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The Democratic Times.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS.

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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.

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.

PLEASANT COMPANIONS.

"Now, in Silverton, Nev., we used to—" "Silverton?" "Yes."

"Well! you're the first man I've seen from Silverton in a coon's age. I left there six years ago; left my wife there."

"I went there nearly six years ago." "Such was the passage in a conversation going on between two strangers taking a meal in the Utah restaurant, which attracted the attention of myself, eating at a different table."

"The man latest from Silverton was a short, stout, sandy-looking man, with a scar beginning, as I supposed, somewhere in the hair of the head, thence running down the forehead along to the right of the nose, making nicks in the lower part of the nose and in the lips, then disappearing in the beard of the chin. It looked as if some one had started to skin him and gave it up on the offer of a better job."

"The other man was tall, quick-spoken, nervous and dark-looking; with beard stricken with gray; he would have been crossed-eyed if he had had two eyes, as it was his one eye was set crossing."

"Well, how is Silverton now?" continued the dark looking man.

"Oh, petered." "Anybody there?" "Few old fellows sticking to claims that they think there's something in. They'll stay till Gabriel's trump raves them out."

"Do you know Tom Slemmons?" "Yes; killed himself drinking whiskey."

"What became of John Littlefield?" "Mose Lawler killed him in a fight over the Sweet-Dreaming claim."

"Reckon Sandy Jones ain't there now?" "Sold out the Bet Your Boots for thirty thousand, went to Pike, and is cultivating a family."

"Dick Braunigan made money there?" "Yes; but he's dead—whisky got him."

"Did Harry Martin get rid of his money?" "Yes; went to the Black Hills; got killed by the Sioux."

"Did his brother Thadgo?" "He went; made a fortune out of the placers. Is member of Congress from Nebraska now."

"Alvin Sander, that kept the Dow of Heaven school has left, I suppose?" "Preceded the one-eyed man."

"Left for good. Got loaded with a stray bullet while a row was going on in his saloon one night."

"Wonder what became of Pat Pyburn that kept a saloon there—the Angelle?" "He's a banker in San Francisco."

"John Blodget had a bank in Silverton; where's he banking now?" "He's herding sheep for Tommy Pugnaire, on Mud Lake."

"Tommy, the bootblack?" "The same; he got feet in the Sweet By and By, and sold for twenty thousand."

"Did you know the Sloper boys?" "Well, Harry Sloper is the Co. in Blasdale & Co., a mercantile firm in Hongkong, China. Luke Sloper killed a Chinaman in Slagton, and got six months in the Carson penitentiary; long sentence just for killing a Chinaman. He'll be pardoned out though. Lige Sloper got into a shootin' scrimmage with Montana Jack and killed him. Lige afterward went to the Arkansas Hot Springs; he was not very well."

"Where did Charley Madden go?" "Dead."

"Why, he was a stout, healthy-looking man." "Whisky."

"Charley's wife and mine," continued the tall stranger, were great cronies. My wife somehow, never liked my name; she changed her part of it soon as I left, and in a few months married without a divorce under a new name; married a man named Scraggs."

"Scraggs?" "Scraggs."

"Ahem—a waiter, another cup of coffee. Suppose you know Charley's brother-in-law, that busted in the brewery business?" said the sandy looking man.

"First rate; where is he?" "He's in Silverbrookbury, Arizona. Got a big brewery there."

"Remember Alf Skyes?" said the stranger, with one eye set crossing.

"Got twenty years at Carson for robbing the mail."

"Heard Ward Smithers had some trouble?" "Five years at Carson for robbing Wells Fargo. He didn't play it fine as they say old Blivens did; I believe that was his name—nick-name, I guess."

"Old Blivens?" "Old Blivens. You see he robbed Wells Fargo just out of Silverton; that was before I went there; heard of it. The messenger was the only witness

against him, on the morning of the day of the trial the messenger was found shot dead at the door of the room in which he had slept, and which opened in a narrow alley. It was not known for certain who did it, but the vigilantes suggested to Old Blivens that perhaps his health would be benefited by a change of climate."

Said the dark stranger, with an expression of countenance which showed that he thought he was looking the short square man in the face:

"What might your name be?" "Name—my name is Scraggs; yours?" "Old Blivens."

Passing out the door just at this point, I did not learn how they reconciled their conflicting locations.

GLUED TO THE SPOT.—We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went around to see her. It was Summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, glueing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step, in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step.

Then Miss Magruder said: "Do not be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm the poker so that we could thaw ourselves out; or whether we should give a terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objections to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of the step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a drygoods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and of reflecting upon the emotions of the human heart.

MORE INDIAN RUMORS.—A correspondent writing from Mont Idaho, to the Telegram the principal point in the country formerly occupied the Nez Percés who General Howard so gloriously "quelled" last Summer says: "Mrs. Benedict, whose husband was killed by the Indians last Summer, is keeping a boarding house at Grangeville. Mrs. Capt. Randall, who went to Oregon after the death of her husband, will return to this place some time during the Spring. Mrs. Phil. Cleary is certainly right in thinking there is danger of another outbreak. The Indians about the agency and on the reservation, in spite of their remaining friendly last Summer, openly proclaim their intention of joining the Spokanes the coming season should the latter go on the war path. The disaffection among them is widespread; and there is no doubt about the Spokanes and some adjoining tribes, should Watkins' programme for the consolidation of the reservations be sought to be carried out. Moses, head chief of the Spokanes, has over five hundred warriors, all splendidly armed and ready to follow him to the death. The people here all look forward with certainty for another war unless a sufficiently large number of troops be sent here to overawe the Indians."

A very excellent farmer living in the Movern district, near Quitman, Ga., undertook a few evenings ago, to cure his hogs of vermin by rubbing them with coal oil. He provided himself with a fat lightwood torch and commenced work. Unluckily, just as he had gotten them well greased, a spark from his torch fell on the back of one, and in an instant he was in a light blaze. The flames communicated to the others, and in a few moments the drove was running wild, fleeing with lightning speed, and appearing in the darkness like fire fiends. The next day the farmer found his bacon not only cured but done up brown.

Over 50,000 volumes in the Congressional Library are piled on the floor.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

When Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm and did much work on his land; and when the time came for him to set out for Boston, his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care.

"I will get a nice suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's city tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and he heard the following remark from one of them:

"Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun."

Whitman stared at the company and then sat down.

"S-s-y, my friend, are you from the country?" remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of his face.

"And what do you think of our city?" asked one of the ladies.

"It's a pooty thickly settled place anyhow. It's got a sweeping sight of house's in it."

"And a good many people too." "Ya-as, I should guess so."

"Many people where you come from?" "Val, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?" "Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them."

"Yes, beaus 'em home, tew meetin', and singin' skewl'."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?" "Thank'ee. Don't care if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast." "O git out! I eat toast; never heard of such a thing as drinkin' it. But I can give you a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser in advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are deceitful. You mistook me, from my dress, for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just finished, when Caleb Strong, governor of the state, entered and inquired for Whitman.

"Ah, here I am, governor. Glad to see you."

Then, turning to the dumfounded company, he said:

"I wish you a very good evening."

EUROPEAN NAVIES.—England has 34 line of battle ships, 21 turret ships, 8 "comprised" ships 3 floating batteries and 2 rams. Total \$68. Total tonnage, 412,231. Total indicated horse-power, 269,788. Total number of guns, 725. The number of sailors of all classes, officers included, in time of peace is about 35,000.

Russia has 8 line of battle ships, 1 ordinary station service ship, 21 coast defense ships and 2 "Popoffkas." Total, 32. Total tonnage, 103,915. Total nominal horse-power, 16,620. Total number of guns, 215. Number of sailors, about 64,000.

A gentleman residing in San Jose, California, is the possessor of a very old and valuable coin of the reign of David, King of the Jews. It is genuine beyond a doubt, and is so acknowledged by those best competent to judge. The reverse side of the coin contains the inscription in Hebrew, "David, son of Jesse, King of Israel," surrounding a vignette, and on the obverse is a harp with the words "Distinguished as a Harpist and Chosen as a Ruler." The coin is dated 1217 according to the Jewish era, and as the present year is 5638, the relic is 3,111 years old.

A number of men called for oysters in a Flushing L. I. saloon recently, with the understanding that he who ate the least should pay for those eaten by the others. One John O'Brien proved himself the champion. He swallowed two hundred and fifty. Payment fell upon John Brady, who was equal only to twenty-five.

Over \$2,000 a year is the value of the suds of a Bonanza miner's wash. The dirt washed from their shirts has been found to assay \$259.10 to the ton. What a field for Nevada washerwomen!



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.

ADVERTISEMENTS READ.

Hon. John Forsyth, the veteran editor of the Mobile Register, used to tell a story to illustrate the value of newspaper advertising as a means of getting before the public whatever you wished them to know of your wants and wares.

Mr. Forsyth was accidentally drawn into a discussion of the subject with a mercantile friend, who expressed emphatic doubts whether advertising benefited a man's business at all, and closed his side of the debate with the common remark, "It's all money given to the aid of newspapers. Nobody reads my advertisement or thinks of it, or looks after it, except your foreman and collector."

Forsyth replied, "Let us test the truth of the assertion. Sit down and write out such an advertisement as I dictate, and we will put it in the smallest type the cases contain, and insert it in the remotest corner of the Register you can select."

The next morning there appeared in a page, without a bit of display, and in the most out-of-the-way-place in the paper, the following advertisement:

"Wanted: To buy a dog. Apply at No. Blank street."

The contract was that in case the ad. was a success the merchant was to pay \$2, and treat to wine and oysters. If it failed to meet the eyes of the parties with merchantable canines, the editor was to pay \$5 and to set up a sapper for two.

During the day of the first appearance of his experiment the merchant called at the Register office several times. He looked as though he was in trouble, appeared nervous, looked over his shoulder like one who is pursued by some terrible bore, or a persistent dun.

Finally, late in the evening, he met his editorial friend, and before the latter had time to open his mouth, the merchant said, hurriedly, "For Heaven's sake, leave the advertisement out of your evening's edition. There's the \$2 for it, and \$5 for saying that No. Blank street has bought a dog. Let's go; and get the oysters; I'm nearly worried to death."

The poor man had recklessly made himself and family the victims of a terrible persecution. Before the carriers had gone their rounds with the Register, customers of all sorts, with every imaginable breed, size and color of animal sausage dangling at the heel of the owner and would be vendor, swarmed in the vicinity of No. Blank street. They rang at the street doors; a thousand times an hour; they waylaid every member of the family; servant, nor proprietor, nor child of the house dare appear on the street until officers were sent for, and the persecution stopped by the threats to lock up the swarms of urchins, dogs and all.

The merchant, enlarged his advertisement, and thereafter attended to it as any other branch of his business. He had learned that people do, somehow, find out the contents of a newspaper advertisement.

THE CALIFORNIA MAN.—As an evidence of the pernicious tendencies of Oregon's anti-Republican ante-Democratic usury law. We cite the following from the Portland Bee: Portland money sharps have money to loan, but when a borrower calls, they are always sorry they are just out of funds, but they know a man from California who has some that he may conclude to loan before his return to the golden State. This man of straw always has money to loan, but the broker must have five per cent. for his trouble, and by claiming it to be foreign capital, there is no exemption for indebtedness by the borrower. This game has been played by moneyed Portlanders. It is probably as near the line of honesty as they are expected to approach.

MILKING.—The manner of milking exerts powerful influence on the productiveness of the cow. A slow and careless milker, or one whose treatment is harsh, will soon dry up the best of cows. The animal must be approached gently, never struck or abused, while the operation of milking should begin gradually, steadily increasing in rapidity, until all is drawn. If the milking is performed in the stall, it is a good plan to feed at the same time with roots or hay.

A HOT Lemonade is one of the best remedies for a cold, as it acts promptly and has no unpleasant after-effects. One lemon should be powerfully squeezed, cut into slices, put with sugar, and covered with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself on the following day. This remedy will ward off an attack of chill and fever if it is used promptly.

The costly service of silver which Tiffany is making for Mr. Mackey of California is said to be the most elaborate and artistic ever produced in this country. Great is Bonanza!