin climb anything that comes along, from trees to catamounts. Those women are safe enough."

It is said that half the parties that went into the Moosehead region last fall had women as members.

You see, the women have for so many years heard their male friends tell of the ecstatic delights of hunting in the big Maine woods that their feminine curiosity has been excited and there has been a veritable clamor to be allowed to go in. Once in awhile there is one woman who finds the trip enough to last her for a lifetime. The fun isn't at all as she has expected it would be. The woods may be good enough for the men, but as for her, she prefers the boulevard and the shopping district.

Then there are other women who meet the most ferocious weather the Maine woods have to furnish; who are drenched every other day to the skin and who get dumped out of a canoe two or three times just by the way of variety.

These women go home and tell all the folks that they have had just the most lovely time and that they are all impatient for the year to roll around, so that they may go again. These are the kind of heroines that can extract fun from every mishap. They are the only kind that should tackle the dubious pleasures of the Maine woods. For that class—and it is an extensive one—that enjoys roughing it, there is no enjoyment in all the world like the autumn forest. But the person who goes in for the first time without proper conception of the nature of the fun will be supremely miserable himself, or herself, and will make all the folks around more miserable still.

The women haven't commenced to go into the Aroostook and the Pamadumcook wilderness yet to any great extent. Last year several parties went in from Staceyville to the vicinage of old Katahdin and remained several weeks until the snow came. The women were of the right sort to stand all the adversities, though they were from the city and said that they had the best time of their lives.

And the ladies have had pretty good luck up that way in the shooting line. One Lynn doctor has been coming down into Maine every fall for years after a moose.

He has been able to shoot deer enough. But deer have got to be too small game for him. Last season he brought down his niece to see him get the prize, for he felt sure that at last his patience was to be rewarded.

One day while they were coming down Black stream the niece, who was a little way ahead in a canoe with one of the guides, saw a moose standing near the water's edge. The animal was side on and presented a splendid mark. Up went the little rifle, and though the hand of the maiden trembled convulsively good fate sped the ball true and the moose fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

That night the uncle figured up that he had spent over \$1,000 in chasing after a moose through the Maine forest—and still lacked the moose. Here was his 19-year-old niece down for the week, and lo! she almost had a moose brought to her. The uncle disgustedly decided that hunting was about all luck, anyway.

There is one thing to say about the women who have been coming to Maine woods for the last ten years. Not one has yet shot one of the guides for a bear or her husband for a deer. The woodsmen say that when the women are out hunting they are very cautious, with all a woman's inherent fear that something will happen, and that no matter how unskilled the woman may be in the use of firearms they, the guides, are never apprehensive of accidents. It is the impetuous veteran who blows off his own or some one else's head.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Afraid He Would Be Left Out.

A gentleman who observed Jimmy carefully taking the census of a company assembled in a parlor awaiting a call to supper, inquired: "What is the matter, Jimmy?" "Why," replied the urchin, with a troubled air, "here's nine of us, counting me, and mamma has gone and cut the two pies into quarters, and that only makes eight pieces."—Stray Stories.

HUMOR IN SMALL "ADS."

Some Funny Things Are Found in the "For Sale or Exchange" Column.

There is more than one way of getting rid of some article you don't want and getting hold of something you really need, or think you need, which is the same thing. If a man owns a dog and hankers for a watch, he doesn't have to sell the animal and then use that money in purchasing the timepiece. That was the way it was done years ago, but the "For Sale or Exchange" column in the Sunday newspapers have changed the method of operation. Pianos are exchanged for sealskins and jewelry. Books are taken in trade for silverware for the table and harnesses. Sign painting goes for clothes, and stenography for bicycles. One young woman advertises: "First-class teacher, with best of references, will give stage or society dancing lessons for dry goods, shoes or anything useful." Another person says: "Opals or amethysts for silverware, typewriter or hardware." A laundress who wants to learn to play the piano says: "Wanted—Piano lessons in exchange for laundry work, or what have you?"

Apparently many of these traders are willing to take nearly anything of value, and, of course, each one expects to get the best of the bargain. There must often be heart-burnings and many sad words when the man who has traded an Angora cat for dental work finds that his teeth have been filled with plumbers' solder, or the woman who has exchanged a Persia rug for an alarm clock discovers that the timepiece runs only on Thursday afternoons, and then strikes nothing but 33.

One enterprising individual advertises: "Best French conversation in exchange for cash or solid goods." It may be said that there are many persons who would also like to trade large bunches of "best English conversation" for cheese sandwiches or an old pair of pants.

A family with lots of board, but a household of leaky pipes, wants to "exchange good board for plumbing; walking distance," and a man with a large wardrobe but nothing to hunt with wants "up-to-date gun for winter suit, No. 42." A hotel man will "give interest in the business for use of furniture for 15 rooms," while a man on the South side would like to exchange dentistry for housework.

