Medford Mail.

VOL. XII. MEDFORD, JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1900 NO. 50.

The Largest

and most successful business concerns of the country today are patrons of the newspapers, using those having the largest circulation. Why not follow the lead of those who have reached the top and become a purchaser of advertising space? THE MAIL offers excellent advantages with sworn circulation of

2200.

Business Methods

of today require a complete and neatly printed line of stationery. Your business should be represented in an attractive manner upon every piece of stationery you send out. It costs but little more in the long run and carries with it an air of prosperity. THE MAIL job department is replete with facilities for printing letter heads, envelopes, cards, etc.

That Win.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

I. L. ARNOLD,
DENTIST.

Painless extraction of teeth. Office over Van Dyke's store. Medford, Oregon.

G. T. JONES,
COUNTY SURVEYOR.
Any or all kinds of Surveying promptly done. The County Surveyor can give you the only legal work.
Medford, Oregon

G. W. STEPHENSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Calls promptly attended to. Office on 7th and C Sts., in the Adkins block—upstairs.
Medford, — Oregon.

C. P. SNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office of Jackson County Abstract and Collection Co.
Hamlin Building, Medford Oregon.

HAMMOND & NARREGAN
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Office in Stewart Blk. Medford, Or.

E. KIRCHGESSNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Central Point, Oregon.
Medford office—Lindley Building, Wednesday and Saturday, 9:30 to 11 a. m., on and after April 10, '99.

J. S. HOWARD,
SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor for the State of Oregon. Postoffice address:
Medford, Oregon.

J. B. WAIT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office in Lindley Block Medford, Or

E. B. PICKEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office hours—11 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 3 p. m.
X-Ray Laboratory—Examinations $1.50 to $25.
Office: Haskin Block, Medford, Or

W. I. VAWTER, Pres. B. F. ADKINS, V Pres
H. L. GILKEY, Cashier.

Jackson County Bank

...CAPITAL, $50,000...

MEDFORD, - - OREGON

Loan money on approved security, receive deposits subject to check and transact a general banking business. Your business solicited.... Correspondents:—Ladd & Bush, Salem, Anglo California Bank, San Francisco. Ladd & Tilton, Portland, Corbin Banking Co., N. Y.

J. H. STEWART, President. H. E. ANKENY, Vice President.
J. E. ENYART, Cashier.

The Medford Bank

MEDFORD, OREGON
Capital, $50,000.00

A General Banking Business Transacted

DIRECTORS
J. H. Stewart, H. E. Ankeny, W. H. Roberts
W. S. Crowell, R. H. Whitehead
W. F. Towne, Horace Pelton

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S GREAT
MUSEUM OF ANATOMY
1051 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
(Between Sixth and Seventh.)

The largest Anatomical Museum in the World.
Greatest attraction in the City. A wonderful sight for visitors.
Weaknesses, or any contracted disease, positively cured by the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast. Established 36 years.
DR. JORDAN—PRIVATE DISEASES
Young men and middle aged men who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in maturer years. Nervous and physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood in all its complications, Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc. By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief, but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—Diseases of Men.
SYPHILIS thoroughly eradicated from the system without the use of Mercury.
Trusses fitted by an Expert. Modern cure for Rupture. A quick and complete cure for Piles, Fissure and Fistula. Dr. Jordan's special painless methods.
EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint.
We will Guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake.
Consultation FREE and strictly private.
CHARGES VERY REASONABLE.
Treatment personally or by letter.
Write for Book, PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE, Mailed Free. (A valuable book for men.) Call or write
DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St., S. F.

We have the Best Assortment of..... **ENAMELED WARE**
Ever brought to Medford, in the following lines:

Stransky Enameled Ware in Blue.
Opal Enameled Ware in Green.
Crescent Enameled Ware in Grey.

J. BEEK & CO

First-class Rigs Fast Horses Careful Drivers

UNION LIVERY STABLES

E. B. JENNINGS, Prop.
Cor. Seventh and B Sts. - Medford, Ore.

Special Attention to Commercial Men

I. A. WEBB, Dealer in

Furniture, Carpets, Wall Paper

The Largest and Best Selected stock of furniture, carpets, wall paper, window shades and house-furnishing goods to be found anywhere in Southern Oregon.

Undertaking Goods kept on hand. Picture framing and upholstering.

Seventh Street, Medford, Oregon

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?

New Lumber Yard

O. E. GORSLINE & SONS
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
Rough and Dressed Lumber
.. .. **Fir and Pine Shingles**

Rustic and Flooring Three Years Old, Thoroughly Seasoned.

Medford, Oregon Yard South of Whitman's Warehouse

THE MORTAR
DRUG STORE,
G. H. HASKINS, Prop'r.
HAS ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF
Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Books, Stationery,
PAINTS AND OILS.
Tobaccoes, Cigars, Perfumery, To let Articles an Everything that is carried in a first-class DRUG STORE

Prescriptions -:- Carefully -:- Compounded.
Main Street, - - - - - Medford Oregon.

