

THE ASHLAND ADVERTISER.

VOLUME VI.

ASHLAND, JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1898.

NUMBER 41.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
Western Division... Judge H. K. Hanna
Eastern Division... Judge H. L. Benson
Prosecuting Att'y... C. B. Watson
Mem. Board Equal... R. A. Emmitt

JACKSON COUNTY.
Judge... W. S. Crowell
Commissioners... G. S. Butler
Clerk... M. Perry
Recorder... Gus Newbury
Sheriff... Peter Applegate
Theor. Cameron
Representatives... E. V. Carter
Matthew Stewart
E. A. Sherwin
Treasurer... L. L. Jacobs
School Sup't... G. A. Gregory
Assessor... J. C. Pendleton
Surveyor... G. T. Jones
Coroner... Chas. Hines

ASHLAND PRECINCT.
Justice... Milton Berry
Constable... M. N. Long

CITY OF ASHLAND.
Mayor... J. P. Dodge
Marshal... J. W. O. Gregory
Street Commissioner... J. W. Hatcher
Recorder... Milton Berry
Treasurer... H. C. Galey
Supt. Water Works... I. C. Dodge
Surveyor... J. Leslie Corbett
Attorney... E. D. Briggs

COUNCILMEN:
E. F. Loomis, F. H. Carter, W. A. Patrick,
A. C. Dixon, G. W. Crowson, D. L. Minkler.
Regular meetings of city council held in
council chambers in city hall on the even-
ing of the first Monday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ASHLAND, OREGON.

THE PASSING YEAR.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay, for the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away!

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away!

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind;
The good old year is with the past—
Oh, be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away!
—William Cullen Bryant.

Great Shooters of Europe.

In Europe, where the question of a
game supply does not enter into consid-
eration, killing for count is recognized
as legitimate and sportsmanlike. He is
considered to have made a record of hon-
or who has bagged the largest numbers of
birds or other game. Thus we read of
one Trauttmansdorff—Prince Carl
Trauttmansdorff—who has to his credit
for a single day's shooting the slaughter
of 862 head of game, with the best bag
of pheasants, 303; of partridges, 632;
of hares, 416; of rabbits, 638; of roe-
buck, 12; of fallow deer, 20, and of
blackcock, 14, and a best year's count
of 10,833 head of assorted game. An-
other record smasher is Earl de Gray,
whose exploits have been duly tabulated
for a series of years, from 1867 to 1895.
His pheasants score was 111,119, with
89,401 partridges, 47,468 grouse, 26,747
rabbits, and as many hares, 2,735 snipe,
2,077 woodcock, 1,398 wild duck, 567
deer, 12 buffalo, 11 tigers, a couple of
rhinoceroses, and 9,000 assorted, making
a total of 316,699 for the entire period, or
about 11,000 annually. This is a record
which the most industrious market
hunter in this country would needs
work hard to equal. In very truth the
noble sportsman must have been a mon-
omaniac in the field. Yet for all his
slaughter the game supply where he shot
has not been permanently diminished.—
Forest and Stream.

How Indians Swear Piously.

It is said that a certain tribe of In-
dians have a useful divinity which they
call a swearing god. It is very small,
equally ugly and even more convenient.
It generally stands on a pedestal or is
nailed to the wall of the living room,
and the use of the picturesque language
in its presence is accounted not a sin,
but a pious duty.

Thus if an Indian bruises his finger,
or his cayuse steps into a prairie dog's
hole and wickedly breaks his leg, he
confines himself to general remarks on
the weather until he reaches home and
sees again the comforting face of the
grinning devil. Then he becomes sud-
denly possessed of the eloquence of a
mule driver, and the things that he says
would make any ordinary effigy shrivel
up with horror, but the swearing god is
used to it.

After all, so called civilized beings are
not so far beyond the Indian. When we
get angry at a man we burn him in ef-
figy, or hang up a doll whose distorted
features convey our impressions of his
unworth, and throw stones at it.—New
York World.

Revenge.

"Hurry up, there!" yelled the con-
ductor to a man who had chased the car
about a quarter of a mile. "We can't
wait all day for you."

"Is this a Woodward avenue car?"
asked the tall, thin man, who was pant-
ing like a tugboat after his long run.

"Yes," was the curt reply
"That's right," said the thin man,
"always speak the truth, and your
neighbors will respect you."

And so saying he hurried around the
corner, while the conductor came down
from the car to look for a brick.—De-
troit Journal.

When Men Buy Plumes.

I sat behind two women in a Four-
teenth street car when a funeral proces-
sion, made up of members of some se-
cret society in full regalia passed up the
street. The sight of the plumed hats dis-
pleased one of the women in front of
me.

"Did you ever see anything sillier than
that?" she sniffed. "Look at those men
—dressed up in all those gewgaws just
to let folks know they've got a secret.
Where would you find women willing
to parade around the streets togged out
like stage soldiers? Who ever heard of
women doing it? Imagine the Daughters
of the American Revolution riding
around in cocked hats, or the Women's
Christian Temperance union with gold
laced aprons. Women have more sense.
They wouldn't deliberately make them-
selves ridiculous that way."

"Look at those sashes and look at
those awful hats and those many
plumes. My husband's got them all. He
paid \$75 for his outfit. He paid \$15 for
a stringy ostrich plume for his hat, and
then"—here the true inwardness of her
contempt for secret society regalias came
out—"after paying all that for a plume
he doesn't wear once in six months, he
almost dropped dead because I paid \$5
for a feather I've worn every day for a
year. A man's just a natural born—
well, I won't say it."

But you could see that she thought it,
just the same.—Washington Post.

No Small Change.

Dean Monahan relates an incident
which illustrates the absence of small
change in the early days of Kansas. In
1868 he went into the postoffice at Hays
City, threw down a quarter and asked
for a postage stamp. "Want only one?"
queried the postmaster. "Only one," re-
plied the novelist, whereupon the post-
master handed him a stamp and raked
in the quarter. "Don't I get any
change?" demanded Monahan. "Change,
h—!" replied the government official.
"We have no change in these parts
smaller than a quarter!"

And this was strictly true. In Hays
City the smallest coin known was the
25 cent piece. A glass of beer sold for a
quarter, and the same charge was made
for a pound of crackers or a cigar. It is
related in the early annals of the town
how the saloon and dance hall keepers
held an indignation meeting to take ac-
tion in the case of a new man who ad-
vertised to sell two glasses of beer for a
quarter. The meeting resulted in the de-
parture of the innovator for pastures
new. As late as 1872 there was a store
in Hays City which never gave any
change smaller than the 25 cent piece.
If the customer had, say, 15 cents com-
ing, he was at liberty to help himself to
a glass of whisky from a barrel which
stood in the corner, but he need not ex-
pect his dues in money.

The Tobacco Flower.

"There is one flower," says a writer
in a London paper, "which has appar-
ently been overlooked by Americans in
their search for a suitable floral emblem
which, I think, is worthy of their at-
tention. I refer to that of the tobacco
plant (nicotiana) in its many varieties.
It is handsome. The plant is, I believe,
indigenous to America, and its impor-
tance, as the solace of the human race,
is indisputable."

Negro Development.

Medical researches show that in a
general way white children exhibit
more diversity in their measurements
and the negro more uniformity, this be-
coming even more marked with age.
Thus, the negro children are taller at
the same age than the whites, but there
are no marked differences up to the age
of about 14. The size of the head is
somewhat smaller in the negro, teeth
are stronger and healthier and more
regular, and the cutting period more
strongly defined. There is a decided
negro ear, which is smaller and has a
drooping upper lobe, often with an an-
gle. The negro body is less fat and has
relatively more muscular development
in both sexes. The arm spread is greater
and hands and feet both average longer.
The thighs are more prominent in the
middle, and the legs are smaller.

A Noble Critic.

When Pope was first introduced to
Lord Halifax, to read his "Iliad," the
noble critic generously criticised this
passage and that word at frequent inter-
vals. The poet was stung with vexation,
for the parts that most pleased him were
the ones most criticised. As he returned
home with Sir Samuel Garth, he revealed
his displeasure.

"Oh," said Garth, "you are not ac-
quainted with his lordship; he must
criticise. At the next visit, read him
the same passages and tell him you
recollected his criticisms." Pope made
use of this stratagem. Lord Halifax was
delighted and exclaimed, "Pope, they
are low inimitable!"

Too Hasty.

"Ruggles, I am in some embarrass-
ment. I want to make a present of a
jewel box, appropriately inscribed, to a
young lady!"

"Corbus, I'm sorry, but I haven't a
cent!"

"Confound you, did you think I was
asking you for money? I only wanted
your help in getting up the motto to
inscribe on the jewel case."

"Corbus, you interrupted me. I was
about to say that I hadn't a sentiment
in my mind that would be appropriate
to the occasions."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Exacting.

In one of Miss Mulock's stories she
says that "a cheerful heart seeth cheer-
ful things," and gives this incident in
proof of it:

A lady and gentleman were in a lum-
ber yard situated by a dirty, foul smell-
ing river. The lady said, "How good
the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gen-
tleman. "Just smell that foul river."

"No, thank you," was the reply. "I
prefer to smell the pine boards."

Rough on the Solons.

It was in Maine that an outspoken
parson of the old school prayed: "O
Lord, have compassion on our bewildered
representatives and senators. They
have been sitting and sitting and have
hatched nothing. O Lord, let them
arise from their nests and go home and
all the praise shall be thine."

Figures have been collected in a
suburb of Berlin showing that 44 per
cent of all the children work two to
three hours at home before school hours.

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