THE GOLD OF PINE KNOT MOUNTAIN

IT WAS Saturday afternoon when Parke Gibbs clambered off the limited at Deadwood. He looked around the dingy little shack that served as a station at the groups of idle, gossiping miners, who in turn eyed him suspiciously. Store clothes and a derby hat marked him as being distinctly metropolitan. On Saturdays the male population of the camp congregated at the depot to talk over the week's events and see the limited come in—"a sort of voice from another world." While they speculated as to whether he was a new superintendent, and if not what his business at the camp could be, he had jumped in the shaky old station bus and was making his way to the hotel.

"God! what a hole," he ejaculated as he looked at the bare, unpainted wooden house and the muddy, uneven streets. Even the mountains beyond looked grim and bleak through the thick black smoke from the mills that seemed to have settled permanently over them, defying even the sun's rays.

With a final shake, he was landed at the Wigwam, as the camp's one hotel was called. The low ceilinged room that served as a dining room was anything but cheerful; but Parke was hungry, so he settled himself and placidly studied the bill of fare. Methodically he ordered roast beef, beans and "tea or coffee, sir," came in a sweet, low voice that seemed to lift him up out of the dull atmosphere of the dingy room. Parke looked up in astonishment at the trim little waitress, who stood respectfully waiting for his reply. What a voice, he thought. "Tea," he answered in a scarcely audible tone. A strange feeling of rest and confidence took complete possession of him.

Who was she, and how did she come to be in such a place and in such a capacity? Then the old bitterness against her sex came back to him. They all have soft voices but hearts of stone, he reasoned, as he tapped the table impatiently. He had found that out years before in the little New England village where he has grown up. She had promised to wait. Then he remembered the long years of trial and hardships, and then when he had finally won the fame and fortune he had sought for her sake it was only to learn that she had forgotten and had married. The lines around the strong fine mouth tightened and the jaw closed with a snap, the whole face changed by the memories of it. And he had gone on struggling, with no hope for the future, no desire save to forget the past. His methods of business were hard—even cruel. And so he had drifted, each year leaving him harder, his heart more bitter. And he had learned to endure, almost to enjoy, the lonely, empty life, relieved only in its monotony by his business.

Softly the little waitress entered, quickly arranging the table with its thick, heavy china and coarse linen. Parke watched her silently till she had finished and turned to leave the room. "Won't you keep me company?" he asked. "It is so lonely and there are no other guests to object." She hesitated a moment, then dropped into the chair opposite him and began pouring his tea. "Going to stay long?" she inquired. "No," he answered rather abruptly. "On business, I suppose," she went on, not noticing his apparent bluntness. "Yes," he deliberated, "business up in the hills." Then suddenly and confidentially he inquired: "Perhaps you could tell me the best way to go. I want to leave Monday morning." "Ever been up here before?" she asked, smiling. "No, but I've been in some pretty rough places," he added. "But you'll need a guide if you've never been over the trail before. How far are you going?" she asked. He spread his maps and charts out on the table before her, pointing to the spot with his fork.

"Very rich bundle of claims up there," he went on, while she studied the map earnestly, "and they have never been worked. They were owned by an old man by the name of Martin—Henry Martin, I believe—and he knew nothing of their value. At his death he left them to his widow, a very old woman, and to his daughter."

He did not see the strange, excited interest she took at what he said, but went on eating, while she helped him to more tea.

"And do the widow and daughter know of their richness?" she inquired innocently.

"Of course not," he answered. "That's why I am going up that trail."

"So you intend to buy the claims as cheaply as you can from those women, taking advantage of their ignorance of the value of their holdings?"

"Well, yes," he answered, apologetically, as he caught the strange questioning expression in the deep violet eyes. And there was something in those eyes that made him ashamed; made him want to explain.

"You see," he went on, "they are very poor people, and I shall offer them a sum of money, while being greatly below the real value of the properties, will seem a fabulous sum to them. They will be rich, and I will be still richer," he added, pausing, as though waiting for her approval of his plans.

"But don't you think it unfair to deal with women in a matter of this kind, leaving them totally ignorant of the value of their properties or the law governing same?"