FRANK W. WAIT
... STONE YARD

General contracting in all lines of stone works

Cemetery Work a Specialty

All kinds of marble and granite monuments ordered direct from the quarry.

Yard on G street—Commercial Hotel Block

MEDFORD, OREGON

JACKSONVILLE MARBLE WORKS
J. C. WHIPP, Propr.
Does General Contracting in all Lines.
GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKS.
CEMETERY WORK A SPECIALTY
Jacksonville, - - Oregon.

THE HEAD ANIMAL MAN'S XMAS.

By J. H. Connelly.

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He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

When the show reached winter quarters in Cincinnati, the proprietors were in haste to get away—Mr. Kling to New York and Mr. Lake to his Michigan farm. The former, who was "boss," said to me: "Bill Cripps, you've been our head animal man only one season, but that's enough for me to know and trust you, so I'm going away with my mind easy, leaving you in entire charge of the menagerie. Keep the bills down, draw on me when you want money, and—that's all."

I said I'd do my best and meant it. The circus outfit I had nothing to do with. The menagerie was well housed

WE HAD A LOT OF VISITORS.

in a huge barn away out on Western row, which seemed to have been built to fit it. A good big room was partitioned off for me in one front corner. The cages were ranged along the side walls, with a runway behind them, and in box stalls across the farther end were the zebra, the elephant, the camel and the sacred cow. A monster red-hot stove stood in the middle of the central space, with a large bunch light over it. Altogether it was as warm, bright, clean and cheery a place as you'd want to see, as everybody said who saw it, and we had a good many visitors.

Caged animals become restless if left alone, and I never went out more than an hour or two at a time, but even at that I took a good many long walks for exercise and to see the city, leaving black Sam—my helper—and the two cage cleaners for the animals to look at. But as time ran along to near Christmas I seemed to lose heart for going out much. Something in the air made me feel myself, more than ever before, a hopelessly lonesome, homeless total stranger.

The stores were brighter and gayer than I had ever noticed their being before; the streets full of happy faced people carrying bundles of Christmas presents; the windows of homes adorned with evergreen festoons and Christmas wreaths; the shopmen's wagons busy delivering good things for Christmas dinners and Christmas trees.

The Lord knows I didn't begrudge anybody's happiness, but it all made me feel unutterably sad. In all the world I knew of no one whose eyes would brighten or lips smile a welcome for my coming. As for sharing in the general joy of the Christmas season, I might as well have been that ornary camel—the meanest dispositioned beast alive, to my thinking—as a man with a heart to feel his loneliness. Every other man had friends, even poor old black Sam.

And what made it harder to bear was that home and love belonged in my past and I could not forget them. When I came back to New York after a winter engagement with "Bentley's Aggregation" in the West Indies and South America, I found my dear wife Lizzie had been run down by a Broadway stage and killed. And what had become of my sweet little baby girl Jennie, only 4 years old, nobody could tell me. That was a dozen years back, but never since have I felt any less heartsick and lonely than when my grief was fresh, and in the winter, along about Christmas, I always feel it most.

The animals, as I sat brooding by the stove, seemed to know I was in trouble and feel sorry for me. They would stand still a long time looking at me, and the elephant, I'm sure, tried to ask, by his little squeals, what was the matter. Only that mean camel screwed up his nose scornfullike, as if he didn't care a cuss who felt bad, which he certainly didn't.

Friday morning, the third day before Christmas, Jack Henderson, a young reporter, dropped in, as he often did, and happened to remark: "It seems hard to be imprisoned for life without an occasional happy day to vary the monotony. Caged animals ought to have holidays."

That set me thinking after he was gone, and I made up my mind the menagerie under my charge should, for once anyway, have a Christmas. I considered what every bird and beast in the lot liked best and mostly never got, and all those things I meant they should have on Christmas day. That afternoon I went out buying and laughed to myself when I thought I was actually purchasing Christmas presents for a lot of folks who would be sure to appreciate them.

I got for the birds all sorts of choice fruits, nice seeds, ants' eggs, mealworms, and so on, according to their several tastes, and for the monkeys more fine fruit, fig paste, candy and nut kernels. For the cat animals I engaged plenty of tender, juicy, fresh beef instead of tough old horse, their ordinary diet. There wasn't much to be done for the hay eaters beyond unaccustomed oats, apples and bran mashes, but for the elephant I got a basket of fine oranges and had baked a lot of patty cakes, such as he used to enjoy at home in India. The camel didn't really deserve any Christmas, but I bought a bale of dates for him anyway.

I was getting the stuff in on Saturday afternoon when Jack came around again with a bunch of good cigars for my Christmas, and it brought my heart up in my throat that the kind fellow had thought of me so, for no one else had since Lizzie died. He asked what the things were for, and I told him. Maybe I said more than I meant to, for my heart was full at the time, and I had no idea of his putting anything in the paper about the menagerie's Christmas. But he did, and really when I read on Christmas morning the story he got up I was surprised.

