

Published Every Saturday Morning By CHAS. NICKELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE—On Oregon Street, in Orth's Brick Building.

Rates of Subscription: One copy, per annum, \$3.00; six months, 2.00; three months, 1.00. Invariably in Advance.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. C. JONES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OGN.

James Spence, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Hogue's Ranch, near Kerbyville.

G. H. AIKEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

H. K. HANNA, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Jacksonville, Oregon.

C. W. KAHLER, E. B. WATSON, KAHLER & WATSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE OREGON.

H. K. KELLY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

JAMES S. HOWARD, U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL SURVEYOR FOR JACKSON, Oregon.

WM. M. STEWART, F. VANCLIEF, STEWART, VANCLIEF & HERRIN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Rooms 23, 24, 25 & 26 McCree's New Building, No. 310 Pine St., San Francisco.

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.

WINTJEN & HELMS, Proprietors, TABLE ROCK SALOON, OREGON STREET.

WILL JACKSON, Dentist, California Street, Jacksonville, Oregon.

EVERY OPERATION PERTAINING TO the jaw skillfully performed at reasonable rates. No more credit will be given after the first of January, 1876. I will take all kinds of produce. Office and residence on corner of California and Fifth streets, Jacksonville.

The Democratic Times.

VOL. VII. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1876. NO. 34.

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.

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. 42ff.

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, \$10.00; Bed and Bedding, 4.00; Drawing and painting, 5.00; 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 front, castings, 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.

GREAT SACRIFICE! BLACKSMITHING! AS ALL OUR MERCHANTS ARE SELLING out at cost and freight, we are ready to do blacksmithing at cost and freight, but must have the cash when the work is completed. Shop on the corner of California and Main streets. SHANNON & BIRDSEY.

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.

JUDGE BLACK'S ARTICLE.

Judge Jerry S. Black's article, published in the North American Review, entitled "The Electoral Conspiracy," has been widely commented upon by the press. It is a scathing article, and has told heavily upon the corrupt leaders of the Radical party who were directly concerned in the conspiracy to steal the Presidency. Below we give an extract which will give an idea of its general tenor:

THE ELECTORAL CONSPIRACY. "Thou hast it now, King, Cadwer, Glamis, all, As the wayward woman promised, and I fear Thou play'st most foully for 't."

Since the first formation of what Washington called "our happy system of government," no event not accompanied with violence or war has excited a feeling so intense as the act of "counting in Hayes." But the public men of the country, and the people generally, are far from being agreed about its character or its probable effect in the future.

Democrats, who knew Mr. Tilden to be elected by an overwhelming majority, both of the popular vote and of the electors duly appointed, were transported with passionate indignation when they saw his defeated competitor lifted over his head by a series of maneuvers which they thought alike incompatible with honesty and law. In every part of the country, by the press, from the rostrum and in the halls of Congress, the charge of base and unmitigated fraud was thundered into the ear of the world. Some, who indulged in no vehemence of oburgation or reproach, were bowed down with shame at the thought that their proud right as American citizens of electing a ruler for themselves had been taken out of their hands by a trick, and transferred to a set of low conspirators, whom they could not help but hold in utter detestation. All that once ennobled the nation seemed to be buried in this deep grave dug by the Returning Board and filled up by the Electoral Commission.

But the voice of lamentation proves nothing; neither does the wrath which cleaves the general ear with horrid "speech;" for both are the natural utterances of a defeated party, especially when the defeat comes unexpectedly, after victory was assured, and in ways not foreseen. There is another side to the case.

