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"When My Ship Comes In." "When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song. "What brave things shall I do With the st each of my wealth and the joy ous throng Of friends st. ut-hearted and true!"

He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun By the store of his life's broad sea, And the days of his youth are quickly run, Yet never a sail spies he.

"My ship has gone down!" in soberer strain Sings the man, and to duty turns. He forgets the ship in his toil and pain, And no longer his young hope burns.

Yet again by the shore he stands grown old With the course of his years well spent, And gazing out on the deep—behold, A dim ship landward bent!

No banner she files, no songs are borne From her decks as she nears the land; Silent wit sail all sombre and torn Sie is safe at last by the strand.

And lo! To the man's eld age she has brought Not the tr asures he thought to win, But honor, content and love—life-wrought, And he cries, "Has my ship come in?" —M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jun, in Harper's Weekly.

### ESQUIMAU TOYS.

HOW THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE NORTH AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Dolls of Bon s. Wooden Walruses with with Unbending Dignity.

Did you ever see a group of children get together on the sidewalk and play the fascinating game of "Esquimau"? It is not unlike the "Muffin Man," but then it requires different words, and so it certainly is another game entirely. All the youngsters gather in a ring and slowly jig around and around, while half of them shrill in a queer sing-

Oh, do you know the E quimau?

The query is solemnly answered with great alacrity by the other half of the circle, who shriek:

Oh, yes, we know the Esquimau,
The Esquimau,
The Esquimau,
He lives in the land of ice and snow,
Of ice and snow,
Of ice and snow,

Then the whole band bop solemnly

in simulation of the supposed antics of the Esquimau. The funniest part of it all, according to a gentleman who has recently returned to this city from the arctic regions, is that the little Esquimau voungsters have an almost identical youngsters have an almost identical game—singing an odd little tune of their own and going through queer antics, unhesitatingly believed to be exact representations of the children

of the far-away South. You would think that so much of the little Esquimau's time would be spent trying to keep warm that he wouldn't have a great deal left for play. But those little fur-clad tots in the ice and snow are having more fun than a circus and summer vacations rolled into

They tag around after their male relatives just as the small boys do here, and they fidget their snub-nosed mammas almost to death by stealing off among the icebergs in a little bit of a tippy cranky craft made of skins and things. They listen round-eyed to tales of harpoons and of deadly bouts with polar bears. They tell their small sisters brave tales of their own dauntless courage, and when a bigger boy shouts "Polar bear!" they run shricking to their relatives, just as if they lived on California street or somewhere in the mission.

The E-quiman small boy is amazing-ly like other small boys. He's roundfaced and brown-cheeked and chubby beyond belief. He wears queer gar-ments of skins and of leathers. He doesn't know what a hat is. He never ate a pound of candy or a dish of icecream in his life, and he never heard of a baseball game, but he's lots like other boys for all that. As for the girl, she's precisely like

her blande sister down here, who hasn't

the faintest notion how good whale's blubber is. She knows just the same kind of games. When one brown tot "goes visitin" another brown tot she legs her favorite doll with her, and then she sits right down in the dark little hut and begins to "play house." That doll of hers is a strange-looking being. It has a flat face made of wood or bone and it has the stiffest kind of arms and legs, not a joint in them, and its eves are just painted on the face, and it's a lucky doll that has hair on its head; but little Miss Esquimau loves that doll just as much as if it were flaxen - baired and had red cheeks and shining blue eyes.

Dolly couldn't speak "mamma" if you squeezed it to pieces, and it would never think of such a thing as letting you turn its bead, but Miss E-quimau doesn't mind that a bit. She just dresses and undresses her and whips her and cries over her dreadful mis deeds quite as if her name was Maude Athel Van Buren instead of being an unpronounceable thing in consonants She has a good many gowns, too, has little Miss Iceberg. O. yes. Why. there's her minkskin walking gown,

and her otter sledging get-up, and her sealskin cloak, and, finest of all, her feather dress. Pretty things they are, these gay skin garments. They are wonderfully made, delicately sewed. and sometimes they are wondrously embroidered with quills from the fretful porcupine.

Those benighted little beetle brows have never heard of Noah's ark, but they have a substitute for its weird animals among their toys. Wooden walruses, with fierce mustaches, and ghostly birds, whose unbending dignity suggests the splendid reserve of those familiar patriarchs, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, so distinctly that you look around for the little green trees and spotted dogs that always stand

They don't have trains of cars to play with, those blue-nosed shiverers; they wouldn't know what to do with them if they had, but they have a jolly substitute. There's a tiny sledge of bone, drawn by four sleath-like dogs, and there are bold forerunners going on before and daring hunters walking nonchalantly behind. There's a toy for you. There's something even better than that, though. There's a regular Sauta Claus of a doll, sitting

in a sledge and driving four beautifully snarling dogs.
When the long winter dark comes on the boys sit in the low huts and make tiny boats of fish skin cunningly stretched over a skeleton of firm wood. While they are tinkering away at these pretty boats the small sister sits beside them on the bearskin and make soft

The mother is close by making nets or trimming a robe with a delicate border of porcupine quills. She can to be over 600,000 men under him and his assistants, who control the various districts.

fairy tales all about queer little seals who can turn up their fur hoods and turn into the splendidest bow legged men. There are strange legends of the domestic life of the bg white bears. When the boy grows weary of the legends he runs out and has a tumble in the snow. There's always plenty of snow-such sleigh rides, such snow fights-only think of the fun

those little blue-chins have. They have the funniest kind of footballs. They look like huge potatoes that have been put down cellar and spronted. They're all covered with long tufts of fur that flies about in a most confusing way when the ball goes are all posted. However you may try round. They make snow shoes for it. You can afford to lose a little conthemselves, too, and for their dolls,

grown up you want books and papers Found him too slippery for you?

But then it's always different when

you're grown up. DRIVING A THOUSAND MILES. An Englishman Covers the Distance with

It is needless for me to compare the average swiftness or strength of a horse as against that of a mau, as it is well-established fact that for strength and speed combined the horse has no rival. But it is quite another thing when we consider the latent staying power or physical endurance of horse over that of a man. This was supposed to have been proved conclusively in favor of man by the remarkable walking achievement performed a few years ago by Weston, who, as your readers may remember, walked 3,000 miles in sixty consecutive daysbarring Sundays-covering, partly upon a prepared track, fifty miles in each day. It was said at the time that it would require two well-bred horses to

successfully compete with Weston. In past and present times for speed we have remarkable examples upon record, and among these I may mention that of Thornbill, an iunkeeper from Stilton, Huntingdonshire, who rode, with a relay of horses. 213 miles n 12 hours and 17 minutes. In 1750 he Earl of March drove a team of four horses nineteen miles in one hour There was in this case a specially prepared carriage and barness, and these were so light that it is said one man old carry them. A few months ago as regards speed, style, and good order, having his horse under perfect

ticable the endurance of a well-bred horse, on Monday, July 6, we started If you go into a many and tear up to the possibility of our covering 500 miles at an average of fifty colles a day, or 1.000 miles, averaging about forty-four miles a day, and was told that the shadow of disappointment was awaiting me, are was advised to abandon the proposed drive, as no horse would be equal to it. The result, however, has given a contradicunder proper control and care, more endurance than is supposed. We covendurance than is supposed. We covered into the sin ered the 1,000 miles in nineteen days, kills all traces of it. averaging over fifty-two miles a day The longest distance-namely, sixtyclaim I bave broken the record of one-

horse driving. We selected roads at random, and they proved to be very hilly, covered with loose stones, generally unfavor-able to the extent of half the distance or somewhere else." covered; added to this seven days rain. The route taken was somewhat as follows: London to York, Durham, Berwick-on-Tweed, Edinburg, Stirling. back to Glasgow, Carlisle, Kirby, Lonsdale, Barnsley, Bradford, Nottingham, Bedford, London. The horse we drove is fifteen hands high and well bred, and was in good condition when we finished the journey, as the following certificate I hold proves: July 25-I drove with Mr. Davies four miles, and consider his cob in good condition, and no worse for the

long journey he has done." I had but one object, and that was to show what a valuable servant a horse is to man, and worthy the care and kindness extended to mine. Your readers can see that an equal task would not be performed unless an equal weight be carried and the same roads covered. - Letter to London Times.