One advertisement which is slightly ambiguous reads: "Wanted—Lady for light housekeeping in exchange for good home," and a "competent stenographer" desires to exchange her services for board and room, while still a third says: "Bookkeeper's desk, show case and gun for tailoring or any old thing."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE ALASKAN VESUVIUS.

The Glare from the Spouting Lava Turns Night Into Day—Not Yet Named.

Further information of the active volcano discovered in the Atlin gold district in British Columbia is to the effect that the volcano furnishes the miners a light by which to work their claims during the long darkness of the Arctic winter. The glare from the spouting lava, reflected back against the sky, gives an almost continuous twilight to the upper end of the Atlin district.

All the passengers of the steamer Cottage City, arriving from Alaska, have stories to tell of the volcano, but from Dr. W. B. Kinsloe and T. H. James, mining men of Denver, who have been making an examination of the Atlin country, comes the best and apparently most authentic description of the Alaskan Vesuvius.

"The mountain in eruption," said Dr. Kinsloe, "is the second in a range of four towering peaks lying about 50 miles due south of Lake Gladies and a slightly shorter distance from Atlin City. These mountains are of at least 14,000 feet altitude, the crater resting slightly below its three brother peaks.

"It was in the early part of October that the smoke was first seen issuing from the mountain. With the thought of a volcano furthest from their minds, the miners attributed these first signs of an eruption to clouds hanging about the peak. So constant, however, was the cloud that it became an object of daily observation from Atlin City. Then, on November 8, the mountain burst forth in flames. Through the smoke cloud there shot a stream of molten lava, bowlders and ashes that brightened the sky for a radius of nearly 40 miles and sent its reflected light through the darkness down upon the men working on Birch, Discovery, McKee, Pine and other creeks, the sides of whose banks face towards the volcano.

"A panic ensued among the miners when the ashes began falling down upon them.

"The ashes fell to a depth of several inches and the stream down the mountain side increased in magnitude. The fall of ashes later stopped and the men returned to work.

"When we left the miners were working nights, gladly profiting by the mellow twilight caused by the volcano's glare, which turned night into day.

"No name has as yet been given to the mountain, but when we left, the Canadian officials at Atlin were preparing for an expedition to the volcano and will undoubtedly christen it."—St. Louis Republic.

A Bright Stove Blacking.

Finely powder half a pound of ordinary blacklead, sift it and mix with the whites of three eggs, well beaten. Dilute these ingredients with sour beer until a thin liquid, like French leather polish, is obtained, and set it over a hot fire to simmer for about a quarter of an hour. When cold the blacking will be quite ready for use.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A BUSINESS OPENING.

Some Ambitious Young Men Should Start a Crematory for Dogs.

It Is a Demand Which There Is at Present No Satisfactory Means of Supplying—Women Want Pets Cremated.

Women face a want which there is at present no satisfactory means of supplying. That is unusual. There are so many things in the world that there is no earthly reason for wanting, and for which the want has to be created, that to find a real need of something that is not, and yet might be, is phenomenal. This present need is a crematory for pets, a place where their remains can be decently reduced to ashes which can remain a perpetual reminder to loving friends.

There is a surprisingly large number of people, prominent people whom all the world knows, who believe in cremation for human beings, and there are a good many, not so prominent, perhaps, who believe in cremation for their pets if for no one else; but no place has ever been arranged where this could be satisfactorily done.

Perhaps the only dog who ever had the honor to be cremated in a regular crematory was a much-loved pug by the name of Pompey; this was in England. Pompey was one of the many faithful four-footed friends and belonged to an English clergyman. One day, obeying the common law which human and canine must follow, he departed this life, much to the sorrow and regret of his master.

"For cremation we ought all to be devoutly thankful," soliloquized the reverend gentleman with whom Pompey had lived so long, philosophically. "The sentiment as well as the sanity of cremation is much finer than that of burial. Think of it. No more terrible months with the wind and snow and rain above and the lonely dark prison house of unimaginably loathsome decay beneath—nothing but fair golden fire for an hour and delicate white ashes, at once a symbol of earthly life and heavenly purity."

These sentiments did not apply particularly to Pompey, but as Pompey had died about the time his master was planning a visit to Woking cemetery, he decided to take the remains of Pompey along.

"I know he would not have objected to being cremated," said Pompey's master—"he was so much more sensible than most people, and I am sure he would have scorned to be buried like a common dog."

So, after a question of the man in charge, Pompey, in the box in which he had traveled, was placed on a raised sliding railway, at the entrance to the closed funeral door. At a sign the door opened and the box slid quickly into a chamber which was at white heat, and in about 40 minutes all that was left of poor Pompey was a coffee cupful of ashes. What became of them the master does not tell, but it is implied that they did not go into one of the picturesque urns which are reserved for human ashes.

