

# THE MEDFORD MAIL

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A. S. BLITON.

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MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.  
He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 PER YEAR

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## A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

Select large white fresh eggs are quoted at 41 cents per dozen in the last Pacific Rural Press. It takes white eggs to bring top prices in the San Francisco market.

The supply of turkeys on the Pacific coast has increased greatly in the past few years and both Portland and San Francisco were over-supplied for the Thanksgiving trade.

Onions are quoted at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per cental for Yellow Danvers at San Francisco, and the Rural Press says the offerings are light with no prospect of lower prices for uncut.

Chas. Foster's report on European apple markets to the Fruitman's Guide says they continue strong for anything fine. Eastern apples are quoted in Glasgow at 12 to 17 shillings per barrel; California Newtowns, 8 shillings per box; Oregon, 8 shillings 6d to 9 shillings. In London California Newtowns are quoted at 7 and 8 shillings per box; Oregon at 8 and 9 shillings.

Admiral O'Neil, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, says that the new twelve-inch gun will produce a muzzle velocity of 3,000 feet per second. Such tremendous energy, if carried by a shot of undiminished velocity, the experts say, would lift a 12,000-ton battleship four feet out of the water. The latest improved twelve-inch gun of foreign make has produced a maximum velocity of only 2,600 feet at its muzzle. The new naval gun is not only superior to anything made abroad, but is more effective than the thirteen-inch gun now on American battleships. The thirteen-inch guns of the Oregon class have a maximum velocity of only 2,300 feet a second with smokeless powder. The projectiles of this powerful gun are 850-pound pieces of steel. The enormous velocity of the gun will make it impossible for any armor now made to resist the impact. With a velocity of only 2,800 feet this projectile will perforate Harveyized armor 23.5 inches thick, and Krupp armor 20.4 inches thick.



### THE OUTLOOK

For a woman's happiness in the married state depends less, as a rule, upon the man she is to marry than upon her own health. The woman who enters upon marriage, suffering from womanly weakness, is "heapin' up trouble against the day of trouble."

Weak woman are made strong and sick women are made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the one reliable regulator. It dries enfeebled drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It nourishes the nerves and invigorates the entire womanly organism. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, and gives strength to nursing mothers.

"I suffered for twelve years with female trouble," writes Mrs. Milton Grimes, of Adair, Adair Co., Iowa, "which brought on other diseases—heart trouble, Bright's Disease, nervousness, and at times would be nearly paralyzed, had neuralgia of stomach. I can freely say four medicines (nine bottles in all, five of 'Favorite Prescription,' four of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure) have cured me. I can work with comfort now, but before I would be tired all the time and have a dizzy headache, and my nerves would be all wanting so I could not sleep. Now I can sleep and do a big day's work, something I had not done for over eleven years before."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent free on receipt of 27 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



**XMAS AT THE FARM.**

THE unmistakable man made signs of Christmas were left behind when I plunged into the dreary waste of snow beyond the borders of the town for the annual pilgrimage to uncle's farm. Only the snow, hiding bush and fence, the white mantled trees and the cold gave a suggestion that somewhere beneath the chilling rural surface of things there were joyous groups preparing holiday revels. Winter was too keen, too freezing, not to have a brighter side than that which lay out of doors.

As I passed the big barn the sounds of young voices behind the huge doors told me that Cousins Frank and Jim were inside, perhaps mending harness or tools or caring for the live stock. The little door, framed in the huge ones, opened to my hand, and Jim and Frank, one holding open a grain bag and the other emptying a bushel into its mealy, gaping mouth, smiled a welcome. Without looking up, Uncle David "struck off" another heaped up measure of grain and marked it down on the score. "I thought it was about time," said he, and I then knew that my social status at the farm had not changed since the last visit.

The horses in their stalls stopped nosing the hay and pricked up their ears for a minute, the cattle held their heads lazily and stared; then the atmosphere resumed its throbbing stillness until the load of bags had been tied and set in rows. Only this and nothing more by way of ceremony in receiving a Christmas guest. Later came inquiries after "the folks" and the newest doings in town.

While uncle cast a satisfied glance at the bursting haymows, the sleek horses and cattle and the rows of bags Jim and Frank challenged me to guesses at the remaining contents of the bins.

"You will all have another guess," chimed in my uncle, "and now let's go and see what's going on in the kitchen." I noticed for the first time that his linen was very fresh for a farmer at work and that the boys each had on a brand new suit from wool raised on the farm. These trifles were the only evidence of a holiday, for not a word of Christmas had been spoken. We entered the strung-out, rambling line of buildings constituting the farmhouse, through a wood shed, into the washroom, then past a storeroom having a faint suggestion of holding supplies that were toothsome. Next came a summer kitchen with a positive odor of newly peeled apples, doughnuts and spiced mince meat. Uncle led the way out upon the porch to avoid the crowded main kitchen, through the open door of which came hot and heavily laden air from ample ovens and steaming kettles and pans.

Cousin Martha, the unpeaked flower of a group of seven girls, rushed forward to give the first effusive greeting, and Cousin Hattie, with Cousin Marvin's wife, Jennie, followed suit in make believe girlishness. Aunt Harriet, looking generous enough to wish that all creation might sit down to the feast, whose stages of preparation were shown by stains and flour patches extending from her eyes to the hem of her apron, said in kindly reproval, "You're here, but alone, as usual."

From the porch we went into the family sitting room, and uncle seemed to cut loose from his following as he sat down beside Cousin Tilly, whose fresh widow's weeds lent a somber key to the occasion. Jim and Frank gave a hand in choking silence to their mourning sister, and I wanted to, but had to answer for the city aunt and cousins. Two fatherless boys rushed in with six other sets of happy grandchildren, and somberness fled from the farmhouse, for the rest of that day at least.

Cousin Marion started in to check her brood, but her childless sister Katherine said: "Let the young ones go it. Time enough to be sober when they get old." Then uncle got down on the floor and turned himself into a horse playing granddaddy until the racket made the old house shake.

My cousins stole out and hurried nervously to the carriage house, on the side of the farm, opposite the big barn. There was life and bustle there, for sleighbells gave fitful melodies as they were taken off and hung up; horses stamped and were told, with sounding snaffle, to "Get over!" Cousin Marvin was acting the host to the brothers-in-law from the hill farms. He lived on a section of land set off from the homestead and was uncle's right hand man.

There was a word or two of regret from the older ones for the lamented Samuel, who had been there last Christmas; then the group marched single file behind the stalwart Marvin over the narrow snow path to the house.

Floating up from the front yard came a babel of voices, and Ralph, the oldest grandson, a fat, hearty lad, shouted to us boys, "Come and see our Christmas!" As we rounded the corner of the house the same tones cried out, "Ready, aim, fire!" and a dozen balls whistled past our heads from a snow fort manned by a troop of boys and girls in mufflers and mittens. After this reception the garrison scattered and began placing great rolls upon the parapet to build it higher. A snow man as big as a giant and a rabbit the size of a Saint Bernard were patched up with a nose and an ear, and we were asked to review the sights of the frosty Christmas museum.

The call to dinner led to a real charge through every door of the mansion, and when we got a glimpse of the dining room, as the women seated the little ones, it presented a jumble of happy, red faces and heaps of cooked things in brown, white, pink and yellow.

All Christmas dinners are alike in one thing—under any and all circumstances the guests are ravenously hungry and boisterously happy, and neither old nor young can observe the rule of not talking with the mouth full; otherwise the feast would be silent, and with 35 mouths enjoying Aunt Harriet's bounteous spread that dinner was not at all quiet. Moreover, I didn't regret having turned my back upon town celebrations for a Christmas at the farm.

G. KENNETH GILMER.



## HOW OLD SANTA CLAUS REFORMED.

By Peter McArthur.

"Get out of here!" said Santa Claus. "Pick up your grips and walk! I don't intend to buy from you. And haven't time to talk."

He chased the drummers from his house, And then with bang and din He turned the keys, and shot the bolts As he went grumbling in.

The telephone receiver went. Down from its hook he dropped, Then said to Mrs. Santa Claus: "It's time this thing was stopped."

"They've fairly made a fool of me For twenty years or more. But when they came with aeroplanes I showed them to the door."

"With automobiles and such trash And bicycles I'm through!"

"I've just made up my mind for keeps To start the century right; So take all that newfangled stuff And hide it from my sight."

"I'm surprised 'LED IS GOOD ENOUGH." "The steamboats and curlicues That stilly folks contrive I'll never give away again As long as I'm alive."

"I'll give no phonographic dolls, But ones of rag instead; I'll let the little girls have fun, Just as their grandmas had."

"To little boys I'll give but things That they can pound and smash; On no more toys mechanical I'll waste my Christmas cash."

"So, missus, put the kettle on And make molasses hot, And taffy candy we will make, Such as their daddies got."

"Bring all the nuts and raisins out; The bullays sweets and sticks. And in the good old AND THEN HE HITCHED fashion'd way HIS REINDEER TEAM. Their stichings I will fix."

And then he hitched his reindeer team, Took up his mighty pack, Tucked in the robes, shook out the reins And gave his whip a crack.

To all his little friends he gave Big Noah's ark and such loaded of pretty, dinky toys That "Baby mustn't touch."

THIS SIGN WILL MEET YOUR EYE. And that's never was a Christmas day Since granddaddies was young When children with such happy hearts Their Christmas carols sang.

And if you "let Santa Claus This sign will meet your eye! No drummers with newfangled stuff Need any more apply."

The Toy Trust. One gigantic monopoly there is free from attack, and that is the toy trust kept a-going by one Mr. Santa Claus, aided by about 400,000,000 lusty shouters. Pa and ma and uncle may buy Christmas gimcracks from Smith, Jones or Brown, but they won't go down in the stocking nor up the chimney due until S. C. puts his trademark on them. Call it patent right or copyright or vested right, the grand old fellow holds it in perpetuity. True, he doesn't charge a cash fee for the use of his name, but he is a stickler for all the glory there is in it, and he gets it in full measure. Everybody plays into the hands of this trust. The consumers must have the real thing, and the dealers and middlemen conspire to meet the demand.

## Her Husband's Story

My name is E. J. Sprong, and my address is 16 Bondman Block, Troy, N. Y. I want to tell how thankful I am that my wife's health has been restored to her. About a year ago she caught a dreadful cold, which settled in her bronchial tubes and lungs. She certainly had bronchitis, and I think consumption, too, and we disappeared of her life. She had a tightness and soreness in the chest, and it was difficult for her to breathe. There were darting, sharp, dull and heavy pains, with constant coughing and expectorating. Each day she was worse than the day before. I was advised to get Acker's English Remedy, and did so, but my wife only shook her head and said: "Another dollar thrown away." She took the Remedy, however, and said the effect was magical. In less than an hour there was a remarkable change. She got better at once, and in a short time she was entirely well and strong again. The cure was permanent and there has been no relapse. I don't know what Acker's English Remedy is made of, but I am sure it contains something that fortifies the system against future attacks. My wife is in better general health now than ever, and you can't imagine how happy she is for her recovery. She tells everybody about Acker's English Remedy, and so do I, for I believe it to be our duty to the public to help every sufferer who has throat and lung troubles. My neighbors say it is a sure specific for croup, and has saved the lives of hundreds of little ones around in this vicinity alone.



Sold at 25c., 50c. and \$1 a bottle, throughout the United States and Canada; and in England, at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d. If you are not satisfied after buying, return the bottle to your druggist, and get your money back.

Chas. Strang, Druggist.

## Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.

Have received a full supply of the celebrated Case Black Land Plows in gangs and single walking plows.

We have also just received a full stock of SURREYS, CARRIAGES AND SPRING WAGONS.

We now have the most complete stock on hand carried by any house between Portland and Sacramento and will take pleasure in showing customers our fine line of goods.

B. T. LAWTON, Mgr. Medford Branch

## John Deere Plows and Harrows

We have just received a carload of plows and harrows direct from the factory and now we have the largest stock in the county.

Do you want a plow or harrow?

Plows for black land  
Plows for free soil  
Gang Plows and hand plows  
Call and see them. No trouble to show them to you.

## HUBBARD BROS. MEDFORD.

The firm of Kiddle Bros. & Bidwell, of Island City, is reported to have shipped this year 80 carloads of cattle, 75 of hogs and 20 of horses, of the aggregate value of \$300,000.

The Santiam News says H. Trullinger, who lives four miles northeast of Seio, sold 800 bushels of potatoes this year, which were grown on one acre of land. The land was carefully measured.

The California Fruitgrower, December 8, quotes fancy California apples in San Francisco at 50 cents to \$1.00 per box, and Oregon apples at 60 cents to \$1.50 per box. The market for apples is reported less firm than the previous week.

### 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	\$1.25
Mill Feed	.90
Potatoes	.65
Eggs	.27 per doz
Butter	.22 per lb
Beans, dry	.034
Bacon	.11
Hams	.13
Shoulders	.10
Lard	.104
Hogs live	.044

**Bed Time**  
Cordova  
CANDLES

They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

In matters of final proof THE MAIL will make out all papers necessary for the commencement of proof free of charge.