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Josephine and Curry counties, Oregon. Official surveys made and patents obtained at reasonable rates. Full copies of Mining Laws and Decisions at my office in Jacksonville, Oregon.

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM,

Cor. Cal. & Oregon Sts., Jacksonville, Oregon.

DAVID LINN

Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of furniture, consisting of

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, TABLES, GUILD MOULDINGS, STANDS, SOFAS, LOUNGES, CHAIRS OF ALL KINDS, PARLOR & BEDROOM SUITS, ETC., ETC.

Also Doors, Sash and Blinds always on hand and made to order. Planning done on reasonable terms. Undertaking a specialty.

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THE PROPRIETORS OF THIS WELL-KNOWN and popular resort would inform their friends and the public generally that a complete and first-class stock of the best brands of liquors, wines, cigars, ale and porter, etc., is constantly kept on hand. They will be pleased to have their friends "call and smile."

CABINET. A Cabinet of Curiosities may also be found here. We would be pleased to have persons possessing curiosities and specimens bring them in, and we will place them in the Cabinet for inspection.

WINTJEN & HELMS, Jacksonville, Aug. 5, 1874.

F. RITSCHARD,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES PLEASURE in informing the public that he has just opened out in Schump's building, on California street, where he is prepared to execute all work in his line in the best manner and at reasonable rates.

Cleaning and repairing watches and jewelry a specialty. Give me a call. F. RITSCHARD.

LAGER! LAGER!!

THE EAGLE BREWERY.

THE PROPRIETOR, JOS. WETTERER, has now on hand and is constantly manufacturing the best Lager Beer in Southern Oregon, which he will sell in quantities to suit purchasers. Call and test the article.

AXES, Hatchets, Drawing Knives, Broad Axes, Mattocks, Picks, all sizes of Hammers, etc., for sale by JOHN MILLER.

The Democratic Times.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's

FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS, BOYS' and GIRLS' READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, GROCERIES, BEDSTEADS & CHAIRS, CLOTHING, LIQUORS, TOBACCO and CIGARS, CROCKERY, ETC., At E. Jacob's New Store, Orth's Brick Building, Jacksonville.

ALL OF THE ABOVE ARTICLES SOLD at the very lowest rates. If you don't believe me, call and ascertain prices for yourselves. No humbug! All kinds of produce and hides taken in exchange for goods. 427.

TWELFTH YEAR. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR OF THIS school will commence about the end of August, and is divided in four sessions, of ten weeks each.

Board and tuition, per term, \$40.00 Bed and Bedding, 4.00 Drawing and painting, 8.00 Piano, 15.00 Entrance fee, only once, 5.00

SELECT DAY SCHOOL. Primary, per term, \$ 6.00 Junior, " 8.00 Senior, " 10.00

Pupils are received at any time, and special attention is paid to particular studies in behalf of children who have but limited time. For further particulars apply at the Academy.

THE CITY DRUG STORE, JACKSONVILLE.

THE NEW FIRM OF KAHLER & Bro. have the largest and most complete assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES & CHEMICALS, Ever brought to Southern Oregon. Also the latest and finest styles of STATIONERY,

And a great variety of PERFUMES and TOILET ARTICLES, including the best and cheapest assortment of COMMON and PERFUMED SOAPS in this market.

Prescriptions carefully compounded. 44 ROBT. KAHLER, Druggist.

THE ASHLAND IRON WORKS, ASHLAND, OREGON, W. J. ZIMMERMAN & CO., Prop'rs.

MANUFACTURE AND BUILD ALL kinds of mill and mining machinery, castings, thimble skains, and irons, brass castings and Babbit metal, Bells cast. Farming machinery, engines, house fronts, stoves, sewing machines, blacksmith-work, and all work wherein iron, steel or brass is used, repaired. Parties desiring anything in our line will do well to give us a call before going elsewhere. All work done with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates. Bring on your old cast iron. ZIMMERMAN & CO. Ashland, April 8, 1876.

EAGLE SAMPLE ROOMS, CALIFORNIA STREET, S. P. JONES, Proprietor.

NONE BUT THE CHOICEST AND BEST Wines, Brandies, Whiskies and Cigars kept. DRINKS, 12 1/2 CENTS.

NO CREDIT IN THE FUTURE—it don't pay. Families needing anything in our line can always be supplied with the purest and best to be found on the Coast. Give me a call, and you will be well satisfied.

LOYAL W. CARTER, PAINTER, Jacksonville, Oregon.

I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF informing the public that I am now prepared to do all kinds of House, Wagon, Carriage, Sign and Ornamental Painting, Calcimining, etc. All work executed with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates. Orders from the country promptly attended to. LOYAL W. CARTER.