Chinese Detectives. M. Victor Duhasse, a French surgeon stationed at Tonquin, China, says: A

Frenchman naturally thinks the Paris-ian detectives the best, the English wear by the Scotland Yards men, and the Americans of course, by the New York detectives. After three years' residence in China, I do not think either of the three bodies are entitled to the credit given them. The Chinese the most expert thieves and at another the most skilfful detectives in the world. A Chinaman can steal your watch while you are looking at it, and he can catch the man who stole it if it appened to be some other than hin self, when a French detective could

ability among the Chinese which would startle even Zola. It is impossible for an evil-doer to long clude the Chinese detectives. They seent a crime and follow it to the last before civilized detectives would know of it. In a country of so many people, who all look alike, this is remarkable. I heard of

one ease which will serve to illustrate their shrewdness. A family in Tonquin was murdered, and there was no apparent clew to the murderer. The entire detective corps of three provinces were placed upon the case and in three weeks the murderer-none other than the chief of the secret police who handled the chase for the murderer-was arrested and bedetective force is a secret body and the best organized in the world. They have an eye upon every man, woman, and child, foreign or native, in China, and in addition watch each other. Informers are encouraged and collusion is impossible. The head of the Chinese police is not known, but there is one, and a very active one too. I have heard that the present head was once but really do not believe that any one knows who he is. There are said

How She Served the Summons She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work. "What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men.' "Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve

"I might," said she. "May I look "If you do that you'll do something

ceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly. and they go ent "shoeing."

Not such a bad idea, this living at the North I ole, is it? That is when the North I ole, is it? That is when the North I ole, is it? The transfer of the next morning the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in again.

and concerts and theaters and sonp

Thought so."

The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his

"Served the ..... How'd you do it?" \*Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, to Pre-ident Lincoln. priced some materials and then asked

"No,' said the salesman, 'but I can "I think not,' I said quietly. has served me before, and he understands just what I want.'

"Oh, in that case you might call his house. He will be in to dinner.' "I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly. Mr. -- P said I, rising. "Yes. You wished to see

"I hear you are interested in property

...Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it,' offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and flushed erimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door.

"Another field open to women," was the lawyers only comment. - N. Y.

### Not a Happy Lot-

"I'll tell you of a curious device or two for evading the law that would ate secretary "is not in it." make you feel creepy if you were to principal reaps it all.

put on my badge and go into some It is rare, too, to find in the business could carry them. A few months ago put on my badge and go into some Lord Lonsdale gave us a splendid explicit group shops in Lewiston with the purbibition in all kinds of driving, both pose of raiding them," said an officer to a Lewiston Journal reporter.

"The other day an Auburn man told ontrol.

Having a wish to test as far as pracdrink, and the bartender had taken a private secretary. He needs some one covered with myriads of ants, which bottle up from somewhere behind the counter, then put it back and defied upon a 1,000-mile drive-dog-cart, him to find it. And he couldn't

was awaiting me, are was advised to is not profitable to do any wreckage abandon the proposed drive, as no unless we are sure of getting some horse would be equal to it. The reliquors.

as he enters, is pitched down through sively. I maintain, that a horse has, a trap-door into the cellar, and while he is coming up again the stuff is

"Then there is another way. Four doors with concealed spring locks lead two miles—was covered in the last the officer, as he enters, into a room day. When the following circumin the back of the house, and the door stances are taken into consideration, I shutting after him locks him in until he shutting after him locks him in until he breaks out and the liquor has disappeared. I tell you I'm always nervous when I go into such a place. It makes me feel as though per aps the

