

THE MEDFORD MAIL

Published Every Friday Morning.

A. S. BLITON.

MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.

He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

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MEDFORD, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1900.

Our Clubbing List.

THE MAIL and Weekly S. F. Call	\$2.00
" " Examiner	2.35
" " Chronicle	2.35
" " Oregonian	2.00
" " Cosmopolitan	2.00
" " Sunday Bulletin	2.00
" " N. Y. Tribune	1.65
" " Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer	1.75

NEWS OF THE STATE.

The new Salem creamery, on Monday, filled its first order for a carload of butter—24,000 pounds.

A large number of live chickens are to be shipped from Oregon to Cape Nome. The enterprise will probably pay well if the fowls go through in good condition.

The LaGrande Observer reports that the experiment made there in feeding range cattle with beet pulp has been so successful that Messrs. Patterson & Armstrong, who conducted it, will use the entire output of pulp from the factory next season, for feeding steers.

The annual fair given by the Second Southern Oregon District Association is to be held in Marshfield this year, and the date is the last week in August. Considerable expense will have to be incurred by the management in erection of buildings for the displays and making arrangements for accommodation of visitors.

TRIBUTE PAID BY ENGLAND.

Tribe Near the Brahmaputra, in India, Hired Not to Plunder the Plantations.

They are a strange people who inhabit the valley of the Brahmaputra, the largest tea-producing tract in India. This territory is bounded on the north by range upon range of mountains, starting with hills which rise to a few hundred feet above the level of the plains, and culminating in the snowy peaks of the Himalayas.

In these hills, between Tibet and British territory, live a number of independent tribes, of Mongolian origin, who, secure in their rocky fastnesses, owe no allegiance to any civilized power.

At the beginning of the century, when the Assam Raj was breaking up, and the rajahs were unable to protect their frontiers, these tribes used to descend from their hills and levy blackmail upon the villages near the border. In course of time these exactions obtained the sanction of custom, and when Assam was added to the domains of the company, the hillmen claimed the right to levy a tax in kind on settlers in the submountain tracts.

The directors consented to acknowledge this claim to blackmail, but declined to allow the borderers to be their own taxgatherers, and commuted all these claims for a payment to be made in cash by government itself, thus obtaining a power of control over the tribes which has since been frequently used to good effect.

It is easy for a body of freebooters to slip down, harry a village, and return long before the alarm is given; and a system of outposts along the frontier, which would render such raids impossible, can be maintained only at great expense, while a punitive expedition is even more costly, the tribes retiring quietly and leaving nothing but a few huts to burn.

The gentle savage is, however, by no means free from gold hunger and the reflection that a little outbreak by one of the young bloods means the stoppage of government revenue for the whole tribe has a most deterrent effect.

Every cold weather, the hillmen come down to the plains to receive their "pos," as it is called, or government grant. They report on the character of the snowfall in their hills during the previous year—information which is taken into account when forecasting the coming rainfall—and of the existence of disturbances amongst them, and offer to government a paltry gift of a few bamboo bows and arrows in return for a large bag of rupees.—London Sketch.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

First Waiter—"How's the new guest?" Second Waiter—"Tip-top."—Town Topics.

"Jones is very superstitious." "Why do you think so?" "He owes me \$13 and won't pay it."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Bacon—"You say your son at college writes a bold hand?" Egbert—"I should say so. He's just written for \$150 more."—Yonkers Statesman.

On the Road—"And what does the local critic say of me?" asked the Ghost. "Oh! he lets you down easy," replied Hamlet. "He merely says that the Ghost wasn't true to life."—Puck.

Senility.—Mr. Dullerby—"I wonder why they call those tall, old-fashioned clocks 'grandfather's clocks.'" Mrs. Dullerby—"Oh, I suppose it's because they're generally run down."—Jeweler Weekly.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED FROM THE WEEK'S DISPATCHES.

Big Irrigation Project in Oregon—Attempted Murder and Suicide at San Diego—A Wife Shoots at a Gopher and Hits Her Husband.

Santa Monica is enjoying a good sized building boom.

A. W. Foster of San Rafael has been appointed regent of the university of California.

The seventh annual convention of the California Bankers association was held at Sacramento last week.

Captain Thomas Meen, one of California's most successful mining engineers died in Oakland a few days ago.

Dr. Samuel S. Bogie, leading physician of Santa Rosa, who, during a quarrel with J. M. Miller, shot and killed him, has been held to appear before the superior court to answer a charge of murder in the second degree.

While returning from a picnic near Visalia, the engine drawing a train load of passengers ran into a calf. The engine and one car were thrown from the track. Many passengers were injured, but none fatally.

The wages of the employees of the electric light and power company of Santa Cruz, have been raised ten per cent.

H. W. O. Nelson, a pioneer of 1849, died at his home in Glenn county, a few days ago. He was quite wealthy. Thomas Bedford, a pioneer of 1850, also a resident of Glenn, is dead.

Twenty-five policemen of Los Angeles have been armed with shotguns to be better prepared to cope with the highwaymen now operating in that city.

While hunting in the mountains near Pasadena, Victor Ward mistook his companion Fred Buchanan for an animal and shot him, inflicting a serious wound.

Peter Tomer and Maje Walton are under arrest at Hanford charged with counterfeiting. Part of their plant was captured.

According to reports read at the convention of the State Bankers' association at Sacramento last week California has a higher per capita deposit than any other state.

W. J. Carlton of Oregon city committed suicide at Portland some days ago while on a spree. Before killing himself he took two shots at Mrs. May Farrell with whom he had been living. One of the bullets struck her in the shoulder causing a slight wound.

Reno, Nev., citizens are taking steps to block the proposed pipe line from Lake Tahoe to San Francisco.

Mrs. William Dakan, while attempting to shoot a gopher near Soquel, accidentally shot her husband in the left shoulder. She aimed at the gopher, shut her eyes and looked in another direction, slightly moving the pistol. Her husband happened to stand in line with the weapon when it was discharged. The bullet has not been extracted, but the wound is not considered dangerous.

Marco Brunello, an Italian quarryman of San Diego, age 50, fatally shot Mrs. Assunta Morris, aged 37, and a little later put a bullet through his own head. His body lies in the morgue and his victim is dying. The shooting was done at the house of Mrs. Morris on F street, where Brunello went, hid under an outside stairway and coolly shot his victim through the body as she came out of the back door. He then went into the grocery store below and put a bullet through his brain.

James Campbell, one of the oldest and wealthiest residents of the Hawaiian Islands, died at Honolulu a short time ago. In August, 1896, Campbell figured in a sensational kidnapping case in San Francisco. Oliver Winthrop, who is serving a life sentence for the crime, decoyed Campbell to a cottage and tried to force him to sign a check for \$50,000 for his freedom.

Green Crawford, 37 years old, was found dead with a bullet hole in his forehead three miles of Paso Robles. The wound was self-inflicted. Deceased left a note saying he had killed himself because he had lost his sweetheart.

An extensive irrigation project is outlined by corporation articles of the Oregon Irrigation company. A vast tract in Crook county is covered by the maps of the company as the course for the five large canals the company propose to construct from the Deschutes river. The secretary, D. T. Warner, states that the work has already begun on two of the canals and will begin on the others very soon. Mr. Warner states that there are at least 287,000 acres that can be reached by his company's canal and that 100,000 acres will be watered as a result of the work now projected.

Benjamin F. Douglas, founder of the R. G. Dunn Commercial agency, died of apoplexy at his home in Santa Barbara some days ago.

The death rate of Tulare county is given as seven in 1000, the lowest rate on the coast.

The street fair and carnival at Sacramento last week was a grand success.

The schooner Dora B was lost on the Alaskan coast near Juneau, last month during a storm. The five persons aboard were drowned.

O. C. Morse, one of the largest seed-growers in the world, died a few days ago at his residence in Santa Clara, aged 58 years. Two years ago, while in the east on business, he was stricken with apoplexy and never was in good health afterward. He went into the seed business in 1878, and so extended his operations that he at last became known as the "king of seed-growers."

—Read THE MAIL for the news.

MICROBES ON THE HEAD.

Do Not Trouble the Brain, But Destroy the Hair.

The American woman as well as the American man lose both the color and abundance of their natural hair covering early. Started off in life with a fine auburn brown suit curling well below her waist, it is only the extraordinary woman who at 25 does not find her combings every morning increasing to alarming bulk. Her scalp seems suddenly to fall in fertility, and in a few years just a thin braid is left as a remnant of the once charming shock of curls.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is not age, or ill health, or heredity, or even the grossest neglect that affects the hair as above described.

Perhaps it is not a pleasant bit of news to thin-haired women, but it is true, nevertheless, that the scalp disease which causes hair to fall is a tiny parasite which literally eats away the hair roots. The microscope will reveal this evil-doer, who works as vigorously as a weevil in wheat.

Just where he comes from is a matter not yet solved, but his species is rapidly propagated and communicated from head to head by the contact of healthy with diseased hair.

Now, it is an encouraging fact that a head that boasts an exquisitely white, wholesome and immaculately clean scalp, or a scalp under peculiar conditions, whether clean or not, will escape infection when the danger is greatest, just as two persons will drink of contaminated water, one will die of typhoid fever and the other flourish.

These exceptions are the secrets of nature, but the average head will and does readily accept the microbe and suffer. Actual contact with an affected scalp is not necessary for this. It is only necessary to pass an elegant silver-backed brush, seemingly perfectly clean and taken from the toilet table of a most dainty woman, through the hair to accept enough microbes to absolutely impoverish a perfect scalp.

Sleeping one night in the same bed with an infected scalp is also sufficient, or merely resting the head one moment on the back of a stuffed chair a person with falling hair has lately occupied, will communicate the disease almost instantly.

As to the symptoms that follow the acceptance of this tiny predator, they are too well known to need description. The hair may or may not, without any especial sensation in the scalp, begin to fall from its moorings. A little of the long hair comes at first, then more and more, showing that the microbe is multiplying and extending daily the area of depredation.

Frequently the scalp is sensitive to the touch, or itches violently, though there may be no dandruff to cause the sensation. Vigorous brushing, the ordinary shampoo, applications of the usual tonics or grease are all unavailing in dislodging the microbe, though to a certain extent great cleanliness and rapid application of the brush discourage very active browsing, and will to a certain extent check or modify the destructive course.

It is just here, in the moment of greatest discouragement, that science steps in to the aid of beauty, and shows that the one and only cure for hair that is falling from the roots is water, massage and air.

Immediately the morning combings begin to show any unusual number of long bright hairs, those precious strands are proof positive that there is a little reaper at the roots, and active measures must be taken to combat him.

If it were possible to wash the head and hair quite clear in clear water and borax, leave it to dry in the sun and wind and permit it to hang free all day, its owner in the open air, in a week the microbe would be eradicated; but for a woman, and especially one who lives in the city, this method is impossible.

Her chance for retaining her hair does, however, rest on her own energy and painstaking care. She must not apply any greasy tonic to the scalp, for this only encourages the microbes' growth, and above all things a soapy



YOUR CHILD IS IN DANGER

From many diseases. Children who are well nourished successfully resist disease to which an ill-nourished child succumbs. Your child has enough food. Does the food make flesh? If not there is something wrong with the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. That wrong can be quickly righted by the use of

• DR. PIERCE'S •

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

In ninety-eight cases out of every hundred it completely cures indigestion and other diseases of the digestive and nutritive system in both young and old. You can consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



SCROFULA The Blighting Disease of Heredity.

In many respects Scrofula and Consumption are alike; they develop from the same general causes, both are hereditary and dependent upon an impure and impoverished blood supply. In consumption the disease fastens itself upon the lungs; in Scrofula the glands of the neck and throat swell and suppurate, the eyes are inflamed and weak; there is an almost constant discharge from the ears, the limbs swell, bones ache, and white swelling is frequently a result, causing the diseased bones to work out through the skin, producing indescribable pain and suffering. Cutting away a sore or diseased gland does no good; the blood is poisoned. The old scrofulous taint which has probably come down through several generations has polluted every drop of blood.

Scrofula requires vigorous, persistent treatment. The blood must be brought back to a healthy condition before the terrible disease can be stopped in its work of destruction. Mercury, potash and other poisonous minerals usually given in such cases do more harm than good; they ruin the digestion and leave the system in a worse condition than before.

S. S. S. is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated blood troubles like Scrofula. It goes down to the very roots of the disease and forces every vestige of poison out of the blood. S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. The roots and herbs from which it is made contain wonderful blood purifying properties, which no poison, however powerful, can long resist. S. S. S. stimulates and purifies the blood, increases the appetite, aids the digestion and restores health and strength to the enfeebled body. If you have reason to think you have Scrofula, or are enfeebled by it, it is a fine tonic and the best blood purifier and blood builder known, as it contains no poisonous minerals. S. S. S. is pre-eminently a remedy for children.

When my daughter was an infant she had a severe case of Scrofula, for which she was under the constant care of physicians for more than two years. She was worse at the end of the time, however, and we almost despaired of her life. A few bottles of Swift's Specific cured her completely, as it seemed to go direct to the cause of the trouble. I do not believe it has an equal for stubborn cases of blood diseases which are beyond the power of other so-called blood remedies.

Our medical department is in charge of experienced physicians who have made Scrofula and other blood diseases a life study. Write them about your case, or any one you are interested in. Your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. We make no charge whatever for this.

Address, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

She can either inaugurate a series of clear water douches for her head or resort to a physician, who will make an examination of her head with a microscope, and give her as exact a description of its condition as a specialist would of her heart and lungs, on sounding and investigating.

He can tell to a hair's width in what portions of the scalp the marauder is at work, and usually, through questions, he can discover where, or how, or when, the infection was received. He cannot, if her case is undertaken, promise to restore a growth where the microbe has cut out the roots of hair and destroyed them, but he can eradicate the enemy, check the falling and redouble the growth in the healthy parts.—Boston Globe.

Baked Too Long.

A jolly old boy from the Midlands entered into one of the hotels at the seaside, and seeing on the slab on the right a crab dressed on the shell with legs, claws and parsley ranged around, said to the landlord: "What'd'ye call that?" "Crab," was the answer. "Looks good; I'll have 'un, and give us a pint of ale." Bread and butter was added, and the diner left to his dinner. In about an hour the genial landlord entered the dining saloon to see if his guest was getting on all right; he found him chawing up the last claw, the chawer red in the face, but beaming. "Like the crab, air?" "Yes, he was capital. I never tasted one afore, but I think you baked 'un a little too long, the crust was so hard. Let's have another pint." He had eaten the lot—shell, claws and all complete.—London Spare Moments.

A Left-Handed Club.

In southern California there is a "left-handed" club, with a membership of nearly 2,000 scattered throughout all the principal towns. To be left-handed is the only qualification necessary for membership.

For Catarrh Hay-Fever Cold in Head

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents a Druggist or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York City.

CHICKEN LICE CONQUERED.

USE

Carbolineum Avenarius.

The most efficient Wood Preserving Paint, also a Radical Remedy against Chicken-Lice. Its application to inside walls of poultry houses will permanently exterminate all Lice. Restless, healthy chickens—plenty of eggs. Write for circulars and prices; mention this paper.

D. H. MILLER, Medford, Ore.

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S GREAT MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

1001 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(Between Ninth and Tenth.)

The largest Anatomical Museum in the World.

Greatest attraction in the City. A wonderful sight for visitors.

Weakness, or any contracted disease, possibly cured by the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast. Established 25 years.

OR, JORDAN—PRIVATE DISEASES

Young men and middle-aged men who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in master potency, lost manhood, all the complications, spermatorrhea, prostatic, gonorrhea, gland, frequent urination, etc., by a combination of remedies of great curative power, the doctor has secured a permanent cure. The doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well known to be a fair and square physician and surgeon, who has cured many cases of the above diseases.

SWEEPSTAKES thoroughly conducted from the system without the use of lottery.

Prizes fitted by an Expert. Radical cures for Eruptions. A quick and radical cure for Piles, Fistula and Hemorrhoids. Dr. Jordan's special painless methods.

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our best medicine of life complaint.

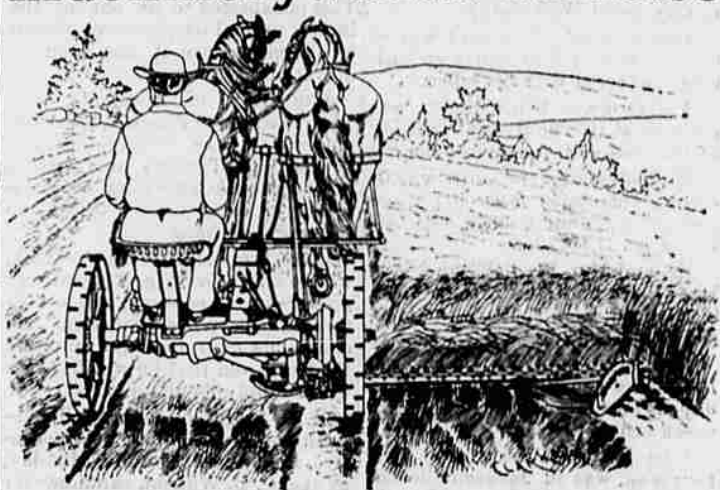
We will guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake.

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We carry a complete stock of the celebrated Ball and Roller Bearing Champion Mowers—both the Haymaker and Drawcut styles. Also Reapers, Binders and several styles of Rakes. Binding Twines, Bale Sies, Smooth and Barb Wire, Machine Oils, Harness, Saddles, etc.

D. T. LAWTON, Mgr. Medford Branch



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Do you want a Mower or Rake? If so, you want the best. We have them; have just received a carload of McCormick Roller Bearing Mowers and Hay Rakes. Come in and see them.

HUBBARD BROS., MEDFORD, OREGON

THE FULL BLOOD ..

CLYDESDALE STALLION,

Sir Stafford, Jr.

NO. 20,140.

Will make the season in Jackson County at the following places: Monday, at Eagle Point, at Royal Brown's ranch; Tuesday, at Table Rock, at Jennings's place; Wednesday, at Gold Hill; Thursday, at Jacksonville; Friday, at Prosser; remainder of the time at Clark's ranch, 1/4 mile east of Childers' brick yard, Medford.

Sir Stafford, Jr., was sired by Sir Stafford, No. 2415, bred by A. & T. Brownlie Newmain, Lanarkshire, Scotland, by Baroness, one of the best breeding stallions in Scotland; Dam Maggie, 3270, by General Williams, 326; second dam, Garasadden Maggie, 411. Sir Stafford, Jr., is nine years old, dark bay, white spot in forehead, is 16 1/2 hands high and weighs 1700 pounds in living condition; is the heaviest boned horse in the county; made two seasons at Oakland, Oregon, and has the finest lot of large horses in Douglas County—good color, and weighing from 1600 to 2000 pounds, according to size of dams. He is sure and good disposition; extra fast walker.

Terms:—\$7 by season; \$10 to insure.

DICK MABEN, Manager.

TYBALT, 2:27 1/2.

Sire of Juliet 2:22, dam of Pathmark, a 3-year-old, sold for \$500 last fall at Salem, and sire of dam of Vola, 2:25; Registered No. 10,772. Tybalt, sired by Alsmort 3800, king of all trotting sires for speed and endurance; first dam Nellie Kahler, 2:35; by Peniger Mike, 3408, sire of Barney, 2:35 1/2, and sire of the dams of several with records better than 2:28; also sire of Klamath, second dam; Mike also sire of Plymouth, sire of the dam of Seymour, Wilkes, 2:38 1/2, fastest son of Guy Wilkes. Peniger Mike, by Vernon, registered, 2:32, sire of several in the 2:30 list, including Ribbon Tybalt's second dam, Vermont; also sired Ella Lewis, 2:28, dam of Baldwin, 2:35 1/2, fastest son of Sultan, also fastest horse in Pennsylvania. Tybalt weighs about 1850 pounds; breeds large; if colts don't prove trotters they are large enough for colts or general purpose horses. Tybalt has been poked all winter and is in the pink of condition. He will make the season as follows: Central Point, Mondays and Tuesdays; Jacksonville, Wednesdays; Ashland, Thursdays; remainder of time at Medford.

Terms:—Season, \$10, payable at end of season; to insure, \$15, payable when mare is known to be in foal; any kind of farm produce taken same as cash.

Wm. CLARK, Manager.

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