"I've come up here to do business with the owners of those claims, and I shall take no more cognisance of the sex of those owners than the law will take in its interpretation of any contract they make with me. The claims are no good to them. They have no money to improve them. The vein lays away under the edge of Pine Knot mountain and it will take a lot of money to sink a shaft and put in a stamp mill."

"But couldn't they organize a stock company and retain an interest in the properties," she asked timidly.

Parke smiled blandly, then replied: "But they don't know that, and perhaps if they did they would prefer to sell outright at a fair price."

"And will you offer them a fair price?" she inquired anxiously.

"Oh, yes, about $1,000. They will think that a fortune, and as the daughter is no doubt 40, lean and drab and shrill tongued—the type one would expect to find in such a hole—she will consider herself greatly favored by the fickle, elusive goddess."

"Indeed," answered the girl, her eyes flashing, as she arose to clear away the dishes.

"TEA," HE ANSWERED, IN SCARCELY AN AUDIBLE TONE.

Parke watched her disappear into the kitchen, then walked slowly out onto the porch and sat down to enjoy a cigar. He pulled his chair up near the door and sat down facing it, tilting back against the railing, where he could look into the street as well. A brisk breeze came down from the hills, bringing with it a fain odor of pine trees and sage brush, and blowing back and forth a little board over the door on which was printed the homely old motto: "As we journey through life, let us live by the way."

He had seen a motto like that at home, but today it seemed to suggest something more to him. It annoyed him and he moved his chair to another part of the veranda out of sight of the swinging proverb. But he could not get away from the frank questioning gaze of the little waitress, and he ought himself wondering if it were just fair to get possession of the claims as he intended. Why had she been so interested? Why had she looked at him so curiously as she arose to leave the table? And why had he told her what he had come for? Fool! he muttered under his breath, and in a flash he was the old hard, relentless man of dollars.

Parke had no opportunity to speak to the girl at dinner, as there were many others to be attended to, but he felt a sort of feeling of resentment take possession of him as he heard the other guests familiarly call her Clara. On the following morning he waited until he thought every one had finished breakfast before he entered the dining-room. He wanted to be alone to talk with this girl who seemed so strangely out of place. He wanted to ask her about the trail and why she had come to Deadwood. He sat down and waited for some time before the door from the kitchen opened and in slouched a coarse, heavy-eyed girl who lumbered up to the table and asked what he would have.

"Where is Clara?" he answered.

"Gone home for the winter. Be back next summer, I reckon."

Parke felt a queer feeling of loneliness come over him, but he silently swallowed his coffee and left the room. Monday morning he was up and ready to start when the guide came with the mules and provisions. Bright sunlight intensified the frost painted glory of the pine covered mountains and the crisp autumn air heralded the coming of winter. Parke's train consisted of Pete, his halfbreed guide, himself and their mules with an extra mule for the provisions and blankets.

Slowly they wound they way up the mountains, over steep, narrow paths, alongside chasms that seemed bottomless. They halted at noon in a little ravine to prepare their luncheon. The embers of a fresh campfire, an empty can that had contained beans and some bred bits of biscuit lay scattered about on the rocks. "Some one on the trail behind us," grunted the halfbreed, as he heaped up the pine wood and lighted the fire. They ate their frugal meal in silence and were soon off up the trail. Pete wanted to reach Black Eagle pass by sundown. There was plenty of water and a good place for the mules, he informed Parke.

All afternoon they rode, now and then coming to places in the road where a mule had slipped or stumbled, on the steep rocky path. It was dusk before they reached the pass. Parke tethered the mules, while Pete made the fire and cooked the supper. The camp showed recent occupation, and after looking around, with the instinct of the Indian and guide, Pete informed Parke that whoever was on the trail was alone. "Only one mule, anyway," he said, as he rolled himself in his blankets for the night.

All that night Parke lay restless and weary, the pale moonlight sifting through the northern night. But these things had no mystery for him. He only thought of Clara and the questioning way she had looked at him, her sudden disappearance, and, then who was it that was on the trail ahead of them? He remembered that she had told him he would need a guide. How did she know? Then he would laugh at his fears, while all the time in his heart was that fear and distrust of her sex. Fool! he repeated aloud. Why did I tell her!

They arose at sunrise and were soon making their way slowly up the perilous paths. Parke's heart beat with expectation and his old spirit seemed to return to him as they came nearer and nearer Pine Knot mountain at the base of which was located the riches he sought.

The sun was sinking behind the snow-capped peaks in a riot of golden glory when they came into the clearing and in full view of the rude log cabin. Some few hundred yards away the steep mountain rose majestically and towered protectingly over the little hut. A neat white curtain showed at the one window and a vine from which the leaves had fallen clung pathetically to the little porch at the front. At the side was the remains of a vegetable garden, frost-bitten and bare. In spite of the lifeless foliage the huge gray rocks behind and the scant pines, there was something homelike about this place, and Parke experienced a queer feeling of apprehension. Then he gripped himself and rapped softly.

Instantly, as though waiting for the signal, the door flew open and there stood Clara, her eyes blazing, her breath coming in quick little gasps.

"Clara!" he stammered, falling back from the door. "Then it was you on the trail ahead of me? You came to tell these people you knew all about the claims!"

His giant form shook as he went on, for Parke Gibbs was not a man to be thwarted in business.

"You are like all the rest—not to be trusted. And I've been a fool. I trusted you, believed in you, and you questioned me and then betrayed me."

She stood silent while he denounced her with all the fury of his nature. At last she spoke, slowly and in that same voice that had lifted him out of the gloom at the Wigwam.

"Mr. Gibbs, I am Clara Martin, Henry Martin's daughter. My mother and I own these claims. In summer I work at the hotel; in winter I teach the school at the mining camp above us. Since father's death——" tears came to her eyes as she spoke, "we have tried to sell the claims—almost give them away—and——" here her voice trembled, "and we have suffered so much."

She sank into a chair, her frail little form shaking with emotion, great tears streaming down the pale, hollow cheeks.

"And you came here to cheat us—to rob us," she went on; "to take advantage of us by your superior knowledge!"

"Don't, Clara," he pleaded, his voice trembling, and coming nearer to where she stood. "When you left so suddenly I resolved to search for you as soon as I got back to Deadwood to ask you to help me. I meant to ask you to be my wife, to help me to lead a different life. To teach me God and love are more than dollars. Forgive me, Clara, and don't refuse to help me—to at least be my friend."

She stood silent until he had finished; then she raised her eyes to his. He gathered her in his strong arms and held her close to him, kissing the hot, tear-stained eyes and temples.

"Clara!" called a voice from inside.

"Yes, mother. Come in," she said softly. She poked at the huge log burning cheerily in the wide old fireplace, at the same time setting a chair for him. "Mother, this is the gentleman to see about the claims. We shall have supper before we talk of them."

NATION'S ANTI-DRINK CRUSADE

By Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart

DR. IGLEHART has contributed to the Review of Reviews for April an article on the "Nation's Anti-Drink Crusade," which is the most comprehensive, concise and timely which has yet appeared on this most important subject.

"In two thirds of all the territory of the United States, the saloon has been abolished by law. There are 20,000,000 people in the 14 southern states, 17,000,000 of whom are under prohibitory law in some form. In 1900 there were 18,000,000 under prohibition in the United States; now there are 36,000,000. In eight months state wide prohibition has cleared the saloon from an area as great as that of France. In that area there is a solid block of territory 720 miles east and west, in which on the first day of next January a bird can fly from the Mississippi to the Atlantic ocean, and from the boundary of Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico, without looking down upon a legalized saloon. Great Britain and Ireland could be set down over this space without covering it. There would be 10,000 square miles of "dry" territory left as a border.

"Last summer Georgia became the first southern state to adopt prohibition. A prohibition bill was passed in the senate by a vote of 34 to 7, and in the house by a vote of 129 to 39. Governor Hoke Smith promptly signed the bill, and has since vigorously enforced it.

"In Oklahoma, after an exceedingly exciting contest at the polls the prohibitory provision was adopted and incorporated into the constitution; and the first state of the new century, and the youngest of Columbia's daughters, hastened to join her sister Georgia in the abolition of the saloon.

"Governor Comer, of Oklahoma, called a special session of the legislature last November to consider the differences between the railroads and the state. When the members arrived at Montgomery they would not give a single thought to the railroads till they had 'expressed' the saloon out of the state by the adoption in the senate of the house bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors as a beverage by a vote of 32 to 2.

"Up to a year ago the people of Mississippi, by local option, had driven the saloon from 69 out of the 76 counties, which included 90 per cent of the territory of the state. A few weeks ago the legislature met, and quietly and by almost a unanimous vote in both houses adopted state prohibition, to take effect on the first day of January, 1909.

"By the local option laws the people of North Carolina expelled the liquor traffic from 62 of the 97 counties of the state and from all but 30 towns and cities of the same, 99 per cent of the territory being "dry." On January 28, this year, the house of representatives at midnight passed the senate bill for a state election in May on prohibition and the people without doubt will make swift work of the abolition of the saloon there.

"Tennessee, after 14 years of hopeful warfare against the liquor trade, on February 1, 1907, passed the Pendleton liquor law.

"All but five of the 96 counties of the state are now "dry," and only three cities—Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga—remain "wet."

"Kentucky has $160,000,000 invested in distilleries. Through local option legislation it has expelled the saloon from 94 out of 119 counties, from 370 towns of the 425 towns and cities, and from 97 per cent of the territory of the whole state.

"Two thirds of all the saloons in Virginia are found in three cities, and one half of all the "wet" territory is confined to Norfolk and its vicinity. Of the 140 incorporated towns 120 are "dry." Of the 100 counties 73 have no saloons.

Of the 1,000,000 inhabitants of West Virginia, 700,000 have abolished the liquor traffic. Of the 55 counties 39 are "dry," 10 have drinking places in but one town each, four counties have saloons in but two towns each, and two counties have saloons in three towns.

"In Delaware at the last election, one half of the state, the counties of Kent and Sussex, went 'dry;' the other half, rural Newcastle county and Wilmington, retained its rum.

"Maryland has expelled the saloon from one half of its area, and from the environment of about one third of its population.

"South Carolina has had the "dispensary" system in the sale of liquor for 14 years. It is a system of state control of the liquor traffic. In 1896 Senator Tillman secured the incorporation of the dispensary into the state constitution. The Carey-Cottigan bill killed the state dispensary.

"The option law was put into the constitution of Florida in 1887. Of the 46 counties in the state, 33 have prohibition and 13 permit the sale of liquor. There are only 22 incorporated towns which have saloons. About three fourths of the people in the state live under prohibitory law.

"The supreme court of Louisiana has just decided as constitutional a law under which two thirds of the territory of the state has voted for prohibition.

"Of the 243 counties in Texas, 147 are entirely 'dry,' 51 are partly 'dry,' and 45 permit the sale of liquor. It is thought that seven tenths of the voting population of the state will be ready to record itself in favor of state prohibition when the proposition shall be presented.

"In Arkansas the people vote by wards, townships and counties on the question whether liquor shall be sold or not. Of the 75 counties, 58 are 'dry.' Eighty per cent of the territory of the state has expelled the saloon.

"Of the 114 counties in Missouri, 75 are now 'dry.' Within the past three years 700 saloons have gone out of business in St. Louis alone, as a result of Governor Folk's stringent enforcement of the Sunday closing law.

"In 1880 Kansas incorporated prohibition in its constitution.

"In Ohio, under temperance laws, 490 villages and cities have expelled the saloon. Of the 1,376 townships, 1,150 have forbidden the liquor traffic, and over 400,000 people in the residential sections of the great cities have abolished rum. About 68 per cent of the territory is now "dry." A few weeks ago the Rose bill, extending local option to counties as a unit, passed both houses of the legislature and became a law, under which it is understood that 70 out of the 88 counties of the state will expel the saloon.

"In Indiana, through the Moore law, which forbids the saloon by a popular remonstrance, 219 townships and 27 city wards, considerably more than one fifth of the population of the state, have banished their saloons. Seven hundred and fifty saloons have been either closed or prevented by these remonstrances.

"Under the new law in Illinois, passed last year, the people of every township in the state may vote upon the question of saloon or no saloon in the entire township. A large number of towns and cities voted no-license at the election last autumn; and within a year 16 "dry" counties have been added to the ten which already existed, making 26 in all. The saloon has been expelled from the residential districts in cities. It is understood that there are at least ten square miles of territory in the city limits of Chicago where the saloon is forbidden by law."

The article continues in an up-to-date review of the temperance situation in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, the two Dakotas, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, California, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, and closes with the following conclusions:

"There are reasons why the south should take the lead in this prohibition movement. It was necessary to remove the saloon from the negro to save southern industry and civilization.

"But there are reasons deeper than this which have made such local success in the south. The negro question has had nothing to do with prohibition in Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Ohio and Iowa.

"The present temperance upheaval is the revolt of the American conscience against what it considers to be wrong. The saloons are the breeding-place of all kinds of vice and crime. In them the thieves, the murderers, ballot-box stuffers, grafters, purchasers of law, and the debauched find their education and protection; and from them the lawless hordes go forth to prey upon society. The only wonder is that the people have stood this menace to our civilization as long as they have.

"The public sentiment is greatly outraged at the intimate relationship between the average saloon and the disorderly house. The public is very angry because so many drinking places are gambling hells.

"Another thing that has stirred the public against the liquor traffic has been the relationship between the politician and the saloon. No feature of American public life is so abominable and discouraging as this open and notorious copartnership of all parties in the business of crime. It is an astounding fact that most of the great cities of the country are ruled by rum, and have been for a generation or more. Every privilege for every kind of crime is bought and sold for money. Fabulous corruption-funds and thousands of the criminal classes are organized to hold up the public and compel it to deliver. Three saloonkeepers of Chicago have absolute authority in wards one and eighteen, where the traffic in vice is maintained. In New York City a large portion of the Tammany leaders who determine the policy of their party in the city and state are or have been saloonkeepers.

"The Woman's Christian Temperance union, the Good Templars, the National Temperance Publication society, the third-party Prohibitionists, and the National Reform bureau, and kindred societies have all been active in their fields; but the one organization which has done more than all others in giving wise direction and successful results to the present temperance revolution has been the Anti-Saloon league. It was founded at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893, by the Rev. Howard H. Russell, D. D., a Congregational clergyman and son of an Episcopalian rector.

"The institution is compactly organized in forty-four states and territories, with a national, state and district superintendency. It is interdenominational and omni-partison. The Rev. Purley A. Baker, D. D., is the national superintendent. The league has conducted itself so wisely and honorably that it has commanded the universal respect of the churches of all denominations, many of the Catholic as well as Protestant.

"You cannot make men good by law in its present form."

—so many people and papers are saying now. Yes, you can!" No people on earth can be good without law and order; so good a type of a race as the Anglo-Saxon has to bind himself about with most stringent law to keep from becoming a very bad citizen. Gladstone said that the primary object of law is to make it easier for men to do right and harder for them to do wrong.

"Moral and political progress is always along the stages of advances and retreats. How long will this temperance movement continue without a reaction? No one can tell. Very likely till every state in the union shall have tried the experiment of prohibition by local option or state action.

"The whiskey men will not surrender without a fierce and long struggle. But the present revolution will result in greatly reduced individual consumption of rum in the manifest diminuition of the sale of liquor, and in the destruction of the American saloon in its present form."

WONDERS OF THIS AGE--By John Anderson Jayne

THE study of contrasts is one of life's most delightful studies. Through it we learn the progress that we have made in business, morals, or mentality.

Placing today by the side of 10 years ago we discover how far we have climbed on the hill of life. Today's work and its result is known to be an impossibility for us when we were 10 years younger than we now are. The years have given knowledge, discretion, grace, symmetry and beauty. Though today may have its hardships and difficulties of 10 years ago, because our shoulders are stronger, our muscles more supple and our ability to perform greater. So the contrast of 10 years reveals the progress we have made.

Use makes many things common to us.

It's a far cry for us back through the centuries to the time when our forefathers carried with them their tinder box so that they might kindle their fires. Aged readers will remember possibly in the cold of the winter how carefully the fire was banked at night so that coals might be had in the morning. And if perchance the fire did go out, the hurried rush through the snow to a far distant neighbor's, and the quick rush back again with glowing embers wrapped in ashes so that the fire might be kindled. Today, however, the silvered piece of pine wood that has been dipped in sulphur and ignites under friction, is so common that when we use it we think nothing of it. Yet that friction match is one of the towering wonders of the age, and marks the progress of the centuries.

Imagine Oliver Cromwell coming into your office and seeing you at your telephone talking to a man in Chicago or New York, and by a relay of operators talking half way across the continent. You take the receiver from its hook, get central, give her the name of the party you want in Omaha, Neb., and it's but a short time before you are yourself sending the message. We have used the telephone so much that use has made it common. Yet the telephone is one of the towering wonders of this great age.

We read with great interest of the story of the embarkation of the Pilgrims in the summer of the year 1620. We watch the Seedwell and the Mayflower as they start on their long journey. Knowing the conditions that surrounded them we are not surprised that the people on the Mayflower had the courage to go alone. We read how these intrepid people, seeking a land of freedom, were tossed in the trough of the bolsterous Atlantic for three months ere they landed at what they immediately called Plymouth in honor of the land they last saw across the sea. Today the same voyage is made in six days' time. But we think nothing of it. Use has made great vessels like the Lusitania and the Mauritania common. Yet these vessels are among the towering wonders of this age.

When we read of the free schools of Scotland 100, 200 years ago we are apt to think of these schools as similar to our own. The study of the surrounding conditions, however, reveals our mistake. Where in the United States today do you find a boy starting from home with a great chest filled with oatmeal which he is to mix with water and make into a por.ridge which shall be his only food for six, nine or ten months? Today, our public school system, gathering the children of tender years into the kindergartens, training them through youth, sending them out into life well equipped for life's battles, is one of the towering wonders of this great age.

So with nearly everything with which we are surrounded. The sharp, shrill scream of the locomotive, awakening the echoes, is a wonder in its way. So also the trolley car and the automobile. Yet use has made all these things common, and ofttimes, because of their very common placeness, we fail to appreciate them.

Contrast the past with the present and you will find that the towering wonders of today with which we are surrounded made yesterday seem like a horrid nightmare and reveal the truth that today is the golden age of the world. Instead of talking about the good old times, remembering the facts in the case, we ought to call them the bad old times, for today, as every today must be, is the best day the world has ever seen.

Wonders there are on every hand that have been developed by man more wonderful. Greater wonders there will be, because man is growing more wonderful every day that he lives. And the longer he lives the more there is for him to know, the more he knows that he knows but little. Hence ever learning, ever striving, he comes to better things, and each age is better than the last. Today is full of the inheritance of the past, and is big with prophecies for days that are to be. Today's strength and today's prophecy is the most towering wonder in this wonderful age.

The Wind.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The senator pushed into the crowd that surrounded the automobile.

"What is the trouble here?" he inquired.

"Punctured tire," replied the man with a dinner pail. "Make a speech into it, will you, senator?"

The breath of summer, perfumed sweet,
Comes to us with each passing breeze;
The gypsy moth experts have placed
The burlap garters on the trees.
The loveliest season of the year,
The time to spray the trees, has come.
The roses soon will bloom again,
And soon we'll hear the skeeters hum!
—Somerville Journal.

CATTLE RAISING IN ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

Very Profitable Industry Which Might Be Greatly Expanded

AN industry of the greatest importance to Oregon, yet about which little is written is cattle raising. There are immense tracts in central and southern Oregon used only for this purpose because of the lack of railroads and the inaccessibility of the regions which teem with herds of blooded stock.

Oregon now ranks as one of the greatest livestock states in the union, due largely to the fact that the only crop many of the farmers can raise and get to market is what they can drive on the hoof. The absence of snow, the mild climate, the immense valleys covered with native grasses providing excellent range throughout the large portion of the year and the abundance of water makes this section a most favorable one for the cattlemen.

Of all the regions of the state none are more favorably adapted to live stock production than the Rogue river valley. The same intensity of production on a concentrated area is manifest among cattlemen as among fruit growers. Stock is well bred and Rogue river valley beeves are prize winners wherever shown.

The finest types of horses and mules are produced, the condition being ideal for fine stock breeding. Tom Williams, the millionaire president of the Pacific Jockey club states that if racing was permitted in Oregon he would install one of the largest racehorse breeding establishments in the world in the Rogue River valley, as he believes the conditions are most ideal for producing fast animals.

The photograph shows a branding scene near Medford. The steam from the branding iron on the shoulder of the steer can be plainly seen. To the left is another animal thrown and ready for the brand.

Many thousand head of cattle are brought from the surrounding hills to winter near Medford, where they are fattened upon alfalfa for the market. Most of them are shipped to California.