The men who did this deed will not admit it to be wrong or let judgment of condemnation go by default. Some misgivings there may have been here and there; but nearly all zealous Republicans saw it with unobserved approbation. Not only the herd of low politicians, who always ramp and swear and bluster on the winning side, but high-placed gentlemen of good character heard the announcement with pleasure, that what we call the Louisiana swindle was too sacred a thing to be questioned. The decision was hailed by Christian statesmen with loud benedictions. On Sunday, the 4th of March, pious Republicans assembled themselves together in prayer-meetings, and simultaneously sent up to heaven the most fervent petitions that God would bless the Returning Board and the Electoral Commission, sanctify the work of their hands, and prosper the pseudo President whom they had placed in power. Elsewhere the party demonstrated its pleasure by the firing of a large number of great guns. In some places the admiring people gathered in gay and festive crowds, and drank deep potations to the defeat of "Tilden's big majority." While Bradley and Kellogg, Chandler and Paekard, Wells, Anderson, and the two mulattoes, were in their flowing coats freshly remembered. In both Houses of Congress the representatives of the party to whom Mr. Hayes belonged stood square and solid in defense of his title. They heard the imputation of dishonesty upon themselves and their fellow-partisans with no sign of shame or fear. On the contrary, "hope elevated and joy brightened their crests," as they say the imposture progress step by step to its consummation. Two members from Massachusetts were troubled with scruples, and one from Florida denounced the fraud which elected himself as well as Hayes; but this could scarcely be said to break the unanimity of the party. Since the close of the session they have seemed to enjoy their triumph mightily, and the applause of their beloved constituents has not been wanting to increase their self-satisfaction.

A Lucas county farmer trained a crow to eat grasshoppers. Then he starved the crow for three or four days, turned him loose, and the emaciated bird went into the field and devoured eleven bushels of corn. And he wasn't feeling very corn-hungry either.

P. S.—The grasshoppers got away with all the crow left.

WHAT holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

WHY FARMERS KEEP POOR.—A recent writer says: After long observation I have come to the conclusion that a great majority of the farmers that are poor might have made money. If you inquire into their business habits, you will find that they always sold the best and kept the poorest. For instance, if they have too many sheep on hand they pick out the best to do so. If you ask them why they do so they will say "Because they bring twice as much as the others, and I am hard up just now for money. I know that it is not a good plan, and I do not intend to follow it always." I think the habit of selling the best is a very poor plan for any man. I don't care what his circumstances may be. I have a man in my mind now who always sells his poorest sheep for more than twice as much as the average farmer gets for his best. I have seen farmers in the Fall pick out their best pigs to fatten, because they would make a few more pounds of pork than the others. This I call poor economy.

THE GREAT WANT OF THE COUNTRY. There is I feel a great future before you. What Oregon needs is to be well advertised; that is to say, to have her resources and character made known to the people of the United States. You are far away in the northwest corner of the Union. It is a long journey to come here, and it is one that ordinarily strikes the imagination of the people with dread. Those who came across the plains in the earlier or later years were men of uncommon resolution, willing to undergo all kinds of hardships and able to surmount all kinds of difficulties. But such men are rare. The great mass of the people are not willing to encounter these hardships. They do not see the inducements to make such long journeys, to endure such great difficulties. But when communication is made cheap and easy, and it requires but a few days from the Missouri to the Columbia, then you will have a sudden great influx of wealth and growth as rapid as that of your sister, California. You require her railroads and the people of the older States shall understand what you have here. Oregon has had considerable notoriety in Congress and the United States, but not precisely of that kind you would most desire.

MORTON'S OPINION OF OREGON.

The following is an extract from Senator Morton's speech at Salem on the 25th ult.:

"I may say that the general impression is that Oregon has but a small amount of territory or area susceptible to cultivation; that it is composed of almost inexhaustible forests, out of which they could with difficulty make farms, or of rugged, precipitous mountains, or broad alkaline plains. It is not generally understood that there is a large part of this State susceptible of cultivation, fruitful to a high degree, and that there are great natural resources. I have been surprised at what I have seen, at what I have heard. I have seen some portions of your State exceedingly fruitful and productive. I also saw that there were large areas susceptible of cultivation, and I believe you have a future of one of the greatest States in the Union. You are already connected by rail to Puget Sound, the most beautiful sheet of water I have ever seen, and I believe the most beautiful in the world. The wild river scenery of the Columbia is unrivaled in this country. I have never been down the Rhine, but I do not think from the descriptions I have read it will compare with the Columbia river. And you already have a large system of interior river commerce. When the obstructions of the Snake river and the Columbia have been removed, you will have a large system of river commerce. The great thing you now need, which you understand perfectly, is a railroad connection with the East. Direct rail-road connection across the continent, making your State easy of access, would bring a rush of population, and I believe, an accumulation of wealth unsurpassed, only equalled by that of California. This connection will come, that railroad will be built. I have no doubt of it. It may be deferred, however, for years, until your hearts grow sick, perhaps, until many of you have passed away, but I think it is sure to come, and in time these great improvements will be made. I have been astonished to learn the character of the country beyond the Snake river, and of the eastern part of Washington Territory and of Oregon. There is a vast region of productive country there, which, when brought into cultivation, will make homes for millions, and can almost feed the world. I have seen such grain fields in the valley of the Walla Walla as I have never before seen, and I am told you have in Oregon what is quite equal to the Walla Walla.

THE TRIUMPH OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART. The progress made in photography is something remarkable. There is scarcely a branch of industry or a department of science in which it has not served a useful and important purpose. Muybridge, the United States photographer, has accomplished the wonderful feat of photographing Occident, Leland Stanford's California wonder, while trotting at a gait of 2:27. Three years ago Mr. Muybridge was commissioned by Mr. Stanford to photograph his favorite horse while trotting at full speed, the object being to determine the animal's gait. It was at that time considered by Mr. Muybridge a hopeless undertaking and he thus expressed himself. During a visit subsequently made to Central America in the interest of the Government, he had occasion to make a series of experiments in photographing scenes on shore from the deck of a rolling vessel. These experiments resulted in the construction of an apparatus and the preparation of chemicals so as to permit the photographing in outline of a rapidly moving body. According to a careful estimate made by Mr. Muybridge, the plate on which the negative of the moving horse was taken was exposed only one-thousandth part of a second. The driver, James Tennant, is prepared, Mr. Muybridge affirms, to make affidavit as to the gait at which the horse was trotting. The negative shows the sharp outlines of the animal, the driver, whip and front spokes of the wheels; the hind spokes traveling faster are blurred. Many of the details are also included in the negative, although the greater number had to be filled in in retouching. It is Mr. Stanford's desire to have a series of photographs taken to illustrate the position of the animal's feet, as he entertains a theory concerning the subject very different to the popular idea. This first photograph of Occident in motion upholds Mr. Stanford's theory, and proves that a trotting horse's fore leg is perfectly straight when the shoe strikes on the ground. When Mr. Muybridge's commission shall have been finished it is understood to be Mr. Stanford's intention to publish his views in an Eastern turf journal, with engravings of the photographs.—S. F. Bulletin, August 4th.

SLOW BUT SURE.—The "slow fighter" was a tall, rainbowed specimen of the Pike county breed, and when he arrived in the mining camp the boys began to have fun with him—to "smile him" as they call it in the parlance of the mines.

He stood it for a long time with perfect equanimity, until finally one of the party dared him out of doors to fight him.

He went. When they got ready and squared off, Pike county stretched out his long neck and presented the tip of his long nose temptingly close to his tormentor.

"I'm a little slow," he said, "and can't fight unless I'm well riled; just paste me one—a good 'un—right on the end of that sneller."

His request was complied with. "That's a good 'un," he said, calmly, "but I don't feel quite riled yet"—turning the side of his head to his adversary—"please chug me another lively one under the ear!"

The astonished adversary again complied, whereupon Pike county, remarking that he was "not quite as well riled as he would like to be, but do the best he could," sailed into the crowd, and for the next ten days the "boys" were engaged in mending broken jaws, repairing damaged eyes and tenderly resurrecting smashed noses.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks her native country is the brightest and the happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

A PATRON of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher: "Mr. Printer, how is it you never call on me for pay for your paper?" "Oh!" said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" replied the patron, "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?" "Why," said the editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is no gentleman, and we ask him."