Cat animals are never fed on Sundays and as we let all go shy of breakfast Monday the menagerie's appetite for a Christmas dinner at noon was sure to be good. Before that time came we had a lot of visitors, nice people who had seen Jack's story, and among them were a fine white headed old gentleman who introduced himself as Dr. Hiram Bidwell, and his adopted daughter—a splendid looking girl. Luckily we were in good shape to receive them. Sam wore a new suit I had given him. The cage cleaners were so washed and draped up they hardly recognized each other and I was got up with as much style as a ringmaster myself.

Precisely at noon we sprung our glad surprise on the animals. If you imagine those birds and beasts didn't notice any change in their bill of fare, you are wrong. You never saw such joyous excitement among feathers and fur. They jabbered, chattered, shrieked and roared their delight in all their various modes of speech. The monkeys seemed half crazy, and even the sedate elephant danced, flapped his ears like fans and squealed. Only that mean camel was indifferent and ate his fancy dates with a sneering twist of his nose, as if he meant to say, "You can't soft sawder me."

The sight of the general happiness gladdened everybody and none more than Dr. Bidwell and his daughter, who staid until all the other visitors were gone, talking with me about the animals and, as I afterward remembered, a good deal more about myself.

Near dark, just when I was thinking of going out to a restaurant for my dinner, Dr. Bidwell came back, and nothing would do but I must go with him to get a glass of eggnog.

We were not gone more than half an hour, but by the time we returned a transformation had been worked in my room. In the center a big table was set with dinner for four—the best dinner I ever saw, with a whole turkey, bottles of wine and all sorts of nice things—and when I raised my eyes from it they took in a "Merry Christmas," in evergreen letters, on the wall, and in a holly frame, facing me,

"WHAT!" I CRIED TAKING HER IN MY ARMS

a life size painted portrait of my dear, lost Lizzie. I'd never had the consolation of a likeness of her, and seeing her face, wearing the gentle, kindly smile I knew and loved so well, gave me such a turn that a faintness overcame me, and I dropped on a chair, trembling and with my eyes full of tears.

Then that splendid girl, who had been standing behind me, put her arms around my neck and said, "You shall never be alone in the world any more, dear father!"

"What," I cried, taking her in my arms, "you, you, my little Jennie! Oh is God really and truly so good to me after all?"

It seemed impossible, but was true. When I had grown calmer, they told me how Dr. Bidwell, then practicing in New York, was with my dear wife when she died and, at her request, took charge of her little daughter. He and his good wife adopted her, but always hoped to find me some time, for her child heart never forgot or ceased to love me, and they were too good to wish us kept apart, and at last Jack's story told them where I was.

* * * * * * *

Still I go my way each touring season, old as I am, for show life gets into the blood and irresistibly draws one who has lived it so many years as I; but, wherever I may be, never more am I lonely or unhappy, for winter always brings me back to my dear Jennie. And note this—that none of this great happiness would have come to me had I not given the animals a Christmas.

A Sort of Endless Chain.

"Christmas comes but once a year."

"Glad you think so. What with sisters and cousins and aunts it has come to me four hundred and forty-eleven times already with waiters, bootblacks, barbers and office boys to hear from."

Diversity of Farming.

From the Rural Northwest.

All through the Willamette valley farmers are changing from exclusive grain-growing to dairying and other forms of mixed farming. At Halsey, S. Z. Taylor and his son, Otis Taylor, who long depended almost wholly on wheat growing, made the change a year or two ago with marked success. They have two circular silos and are well pleased with their success with silage. They have secured the best results with Pride of the North corn. They have made a good commencement with clover-growing, in which they are pioneers in their district. Hereafter it is their purpose to feed upon the farm all the grain grown thereon. Mr. S. Z. Taylor has now retired and turned over the management of the farm to his son, Mr. Otis Taylor, who appears to be a good type of an Oregon twentieth century farmer. The men who can so quickly make a successful change from wheat-growing to dairying and stock-raising, are going to do great things in developing Oregon agriculture.

No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once each day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, biliousness, headache, dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

The Effects of Good Breeding.

From the Rural Northwest.

As an illustration of the effects of blood, the following comparison is suggestive: A late Willamette valley paper reports the sale by a farmer of that county of 31 head of beef cattle and two cows with calves—35 head in all—for $995, or about $30 per head for the grown cattle. An eastern Oregon paper of about the same date reports the sale by Geo. Gammie of ten ten-months'-old calves to a Union butcher at 3½ cents per pound, at which price they brought $236, or $23.60 each. These calves had received no feed except the natural grass, and their large size was due mainly to the good blood in them. It is possible that it may pay to raise 3 year-old steers and sell them at $30 each. There is no question of the fact that it is profitable to sell 16 months' calves for $23 60 each.

LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S
SPRING BOTTOM
PANTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.