



21

The Democratic Times.

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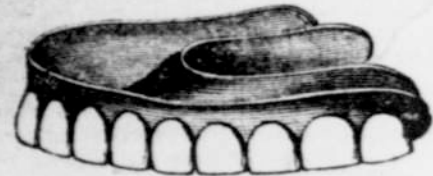
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The Democratic Times.

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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. 3, 1874.

TIME CHANGES IN THE SENATE.

After an interregnum of seventeen years the Senate is full. There have been great changes since the Senate met in December, 1860.

The Government runs on and on, while the grave takes the governors. To the man familiar with the Senate of that day, the changes death has made in the body that itself never dies, have a melancholy interest.

Of those who were then Senators but two are Senators to-day—Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, and Henry B. Anthony of Rhode Island.

Notwithstanding the long term of the Senator, who serves for six years, and the tendency to reelect, of the seventy-six Senators to-day, but two were Senators less than three times six years ago.

Pitt Fessenden was in the Senate then, grim, keen, commanding, misanthropic, seeming to have a spite against mankind because of the bitter love accident of his birth that sprung from the nature of mankind. Fessenden is dead.

John P. Hale was there, brave, eloquent, witty, able to state his case with unsurpassed force and clearness. Hale is dead. Henry Wilson was there, politic, tireless, ambitious, making more of his native talents than most any man in our history.

And Wilson is dead. Sumner was there, the student of the Senate, the man who alone in the Senate was able to summon all history and literature to prove his point.

Massive in his vanity, isolated in his tastes and life, and Sumner is dead. William Henry Seward was there, who had been for ten years the idol of a great following, and was the statesman of his party in 1860.

Seward is dead. Stephen A. Douglas was there, his Democracy pure and simple, and running through the warp and woof of his nature, his loyalty to the Union so deep seated that not even disappointed ambition, always a destroyer of the best things in men, could shake it.

"I am ready to act with any party, any individual of any party, who will come to this question with an eye single to the preservation of the Constitution and the Union," said Douglas in those trying hours. Douglas is dead.

Andrew Johnson was there, his voice of the bravest, and Andrew Johnson is gone. George E. Pugh was there, fresh from the laurels of Charleston, that shrill tenor tone ringing like a silver bell through the Senate chamber, clinging to the Union and to peace with tenacity, but to his belief with defiance; and that brilliant man sleeps.

Jefferson Davis was there, saying, "I could advert the catastrophe of a struggle between the sections of the Union, my past life, I hope, gives evidence of the readiness with which I would make the effort." If, in the opinion of others, it is possible for me to do anything for the public good, the last moment while I stand here is at the command of the Senate. I will serve on the committee if the Senate choose.

There were 33 Senators then. There were other shining names in the list of Senators. There were names less lustrous that took place in our history. R. M. T. Hunter, Mason of Virginia, Robert Toombs, John J. Crittenden, Jesse D. Bright, Ben Wade, Lyman Trumbull, Yulee of Florida, Wigfall of Texas, Benjamin and Sildell, and the others were the Senators. The graves have opened and events have shifted the leaders. Five States have been added to the Union since that time, ten Senators have been added to the Senate of those antebellum days. The Senate never dies, but how changed it is.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHANGE OF RAILROAD TIME.—The Red Bluff Sentinel understands that the commission sent below by its citizens to confer with Governor Stanford, to induce the managers of the Oregon branch of the Central Pacific Railroad to change their time table so that the trains will arrive a few hours earlier, and leave a few hours later, were favorably received and entertained by the ex-Governor, and assured that when the new time table is published that their wants will be duly considered. The change our friends in the north want will suit all along the line.

QUITE COMPLIMENTARY.—A late number of the San Francisco Footlight says that Miss Annie Pixley has developed into one of the most interesting and successful of the East. Numerous tenders of engagements, at large salaries, have been offered her by Eastern managers, but the lady prefers for the present the genial climate of California, and the warm hearts of her myriads of admirers here. Miss Pixley will soon take a benefit at the Grand Opera House.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S nineteen widows divided the proper time of widowhood between them so that it should not fall very heavily upon either, and some of them have already married again.

HARD TIMES.

When an advertisement appears in newspapers for a book-keeper or clerk, there are on an average from fifty to one hundred applicants for it. The trouble is that our towns and cities are overstocked with young men seeking soft places who ought to be in the field at work.

