# ASHLAND TIDINGS.

INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS, AND DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

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### The Divoree Mill.

A reporter of the San Francisco Post gives the following account, showing the facilities for obtaining divorce by application to lawyers, who are to be found in almost every large city, who make the divorce business a specialty:

"I suppose you know why I have called," said the reporter. "I am in search of a divorce, to be procured in the easiest, most quiet and expeditious manner."

"How long have you been married?"

"About four years."

"Any children?"

"Two."

"What is the trouble? Have you any cause of complaint?"

"Well, no," answered the reporter, in a hesitating sort of way. "To tell the truth, none."

"Oh, your wife does not suit you—is that it?"

"Well, yes—partially; but, to tell the truth of the matter"—and here the reporter coughed as he thought of the lie he was about to utter—"I have got a good wife and a good home, but I do not love her, and I do love another woman. That's why I want a divorce. Do you understand?"

The other villain thought that he did. "It would be a difficult case to get through, but have you nothing to complain of?"

"No, I have not. We have always lived happily, never had a cross word, and there lies the trouble. If we had ever quarreled, why there might be some chance to get an application through."

Here the reporter thought that if there was any man at all about the divorce agent, hardened though he might be, he would counsel an abandonment of such a base idea as that of a divorce from a loving wife. But it soon became evident that the shyster before him was only too willing to assist in any villainy.

"Has she never called you any names or hurt your feelings in any manner?"

"No, she has not."

"But, has she never called you anything in even a joking manner?"

"Well, yes. On one or two occasions she has said; 'Oh, you rascal.'"

"AH HA! CALLED YOU A RASCAL.

That's good. Has she never been cold or indifferent to you? Now, you must think of some time when she has."

"Well, there may have been times when she was too engrossed in something else to be over affectionate."

"That's the talk. Now you are getting at something tangible."

"Yes; but my wife will come into court and swear that there has never been any difficulty between us, and beside, we are living together still."

"That's so. You will have to leave her and refuse to live with her, or you can send her out of town, and then we can apply for the bill and publish the summons in some obscure weekly that she will never see, and in that case you can take judgment by default."

"What paper do you generally advertise your summons in?"

"In the Golden Era. See, here is a notice (showing the paper) that I will wager anything will never be seen by the defendant."

"But the modus operandi of procuring these divorce—are not the courts very strict?"

"Some of them are, but you know that the case is never tried in court. The evidence is taken before a commissioner appointed for that purpose by the judge. He submits it and his opinion of the case to the court, who reviews the evidence and decides the case. Now, I have a particular friend who is generally appointed at my request by the —— District Court—that is the one I practice in—and he will be

VERY LENIENT IN THE MATTER.

He will do anything to oblige me."

"Very well. Now I have an idea. Cannot the summons be served at my house?"

"Certainly, but then your wife will know all about it."

"Yes, but can I not see to it that she is absent and that the summons is served on another who will personate her?"

"That's a capital idea; the sheriff or his deputy will then make an affidavit that the summons has been served, and the case will go by default."

"Yes; but when she discovers the fraud?"

"Well, that would not be for some time," said the serpent-like villain, "and then it would not do her a particle of good. We could prove that the summons had been served by the sheriff, who would be our best witness. He would be unable, through lapse of time, to tell whether she was the woman or not, and he would naturally swear that she was the party who had received the summons. As soon as you get the divorce you can marry whom you like and then leave your present wife."

The interview, which had been lengthy, finally ended by the "agent" stating that he would have the complaint ready the next day. The terms for procuring the divorce would be $75, $40 down and the balance when the decree was granted. Out of this he would pay court expenses, fee the commissioner and also fee the clerk of the court, who would see that the "cussed newspaper men" did not get wind of the matter and publish the fact that the divorce had been granted. Promising to call the next day the reporter took his leave. At the appointed time he was again on hand, and the complaint was ready for him. It was a remarkable production, and stated things in a recklessly interesting manner that was the peculiar charm of the divorce fiend's character.

THE COMPLAINT.

After reciting the fact of the marriage the complaint goes on to state:

That said defendant has been guilty of extreme cruelty to plaintiff in the manner following: That is to say by the infliction of words and acts such as to cause plaintiff grievous mental distress, rendering life miserable in the extreme and at times almost unendurable, using offensive language and giving names to plaintiff such as rascal, and many other epithets not proper to be applied to a husband by a wife.

That said defendant, without cause, is guilty of extreme cruelty to plaintiff by the infliction of grievous mental suffering upon him by an incompatible indifference and want of affection towards him for a period of over two years last past prior to the commencement of this action, which said indifference and want of affection has been continually growing more incompatible between the parties, and defendant less inclined to affection for him, to such an extent as to preclude the possibility of the parties ever again living together in peace and harmony as husband and wife.

That this complaint is made in good faith and sincerity, to the end that justice may be done in the premises.

"And am I to swear to all this?" asked the reporter.. "How can I do it? It is all false."

ONLY A LITTLE FORMALITY.

"Oh," answered the bureau man, "that's only a little formality. The complaint once filed, it will be an easy matter to get all the proof you need. You will only want one other witness beside yourself. The commissioner will not be particular, and by the arrangement we will make there will be no defense."

Seeing that the sharper would not take "No" for an answer, the reporter asked for time. He "wanted to consult a friend, and see if he was running any risk in signing it," he said. With this the sharper was perforce satisfied, and the reporter departed with the complaint.

Now the whole truth was out, the plan revealed, by which an innocent, confiding wife and two children were to have been cast adrift in the world by a scoundrel of a husband, aided by a villainous shyster who would hesitate at nothing. As the reporter was not the fortunate possessor of a wife, and therefore needed no divorce, he did not take advantage of the bureau.

### A Romantic Elopement

Yesterday the police of Buffalo arrested Emma Simmonson, a pretty girl of 14, and Harry Clark, aged 17, both of whom were dressed in boy's clothes, having eloped from their home in Flint, Mich., recently. Emma wore a neat but loosely-fitting suit of dark gray, topped by a natty hat, under which a mass of short, blonde hair hinted at her sex. They were about to start on the Canada Southern railroad, and the girl carried a satchel, which, being opened, disclosed full feminine attire of the neatest quality and a mass of golden hair which she had sacrificed, and at sight of which she broke down and cried. Emma said her father was foreman in a sawmill, and Harry had been a clerk in a hotel. She had been reading dime novel sensations and became infatuated with eloping. She attended the public school, but spent most of her time writing notes to Harry, who agreed with her in the idea of an elopement. She took a pocketbook containing $30 from her mother's bureau, and reaching Detroit bought the boys' clothes, and then came to Buffalo and put up at a Senaca street boarding house. Their total capital when arrested was $12 50; the romance had already worn down to plain fact, and Harry confessed that he wanted to go home, which he was allowed to do. Having a request from Emma's father asking that she be detained, the police required her to put on proper clothing and committed her to jail.

### Girl Graduates in a Broil.

It was at Fort Wayne, Ind., and the High School Commencement was under full headway. Fort Wayne, be it known, has a School Board, and that body had promulgated a mandate that no flowers should be presented to the graduates. During the proceedings, in violation of this order, a bouquet was handed to one of the ladies. She was commanded by the powers that be to give it up. She begged leave to decline. Then a squad of police were called in. They charged the stage. They captured the valiant Joan d'Arc and forced her to surrender the floral casus belli. She thereupon gathered the drapery of her skirts about her and with eyes flashing with disdain, she swept from the stage, followed by eight members of the class, who refused to take any further part in the proceedings. The audience vented their feelings in shouts, yells and hisses.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Official inquiry into the Prince Imperial's death is closed. Lieutenant Carey will be court martialed.

### Why He Will Love Dogs no More.

We have loved dogs. But we will not love any more. We have had too much trouble for them, and this trouble has even come in the form of grief. In youth we had a noble animal His name was Brutus, and he represented Brutus in his loyalty and undying devotion. He was intelligent, affectionate and firm. It was his habit to attend a company of schoolgirls in their evening walk, and his demeanor on those occasions marked his pride as well as his courtesy and dignity. One evening a gallant gentlemen, worthy of those brightly civil days for his gallantry and gentle manners, met the admirable procession, and advanced with an animated step to pay attention to a young lady with whom he was intimately acquainted. Brutus had his eye upon him, and without displaying any rudeness whatever, quietly advanced himself, intercepted the young gentleman's hand as it was gracefully put forward, and envelloped it with his mouth just as it was about to clasp the hand of the young lady. The teeth of Brutus were gently pressed upon the hand, but did not pierce or tear it. The young gentleman was a self-poised, sensible man, such as were common in those days. He was no fidgety or silly thing, but gradually withdrew the hand which the faithful guard had gently intercepted. He was so struck with the conduct of Brutus that he became his devoted friend, and ever after honored the dog that so faithfully protected the lady he admired. And yet this dog we so cherished was murdered by a man unknown. When found he lay between the cornrows lifeless, with a bullet hole through his side. The brave and devoted animal slept the sleep of death, and the green corn gracefully above him. Was not that too good an animal to be owned by so frail a tenure? We want no more dogs. —Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

### Making a Home.

The home is both the bud and the blossom of civilization. By their homes we judge of the real character of any people. Here are the things which most surely indicate disposition and taste as well as national character and tendency. The home is also the most precious place, at least among all English-speaking people. The most beautiful things are made for the home, for the purpose of adorning and beautifying it, and if there may be some seeming exception in the articles of personal adornment, yet these are kept in the home and mostly worn there. This is the place where we keep all our treasures, excepting those so costly as to require putting away in dark vaults for safe keeping. Costly houses may be reared for business; fine finishings and furnishings can be found in steamers, hotels and banks, and other public offices, but these are either poor imitations of the home, with rarely its perfect neatness and grace of finish, or they exist for the sake of the home. In nine cases out of ten the business man plods on through all his weary complications that he may support his home. It is the vision of the home that cheers the day-laborer at his tasks; it is the center and jewel of the farmstead, without which the latter seems like a body without a soul.

The home may also be called the highest expression of art. There are other individual things which, like fine paintings or pieces fine of sculpture, are more generally recognized as the works of art, and called so; but even these most frequently find their ultimate place in the home as parts of its adornments. The finishing and furnishing of our homes enlist a very large share, certainly a very great variety of the skilled work of civilized countries—the marble mantels, the rich frescoes, the elaborate bronze hardware, the polished woods, the fine hangings, the velvety carpets, the elegant draperies, and the costly cabinet-work—these are each but the headings of long lists of artistic designs which combine in ever-varying forms according to individual taste. Into this the family settles down, as the individual does into his clothing. Here they bring their beautiful things, their treasures; here they establish places for what they like so well or need so much that they must always have it near them.

### A True Gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he accidentally stumbled the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates with which he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charles Gray. "He's only Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."

The Missouri farmers are reported to be driving posts into the ground to hang to when the cyclones come.

### Unlucky Marriages.

The truth is that these too frequent "unhappy marriages" are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual sin or wrong. Fools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of a woman's life and soul which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away even more by stupidity than by willfulness.

A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential. The fools and brutes who abound among us may think such demands hard; but they are not nearly as bad as to live the cat-and-dog life, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse.

What right has a man to expect happiness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners and the disregard of those little things upon which the self-respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who rails at marriage is generally one and the same with the thoughtless egotist who files into the presence of his wife careless, stubborn and sour-tempered, though he never went to his mistress except on his best behavior.

The fate is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she weds not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life and oblivion of the fact that while men have the world, women have only their home. The grossnesses of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lead to visible catastrophe nor grow into absolute tyranny, but they equally tend that way. They drag down a wife's soul to the point where she must despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarity and weariness. they spoil the chance of that best and finest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than money or repentance can ever pay back.—Yonker's Statesman.

### Birmingham.

Birmingham manufactures such a variety of articles that the town manages to hold its own, at all times, better than its neighbors. No district is so independent of trade crises, because—unlike many English industrial centers—it is not confined to one or two staple manufactures. It is difficult to mention a single commodity which is not made at Birmingham—from a needle to a railway train. Guns, buttons, nails, locks, wood-screws, railway bolts and spikes, needles, pins, Indian idols, saddles, watches, jewelry, bedsteads, pots and pans, bronzes, electro-plate, and a thousand other things come handy to the manufacturers of Birmingham. From 1804 to 1815, 1,743,382 muskets were made here for the Board of Ordnance, in addition to 84,507 of a new pattern from 1814 to 1817, making a total of 1,827,889. Besides these, from 1804 to 1817, Birmingham made for the Board of Ordnance 3,037;644 gun and other other fire arm barrels, 2,879,203 locks for rifles and pistols. 1,000,000 guns for the East Indies, and 500,000 fowling-pieces for the home trade. Belgium, France and America have greatly interfered with this trade. It is a startling fact that, during the late war between Russia and Turkey, Birmingham did but a small trade for either country, while America supplied both with vast stores of arms. Russia felt the superior quality of the American rifle in the hands of the Turk on many a bloody field.—Belgravia.

### The Making of Bells.

Only two metals are now used in large bells—tin and copper. The Belgians use 23 to 30 per cent. of tin; the English lean to more tin—25 to 34 per cent. Tin makes the bell sonnd bright, but it also makes it brittle, and the reason why the English can afford to put in more of this brittle element is because they make their bells thicker, as a rule; and the reason why they are made thicker is, that instead of being merely chimed they are swung round on a wheel, which brings the hammer with great force upon the bell. If we treated the delicate Belgian bells in this rough fashion we should probably crack them, though if it were known that they would be swung the Belgian makers could undoubtedly thicken them to order; they are not meant in Belgium to be whacked like big drums, but to be struck with hammers from "pp" to "ff," like a piano forte. They resonate more easily than English bells, requiring a gentler stroke to elicit their full tone. In a word, the Belgium bell is a musical note, not a gong nor a drum.

A mob of illicit distillers and their friends, recently went to the home of two brothers, Poole, who had informed against the moonshiners, in Pickets county, Georgia, shot one dead and fatally wounded the other.

### That Barrel.

Just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the church spires and whitewashing the back kitchens of Detroit the other afternoon, a man and a barrel were discovered at a stairway on Monroe avenue. He was a small man and it was a big barrel, and pedestrians who saw him looking up the stairs and back at the barrel inferred that it was his intention to elevate it to the third story. But how?

"I'd rig a tackle and pulley in that third story window," said the first man who halted. "That's your easiest way, and there's no danger of accident."

He leaned against the lamp post to calculate on the length of rope and the lifting power required, and along came a second man, who took in the situation at a glance, and said:

"Go and get some scantling fourteen feet long, and lay 'em on the stairs. Then two men can roll that barrel up there as slick as grease."

The little man looked around in a helpless sort of a way, and a third man came blustering up, and called out:

"Want to get that barrel up stairs, eh? Well, now, fasten your pulley at the head of the stairs, and ten men down here can snake the barrel up in no time. Where's your tackle?"

By this time the crowd had increased to twenty, and was pretty evenly divided between a dead lift through one of the front windows and a pulley at the top of the stairs; but the man who suggested the skids had a very loud voice, and was determined to carry his point. Taking off his coat, he said:

"I know what I am talking about, and I say that I can skid that barrel up there alone. You just wait a minute."

He crossed the street to an unfinished building and returned with a couple of 2x4 scantlings and laid them down on the stairs, and the crowd now numbered fifty.

"You want this barrel on the third floor, do you?" he asked of the little man.

"Yes—but—but—"

"But what?"

"Why, I was going to wait for my wife to get the clothes horse out of the upper hall. She's all ready now, and I'll take it up."

And the little man shouldered the barrel and trotted briskly up the stairs between the skids. It was empty!—Detroit Free Press.

### The Confiding Tabby.

In 1877 I was absent from Madras for two months, and left in my quarters three cats, one of which, an English tabby, was a very gentle and affectionate creature. During my absence the quarters were occupied by two young gentlemen, who delighted in teasing and frightening the cats. About a week before my return, the English cat had kittens, which she concealed behind book shelves in the library. On the morning of my return I saw the cat and petted her as usual, and then left the house for about an hour. On returning to dress I found that the kittens were located in a corner of my dressing room, where previous broods had been deposited and nursed. On questioning the servant as to how they came there, he at once replied, "Sir, the old cat taking each one in her mouth brought them here." In other words, the mother had carried them one by one in her mouth from the library to the dressing room, where they lay quite exposed. I do not think that I have heard of a more remarkable instance of reasoning and affectionate confidence in an animal, and I need hardly say that the latter manifestation gave me a very great pleasure. The train of reasoning seems to have been as follows: "Now that my master has returned there is no risk of the kittens being injured by the young savages in the house so I will take them out for my protector to see and admire, and keep them in the corner in which all my former pets have been nursed in safety."—Nature.

### It Wouldn't Work.

It was in the job room. The foreman had just put into type an elaborate "job," and was stepping back to take a squint at the "justification." A little in his rear was an open elevator way. The office boy, fresh from school, took in the situation with the wonderful but acknowledged intuition of the newly graduated scholar. He had heard of Michael Angelo in the great dome of St. Peter's stepping back, back, all unconscious in his wrapt admiration of his beautiful creation, that in another instant he would be over the staging's verge, to be dashed to pieces on the marble floor below. He remembered that at this juncture an assistant flung a paint brush steeped in paint full drive at the master's fresco, destroying its beauty with one fell strake. He thought how the great man rushed to save his darling painting, thus preserving his own life. Quick as thought, the office boy seized a mallet and threw it at the laborious job, knocking it into pi. But, alas! how differently are great minds are affected by circumstances so nearly the same. The foreman didn't rush at the upset type, crying "My poor job!" No, he turned right round and—discharged the boy.—Boston Transcript.

The hen, like the amateur at billiards, depends principally upon the scratch.