Not to anyone's knowledge has a dog ever been regularly cremated in America. Letters are received by the people at the head of the crematory companies every once in awhile, and also telegrams and even personal visits from owners of much loved animals, who would like to have them cremated, but their requests are never granted.

"I will not listen to it," says one of the head men of a crematory company. "The place for a human body is not the place for dogs, and I will not allow them to be brought there, though I am fond of dogs myself."

There are not many people who have asked for this privilege—perhaps not more on an average than one or two persons a year—but if a regular crematory for pets should be started, there is no doubt that it would be well patronized, and in some families there would be no end of little urns containing the ashes of faithful Pompeys and Fidors and Trays, and even of Tabbys and Toms. Every flourishing dog and cat show makes it evident that America needs a pet crematory.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Roosevelt in a "Round-Up."

Roosevelt had two ranches in the Bad Lands, where he came every year, when his affairs in the field of business and politics would permit. He came, as he told his men, to be one of them. He was treated on the ranch as any other ranch hand. One of his first experiences on the ranches was on a round-up as a cowboy. He feared there just as the other men feared who were drawing \$35 a month. He had his "string" of horses with the round-up and performed the same duties as did the cowboys. In the morning he was called with the other men—as a usual thing at three o'clock—made his way to the rope corral in which the large band of horses were driven, roped the animal which he desired to ride for the day, saddled it, and after a hasty breakfast started on a long morning's ride. Nor was he favored in the matter of horses. He took the same kind of animals as did the rest of the men—the majority of them half-broken bronchos, more inclined to bucking than to passive servitude. Not infrequently he was tumbled over the head of a vicious mustang, whose bucking abilities overmatched Roosevelt's riding by several degrees. But the discouragements of cow punching were not permanent, and he was no sooner thrown off than he was on again, ready for another trial.—Chicago Record.

Scarcity of Missionaries.

In one province of India, containing 14,000,000 people, there are only six missionaries of any church or society.—Chicago Chronicle.

WE WILL HAVE PEACE, and those sorely afflicted with

NEURALGIA

Will have peace from PAIN and a CURE by using



Medford Sash and Door Factory

J. E. OLSON, Proprietor.

Manufacture and Carry in Stock, a Complete Line of Sash, Doors, Window Blinds, Mouldings Brackets, Shingles, Etc.

Large Stock of Lumber on the Yard

TWO BLOCKS WEST OF BREWERY, MEDFORD, ORE.

Wood Turning Done to Order.

IT IS UNFAIR

To send out of town for articles that can be procured at home.

THE MERCHANT

expects all the people of a town to trade with him. And that is quite proper and right, because it is a fair business proposition.

IT IS JUST AS FAIR

for mill men to expect merchants and all builders to buy their Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Flooring, Rustic, and all Mill Products at home.

GRAY & BRADBURY'S PLANING MILL

is a home institution. Why not patronize it?

BAREFOOT CHILDREN.

It Has Been Decried That Feet Unshod Means Health and Strength.

In Nevada county, Cal., repose the remains of one of the strangest towns on this continent. Meadow Lake is the American Pompeii, whose entombing lava is the summit snow storms, which sometimes bury it 25 feet deep on a level, and whose annual exhuming is brought about by the summer sun, says the New York Herald.

It was in the summer of 1865 that the name Meadow Lake was formally given to the town, previously called Excelsior and Summit City. Until 1858 nothing had been done in the way of prospecting that particular locality.

Henry Hartly, an Englishman, who visited the vicinity in June, 1863, in search of game and chanced to discover fragments of gold, imparted his discovery to his friends. A company was formed and soon after other companies and the building of a city was started.

With the close of the fall of 1865 the new city contained about 150 houses completed and a number of others in course of construction. Then all hopes were blasted. The adventurers awoke to the sad reality that, though there was plenty of gold in Meadow Lake, it was so combined with some substance unknown to the metallurgists that it was effectually locked from the hand of man.

All dreams, the black art, science and metallurgy were set at naught. One after another, as they abandoned hope, the disappointed gold seekers turned their backs on Meadow Lake and went down the mountain.

More than \$2,000,000 had been poured into that bottomless abyss of California known as "dead work," to pay for mills, roads, buildings and mining.

For years the solitary inhabitant of Meadow Lake was Hartly, the Englishman who was mainly responsible for the existence of the town.

DEHORNED COWS.

Here Is a Story About One Old Woman Who Wanted Her Cow to Be De-Tailed Also.

Dehorning cows has been all the fashion lately, says an exchange. It's astonishing how many claim that their cow had the hollow horn, simply as a salve for what appears to be a hard-hearted practice. In most instances the deed was done before the parties had even learned that their cattle even had the hollow horn. Hence, this not being the motive for the deed, they should not mix it into a salve to soothe their wounded consciences.

A good old sister said: "No, I'll not have my cow dehorned. The Lord made her with horns and He knew better than I do what she needed." A good old brother said when he was asked the cause of hollow horn: "Why, poor feeding and too much milking will keep both the cow and her horns hollow. I reckon that's the cause of so much hollow horn."

Another sister worried over the dehorning of her cow. Before it recovered from the effects of it some one said: "That cow has the hollow tail." The old woman looked around, threw up her hands in horror and said: "Take her out and de-tail her at once. Let's make a good job of it while we're at it."

Identified by a Thumbmark.

A remarkable instance of the "thumbmark" method of identifying a criminal is recorded in Bengal. A prisoner had committed a murder which seemed to leave no clew behind it whatever, but, in turning over the papers of his victim, he had by chance smudged an atlas with his thumb. In Bengal they preserve an impression of the thumb of everyone who has been convicted of a crime and the atlas was sent off for the inspection of experts.

Chinamen's Brains Are Heavy.

The average weight of the brain of the Chinaman is greater than that of any other race on the globe except the Scotch.

Ignorant Spanish.

It is said that two-thirds of Spain's population can neither read nor write.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

- I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 88, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. C. C. TAYLOR, N. G. H. H. HARVEY, Rec. Sec.
- T. O. O. F.—Hague River Encampment No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m. C. J. HOWARD, C. P. W. E. NICHOLSON, Sec.
- Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 26, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. VIRGIL WOODFORD, N. G. MAMIE ISAACS, Rec. Sec.
- A. P. S. A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall. J. E. BRYANT, W. M. W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.
- K. of P.—Tallman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers all ways welcome. J. H. BUTLER, C. C. J. P. WATKINS, of R. and S.
- Knights of the Maccoches—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. W. LASHIER, Commander. W. T. YORK, R. K.
- A. O. U. W.—Degree of Honor—Father lodge, No. 50, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month at A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. DELIA DODD, Rec.
- A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, 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. FORT HUBBARD, M. W. W. T. YORK, Recorder.
- Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 50, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon. A. S. WELLS, C. C. JOE SHONE, Clerk.
- Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m., in Woodmen hall. Visiting sisters invited. KATE WAIT, G. M. ADA M. MILLS, Clerk.
- W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 34 meets second and fourth Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m., in Woodmen's hall. Visiting sisters invited. MRS. L. C. REDDER, Pres. MRS. CHARA M. BROWN, Sec.
- G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47 meets in Woodmen's hall every second and fourth Saturday night in each month at 7:30. Visiting comrades cordially invited to attend. M. S. DAMON, Adjutant. W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon in the Halley block. IDA HALLY, Pres. Mrs. A. N. SAYER, Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

- Saint Marks Episcopal, Sunday school meets at Episcopal Church every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. Wm. Hart, Rector; S. S. Penta, Superintendent.
- Methodist Episcopal Church—H. N. Round, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. E. E. Thompson, supt. Class meeting every Sabbath at close of sermon. Levi Faucett, leader. Epworth league every Sabbath evening at 6:30. H. L. Gilkey, pres. Junior league every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Miss May Phillips, supt. Regular weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Ladies sewing circle every Wednesday evening. Woman's Home Mission society, home and foreign, first Friday in each month, presiding, Mrs. Van Antwerp and Mrs. Hubbard.
- Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. Haverly, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Y. P. C. E. 9:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor Society at 2:30 p. m. Sunday Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
- Baptist church—G. N. Ames, pastor. Worship and preaching every Sunday morning and evening at usual hours for church services. Covenant meeting on Saturday at 8 o'clock preceding each first Sunday. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Baptist Young Peoples Union meets at 6:30 on Sunday evening. Sunday school at 10 a. m.
- Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. C. E. at 9:30 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. O. J. Gist, pastor. Resides at the church.
- Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. E. F. Wilson, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Epworth League, prayer and praise meeting each Sunday at 5 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. E. B. Pickett, president.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.

Pullman Sleeping Cars
Elegant Dining Cars
Tourists Sleeping Cars
FREE COLONIST SLEEPERS

ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS
DULUTH
FARGO
GRAND FORKS
GROSVENOR
WINNIPEG
HELENA AND BUTTE

THROUGH TICKETS

CHICAGO TO
WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK
BOSTON AND ALL
POINTS EAST AND SOUTH

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent.
No. 265 MORTIMER ST., cor. Third,
PORTLAND, OR.

Or W. T. YORK, Ticket Agent,
Medford, Oregon.

Hotel Nash Barber Shop

Bates Bros., Props

First class work in all branches of the barberial art. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HOT AND COLD BATHS