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BEEF, PORK or MUTTON. In season. A liberal share of the patronage of the people of Ashland and vicinity respectfully solicited.

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PORTLAND and SAN FRANCISCO. CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAINS RUN DAILY Between Portland and San Francisco.

Horses Boarded and Fed At reasonable rates. New and handsome turnouts, reliable and safe buggy teams, and good saddle horses will be had at these stables.

H. S. EMERY, Funeral Director. A full supply of Coffins. Caskets, Robes of all Sizes, Gloves, Crapes, etc., etc.

THROUGH TICKETS to all points SOUTH AND EAST Via CALIFORNIA.

For full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on company's agents at Ashland. R. KOEHLER, E. P. ROGERS, Manager. Asst. G. F. and Pass. Agt.

A. C. CALDWELL, MECHANICAL AND OPERATIVE DENTIST. Ashland, Oregon.

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GEORGE STEPHENSON, Proprietor. Having purchased the old stable on Main street near the bridge, and assum'd the management of the same, I am prepared to offer the public better accommodations than ever before afforded in Southern Oregon in the livery business.

H. JUDGE, HARNESS AND SADDLE MANUFACTURER, ASHLAND, OREGON.

ENTIRE SATISFACTION. Repairing neatly and promptly done, and at low rates.

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EUROPEAN RESTAURANT AND OYSTER PARLORS. Under Masonic Temple. B. F. SNYDER, Proprietor. MEALS 25 CENTS.

ASHLAND HOUSE. Opp. Oddfellows' Building. Main Street, Ashland, Oregon.

THIS WELL-KNOWN HOUSE UNDER the new management will be conducted on the best and most popular plan, no pains being spared to give general satisfaction. It contains comfortable sleeping apartments supplied with single and double beds, making it a desirable place for the entertainment of both travelers and families.

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U.S. BAKERY! Opp. Oddfellows' Hall, ASHLAND, OREGON.

FRESH BREAD AND PIES DAILY. CHOICE CAKES! If Every Variety KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND!

JOHN WEXLER, Proprietor. Orders for parties promptly executed. Special rates for Weddings and other special occasions. Bread delivered daily at your door. Prices always reasonable.

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ESTES & WILLIAMS, CITY PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRANSFER. Passenger Coach Every Train. Freight moved anywhere about town at rates lower than any one else.

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HISTORIC GARDEN SASS. Old-Time Notions About Peas, Beans, Onions and Asparagus.

When worn out or mutilated notes are redeemed they are taken to the redemption department of the treasury and counted, cut in two lengths, each half counted in separate rooms, and each lot then separately reduced to pulp, some of which reappears in commerce in the form of toy animals and cards, figures which are sold at the counter stands of the Capitol and in the various shops in the city. One of the accountants has held the position since 1855, and has been all that time one of the most skillful and trusted employees. She is of mature age, and is fat and well kept, like a woman of wealth amid leisure. Her method was simple, and yet required the coolness and skill of an accomplished prestidigitator. Her accomplishments were worthy of Hermann in that respect. Surrounded by her associates in similar mode, amounted to within a few dollars, paste them together so as to form one more complete note than the package originally contained and then abstract a complete note of large denomination. The packages would float up correctly and seem to be untempered with. Here long they were going on, whether or she is the only light-fingered lady in the business, and how much has been stolen no one can tell, for each day all that has been counted is reduced to pulp. The deficit discovered in the one lot, when an expose of this woman's performance was accidentally made, amounted to within a few dollars of \$1,000, and the amount purloined may, therefore, foot up to a large sum. All the time she has been engaged in this work, at least for several years, it has been a subject of comment in the neighborhood where she resides, and it is said that she will not be long before she will be a fortune teller. She purchased a fine house years ago, and furnished it in the most elegant style, and not long after purchased an acre of land.

Recently she has been engaged in a large and expensive country mansion in one of the suburban villages, and she has kept a fine team of horses and an elegant carriage, in which, however, she would not ride to the treasury. She would not patronize the street cars, though, but each morning and evening she had a liverly man come to her door, and carry her to and from her place of honest toil, by which she became a capitalist.—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