The ambition of nine-tenths of the country boys is to get away from the toil of the farm and secure easy work in town, where they can dress well, whiten their hands, go to the theatre, carry a cane, get into fashionable society and have a good, easy time. When they once get into a city and fall into its ways, they become unfit for the active labor of the farm, and rather than go back and learn over, they become hangers on about the street corners, picking up a little job here and there at low prices, borrowing from their acquaintances and old country friends whom they despise to be seen with, and thus drag out a miserable and useless existence. Yet these very same men, by a few years of industry and economy, might have become respected and independent citizens of the solid, substantial class, who contribute most the real wealth and strength of a commonwealth. Even those who secure good situations are not always to be envied. They are often subject to the caprices of overbearing employers, and are liable to lose their places or have their salaries cut down to almost a starvation point at any time on account of the fluctuations of business. To save money out of an ordinary salary is almost impossible, and the chances of a young man going into business on his own account seems to diminish every year. The novelty of city life soon wears out, but its charms are hard to break. Where one young man fresh from the country succeeds in a city, twenty fail and become consuming drones on society. Land is cheap in this country, and a good living can be made on a few acres properly cultivated. There is always a good cash market for everything that can be raised, from a dozen eggs up to a bale of cotton or a blooded bull. Farming can be made profitable, not by running in the same old red furrows, but by improving the soil and diversifying crops, raising bread and meat at home and a surplus of something, fruit, stock, cotton, or whatever will pay best, according to location and circumstances for the market. Let this be applied to more scientific farming and to beautifying homes until their attractions out rival all the fascinations of town or city life. Young men, stay on the old place, be independent and intelligent, take the newspapers and buy good books, marry your sweetheart if she will have you without waiting to get rich, and depend upon it you will be a more useful and a happier man, will sleep sounder and eat heartier, have more to eat and to wear and live longer than most of your class who rush to the city looking for situations. We have too many here now, and there is a big crop of a younger generation at their heels expecting to fill all the places that may be open for the next fifty years. When people learn to farm well, and that is really the noblest and most independent occupation a man can follow, there will be less grumbling about hard times, and an era of prosperity, such as we have not known, will dawn.—S. F. Mail.

WHY HE WANTED A RECEIPT.—In the city of Halifax there dwelt a lawyer, crafty, subtle, and cute as a fox. An Indian of the Miami tribe, named Simon, owed him some money. The lawyer had waited long for the tin. His patience at last gave out, and he threatened the Indian with lawsuits, processes, and executions. The poor red man got scared and brought the money to his creditor. The Indian waited, expecting the lawyer would write a receipt.

"What are you waiting for?" said the lawyer.

"Receipt," said the Indian.

"A receipt," said the lawyer, "a receipt? what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the use of one, and I will give it to you."

The Indian looked at him a moment and then said:

"'Spose maybe me die; me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see the 'Postle; 'he say, 'Simon, what you want?' me say, 'Want to get in?' he say, 'You pay Mr. J. dat money?' What me do? I hab no receipt, hab to hunt all over hell for receipt!"

LACE handkerchiefs are again the fashion, and are now carried in the hand; to secure them the centre of the kerchief is drawn through a gold ring that is worn on the finger outside the glove.

"This is the maiden all forlorn," who often wished she'd ne'er been born, and turned up her nose in petulant scorn, at the girl who last season's hat had worn.

HON. D. W. VOORHEES' SPEECH.

The following is an account of the speech on finances delivered in the Senate on the 16th ult. by Voorhees of Indiana:

The principal feature of to-day's session of Congress was the long expected financial speech of Dan Voorhees. It was gracefully but powerfully delivered, in his most fascinating style of oratory, in the presence of crowded galleries and before a nearly full senate, who paid him the compliment of listening to the whole of a speech which lasted two hours. His arguments on the silver question were of course quite familiar, being drawn from the speech and the silver commission report of Senator Jones, which are recognized on all hands in exhaustive of the arguments on that side of the question; but Voorhees presented them in a style and manner of his own, and then proceeded to discuss the question of the public faith involved with a vigor and boldness of utterance that in some respects has not been paralleled in the senatorial debate on the pending measure. He charged that violators of public faith were not those in favor of remonetization of silver, but those who, in the interest of bondholders, had legislated to pay the bonds in coin, although when issued they were expressly understood to be payable in greenbacks. He effectively quoted speeches and letters of Senator Morton, Thaddeus Stevens and ex-Senator John Sherman himself, in which this view was distinctly and emphatically approved by them. He argued that it is of the highest importance that the government should be faithful to the pledges made to its own citizens. Denouncing the national bank system, and speaking for the western people, he demanded its abolition, and with affecting eloquence depicted the suffering of the poor and the distress of the business classes, which he attributed mainly, if not wholly, to the unwise and unjust financial legislation of the past six years; and, in conclusion, Voorhees indulged in what may be considered a very distinct threat of repudiation, and he warned bondholders and gold-seeking creditors not to go too far or the fires of liberty might flash forth again, as they did one hundred years ago. He implored Heaven to avert the threatened danger; but, said he, if infatuation has seized our councils the results will only add one more instance to the long catalogue of human crime and folly, where avarice, like ambition, overleaps itself, and in its unholy attempt to rob others of their possessions, loses its own. The speech was several times interrupted by applause, and, at its conclusion, Voorhees was surrounded and warmly complimented by numerous senators from all parts of the chamber, including several who are discriminately opposed to his opinions, but could not restrain enthusiastic compliments upon his eloquence.