"Boss, is dis yere de place whar yer buys lisenses for gittin' married by?" asked a young negro of Clerk Meigs at the city hall vesterday afternoon This is the place, young man," the genial clerk replied. "What is your

name, please?" "Taint fur myself dat I wants it fur. Deed yer wrong dar, boss. I wants it fur er fren of mine over in Georgetown, what is goin't ter marry L.za Jones to-night; dat is, ef dar ain't no law again marryin' Fridays. he 'lows dat dar is. But I tol' him dat law didn't tech Georgetown folks, nowise. An' Ise right, ain't I,

"Well," replied Mr. Meigs, "the law of superstition is against marriages on Friday, but I feel you are correct in stating that it does not 'tech' the good people of Georgetown.

· I knowed yer'd 'stain me, Judge, yer honor. I knowed dar wuz two difrent laws fur Washington an' Georgetown, fer year only gits lifteen days in Georgetown fur de same 'fense ton. I knows, fur Ise tried 'em bofe Make dat lisens for Henry Jeems Johnson an' Liza Jones, please, sa ..

"Both live in Georgetown? asked Mr. Meigs, as he proceeds to fill out "Yas, sah; bofe uf us-I means dev

How to Ride a Swimming Horse.

To begin with, it must not be supposed that a horse always swims naturally, and with ease, the moment he is off his feet in the water. The animal, under such circumstances, has but one notion, to keep his head out of the water, and to lift his shoulders as

high as possible.
In doing this his hind quarters sink. and he finds himself almost standing upon his tail, or at least in a position three-quarters erect.

In such a position, if the rider draws upon his reins, or threws his body back in the least, the animal's hind quarters will sink more and more, his ody will take a vertical position, and, beating the water uselessly with his fore-feet, he will finally sink.

As soon as the horse gets off his feet in the water, let the rider grasp a handful of the animal's mane, leaning at the same time well forward upo his shoulder, but without touching the horse's head. The rider's knees sho be pressed tightly to the horse's sides. otherwise he is likely to be swept off

by the water.
This is the only position which will and the horse to swim at the same

each well to one side. If the harse is to be guided in the water give the loose rein a little jerk in the direction desired. But it is in the highest de-gree important never to pull of the reius.—Revue du Cercle Militaire. PRIVATE SECRETARIES.

Men Who Have R's-n from the Ama

"Never be any man's private secre tary. It will nuffit you for all work of So said the president of one of the largest banks in this city to a reporter

one day last week. Perhaps this

good advice, and is well worth heed

ing by a young man vh intends to enter some commercial pursuit, says the N. Y. News; but in the business of practical politics the private secretary stands a remarkable good chance for advancement provided that he is made out of the right kind of material, and if he is not successful there is no 'start in life that will do him any good. Col. John Hay, the author, poet, and editor, made his first reputation as one daughter of Amasa Stone, a many times millionaire of Cleveland, O., and his fame since then has been more of a source of gratification than of income to him. John G. Nicolay owes whatever of greatness he can lay claim to

A still later instance is ex-Private Secretary Col. Daniel Lamont. It was my day in camp; for it was not Although he may, and probably is, a safe, in that quarter of the Adirondacks, millionaire and a potent factor in to leave one's possessions very long un-street railway circles, his chief fame guarded. will always rest upon his brilliant work in the office of the white house during Mr. Cieveland's incumbency of that historic mansion. that historic mansion.

Being a private secretary certainly has not ruined him in work of respon
Looking out, I saw a flock or duces, some five hundred yards away, swimming and fluttering about, as if half-mad at the joy

politics the private secretary does not fill so large a place. With the exception of Horace C. Duval, who is the very chance, close at hand. private secretary of Chauncey M. Depew, it would be difficult to recall the name of a single private secretary to a commercial man who is generally known to the public of this city. There are no Wall street private secretaries. not even in the largest corporations, who are generally known.

Mr. Rockefeller's private secretary may be a very important man in the big white Standard Oil building, but when the public hears anything about Mr. Rockefeller or his doings the information comes from him direct, or it comes to fame the Wall street private secretary "is not in it." His

part of this city many successful busilife as private secretaries. The business man is secretive, as a rule, and to stay where I had fallen, until then, was to represent him in minor matters, to run errands for him, and to answer his ordinary correspondence. The important letters the shrewd business his ordinary correspondence. The important letters the shrewd business

as a private secretary, but he never will be promoted to a post of higher responsibility and trust. He is too useful where he is. In the largest manufacturing concern in Newark the private secretary has served for forty will be promoted to a post of higher to know, but he is still a private secretary and he always will be one and his salary today is just \$15 a week higher than it was thirty-tive years toward camp, leaving a trail of blood be

Arthur Fraser of Philadelphia-Capt. Lee, who died suddenly at the Hoffman house the other day, you remember, was one of the most intrepid of men. He once ordered the king and cabinet of Corea off their own parade ground because they tried to dictate to him concerning the handling of the native troops. Capt. Lee was employed by the Corean government as military instructor of the army four years ago, and he knew his business in every phase. With two other American officers who were employed with him in similar capacities he had charge of the army and gave it thorough instruction, elevating it beyond the standard of even the Japanese troops, the best drilled in the east. Lee and his fellow-officers didn't get along to-gether very well. The troops liked im exceedingly, but on the day he ordered the king and cabinet off the parale grounds, because they got in was there came near being a reble, if polite, and the king and the cabinet left without a protest. They always respected Lee for his action and treated him with great courtesy

### afterward. - St. Louis G obe-Democrat Oddities of East Indian Life.

The recently published letters of the late archbishop of Bombay give some interesting glimpses of life in India. "After breakfast." he says in one of them, "I had to disten to an address bole liv's dah, sah."- Washington Star. and then to a series of complaints against the parish priest, who was present and defended himself vigor-A curious case of conscience ously. came before me. The pagans had consecrated a cock to one of their gods. The bird is taken to the shrine, offered to the god, and then set free. Can a Christian kill the cock and eat what has been offered to idols? The common Christians dare not touch such r bird for the world. I fear the priest shot it and made one or two good meals of it." Of the same sort is the following: "Not long since a devout Hindoo gave a live bull to one of his gods, and turned the suimal loose. A less worshipful mortal collared the bull and yoked him in his cart. Thereupon followed a lawsuit; the devou man claimed the bull, but the judge decided that the bull was not his-he decided that the bull was not hishad given it to his god-and he im-plied that the deity had not looked after his property.'

### A Small Philosopher.

He was 6 years old, short for his age, and barefooted and dirty. His eyes were sharp and watchful and his face was lined and old. He ran away from school for weeks at a time and se alleys and instinctively avoided all the conventional and decorous paths of childhood. When he listened to admonitions and promised to amend, his inner ear was deaf and his words were from the lips outward; but he voiced with the brevity of a maxim:

Love is dead :

him burial like a king. Let the minster death bells ring. And with sable hang the wall For a monarch's funeral.

LOVE'S BURIAL

At his head Lay what he alone made dear, April's sunshine and its tear, May's bright blossom with thorn and midsummer's golden morn,

At his feet

Put all sweetness once was his, Bosy blush and rapturous kiss, And a tress of silken hair

Holy water from sad eyes. And the chanted litany, Then, when all the rites are said Set a marble at his head. Let this epitaph there be: "Ere he died Love murdered me."

### A LONG MOMENT.

BY HUGH L. CONDON.

Copyright 1891, by The United Press.

In other lines of t-asiness than of new-found water. For an hour I had been wondering what

Catching up a shotgun and a few loaded cartridges, I went a little way down the lake-shore, where my game rould be in easy reach. So intently were my eyes fixed upon the ducks that I did not see a low-lying snari of wiry vines, just before me. Catching my feet in them, I was throw face downward upon the ground, so violently that

one barrel of my gun went off, the charge

tearing an ugly hole in my right thigh.

from one of his brother officers. When Though no artery was severed, a tor rent of blood rushed out of my lacerated member, which I staunched as well as I could with shreds and bandages, tor

Then I reflected upon the situation. In an hour the boys would come to my ness men who started out in active rescue, as it was a strict regulation of

Then a new idea occurred to me, an drawing my revolver I fired three rounds

walking price-list indexed and run-ning back nearly half a century. He degrowth would permit—probably reach knows everything that any one wants to know, but he is still a private secrewere causing me the most execruciating agony by setting their strong jaws in the

hind me as I went. The last ten yards of that difficult journev I made with bright colors flashing be fore my eyes, and with loud ringing sounds in my ears, so near I was to faint-

Again dislodging the ants and tightening my bandages, I settled myself to await the coming of the boys. What kept them so long?

ing away.

It seemed an hour since I had signalled hem, the pain made time drag so. Would they never get there? Surely it was time I heard them, any way; and yet there was no sound of them. My throat was dry, and pains—first My throat was dry and pains—first dull, then sharp and agonizing—shot through my wound. Altogether, I had never before so longed for the presence of my fellow-beings.

Ah! they were surely coming, for

Raising myself upon one elbow, I looked eagerly in the direction of the sound to see who the first comer was, and saw-not a man, but a panther!
The sleek, tawny brute was coming slowly toward me, his head so low that his nose seemed to touch the ground as

onder a twig snapped under a heavy

Wonderingly I looked closer, and then I understood his strange movements. He was following my trail, from the place where I fell when shot, and was lapping the blood which marked my course, What my fate would be when be

reached me, unless the boys got there first, it was not at all difficult to guess.

The gnawing of the vicious ants was I had no thoughts nor eyes for anything but the panther.

Weak as I was, I managed to keep my sead elevated, first on one arm and then on the other, so I could watch every movement of my approaching foe.

Once or twice he paused for a moment, o sniff the air, and then came on, lapping up the blood I had lost, as deliberately as When he was within ten feet of me, I began counting the seconds which were likely to elapse before he reached my wounded side.

I no longer felt the pains in the woundwas only conscious of one thing in the niverse—the panther. Nearer and nearer he came, with apparent regardlessness as to how far away the source of his enjoyment m ght be. At last, either a glimpse at me, or a sud-den realization that he was uncomfortably near the abiding-place of men, caused him pause and seitle backward on his

A swift undulant quiver ran over him, as if he contemplated springing at me; but if this was his idea, he at once changed his mind, got up, and resumed lapping my Such slight breeze as there was blew toward me from him, foul with the nau ous odors of his fetid breath.

Again a twig snapped.

Was it the boys?

Oh, if it was only them—if help were only at hand!

I dared not attempt raising myself to the breathing of the blood-lapping brute,

Nearer and nearer yet came the panther—now less than two feet away.

O, why didn't they shoot, if the boys

were there, as they must be why did they suffer the prolonging of agonles which must have been so palpable to them? Once again the panther lifted his head

Satisfied that no danger was menacing him, he took to lapping once more. The sun was nearly down. Looking Babies" in the Sunday Chronicle of

on the western hills.

The panther, though, gave me no time or moralizings. He had reached my wounded side. The bandages interfered with his pleasure, and with a low growl of impatience, he lifted a paw and struck them away.

Then I felt his rough tongue lick the blood from my torn flesh, Answering it with another growi, he

lifted his head, poking his foul-smelling nose into my very face. It is said that the human eye has power to intimidate dumb beasts, even in des-perate quarters; but my eyes, full though they must have been, of the strength of

He seemed to regard me contempt

utside the shanty. Help was at hand, after all.

ing intently.

But only for a moment. Either disdain or thirst soon overcam als curiosity. Again he gave a little snort, leaned for-

ward and resumed lapping away at my now vigorously bleeding wound. Despair re-asserted its reign. What were the boys waiting for? No doubt they were there, for I had heard not only the snapping of twigs, but that one whispered word, as well. Couldn't they see that the monster b side me was lapping my life away?

Were they afraid—were they mocking

me-why didn't they fire? That rough, awful tearing tongue seemed to lick straight through my quivering body, into my very heart, the pain from it made me sick and faint. Again there were sounds in my earsthrough it all, the cutting, drawing pain and fragile bones. growing more intense. O, God, would it

The noise of a rifle and a shotgun, fired and embroidered in gorgeous shape, to nearly at the same instant that they a hideous sunbonnet, about seventeen Then the pain in my side stopped, and the painther screamed out and clawed the missed with scant ceremony to take

There is in a Sutter street watchmaker's establishment an old clock with a history, says the San Francisco Examiner. It was once owned by George Washington. The term at all, was the luxurious couch watchmaker who has been repairing it upon which he reposed his aching says that he recognizes that it is of Eng-lish make, and that it must date back at least a couple of centuries. Its present usually accommodating anywhere owner is Dr. R. H. Macdonald, who has documentary evidence in support of the claim that it was once the property of the first President of the United States. It "Contrast the toys an

family for many years.

The works are very simple and strong, the motive power being supplied by two large weights. The case is of solid mahogany, almost devoid of ornamentation and not unlike in general design the hall clocks with the name of "modern and duty for an entire family in those with the halve improves, the which, under the name of "modern antiques," were fashionable a year or two ago.

The dual is a curiosity. It is made of bronze,

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The dual is a curiosity in the baby-jumpers, the perambulators, the adjustible highstrength gave out, and I could go no the circular portion being silvered and chairs, the thousand and one things bearing engraved subdivided circles on each side of the Roman figures. The inner circle is, strangely enough; divided the infant all testify to the high esinto twenty-four parts, so that the hour hand alone denotes the portion of the hour timation in which that individual is

completed hour. held and the prominent place that has

The exterior circle is subdivided in the by common consent been accorded usual way to denote the sixty minutes. There is a small inner dial round which the second hand moves is a very jerky nanner very foreign to the easy modern scapement movement. In the semi-cir the moon, the various phases of which are regularly displayed in consonance with the movements of the heavenly body it-self. The day and date of the month are also indicated, and a small silvered plate

Ten Manufactured in Bricks. It is one of the "ten secrets" that tablet tea is manufactured at Hankow in think nothing of picking up the baby there. It is made of the finest tea dust the work of skilled experts; the cost of through the woods for an afternoon's the dust varies from twenty cents a chat, who carded, spun and knitted pound upward. This dust is manufactured into tablets by steam machinery.

About two onnees and a half of dust are and did all the household work; who steaming, and the pressure brought to bear is two tons per tablet.

is comparatively high. The tablets are wrapped in tin foll, then in expensive and

of its flavor by being pressed into tablets, and, as tablet tea is only one-sixth the bulk of leaf tea, it is most convenient for Chickens Picked by Electricity. Can it be possible that wind alone can completely strip the feathers from a chicken and not hurt the fowl? Never; but chicken and not hurt the fowl? Never; but it is possible for electricity to do this. Place a man or a woman on an insulated stool so that the electricity will not pass through the body to the earth, and then heavily charge the body with electricity add every hair of the head, even a woman's

Bronson—That was a queer inscription appec put on his wife's tembsione.

The man who tries to avoid mountains in those days before he choosed the rill have a very crooked road.

Women's World.

Me Entrop: One would think, on reading an article on "Fortunate across the lake, I saw its last rays paling Dec. 20, that it is a marvel that there My hope of rescue waned with it.

Long before sunset-time came again, I should be dead. Of that I now felt certain. grew large enough to wear short dresses. The Chronicle's correspon-

dent runs on in the following style: "Time was when the baby was rele gated to a very inferior position-when he was required to take a back seat. A groan of anguish escaped me, he hurt as it were. He or she, as the case might be, was regarded as a sort of necessary nuisance, on whose account or for whose behoof it was not incumbent that any adult should for a

moment discommode himself. "Instead of having a nurse to care hopeless despair, had no apparent effect for it, or instead of receiving the constant attention of members of the ously; for drawing in his breath and giv-ing a little short in my face, he actually spatiered a spray of my own blood in my devices. Instead of the handsome "Quick!" whispered a low voice, just rattan or the ornamental wooden rocker or cradle it had a clumsy sort My heart gave a mighty and loyous leap. of ark, made of rough lumber, with a With a more menacing growi, the pan-ther crouched back on his haunches, his head up and his nostrils quivering, listen-which it was roughly rolled to and great, ugly wooden book over one which it was roughly rolled to and fro until syncope set in and there was a period of something called sleep, but which in reality more closely re

sembled the effects of a temporary paralysis of the brain. "When the infant of fifty years ago was taken out for an airing, does any one suppose that his majesty was enthroned in one of those poems in upholstery and wickerwork that are now to be found in the great baby carriage establishments all over the land? Far from it.

"Instead he was in good lack if he

were the owner by hereditary descent of a clumsy two-wheeled cart without ringing sounds, as of many belis; and roaring sounds, as of mighty and adjacent water-falls—and with these, swift and bewildering alternations of vivid light and total darkness, in my eyes. And through it all the cutting drawing rain "Instead of a patent adjustable sunshade, made of silk and fringed

sizes, was wrapped around the infant's the pantaer screamed out and clawed the carth, as if in mortal agony.

There was a confused murmur of excited his chances with the calves and geese voices, the noise of a great deal of rushing about, a great jumble of sounds altogeth—

"When the luckless youngster, by Presently some one's hand was thrust the advent of a companion in misery, through my shirt and placed over my heart, and some one's voice said: "We were in good time—he is all right." And then, so weak was I, that with the consciousness of safety came utter uncon- polished brass that adorn the nursery of to-day? By no manner of means, A 'trundle-bed' made of rough boards, with a tick filled with straw and covered with patchwork quilts of the log-

"Contrast the toys and playthings has been in possession of the banker's of the babe or child of the last gener-

held and the prominent place that has

him in everyday life." I cannot agree with the writer of the Chronicle's article that the babies of the present day have anything more scapement above the dial there is an to be thankful for than those of the happy days of old. The mothers of old times, instead of regarding their babies as a "sort of necessary nuisance" loved them with a love as bears the words in clear letters: "Peter strong as any mother now can feel, Stretch, Philadelphia." and cared for them better than timothers of to-day could do if the would. There were strong, health; and walking three or four miles or wove their own and baby's clothes poured into a steel mold on a steel cylinder. The dust is poured in dry without from a healthy body and could not have been persuaded to trust him to

Great care is required in the manufact-ure and packing of tablet tea, and the cost. The baby's rough cradi-The baby's rough cradic in those days was as much an abode of bliss attractive paper wrappers, and finally and a haven of rest to him as the most packed in tin lined cases for export to packed in the lined cases for export to artistic contrivance of to-day could be, and instead of being spoiled and pampered and brought up a dependent, helpless dude or dudine, he travelers, and also for importing into the grew up a sturdy man or woman remoter regions of Russia.—Buffalo Combroad-chested, big-lunged, well-knit and supple.

The stout-hearted six or seven-foot men of revolutionary and later days were the product of the old-time treatment. Pity we couldn't exchange a few millions of the flat-chested, canesucking, eigarette-smoking little twolegged nuisances produced by the modern style of bringing up babies long gair, will stand out like iron spikes or modern style of bringing up babies the sized hair of the Creassian show girl, for as many men like those of the No doubt if the electric charge should be increased it would drive every hair out of the head, and this is the reason that so many chickens are stripped by tornadoes.

Fort Worth Gazette. cession of stunted, pale-faced runts one sees on the streets of any of our cities to-day with the healthy, welldeveloped manhood of the past and Longuecker-What was it?
Bronson-Tis better to have loved and to be thankful for than had George ask yourself if the modern has more Washington and his contem cherry tree.

Prof. Elasen weller, of Gelssen, claims to have discovered the bacteria which pro-duces baldness by destroying the roots of