

IS A NATURAL TRAP.

Such Is Death Gulch in Yellowstone Park.

Hundreds of Wild Animals Lose Their Lives in the Poisonous Vapors of the Uninhabitable Spot.

In the heart of the Rockies, in Death Gulch, a desolate ravine in the north-east corner of the Yellowstone Park, is a natural bear trap. Here hundreds, perhaps thousands, of animals, seeking food, drink or shelter, have been tempted to come, only to drop helplessly to their death, "into a bath of invisible, poisonous vapor, where they sink down to add their bones to the fossil records of an interminable list of similar tragedies, dating back to a period long preceding the records of human history."

This is the conclusion reached by T. A. Jagger, Jr., Ph. D., who describes Death Gulch in a paper in the Popular Science Monthly. He visited the place as a member of the United States geological survey.

"In the bottom of Death Gulch," he says, "is a small stream of clear cold water, sour with sulphuric acid, and flowing down a narrow steep channel cut in beds of dark gray volcanic stuff. Ascending this gulch, the sides, closing together, become very steep slopes of white, decomposed rock."

The only springs now flowing are small ones of water issuing from the base of these slopes, or from the channel bed, forming a thick, creamy, white deposit about the vents, and covering the stream bed. This deposit consists largely of sulphate of alumina. About 150 feet above the main stream these oozing springs of acid water cease, but the character of the gulch remains the same. The odor of sulphur now becomes stronger, though producing no other effect than a slight irritation of the lungs.

"The gulch ends, or rather begins, in a scoop or basin about 250 feet above Satch creek, and just below this was found the fresh body of a large bear, a silver-tip grizzly, with the remains of a companion in an advanced state of decomposition above him. Near by were the skeletons of four more bears, with the bones of an elk a yard or two above, while in the bottom of the pocket were the fresh remains of several squirrels, rock hares and other small animals, besides numerous dead butterflies and insects.

"The body of the grizzly was carefully examined for bullet holes or other marks of injury, but showed no trace of violence, the only indication being a few drops of blood under the nose. It was evident that he had met his death but a short time before, as the carcass was still perfectly fresh, though offensive enough at the time of a later visit. The remains of a cinnamon bear just above and alongside of this were in an advanced stage of decomposition, while the other skeletons were almost denuded of flesh, though the claws and much of the hair remained.

"It was apparent that these animals, as well as the squirrels and insects, had not met their death by violence, but had been asphyxiated by the irrespirable gas given off in the gulch. The hollows were tested for carbonic acid gas with lighted tapers without proving its presence, but the strong smell of sulphur and a choking sensation of the lungs indicated the presence of noxious gases, while the strong wind prevailing at the time, together with the open nature of the ravine, must have caused a rapid diffusion of the vapors."—N. Y. Herald.

The American Isthmian Canal.
There is but one method by which the United States can discharge their national duty and attain the object which is admittedly to be desired. The method is the constitution and appointment of a competent tribunal, composed of men who enjoy the confidence and esteem of all the civilized world, and whose judgment would command general acceptance. Before this tribunal let the advocates of both routes—Panama and Nicaragua—appear by counsel and present their respective schemes, supporting the project by such scientific evidence as they can produce. Let, above all things, the evidence adduced on each side be tested by competent, and therefore searching, cross-examination from the other side. Let the inquiry be of the most public kind; let all the proceedings take place in the blaze of a light as fierce as that which is said to beat upon the throne; and let the decision be accepted as final all over the world. This canal question presents an opportunity to the people of the United States in which they can show that they appreciate their great place and their high position, and show it by assisting to settle the question in such a manner as will be for the benefit of humanity and for the advantage of the world. America's true interest would be served by this and all would agree to entrust the waterway constructed under America's auspices to American trustee-like custody. — W. Henry Hunter, in Engineering Magazine.

Wild Goose Anxieties in the Sky.
From one of the flocks that passed over this city lately a single bird had evidently in some way got adrift from his companions and become lost in the empty spaces of the sky—for he was seen flying wildly southward, with loud cries, and soon afterward he turned and was seen heading northward with much clamor, and trying, evidently, like the great goose that he was, to find his lost flock. They had gone on, heading for their breeding ground in the far north.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG MORTARS.

They Are Among the Most Terrible Implements of Modern Warfare.

The type of heavy breech-loading mortar relied upon by the army for inner-line harbor defenses is one of the most terrible implements of war that have been devised. The high-powered rifle is mounted in the coast defenses with an effective range of eight to ten miles, and is calculated to open fire upon a blockading fleet the moment it comes within reach. The mortar battery is concealed well away from the big guns, where it cannot be reached except accidentally by the fire of the enemy, nor is this battery intended to be brought into play until the rifles in the main fortifications have been completely or partially silenced by the enemy. The mortars have a limited range of about 4½ miles, and their tremendous-bursting charges are fired high in the air, with the certainty of plunging into any vessel occupying a plotted position upon a chart which is in the possession of the officers equipped with range-finders of delicate precision, located at a considerable distance from the concealed battery. This chart is divided into minute squares, and as the enemy's ships cross the intersections of imaginary lines the men handling the mortars, although they cannot see the vessels, aim, load and discharge with the certainty born of long practice that every shot will tell.

The new mortars, of which 1,000 are provided for in the existing scheme of national coast defense, and of which 320 have already been mounted in positions commanding the entrances of the principal harbors on the Atlantic coast, fire a 12-inch shell weighing 1,000 pounds. This, following a high trajectory, is intended to fall upon the unarmored decks of vessels, and, by exploding, demolish the machinery, destroy the crew, and perhaps sink the vessel. These weapons each weigh about 13 tons, are 11 feet 9 inches long, and their 12-inch rifled bore is 10 feet in length. Their greatest diameter at the breech is 3 feet 2 inches. This great mass of metal is so nicely balanced that it can be loaded, aimed and fired by two men. The loading is performed by simple mechanisms, and with a trained gun company of six men, one accurate shot can be fired every two minutes.—N. Y. Tribune.

FROLIC OF A TORPEDO BOAT.

Singular Misfortune of One of Our Fleet in the Attack on Havana.

In the earlier days of the war, while the excitement of the new condition of affairs was still at its height, the commanders of the different craft engaged in the blockade of Havana were restless under the monotony of their duties, and sometimes did things that were not ordered by the commander-in-chief. So writes a naval correspondent of the Companion, and he proceeds to narrate a pretty lively adventure as a case in point.

One particularly dark night the captain of a torpedo boat decided to take advantage of the darkness and run well in toward the Morro. With all lights doused, the boat steamed slowly toward the entrance of the harbor until her crew could hear plainly the surf breaking on the rocks under the "castle." While the boat rolled lazily in the swell, the officers tried to make out the guns and the fortifications at the harbor mouth.

Suddenly, as the boat gave a heavy roll, the switch which turned on the private light signal was moved, and a blaze of red and white lights illuminated the entire boat. Everyone made a dash to break the connection. In the rush the colored cook managed to roll overboard, and as he went over the side he grabbed at everything handy. Among the things he took hold of, unfortunately, was the whistle rope.

If the boat had been foundering, nothing more could have been done to attract attention. The big searchlight on the Morro twitched around in an uncertain manner and turned slowly toward the boat. Before it reached them the people on the torpedo boat managed to turn off the signal; the spasmodic shrieking of the whistle stopped when the cook was hauled aboard, and the boat escaped in the darkness without a shot being fired at her.

The next time his boat went in, the captain took in his private night signal and the cook had orders to stay in the gallery.—Youth's Companion.

Many Belgians Leaving Home.

The population of Belgium is becoming so numerous that the country is no longer able to support all its people, who in consequence are leaving their native land in larger numbers every year and accepting situations abroad. Last year nearly 10,000 workmen took out passports for Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania, Russia, China and Siam. The emigrants consisted chiefly of quarrymen, metal-workers, glass-blowers and brick makers, but they included also a large number of engineers, architects and managers of works who were leaving Belgium to take up good appointments. One engineer, M. Rouffart, has been summoned to China by Li Hung Chang to study the problem of preventing the inundations of the Yellow river, and M. Rollu Jacquemyns, prime minister to the king of Siam, now in Belgium, has entered into agreements with several young magistrates, lawyers, engineers and agriculturists, who will soon start for Bangkok. The first journal to be produced in the French language in Bangkok, the Courier de Bangkok, was established by M. Willette, a young Belgian man of letters. Its object is to defend Belgian industrial and commercial interests on the banks of the Menam.—London Post.

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DETECTIVE AT THE 'PHONE.

Shorthand Reports of Conversations Are Taken Off in the Central Station.

There is a young woman in the employ of the telephone company at its central exchange who is said to be an eavesdropper. She is a stenographer, and her duty is to sit at a desk in the central office and take down in shorthand all that passes over any telephone line that is to be investigated. She sits all day with a trumpet at her ear, and she hears both sides of any conversation that is held over any wire with which it is desirable that she be "cut in." This is done only at the request of the subscriber whose telephone is investigated.

While the stenographer or telephone detective is making a report of the investigation on any one telephone line she hears nothing that is said on other lines. She sits at a desk apart, and every word that she hears is jotted down in stenographic characters and then copied by her on the typewriter. This full report of the conversation is then submitted to the manager of the telephone company and by him to the subscriber who has asked for it. If the typewritten report conveys any information to the subscriber he acts on it according to his own ideas and the matter is a secret between him and the telephone manager. The telephone is in such a case a private detective.

The telephone company is often called upon to produce verbatim reports of conversations over a subscriber's telephone, so the young woman stenographer, who is an eavesdropper by employment, is kept quite busy. There are subscribers whose telephones are unaccountably in almost constant use; there are others whose wires are used for purposes not exactly legitimate. These men apply to the telephone manager for a report of a day's or a number of successive days' conversations. The telephone company uses its discretion about giving the information asked. While Smith, however, may get a report of the conversation on the telephone for which he pays, the company will not tell him what passes over Jones' telephone.

A young married man with a telephone in his little home one day had a solemn and earnest conversation with the telephone manager. His telephone at home, said the married man, had been very busy for several days, and he couldn't account for it; neither could his young wife. The recently wedded man, entertained, however, a very dark suspicion. The young woman with the receiver and the pencil and pad went to work one morning on his case. The result was most alarming to the young married man. The typewriter report showed that as soon as her husband left home in the morning the wife called up a downtown office and began a conversation with one who had been very attentive to her before she married. That night the wife was confronted by an angry spouse. There followed a domestic "settlement" of fierce intensity.—Kansas City Star.

Chose His Wife for Her Dress.

"Yes," said the business man, convincingly, "I am very particular about a woman's dress. I don't like gaudy clothes and I don't like somber colors, either, but I want something that my friend Mulvany would call 'betwixt and between.' I like a stylish woman, which means that I admire a neat woman, for to my mind no woman can be stylish who dresses in a slipshod, untidy fashion. I like the tailor-made girl, for she is always well groomed. I chose my wife first of all for her taste in dress. She was the only girl I ever knew who looked equally well in a shirt waist and a ball gown, and I don't know to this day which costume I admired the most!"

And the business man sauntered away, smiling reminiscently.—Chicago Chronicle.

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SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

L. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 88, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. FRANK AMANN, N. G. G. C. NOBLE, Rec. Sec.

J. O. O. F.—Hogus River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers invited to attend. M. W. NICHOLS, N. G. W. T. YORK, Sec.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 98, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. M. W. NICHOLS, N. G. LILLIE WEAVER, Rec. Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets first Friday of each month full moon at 8 p. m. in Masonic hall. W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman Lodge No. 51, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers at ways welcome. W. F. WILSON, U. O. S. E. COLLIER, R. of H. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular reviews on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. G. L. WEBB, Commander. W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W.—Degree of Honor—Rethier Lodge No. 56, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month at A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. LAMMIE M. CHURCH, G. of H. Mrs. DELIA DORRIS, Rec.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, meets every first and third Wednesday in the hall at 8 p. m. in their hall in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. J. W. LAWTON, M. W. N. L. NARRIKAN, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Friday evening in Aquila-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon. W. H. MEERER, C. C. JOE SHORE, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Woodmen hall. Visiting sisters invited. HANSH WEBB, G. M. ADA M. MILLS, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 54, meets second and fourth Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. Mrs. J. H. WHITMAN, Pres. Mrs. N. H. BRADBURY, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every second and fourth Monday night in each month at 7:30. Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend. C. A. BOARDMAN, Com. M. S. DAMON, Adjutant.

W. O. T. U.—Meets every other Wednesday in the Halley Block. ADDIE HALLEY, Pres. Mrs. MAY COX, Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

St. Mark's Episcopal Sunday School meets at 10 o'clock. Rev. Wm. Hart, Rector; S. B. PEETS, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal Church—H. N. HOUNDS, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. H. I. GILKEY, supt. Class meeting every Sabbath at close of sermon. L. V. FAUETT, leader. Epworth League every Sabbath evening at 8:30. G. FAUETT, pres. Regular weekly prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies sewing circle every week. Missionary society meets the first Friday in each month.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. HANBERY, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 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. 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. Hagar's 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 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 2 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Ladies Epworth League, prayer and praise meeting each Sunday at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 3:30 p. m. Mrs. E. B. PICKEL, president.

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 6 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 3:30 p. m. Mrs. E. B. PICKEL, president.

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