A FULL line of shelf and heavy hardware for sale by JOHN MILLER.

DAVID GRAY'S ESTATE.

Over his forge bent David Gray, And thought of the rich man across the way.

"Hammer and anvil for me" he said, "And weary toil for the children's bread;

"For him, soft carpets and pictured walls, A life of ease in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dreaming broke; A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke.

Ox in travis, forge grown white hot, Coat and hat were alike forgot.

As up the highway the blacksmith ran, In face and mien like a crazy man.

"School house afire!" Men's hearts stood still, And women prayed as women will.

While 'bove the tumult the wailing cry Of frightened children rose shrill and high.

Night in its shadow hid sun and earth; The rich man sat by his costly hearth.

Lord of wide acres and untold gold, But wifeless, childless, forlorn and old.

He thought of the family 'cross the way; "I would," he sighed, "I were David Gray."

The blacksmith knelt at his children's bed To look once more at each smiling head.

"My darlings all safe! Oh, God!" he cried, "My sin in Thy boundless mercy hide!"

"Only to-day have I learned how great Hath been Thy bounty and my estate."

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

As there are many young men in this vicinity upon whose lips is sprouting the "doubtful down" (can't tell whether it will be hair or feathers, yet), and who seem to experience much difficulty in expressing their undeveloped sentiments to their fair innamoratas, we have concluded to furnish them the following model from our scrap-album. We only offer it as a foundation for those who gush badly, and the style and names can readily be changed to suit the sentiment and sex of the person employing it:

DYERSBURG, Aug. 5, 1858.

MY OWN DEAR JOE:—Every time I think of you my heart flaps up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through tow-line trousers. As a gosling swimeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blackening brush, and brighter than the hues on a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue-bird fly. When I first beheld your sainted perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler; my eyes stood open like cellar doors in the country towns. And I lifted up my ears to catch the silver accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent admiration I drank in the sweet infection of love, as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whisky punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my shoe-straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When "Aurora," blushing like a bird, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig ariseth from his bed, and goeth for his refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sulky noontide, and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee. And like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse painted with gold, and the brass slides to your immaculate necktie fills me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than an old coat and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids battling and fighting like skippers in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me full in the womanly breast, it perforated my entire anatomy like a load of bird-shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is like a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckers with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out of their parent nest and light somewhere like bluebirds out of their parental home. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like billows in cakes of home made sugar. I am dying to fly to your presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as the thrifty house-wife pours out hot coffee.

Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bug of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears like a thousand minnies nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts as an old cheese is bored by skippers. My love is stronger for you than the smell of old butter, sweitzer case, or the kick of a mule. It is purer than the breath of a young crow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first catterwaul. As the song-bird hungers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the tray, as a lean pup hungers after new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fixed in sorghum molasses; brighter than the top-not plumage on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy-kisses, raisins, pound cake and sweetened toddy, all together. If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion I will feel bad and pine away like a poisoned bed-bug and fall away from the flourishing vine of life an untimely branch. And in coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and toss a clod upon the last resting-place of

ELIZA.

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS.

Entries for stock at the next State Fair are now in order and many are being made.

Fourteen Poles, who had deserted from the Russian army, have been captured and summarily shot at Jassy.

Extensive and needful repairs are being made on the road between here and Roseburg, principally on Roberts' Hill.

John Savage, near Salem, has a 2-year old Percheron colt which weighs 1300 pounds. Can any of our grangers beat that?

"Well, boys, here's for perdition!" said Alonzo Leister; and he coolly laid down on a barroom floor in Yolo, Nevada, and shot himself through the head.

The man who can't sneeze without waking up the baby, says an exchange, should be made to hold in though it blew his head off. Which, the sneeze or the baby?

"What is a bat?" asks a cotemporary. As far as our education extends, a bat is a thing to encourage a cat to get off a back fence, and is composed of a fraction of a brick.

Sweeney, the brains of the Tweed ring, has been sued and has compromised. He has paid \$150,000 down and will pay \$250,000 more in a few days and will then be released.

According to a well-known physician, "it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal." And it would be a very fishy one a man would get if he did go in after one.

What is a young man to think when he meets a young lady shading her eyes from the sun with a piece of music, the title of which—"Kiss Me Good Night,"—is turned in full view?

Zach Chandler has closed his house in Washington for the first time in fifteen years. This looks like an elimination of a very unpleasant and injurious element from our national politics.

Prof. Antrim let his horses run away with him near Roseburg the other day. They smashed up the buggy, tipped the Professor out and left him lying in the road with three broken ribs.

THE EUROPEAN GOBBLE. Says George to Alexander, "Let's end this starving peace; If you will cook the Turkey, Why I'll supply the Greece."

Nearly all the Willamette Valley towns are preparing to celebrate the 4th in grand style. Judge Deady, ex-Senator Nesmith, H. W. Scott, and various other prominent men of the State, are engaged as orators. Samuels, of the West Shore, declines.

A boy five years of age having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task with moral passion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming, "What in the world were you going to do with the milk?" "I was going to steal a dog to drink it."

A Sonoma, Cal., man has raised five cork trees, which are now twenty-five to thirty feet in height and from ten to twelve inches in diameter in the trunk. One coat of cork 1 1/2 inches thick has been stripped off. The tree resembles the live oak in foliage. The seeds were brought from Spain twenty years ago.

Mrs. Dean's four babies at a birth, in St. Louis, were noticed a few days ago in this column. The father was very proud and drunk when he was met by a newspaper reporter, and said: "I'm drunk (hic), and, begorah, you can print that, too, for a man who wouldn't celebrate four babies at once is a baste and an infidel."

The ages of some of the leading men in Europe are as follows: Prince Gortchakoff, 79; Lord Beaconsfield, 72; Mr. Gladstone, 68; Prince Bismarck, 63; Lord Granville, 61; Marshal MacMahon, 69; M. Thiers, 89; Emperor William, 80; Victor Hugo, 75; Thos. Carlyle, 81; Alfred Tennyson, 67; Bishop Dupanloup, 71; Pius IX, 84; Garibaldi, 80; Earl Russell, 81; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, 89; and Jules Simon, 62.

A man named A. O. Bell, better known as "Pike" Bell, for many years a resident of Placer county, Cal., near Auburn, and who had spent everything he could get hold of for years in prospecting, a short time since struck a quartz ledge of decomposed rock, from which he took about \$35,000 in three days. In some instances he got as high as \$5,000 to a single pan. He is still gouging away, with an offer of \$20,000 for what's left.

After a somewhat general description of the various mining enterprises of this part of the State, the Salem Statesman concludes as follows: "The future of Southern Oregon, weighed in the scale of reasonable allowance as to time, presents in the outline, a picture not founded in fancy or fiction, but based on actual facts stated, which leave no room for conjecture. The wealth of the "Indies" is at our very door, and already keen, far-seeing business men are quietly, but securely fastening the title deeds to untold millions. The day is at hand."

The officers of the present Russian army who passed through Roumania during the Crimean war, twenty-three years ago, express themselves astonished at the improvements which have taken place there. They find railroads, telegraphs, an effective police, a good army, public schools, a much improved general intelligence, and many other features of modern civilization in place of the semi-barbarism of the former period. The Roumanians, on the other hand, are surprised at the superior discipline, intelligence, and material of the Russian troops as compared with those of past days. The latter are required to preserve perfect order and to pay scrupulously for all articles procured.

OPENING SCENE OF THE WAR.

The review of the Russian troops at Kischeniff, on April 24th, lasted nearly an hour and was over at half-past 11. When the music ceased the soldiers took off their caps and the great crowd of spectators on the hillside stood with heads uncovered while the Bishop of Kischeniff recited a grand military mass. A murmur ran through the crowd; there was a dead silence for an instant; then a clear, strong voice broke the stillness; the Bishop was reading the imperial manifesto; war with the Turk was being declared. Before the Bishop had finished reading the manifesto, sobs were heard, and people who were looking about saw that the Czar was sobbing like a child; and when they perceived how much he was affected by it there was not a dry eye within the range of the reader's voice. Then there went up a wild, universal shout—a shout of exultation, of triumph and of relief, as though a great weight of suspense had been lifted from the heart of the multitude. It spread through the army and was taken up by the crowd outside and repeated over and over again until the very sky was full of it. The soldiers tossed their caps high in the air and caught them on their bayonets and twirled them round and round, shouting and yelling as though they would burst their throats. When silence was restored the Bishop addressed the army; the order of the Grand Duke Nicholas was read to every battalion, squadron and battery, and without a moment's pause a portion of the army set out for the frontier, while the rest made rapid preparations for the march. This was the opening scene of the war, as described by a correspondent of the London News.

THE walls of the Russian churches are almost entirely covered with pictures of the Virgin and Child, saints, and also of the Creator, who is represented as an aged man with long white hair and beard, having the triangle, or symbol of the godhead, either above his head or in his hand. Sometimes he sits on clouds with his foot placed upon the globe, and in this seems but a copy of Jupiter or Thor. The halos upon the brows of the saints are usually of silver gilt, but often of purest gold, set with precious stones, pearls, etc. The dresses are of gold or silver gilt, also studded with jewels. They are brilliantly lighted by numerous little lamps suspended before them, and by the enormous candles, in silver sconces, near the shrines and altars. The robes of the priests are also splendid, and the general magnificence serves a good purpose in attracting the masses to a frequent attendance.

The editor of a country paper one evening wrote: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis Phillips." When the printer's proof was received the name read Sam Phillips. This was so manifestly an error of negligence that the editor thought it only necessary to call attention to it to have it corrected, so he wrote on the margin of the proof sheet: "Who in h—l is Sam Phillips?" Imagine the editor's disgust next morning when the article read: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who in h—l is Sam Phillips?" And immediately there was another lonely tramp loose upon the highway.

Tramp! tramp! tramps are coming.

CHAT BY THE WAY.

"I would rather," says Plutarch, "that men should say there never was such a person as Plutarch than say that Plutarch is unfaithful." But he was a heathen, and never enjoyed the luxury of a government contract.

Latimer once said that if he had an enemy to whom it was lawful to wish evil he would wish him "great store of riches, for then he would never enjoy quiet." Would that some ancestor of ours had been that enemy, and that the wish had been gratified.

It was a monk, and, more than that, it was a monk in a fable, who had his fishing net on the table every day that he might be reminded of his humble origin. As civilization advances we like to lose the remembrance of these little facts.

The world is so curiously made that when a rich man indulges in a peccadillo people look over it; but when a poor man does the same thing they look into it. In one case it is an eccentricity, you know, and in the other a shameful thing, you know. Money, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

Cato's daughter refused to marry a second time because her father was rich, and she was afraid that her suitors were looking at the old gentleman's government coupons rather than at her pretty face. Human nature has not improved much since then, but feminine timidity has materially decreased.

After looking over some of the reports of certain educational institutions we have come to the conclusion that the rudiments of teaching consists of a small child and a willow rattan. A large amount of knowledge is introduced through the palm of the hand, and yet the child is ungrateful and the parents complain. It's a strange world.

A man's religion consists of his ability to conjugate the verb "To love." When he begins with the first person singular, "I love," he generally refers to himself as the object of his affection. But after a while he hears the voice of the imperative mood, "Love thou," and then he understands the pleasure, the luxury of giving and forgiving, of bearing and forbearing. At last he cries out, "We all love!" and then he treads on the edge of the millennium, and you may expect him to pay his honest debts, even his doctor's bill and his pew rent, and take his flight from this knotty and naughty world.

Marriage is a very curious institution, and in some of its effects it is startling. During that dreamy period which most delightfully precedes the benediction of the priest if the lady wants a wild rose you will get up before the sun, climb to the mountain's brow, cut your hands, tear your clothes, and deem it a precious privilege to pluck the only flower that has blossomed and lay it at the feet of the goddess. But two years after if the same goddess wants a flower she is the most unbecoming creature in the world, and if she insists on having it she may get it the best way she can. Such is life.

Cases are very much altered by circumstances. If you ask the blooming young lady to take a pound of tea to old Mrs. Brown, who lives four blocks off, she says she is worn out, and however much she would like to do it, she really can't. She looks pale enough at the very mention of such a thing to be on the edge of a hasty consumption. But if there is to be a german, and you object because it is warm weather, and the exercise is too great, she declares that she is fresh as a lark and that the gymnastics of the dance are just what she needs. Old Mrs. Brown almost always has a wearing effect on a young girl, but the anticipation of a dance, with bouillon to keep the strength up, ice cream to cool off with and Adolphus to protect her from highway robbery on the way home enables her to endure the pangs of living with becoming and complete resignation.

Cornell University occupies a very novel and preposterous position. It was started as a neutral institution, where, in the words of the founder, "a man can learn anything." It turned out to be an institution where a man could learn anything except the facts of Christianity. How to get a neuter gender for the chair of Hebrew was a problem. Professor Adler was at last chosen, as a man who came nearer to having no opinion on any religious subject than any other. Now it is discovered that he has been delivering lectures on Nothingness in New York, and that the Nothingarians are just as much a sect as the Episcopalian or Methodists. So Professor Adler gets a leave of absence. The Lord was right when He made only two genders, the masculine and feminine, and this is not the first time we have been taught that the neuter gender is simply a monstrosity.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Advertisements will be inserted in the Times at the following rates: One square, one insertion, \$3.00; each subsequent one, 1.00. Legal advertisements inserted reasonably. A fair reduction from the above rates made to yearly and time advertisers. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Job printing neatly and promptly executed, and at reasonable rates. COUNTY WARRANTS always taken at par.