MEXICO is to be told that if she does not take care of her thieves on the Mexican border our government will take care of them for her.

HE CAME BACK.

A story is told of ex-Governor Duval of Florida, which will never wear out. He was the son of a "poor white" in Virginia, a stern, strange, taciturn man, the boy a huge growth of fifteen. At the cabin fire, at bed-time, according to the custom of putting on a back-log, the old man said, between whiffs of his silent pipe, "Tab, (the boy's nickname) go out and bring in that gum back-log and put it on the fire." Tab went out and surveyed the log. He knew it was no use explaining that it was too heavy, nor prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulders. His little sister passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring him out the gun and powder-horn, as a "possum or coon might have passed, or the brother have seen bear signs. She brought the gun and Tab started. He found his way through the woods into Kentucky—this was about 1791—whence, some years after, he was elected to Congress. After an absence of eight years, now a man of immense size and strength, long given up as slain by a bear, he started for Washington by the way of his old home, to see the folks. Entering the little cabin-yard near bed-time he saw the identical gum log. He shouldered it, pulled the latch-string, and with his load stood before the old man, pipe in mouth and quite as usual. "Here is the gum back-log, father!" "Better late than never—put it on the fire and go to bed," was the reply.

THE ANONYMOUS ASSASSIN.—No community is safe that has an assassin of this kind in their midst. He is a coward of the worst type, and his victims are generally selected from among the most pure and refined, and his charges or imputations cannot always be refuted. Many a happy household has been broken up by the cowardly writings of an irresponsible, dastardly villain, who dares not sign his name to his letters. He generally writes upon scraps of paper picked up at odd places so that he cannot be traced. If found, an anonymous letter writer should be hung to the first tree without even a hearing in Judge Lynch's court.

During the past few days an assassin of this kind has been at work in Salem and vicinity. One attempt at suicide and several threatened divorce cases are already the result of his doings. Well-known honorable men's wives have received letters hinting of infidelity on the parts of their liege lords. Ladies of unimpeachable standing in society have been slandered to their husbands and friends without the slightest foundation in fact. Should it continue, certain suspected persons will be closely shadowed, and woe be to them if caught in the act. His life would not be worth the price of a short, strong cord.

In the mean time we say to those who are receiving those letters to receive them without giving them a passing thought, but only consider them the emanations of a foul, depraved villain.—Salem Record.

THE WOOL CROP.—The wool clip of the United States for 1876 was about 200,000,000 pounds; of England, Ireland and Scotland, about 162,000,000, mostly combings; of the continent of Europe, about 463,000,000; of Australasia, about 350,000,000; of Buenos Ayres and River La Plata, about 207,000,000 pounds. These are the principal wool-growing countries of the world, and produce 1,382,000,000 out of the estimated 1,419,000,000 produced on the entire globe. The selling value of the total clip would probably aggregate \$250,000,000. Out of fourteen hundred and nineteen million pounds of wool (the estimated clip) there would be fully a loss of 567,000,000 pounds in scouring, making the net yield of clean wool about 852,000,000 pounds.

"PLEASE make yourself quite at home, general," observes the hospitable British aristocrat to General Grant. "Put your legs right hip on the table and spit hon the floor, just as you do in Hameria. Never mind the carpet. Hand by all means whittle the chair with your jack-knife. Hi know you must feel like it—you all whittle your furniture in Hameria. I'm sorry hi 'avent a cocktail or a corpse-erver to offer you, but we don't know 'ow to make them 'ere. Do make yourself comfortable and don't stand on ceremony."—Boston Traveller.

THE strawberry short-cake festivals held by our church societies might be rendered more interesting and attractive by announcing that the young man who finds the strawberry in his piece of cake will be entitled to a kiss from the prettiest girl in the room, or something of that sort.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, who is at the head of the Vienna firm, is said by the papers of that city to possess the trifling annual income of \$30,000,000. This is the small sum of \$75,000 a day.