LOTTO IN ITALY. A game which devours the earnings of the Poor with Regularity. The Italians are natural gamblers. The national game of lotto, now under the patronage and control of the Government, is patronized to an increasing extent. The chances of winning are less than half and far between; but rich and poor, priest and peasant, patronize it with persistent regularity. The poor actually go without food and pawn the very beds they lie on in order to buy their tickets. The game itself is simple form. Numbers from 1 to 90 inclusive are placed in a large revolving wheel, and at noon on Saturday, in the presence of the municipal officers and Government representatives, five numbers are drawn forth by five Friday children, gathered at random from the waiting crowd. These numbers are then publicly proclaimed as the winning numbers for the week and telegraphed far and near. Previous to the Saturday drawing—that is to say from Sunday morning five Friday children, gathered at random from the waiting crowd. The purchaser chooses his own number, or he may buy two or three or four or five, just as he pleases. It is needless to say that to choose five winning numbers is akin to a miracle. Two numbers not infrequently come out, and occasionally a lucky investor brings three; but these are rare exceptions, and, as at Monaco and other public tables, the percentage is so heavily in favor of the bank, that the people lose their money with delicious regularity. To prevent cheating and possible collusion, the tickets are sold for the sale of tickets on Friday night and remain unopened till the day after the drawing takes place. The prizes vary in value in proportion to the amount paid for the tickets, and are tempting enough to keep the poor still poorer, while the Government coffers grow full and overflow.—Chambers Journal.

Told by Your Teeth. The shape and placing of the teeth are not without a significant meaning in the character given by the mouth. When the upper gum shows above the teeth directly the lips are opened, it is a sign of a cold and phlegmatic nature. Short, small teeth are held by the old physiologists to denote weakness and short life, while long, thin teeth, especially if in the head, denote long life. The more the teeth, in point of size, shape and arrangement, approach to those of the carnivorous animals, the more violent are the animal instincts in the person, while the more human teeth in shape and position, the more gentle and tranquil are the animal instincts. White, medium-sized and evenly-set teeth, which are seen as soon as the mouth is open, but which are entirely exposed—that is, which do not at any time show the gums—are a sign of good and honest nature. Projecting teeth show rapacity; small, retreating teeth, which are rarely seen unless in laughter, show weakness and want of physical and moral courage. The lower teeth projecting and closing over the upper range are indicative of a harsh nature.—Manchester Guardian.

Queen Victoria does not, as has been reported, work until past midnight upon her private correspondence. As a matter of fact, she never troubles herself with public or private business or correspondence of any kind except between breakfast and luncheon. Princess Mary of Cambridge is renowned for her unappetizing appetite. Some gentleman recently announced his intention to offer her a couple of canvas neck ducks. "Oh," said a friend, "she would make short work of those. Offer her a couple of wild turkeys."

It is said that the Princess of Wales often sits in the hall at Sandringham as the night falls and watches the cold redemning in the immense fireplace for an hour or more, utterly oblivious to all sights and sounds around her. Just what the royal lady's dreams are about during that quiet hour no one knows, but the habit is well known to her friends and intimates.

The car spends very little time in his study, as he is more afraid of his stouthead than of political plots, and is consequently in the habit of receiving his ministers in the grounds, walking up and down an avenue while listening to their reports. He frequently adds his initial "A" to an important document by holding it against a tree, and hence it is rather indistinct at times.

ROBBING THE TREASURY. How a Female Clerk Managed to Live High on a Small Salary.

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EVAPORATING FRUIT. An Expert Gives Some Suggestions as to the Best Methods.

S. W. Lovell, of New York, an expert in evaporating fruit, gives some excellent suggestions. He says our excellent varieties of apples will yield six to eight pounds of evaporated fruit to a bushel of green apples weighing fifty pounds. A paring machine is essential, and he prefers one that pares, cores and slices at the same time. There are several good ones. Two girls with a machine will prepare thirty bushels in ten hours. Machines must be kept in perfect order. Bleaching with sulphur should be discouraged, he says, but bleaching of some kind will be practiced for some time yet. Apples and peaches must be put into the bleacher as soon as pared. To keep the color of fruit until it can be bleached, run it from the parer into a vat of brackish water—not too salty, as the dried fruit would then gather moisture and damage it.

"Spread the fruit for drying on trays made of No. 5 galvanized wire cloth. Care must be taken not to leave the fruit in the evaporator so long as to turn it brown. I take out the fruit rather early and spread it about ten feet over a curing floor, where it lies for ten days or two weeks, and is shored over once or twice before packing. In this way one can take fruit from the dryer while it is still quite damp, saving fuel and increasing the working capacity of the machine. We also get a more marketable quality of fruit, for the color will be better.

"Evaporated apples in ring slices are packed for Eastern markets in boxes holding fifty pounds. Two pieces of paper placed in the boxes next the cover, and laid so that they will fold back each way from the center, lapping down on the side of the box, and then the ring slices are laid in rows on the paper, with one-half lapping so as to make a nice facing; then the box is filled from the bottom, and if the fruit is thoroughly dried a press is necessary to get fifty pounds into the boxes commonly used. Rippe peaches must be prepared by hand; spread on trays with the flat sides next the wire, and bleached like apples. They are packed in twenty-five pound boxes. I do not like dry berries, but finish in the curing room, shoring them over for a few times. Four pounds of black raspberries will make a pound of dried fruit. A bushel of peaches will make eight to ten pounds."

Mr. Lovell says the waste can be made into vinegar worth \$2 a barrel. He does not speak encouragingly of "cook-stove evaporators" for market purposes, but thinks a well-organized establishment, properly managed, is profitable. Western New York markets, at the writing, were offering 6 cents for prime apples, equal to 8 cents in New York City.—St. Paul Globe.

TO CURE DIPHTHERIA. Turpentine Said to Be Almost a Specific to the Disease.

We have on several occasions referred to the use of turpentine in diphtheria. Recommended originally in Germany and claimed to be almost a specific, it was, also, that the employment of the drug was subjected to the most severe criticism. Some recent publications have again drawn attention to the alleged value of this substance, and most remarkable among these is an article which appeared in the Therapeutische Monatshefte. The author asserts that he has employed turpentine in diphtheria for the last four years. In that time he lost only five cases out of sixty that came under treatment. Two of the fatal cases concerned infants, who appeared moribund when first taken, and died a few hours later. The other fatal cases were also unusually severe from the start, two dying in thirty-six hours, and one surviving five days. This is certainly a noteworthy record, as diphtheria statistics go. The oil of turpentine was administered in dram doses three times a day. Sweet spirits of niter was used as a corrective, in the proportion of one part of the spirits to fifteen of turpentine. Symptoms of intoxication were never observed by the author. In addition to the turpentine, a 2 per cent solution of sodium sulphate was given every three hours in tablespoon doses. A variety of chlorate of potash solution was likewise employed whenever possible. Under this plan of treatment rapid amelioration of local signs and constitutional symptoms was observed. Usually improvement began at once, and it was necessary to push the drug beyond five or eight doses. It should be remarked in this connection, however, that a very generous and stimulating fluid diet (strong broth, port wine, milk) formed a feature of the author's plan of treatment. Those who are inclined to be skeptical in regard to the utility of medicines in the severer forms of diphtheria (and the professor contains many such) will scarcely accept the author's figures without a challenge. On the other hand, for the very reason that violent diphtheria ordinarily justifies a gloomy prognosis, we are ever ready to employ any means which may possibly reduce its frightful mortality. There is no reason, therefore, why the turpentine treatment of this disease should not be given a fair trial.—Medical Record.

"John," said a diamond-dealer's wife, "Freddy swallowed a big stone to-day." "My goodness! That's awful! Where did he get it?" "Out in the street." "Oh, you mean a common stone? I thought you meant a diamond. Well, I wouldn't worry about it. I don't believe it will hurt him." "Jeweler's Weekly.

"I don't understand," said Rolla, looking up from his book, "why an excess of wealth should be a bad thing. I should think the wealthier a man is, the more contented he would be." "Not at all, boy," said Uncle George, wearily; "possession in moderation is the right thing. Now, nerve is a grand thing; it's splendid for a man to have nerve. But if he has so many nerves he can't keep the rest of 'em quiet long enough to put that one to sleep. It's his nerves that get him."—Burdette.

In Boston the neck of a chicken is called "pollock" because it is the bony part.—Albany Union.

"The Poodle Dog" restaurant, the San Francisco Delmonico, was yclept by the Frenchman who started it "So poulet d'or" (The Golden Hen), which was too much of a jawbreaker for the natives; hence the present name.

A LITTLE CONGO HERO. Story of a Boy Who Rescued His Mother's Canoe From a Crocodile.

On the Congo, near the equator, live the Ba-Ngala, with whom the explorer, Stanley, had his hardest battle when he floated down the great river. They are the most powerful and intelligent of the Upper Congo natives, and since Captain Coullhat, four years ago, established a station in their country they have become good friends of the whites. A while ago, an exciting event occurred in one of their many villages, and Esaulaka, the chief, went to Captain Coullhat to tell him about it.

"You know the big island near my town," he said. "Well, yesterday, soon after the sun came up, one of my women and our little boy started for the island in a canoe. The boy is some dozens of months old, but he is just under the age of twelve years old." He says that the crocodile was lying in the canoe. The boy picked it up to paddle back to the village. Then he thought, 'O, if I could only scare the crocodile and get my mother back!' He could tell by the moving water where the crocodile was. He was swimming just under the surface toward the island. Then the boy followed the crocodile just as fast as he could paddle. Very soon the crocodile reached the island and went out on land. He laid the woman's body into the canoe. Then he went back into the river and swam away. You know why he did this. He wanted his mate, and he started out to find her.

"Then the little boy paddled fast to where his mother was lying. He jumped out of the boat and ran to her. There was a big wound in her breast. Her eyes were shut, and she was dead. He is strong, but he could not lift her. He dragged her body to the canoe. He knew the crocodile might come back at any moment and kill him, too. He used all his strength. Little by little he got his mother's body into the canoe. Then he pushed away from the shore and started home.

"We had not seen the boy and his mother at all. Suddenly we heard shouting on the river, and we saw the boy paddling as hard as he could. Every two or three strokes he would look back over his shoulder and say the crocodile swimming fast towards the canoe. If he reached it you know what he would do. He would upset it with a blow, and both the boy and his mother would be lost. Eight or nine of us jumped into canoes and started for the boy. The crocodile had nearly overtaken the canoe, but we reached it in time. We scared the crocodile away, and brought the canoe to the shore. The boy stepped out on the ground and fell down, he was so frightened and tired. We carried him into one of our huts, and took his mother's body in there, too. We thought she was dead.

"But after a little while she opened her eyes. She could whisper only two or three words. She asked for her boy. We laid him beside her on her mat, and she held him in her arms and kissed him. She was so happy and so full of life that we were all glad. She had saved her mother's body from the crocodile."

As Esaulaka told this story the tears coursed down his cheeks. "I have seen in this savage tribe," writes Captain Coullhat, "men and their wives who really love each other, and veritable honeymoons among young couples. The child feels for his father the love and respect which his authority inspires, but he truly loves his mother, and has a tender interest in her even after he becomes a man.—N. Y. Sun.

PROMPT DECISION. The Power of the Ability to Make Use of Propitious Moments.

It has been well said that "purpose is the edge and point of character—the superscription on the letter of talent; that character without it is blunt and torpid, and that genius without it is bullion—splendid but uncrystallized." Even errors—if they imply nothing criminal or of evil intent—may be translated into something splendid, something magnificent, by virtue of decision. When Mr. Dillett, in his first great effort in the House of Commons, met not only with unsympathetic listeners, but with contempt so complete that he was compelled to sit down with his oration unfinished, he drew his hat over his eyes, and, with a resolute shake of the head, said to himself, "I will not be driven from the House of Commons; I will win my way." And so on, ad libitum, until they part again after series of bows. If the salutation takes place in the house, where the cleanliness of the mats affords full play to the instincts of politeness, they kneel down, place their elbows and hands, palms downwards, on the floor, and touch the mat with their forehead. They remain in this attitude, gently murmuring complimentary phrases, interrupted with sighs, until one of them, feeling the blood rise to his brain, cautiously lifts his head to peep whether his vis-a-vis has changed his position; if this is the case they both slowly work their way upwards; but if the other still keeps his head on the ground, the first one quickly ducks down again, so as not to be outdone in politeness by his partner.—Tokio Letter.

HUMOROUS. "Don't despise the man who has only one shirt. The chances are that he doesn't owe a very big wash bill."—Merchant Traveller.

A wretched humorist who ought to be ashamed of himself says that our boys don't go to college to get higher in the world, but to get lower.

"Smith—"What a dazzling creature your wife is!" Brown—"Ought to see her without her diamonds. They spoil her conversation."—Detroit Free Press.

"He (who has just left it) piano—"How do you like my voice, Miss Race?" "Miss Race (Cincinnati)—"Your success? O! it's certainly a shining success, Mr. Keys."—Texas Siftings.

Published at Ashland, in the flourishing Rogue River Valley. The leading town of Southern Oregon, population 2,500, junction of O. & C. and S. P. R. R. Leading industries—fruit raising, mining, manufacturing, stock-raising and farming.

STRAW ON THE FARM. Its Usefulness and Value in the Shape of Its Being and in the Shape of Its Use.

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the value of straw on the farm. That it has a value not to be despised is conceded by all, but yet the practice differs very much in the methods of handling it. At the extreme East we find the farmer husbanding it with almost as much care as he does the grain that comes from it. He not only preserves it dry and in good condition, but runs it through the cutting box, mixes the ground feed with it and feeds it to the cows in a but little excess in amount with the quantity of hay or other stover that is fed in the same manner.

While it may not be necessary or even economical in the Western farmer to pay quite so much attention to the straw of the farm that his contemporary of the East does, yet it is safe to say he in most cases undercuts its value when properly handled. We believe the old practice of burning the straw has been entirely done away with on the dairy farm, and that the straw on the dairy farm is not in the West, but allowing it to rot in great stacks when threshed at some distance from the stable is still too often the practice.

It is a common thing for book-writers to give a relative value of straw as compared with good hay, but these values are often misleading from the fact that one straw is not like another straw, especially in feeding value. The straw that has become too ripe or the one that is too immature are alike almost worthless for feeding purposes, while the one that was cut at the proper time has a great deal of good in it. Then the straws of different grains have not the same feeding value. Oats and rye make an indifferent feed compared with the straw of wheat and barley. Especially do we recommend the latter article. The farm practice of cutting barley in rather an immature state to prevent the grain from shelling out in the field conduces greatly to the feeding value of the straw. The only serious objection to the use of barley straw lies in the willow-like habit the little barbs have of getting in the eyes of the cows, but they rarely do any serious harm if let alone. The men who handle the straw are more apt to suffer from this barb nuisance.

We must not overlook the usefulness of straw on the farm in the shape of bedding and manure. The straw can be nothing better to put under the cows than dry straw, and when we consider its manurial value it will pay to haul from a considerable distance, even when a fair price is to be paid for it.

The great trouble with straw is its extreme bulk compared with its weight. This objection can only be overcome by ingenuity on the part of the dairyman. There are many devices for loading and unloading it that remove the bulk objection in a large measure, while the rack for hauling it may be made nearly double the size for the purpose. Baling is yet too expensive on the farm, and it is to be hoped that some method of handling it much better than any now in practice will soon be invented. One thing is certain and that is, whatever trouble there may be in handling straw, it is too valuable to be allowed to rot in the field, and no man should allow these monuments to his lack of enterprise to rear themselves in his fields and tell his neighbors how shiftless he is.—American Dairyman.

JAPANESE COURTESY. How Acquaintances Greet Each Other When Meeting in the Street.

When a couple of Japanese acquaintances encounter each other in the street, no matter whether high or low, male or female, old or young, they stand with their feet somewhat apart and low repeatedly while rubbing their bended knees with their hands, drawing in their breath as they rise and closing their lips with a sudden gasp as they flop down again. The conversation opens with a sign such as a dry cough: "Schibaraku o ue ni kakarimasen," i. e., "It is a long time since I hung upon your legs (I have not seen you this long while)." Reply: "Deep sigh with a short cough, i. e., 'Yes, alas! alas! I have long been deprived of the pleasure of gazing on your features.'" Q: "How is it with your respected husband and the charming baby?" R: Sigh and cough as before, i. e., "Best thanks for your inquiry; they are both quite well."

"Since I last had the pleasure of hanging on your eyes, you have grown much older and also rather stouter." R: Sigh and cough, i. e., "Many thanks for the compliment, but I am afraid you flatter me." And so on, ad libitum, until they part again after series of bows. If the salutation takes place in the house, where the cleanliness of the mats affords full play to the instincts of politeness, they kneel down, place their elbows and hands, palms downwards, on the floor, and touch the mat with their forehead. They remain in this attitude, gently murmuring complimentary phrases, interrupted with sighs, until one of them, feeling the blood rise to his brain, cautiously lifts his head to peep whether his vis-a-vis has changed his position; if this is the case they both slowly work their way upwards; but if the other still keeps his head on the ground, the first one quickly ducks down again, so as not to be outdone in politeness by his partner.—Tokio Letter.

HUMOROUS. "Don't despise the man who has only one shirt. The chances are that he doesn't owe a very big wash bill."—Merchant Traveller.

A wretched humorist who ought to be ashamed of himself says that our boys don't go to college to get higher in the world, but to get lower.

"Smith—"What a dazzling creature your wife is!" Brown—"Ought to see her without her diamonds. They spoil her conversation."—Detroit Free Press.

"He (who has just left it) piano—"How do you like my voice, Miss Race?" "Miss Race (Cincinnati)—"Your success? O! it's certainly a shining success, Mr. Keys."—Texas Siftings.