THE BEST BUSINESS OF ALL.—There is no business panning out better these hard times than farming. There is one good thing about farming—a man can always raise enough to eat, if he is of any account. He can raise his potatoes, cabbages, onions, turnips, beets, etc. He can grow the strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, grapes, apples and other fruits to satisfy the wants of his family. He can have poultry and eggs the year round. He can produce his own pork and make bacon and lard to last a year. He can have veal and mutton and beef. The people in the city, if they have these articles, must earn the money and save it to buy them. This is a big item in favor of the farmer.

JUDGE DEADY rendered a decision in the U. S. Court, Jan. 25th, in case of U. S. vs. L. W. Nelson, for the cutting and removal of timber from the public lands of the Government. In this case Nelson had taken the lands as placer mines and set up the plea that the timber was removed in order to facilitate the working of the same. The Court held that he was entitled to cut in advance of his work, but not, as in this case, all the timber on the land; but as the laws had heretofore been imperfectly and negligently executed in the protection of Government lands, the verdict and fine was only equal to triple the value of the timber destroyed.

THE Dalles Mountaineer states that Lang & Ryan will soon commence gathering up the cattle purchased by them in Wasco Co., Oregon, and Klickitat and Yakima counties, W. T., for the purpose of driving to Colorado the coming season. They intend dividing the lot, 15,000, into six bands. They will require about 100 men to drive and herd. A number of young men from the Dalles have been employed to accompany the expedition. It is said that these extensive cattle dealers propose to make yearly trips to this country, for the purpose of driving out the surplus cattle. This year they will disburse nearly \$200,000.

The Democratic Times.

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.

TOP OF THE HEAP EVERYWHERE.—Americans make the best Frenchmen of all the foreigners who flock here. The Russians, a large colony always here, are Russe, extravagant, barbaric in splendor, and gross to excess in carriages, women, wine and diamonds. A pet monkey, showering about a casket of the Esterhazy diamonds, is a good illustration of a rich young Russian boy scattering his first crop of wild oats on the fruitful soil of Paris. The English are always English wherever you find them, and will want some little isle of light to themselves in the next world. Egotistical, selfish, economical to parsimony, fault-finding and supercilious, they are the bete noir of the continent. The German rarely travels, wastes no money and assimilates with nothing but beer. The American, after a brief residence, wears his moustache, wears lacquered boots, swings a cane as slender and delicate as a thread, drinks black coffee in tiny cups on the boulevard, says: "Pardon, Monsieur," twice a minute, and places his right hand on his heart when bowing to a lady. What endears him most to the Parisian's heart is the noble disregard of cost which characterizes the American sovereign abroad. If the Duke of Hamilton has a fine suite of rooms, au premier, at the Hotel St. Germaine, the bonanza king wants the whole of the first floor. If Prince Paul Demidoff has a salon box for his mistress at the New Opera House—which will have cost the nation \$20,000,000 when finished—some lucky miner takes two boxes and fills them with diamonds and questionable women. That's the sort of a man the American in Paris generally is, to the extent of his means.—Paris Letter.

SAVE THE OLD PAPER.—Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it use in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. For instance: A volume written by a lady who prided herself on her experience and tact, says: "After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of washing the outside of a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, tea-pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver." For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.—Printers' Circular.

CONVENIENCE.—The successful farmer is he who provides conveniences for the care of his property and the performance of his work; he counts time as an important item in the yearly calculation, and care of all his various effects as a factor in the annual returns. When he puts the horse in the stable there is a place for the harness, where it will be safe from weather or any other damage; his wagons and tools are provided with coverings to preserve them; about his premises will be kept a little shop or room where he keeps saws, hammers, vices, sugars and various tools that are needed to mend and put in order different machines he uses. These simple articles prevent days and weeks of delay, besides adding to the length of the time implements will last. It pays to have conveniences, and also get, what you do buy, of good quality.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—Waste no time on introductions. Don't begin by laying out your subject like a Dutch flower garden, or telling your motives for writing. The keynote should be struck, if possible, in the very first sentence. A dull beginning often damns an article; a spicy one whets the appetite, and commands what follows to both editor and reader. Above all, stop when you are done. Don't let the ghost of your thought wander about after the death of the body. Don't waste a moment's time in vindicating your production, against editors or critics, but expend your energies in writing something which shall be its own vindication.

ONE of the great features in secret orders is the number of capital letters required for initials to represent their names or the titles of their offices; but a Washington colored society lays over them all in this regard, its name being "The Ancient Order of the Sons and Daughters of Moses of the United States and the World at Large."

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIMES.