

**DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN WAKE OF STORM.**  
(Continued from First Page.)

HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 11.—G. I. Russ, passenger conductor on the International & Great Northern railroad, was among a party of refugees who reached this city at midnight. Mr. Russ said to a reporter:

"I will not attempt to describe the horror of it all; that is impossible. When I left Galveston men armed with Winchesters were standing over burying squads and at the point of rifles compelling them to load the corpses on drays to be hauled to barges on which they are towed into the Gulf by tugs and tossed into the sea. As I left I saw a barge freighted with dead on its journey to the Gulf.

"This manner of burial is imperative; the living must be protected now."

HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 11.—Details from the storm-swept district of Texas hourly disclose more heart-rending features and confirm early rumors of one of the greatest catastrophes of late years. No wire communication is yet possible with the city of Galveston, and the only definite news obtained so far has come by tugboats and refugees.

There seems to be no ground for the hope that fuller details would show a reduction in the number of lives lost, and a conservative estimate is given at 1000 dead, all told. The property loss is perhaps, even higher than at first given.

In the city of Galveston the dead are being gathered up as rapidly as possible, taken to sea on barges and there consigned to their last resting places. This action is necessary to protect the survivors from pestilence, and the ground is too wet to permit of digging graves.

Ghouls have begun their work, and bodies are being stripped of their valuables.

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 11.—Mayor Walter C. Jones estimates the number of dead at 5000, and he is conservative. Over 2300 bodies have been taken out to sea or buried in trenches. Other hundreds are yet to be taken from the ruins. These bodies are now all badly decomposed, and they are being buried in trenches where they are found. Others are being burned in the debris where it can be done safely. There is little attempt at identification, and it is safe to say that there will never be a complete list of the dead.

Chief of Police Ketchum is in charge of the work of burying the dead. There are large bodies of men engaged in this work, tearing up the ruins and getting out the corpses. Some of those whose bodies are being taken out were probably only injured when they were first struck down, but there was no getting relief to them, and they perished miserably.

The remnant of the force of regular soldiers who were stationed here, and it is a very small rem-

nant, have joined the police in patrolling the city.

HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 12.—The ghouls have been holding an orgie over the dead at Galveston. The majority of these men were negroes, but whites took part in the desecration of the dead. Some of them were natives and some had been allowed to go over from the mainland under the guise of "relief" workers. Not only did they rob the dead but they mutilated bodies in order to secure their ghoulish booty.

A party of 10 negroes were returning from a looting expedition. They had stripped corpses of all valuables and the pockets of some of the looters were fairly bulging out with fingers of the dead which had been cut off because they were so swollen the rings could not be removed. Incensed at this desecration and mutilation of the dead, the looters were shot down and it has been determined that all found in the act of robbing the dead shall be summarily shot.

During the robbing of the dead not only were fingers cut off, but ears were stripped from the head in order to secure jewels of value. A few Government troops who survived and private citizens have been patrolling the city and have endeavored to prevent the robbing of the dead, and on several occasions have killed offenders. It is said that at one time eight were killed, and at another time four. Altogether, the total of those executed exceeds 50.

**Died in Jacksonville—Mrs. Hoffman.**

The funeral of Mrs. C. B. Hoffman, which took place at her late residence on Tuesday afternoon, was largely attended. Rev. S. H. Jones addressed the large concourse of friends who had assembled together on this sad occasion in an impressive and eloquent tribute to the memory of the aged mother, friend and neighbor, who had for so many years held a place in the heart and affection of everyone who was fortunate enough to know her. While speaking of her consistent and earnest Christian life, many passages of Scripture were referred to that had been an especial delight and comfort to her during the vicissitudes of her earthly career. In comforting words to the bereaved children he brought out the beautiful thought that mother was not dead; but more alive in her triumphant victory in gaining, by leaving this world of trials and sorrows, an eternal entrance and existence into a perfect rest in the presence of her blessed Savior, in whom she always trusted and longed to know. An earnest and special fervent prayer was offered by Rev. W. B. Moore, of Medford, who was greatly beloved by her. Rev. Hanery, of Medford, read an appropriate chapter and Rev. Strangé addressed comforting words to the relatives in thoughts taken from Proverbs thirty-first. Her favorite hymns were sung by Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. K. Kubli, John Miller and Henry Dox. Floral offerings were sent in abundance as loving tributes from friends and relatives. Her absent grandchildren in thoughtful remembrance sent beautiful flowers to deck the resting place of "Grandma." Tributes were sent from Portland by B. B. Beekman, Fletcher Linn and Mrs. Mamie Gay. Six daughters, Mrs. M. H. Vining, of Ashland, Mrs. J. E. Beekman, Mrs. A. S. Linn, Mrs. F. E. Whipp and Miss Kate Hoffman, of Jacksonville, and Mrs. E. A. Dorris, of Eugene, were present, also her grandchildren, Miss Cora Linn, Ralph Vining, Mrs. K. Granger, Mrs. E. Minkler, Verne Whipp, Gertrude Whipp and one great grandchild, Norma Minkler, were among the sorrowing ones who gathered around her.

Grandma Hoffman was laid away to her final resting place, and as the years allotted us pass away, only the memory of her sweet face and grand, noble life can be retained. Her influence will live forever.

**Veal for Dawson.**

From the Roseburg Review.  
Mr. W. T. Emery, who came home from Dawson City last week, will leave tomorrow night on his return there. He will take with him two carloads of veal calves, and some idea of the exorbitant freight charges made by the lines going there may be gained from the fact that their transportation will cost something over \$600 per head.

The first 40 miles of the railroad from Skagway was built at an expense of \$3,000,000, and it is said the railroad company realized the full amount of their investment during the first year of its operation. Trains now run below the White Horse rapids and connect with steamers from there to Dawson, obviating all the former hardships of travel.

THE MAIL has blank school report cards for sale.

**Pioneer Reunion.**

The pioneer reunion was held in Jacksonville last Thursday. Owing to illness and death in the family of our Jacksonville correspondent this week, which facts excuse her from furnishing the customary news items, we take the following account of the reunion from the Ashland Tidings' Jacksonville correspondent.

The Pioneer Reunion held in Jacksonville, September 9th, at the court house square, was a splendid success. A goodly number of people from all parts of the valley assembled to enjoy the day in listening to the program rendered, in social converse, and in relating together many reminiscences of days gone by. While the meetings are enjoyable, they are also fraught with sad memories, as many a pioneer is remembered who, having trod the dangerous path of frontier life with undaunted courage, now sleeps in peaceful quietude, free from all toil or pain.

The address of P. H. D'Arcy, of Salem, a native son of Oregon, was a masterly effort, delivered in a pleasing manner and replete with interesting incidents of pioneer days. It is pleasant to watch the faces of our old pioneer friends when some story, perhaps long forgotten, brings back to memory scenes which gleam out like a vivid picture on a dark background; scenes where danger lurked, when privations made them venturesome, and necessity nerved the arm that defended the lives of wife and children from an ever lurking foe. No shrill whistle of the locomotive then. No busy whirl of mill, or ringing sound of anvil throughout the length and breadth of our little valley. No church spires glistening bright, nor college bells ringing out. Naught but rude log homes, scattered miles apart with dangerous paths between. No fields or orchards laden with luscious, wholesome fruit; but untilled soil, the breaking of which meant one hand on the plow, the other on the trusty rifle, the old family rifle. Native sons and daughters of Oregon, you are reaping today the golden harvest sown by your fathers and mothers in blood and tears, for in this land of beautiful homes, more than marble shaft marks the grave of a victim of the once treacherous Rogue river Indian. The weary, folded hands, now stilled forever, tolled for the ripening grain that now covers your fields; for the ruddy fruits and purple grapes that grow in your orchards and vineyards; for the lovely homes that you now enjoy. Then all honor to those deserving heroes of early pioneer days. Give them fitting tributes, upon the pages of Oregon's history today.

**PROGRAM OF EXERCISES.**  
Call to order by the president, Wm. Ceiving.  
Opening chorus, by the Ladies' Choir.  
Prayer, by Rev. W. T. Van Sooy.  
Biographical sketch of the life of Gen. T. G. Roemer.  
Biographical sketch of the life of John O'Brien.  
Song, hymn by choir.  
Biographical sketch of the life of Jacob Wagner.  
Biographical sketch of the life of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Bybee.  
Song, by G. H. Quartet.  
Address, by Hon. P. H. D'Arcy.  
Song, written by Mrs. Jane McCully, sung by the congregation.

Special mention should be made of the sumptuous dinner spread by the committee on dinner. The tables, beautifully and artistically arranged, were well laden with the good things that "maketh the heart of man glad." When

**Hacking**

There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. It tears the tender membrane of the throat and lungs, and the wounds thus made attract the germs of consumption. Stop your cough by using the family remedy that has been curing coughs and colds of every kind for over sixty years. You can't afford to be without it.



**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; and the cough drops away.  
Three sizes: the one dollar size is the cheapest to keep on hand; the 50c. size for coughs you have had for some time; the 25c. size for an ordinary cold.  
"For 15 years I had a very bad cough. The doctors and everybody else thought I had a true case of consumption. Then I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it only took a bottle and a half to cure me."  
F. MARION MILLER,  
Oct. 28, 1898. Camden, N.Y.  
Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice, write the Doctor free of charge.  
Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

you decorate a table with Oregon's new-coming variety of bright hued shrubs and flowers, and then fill every space with the golden, luscious and substantial products of our productive soil, you have a feast fit for a king; yet none the more appreciated than by our good pioneers and native sons and daughters.

The social given by the Native Sons and Daughters on the evening of Sept. 9th, is reported to have been one of the pleasantest gatherings that has taken place in Jacksonville for many years. The various committees who planned this entertainment were determined to make a success of it, and did so. Nothing was omitted by these ladies and gentlemen that could enhance the pleasure and comfort of their guests. An excellent program was rendered and enjoyed by all, delicious cakes and ice cream served in abundance, and with the hearty free good will extended to everyone present the members of these societies deserve all the praise which has been assigned them on this memorable occasion.

The following program was rendered at the entertainment given Thursday evening by the Native Sons and Daughters:  
Duet, Misses Agnes Love and Florence DeBar.  
Remarks, by E. A. Reames.  
Solo, Mrs. Geo. Webb.  
Duet, Misses Agnes Love and Florence DeBar.  
Recitation, Miss Mae Merriman.  
Trio, Miss Corinne Linn, Miss Sophia Miller, Mrs. Mollie Kubli.  
Remarks, Hon. P. H. D'Arcy.  
Solo, Miss Virginia Woodford.  
Solo, Dr. R. T. Burnett.

**Medford's Poultry and Fruit Exhibit.**

W. W. Browning, of Ogden, Utah, has submitted a proposition to the Southern Oregon Poultry Association, in which he desires to judge the poultry at the November show in Medford. The members, however, have not as yet selected a judge. It is to be hoped one may be secured who is capable of judging Belgian hares as well as poultry. The committees are now at work on their various duties, and it is gratifying to know that all who have been interviewed are heartily in favor of the show and will lend a helping hand to make it a success.

There is evidence even at this early date that there will be great competition in Brown Leghorns and Barred Plymouth Rocks. A member of the association knows of from fifteen to twenty entries of these breeds already. There have also been a number of letters received from persons in the Willamette valley and California, who want to enter their poultry.

The association hopes that the people of this valley will not allow parties on the outside to come in and carry away the prizes. Brush up your best specimens, feed them in a manner so that they will be through moulting, get them in good trim and let us hold the prize money here at home. If everybody interested will join hands in making this poultry and fruit show a success, it will prove a brilliant affair for Medford and Southern Oregon.

During the week of the show there will be a meeting of the members of the association, at which time new officers will be elected, and a place selected for holding the next show, which will probably be at Ashland or Jacksonville. Let everyone remember that the show will open on Monday, November 19th, and continue until the following Saturday night.

**Wagons, Harness and Stock for Sale.**

I have for sale the following property:  
One 3 1/2 inch wagon.  
One 3 inch wagon.  
Four sets heavy harness.  
Two second hand surreys.  
Several head farm horses and brood mares.  
One registered Jersey cow.  
Farming implements of all descriptions.  
Call upon me at the Union livery stables, Medford, Oregon.  
E. B. JENNINGS.

**Market Report.**

The following are the prices paid by our merchants this week for farm produce. This list will be changed each week as the prices change:  
Wheat .....42  
Oats .....50  
Flour .....\$1.50 per 100 lbs  
Barley .....\$1.10  
Mill Feed .....90c  
Potatoes .....75  
Eggs .....15 per doz  
Butter .....20 per lb  
Beans, dry .....03  
Bacon .....10  
Hams .....14  
Shoulders .....09  
Lard .....004  
Hogs live .....042

**Card of Thanks.**

We desire to thank, through the columns of your paper, those friends and neighbors who were so kind to us during the illness of wife and mother, and who were so sympathizing and helpful during the sad hour when death had entered our home. The true friends of this earth are truly those who administer to you when in times of distress and need.

**C. H. PAINE AND CHILDREN.**

**Advertised Letter List.**

Following is a list of letters remaining unopened in the Medford postoffice on Sept. 12, 1900.  
Henderson, J S  
Larson, Thos  
Sulder, S H  
Williamson, J R  
Jameison, Geo  
McAdams, Thos  
Todd, Ralph  
A charge of one cent will be made upon delivery of each of the above letters. Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "Advertised."  
G. F. MERRIMAN, Postmaster.

**FREE AND PROMPT DELIVERY OF GOODS**

**Groceries**  
Get 'em on the west side. The West Side Grocery carries a splendid line of Groceries, Provisions, Cigars and Tobacco.  
**Feed**  
Baled Hay, Rolled Oats and Barley.  
T. H. MOORE, Prop.  
The West Side Grocery



Write for Catalogue and Prices.  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

**LUMBER..**

Fir and Yellow Pine dimension lumber—all sizes and lengths; also boxing. Orders for special sizes promptly filled.  
Mill 5 miles west of Talent on Anderson Creek. Postoffice address, Talent, Oregon.  
Let Us Figure on the Next Bill of Lumber You Order.

**Wm. Richards & Co.**

**Death of Mr. Stidham.**

Died—At his home in Central Point, Oregon, Wednesday, September 5, 1900, Nathan Stidham, aged 63 years, seven months and twenty-seven days.

Deceased was born in Monroe County, Tennessee, but spent most of his youth and early manhood in southwestern Missouri, where he married in 1866. In 1880 he came to Oregon, and for two years lived at Ashland. For the next eight years he was located on a farm on Rogue river. Moving to Central Point in 1890 he made that place his home until his death.

Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church, in Central Point, Rev. O. J. Gist, of Medford, preaching the sermon. The members of the G. A. R. Post of Central Point, of which Mr. Stidham was an honored member, attended in a body and had charge of the burial. There was a very large attendance of the people of the town and surrounding community, attesting their high regard for Mr. Stidham and the bereaved family.

In this man's death the community has lost a highly esteemed citizen, and the church a faithful member.

**For Sale—**

A span of light driving horses, light wagon and harness, wagon as good as new; horses perfectly gentle for women and children to ride or drive. For particulars address, C. C. Gilchrist, Central Point, Oregon.

**MINING TIMBERS.**

The Mountain Copper Company, Limited, of Keswick, Shasta County, California, is open to receive bids for the supply of 90,000 feet of Red Pine Mining Timbers of the following dimensions, deliveries to commence the beginning of October:

Not less than 14, 16, 18 and 20 feet long, and not less than 14 inches diameter at the smaller end for logs, or 12 inches square for sawn timbers.  
Also for 5,000 poles, to be cut from live timber, of 8 to 12 feet long, and of not less than 4 inches diameter at the smaller end.  
Also for 35,000 pieces of logging of 5 feet, 6 inches long, 2 or 2 1/2 inches thick, and from 4 to 6 inches in width.

**ART OF ENTERTAINING.**

Is Less Not in Laborious Effort But in Quiet Agreeableness.

A great many people entirely isolate themselves from society, says Christian Work, "because they do not know how to entertain, or rather, doubt their ability of engaging in such a task. The true art of entertaining is not in a laborious effort at overdoing one's self to please others, but rather in the simple act of being agreeable to the best of our ability. True, it is well to render one's self individually congenial to guests, if such is possible, or within the power of a host or hostess, but when it becomes an evident labor to do so, it is better simply to be agreeable in a general, unaffected way." To which it is proper to add that there is quite as much danger of overdoing as underdoing this whole matter of entertaining. There are a great many quiet people who do not care to listen to an incessant personal chatter, delivered point-blank, even from the most charming lips and in the most perfect manner. In other words, they prefer the general rather than the excessively individual flavor.

**Don't Answer Impertinent Questions.**

Impertinent questions are to be met with firm and dignified politeness. Any question about another's personal affairs, about the price of one's clothing, the amount of one's earnings, the reasons one has for entirely private conduct, is impertinent. Would I answer such questions? Not at all. Usually by a little tact one can settle such questioners. If there is no other way, I counsel a plain but courteous sincerity—a simple refusal to answer. One may just say: "Pardon me, I prefer not to give any information whatever on this matter."—Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal.

**A SOLDIER'S DOG.**

Beats Like Many Another Warrior in an Honored Grave in His Native Land.

Pat's picture was in the Royal Scottish academy, representing him as a smooth-coated little tyke, says Chambers' Journal. He was of nondescript breed, but of great intelligence and well versed in the performance of tricks. He had a traveled, eventful history. One master was killed in action; but a brother officer adopted the quaint white mongrel as his special charge. Pat was in an Afghan campaign, which proved fatal to another regimental dog, John Harrison, a retriever. John often followed his master, the colonel, through Edinburgh's gray streets. The heat on his last foreign service was, however, too much for him, and on the march to Kandahar John was shot for fear he should lag; and rests, like many another warrior, in a grave where a Briton had laid him. Pat, being small and short-haired, withstood the Indian heat. He went with his second master to Egypt, but, the glare of the sands threatening to impair his already failing sight, the four-footed veteran was sent home on sick leave. He never rejoined his Highlanders; but by special desire, when he died at his Midlothian retreat, he was rolled in the coat the soldiers had made for him of their regimental tartan and buried in the well-tended niche in the crown of the City of Winds.

**CANNON BALLS FOR SALE.**

Extracted by the Hundred from the Walls of an Old Safety Vault in New York.

Workmen engaged in demolishing the 48-year-old five-story building at the southwest corner of Wall and William streets have found a number of eight-pound iron balls let into the joints of the granite slab-forming the outer wall of the street vault in what was the basement of the building. About 200 of the balls have been found, reports the New York Sun. One of the workmen was sure he had discovered some "revolutionary relics," and succeeded in disposing of a number of the "cannon balls" at 50 cents apiece. So many of the metal spheres were discovered that the price soon fell to a tin of beer. The discovery and sale continued Tuesday and yesterday and as there are a few slabs still in the place there will probably be more "relics" for sale to-day.

The demolished building was occupied by the Atlantic Mutual Insurance company and by the Phenix bank. The vault measures perhaps 15 by 20 feet. The granite slabs which form its outer wall are 18 inches thick. The top of each one was hollowed out to receive half the iron ball and the bottom of the next higher was hollowed out to receive the other half. Possibly the metal balls were put in to bother any burglar who might seek to dig through the wall.

**AN OPPORTUNE FIT.**

It Turned a Loss of a Million Dollars Into a Gain of Considerably More.

Mrs. Henry Widmayer, a Wall street speculator in a small way, fainted in her broker's office recently, being on the short side of a bull market at the time, and while in a swoon things went against her to the tune of \$700. The occurrence, says a New York exchange, recalled to a veteran speculator there a coup which Addison Cammack once made in original fashion. He, too, was on the short side and the bulls were raising merry hades, when he arrived on Wall street from Tuxedo. At 10:30 he was loser to the extent of nearly \$1,000,000. Suddenly he had a fit. He fell on the floor and foamed at the mouth. Doctors and things were sent for, and news got out that Cammack was dying. It spread like wildfire and was in every office in the street. He was a big man then, dealing with the boldest and strongest operators in the street, and the prospect of his death sent the market reeling. In the meantime the wily old fox had out 40 brokers selling short everything in sight, and when the day and the fit were over he had not only recovered his losses, but was \$1,250,000 to the good.

**Does the Baby Thrive**  
If not, something must be wrong with its food. If the mother's milk doesn't nourish it, she needs SCOTT'S EMULSION. It supplies the elements of fat required for the baby. If baby is not nourished by its artificial food, then it requires  
**Scott's Emulsion**  
Half a teaspoonful three or four times a day in its bottle will have the desired effect. It seems to have a magical effect upon babies and children. A fifty-cent bottle will prove the truth of our statements.  
Should be taken in summer as well as winter.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.