

ASHLAND



TIDINGS.

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

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The Highest Market Price,
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Anywhere in town,
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I have constantly on hand the very best SADDLE HORSES, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.
And can furnish my customers with a tip-top turnout at any time.
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On reasonable terms, and given the best attention. Horses bought and sold and satisfaction guaranteed in all my transactions.
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We are now receiving our New Spring Stock, and everyday will witness additions to the largest stock of

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Ever brought to this market. We desire to say to every reader of this paper, that if

Standard Goods!

Sold at the Lowest Market Prices, will do it, we propose to do the largest business this season, ever done in Ashland; and we can positively make it to the advantage of every one to call upon us and test the truth of our assertions. We will spare no pains to fully maintain the reputation of the House, As the acknowledged

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Flannels, Blankets, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Clothing, always on hand and for sale at lowest prices.

The highest market prices paid for

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Are invited to send in their orders and are assured that they

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A Bold Crime.

Reading the highly special and illustrated stories that adorn a certain class of weekly papers, one involuntarily smiles at the idea of the people of this wide-awake and practical age swallowing the stuffs gives them under the head of mysterious murders, strange elopements and monstrous abductions. Yet, one could barely be found that reads more romantically than an incident that occurred within this State last month, in daylight, and a thickly populated part of the city, and which has been kept out of the papers, excepting the Herald, which had a mistaken account of a supposed elopement, retracted the following day, when the young lady was found to be at home. The following are the facts given the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer by an acquaintance of the family:

There is living in the upper part of this city a gentleman whose name as a druggist is known throughout this country, and most favorably, who has amassed a fortune in his business, and, with his wife, occupies a high social position. Near them resides, with her parents, a favorite niece, who not long since made her debut in society, and whom her relatives referred to delighted to bring out at their frequent receptions and introduce to their friends. The young lady, Miss W., is very charming, not at all a beauty, but possessed of a sweet, intelligent face, refined manners and a musical voice. Without being at all conspicuous, she is one of those girls that people involuntarily turn to look at. Yet in her demeanor she seeks to avoid attention, and of firmness or loudness there is not a suspicion about her.

Early last Fall, Miss W. began to receive letters in a gentleman's handwriting, and signed with an evidently assumed name. The author of them expressed passionate love and admiration for the young lady, begging she would permit him to make himself known to her by her wearing some flower on a certain day, or showing in some way that she was willing to hear him plead his cause. These letters were almost violent in their expressions of love, and were evidently penned by a foreigner, unappreciative of the force of the English language. Miss W. had not the slightest idea of their source, but was alarmed by their frequency and tone. Telling her family, she was not allowed to go out alone after dusk, and a sharp watch was kept for the mysterious lover. For some months this lasted, and then the epistles ceased altogether; vigilance was relaxed and the episode nearly forgotten. On a certain evening, Mr. —, the uncle, was to give an elegant reception in honor of his niece's birthday, and it was duly arranged, that she should come early and dine with them, staying the remainder of the night.

On the afternoon of the same day Miss W. sought her room to lay out her toilet for the occasion, and then dress. An exquisite cream-colored satin dress, with lace was brought out, and its various accessories in the way of jewelry, slippers, gloves, etc. The young lady began to disrobe herself prior to dressing, and had taken off collar, cuffs and ornaments, when she suddenly remembered she had no flowers suitable for the dress.

Knowing that, by crossing over to Sixth avenue, close to the Reservoir Park, and only a short distance, she could get them at a florist's, she hurriedly slipped on her fur-lined cloak and hat, and left the house. It was then five o'clock, and perfectly light. Hurrying along she was soon at the store, where she purchased a generous handful of Marshal Neil roses, and started to cross Fortieth street, where she must wait for a few moments while the other dramatics persons are brought forward. No one in the house of Mr. W. had heard the young lady go out, and it was not until the carriage came for her, at close to six o'clock, that her mother visited her sleeping apartment to see if she was ready. To her astonishment there lay the reception dress ready to put on, and the articles of toilet on the bureau evidently recently taken off, but no daughter, and searching the house for her proved in vain.

Thinking she might have gone out on an errand and been detained, the mother waited until nearly seven, when feeling something was wrong, she sent for her husband, and he at once went to the uncle's, hoping to find she had been there, but without result. Eight o'clock came, and by that time telegrams were sent to fifty different families where Miss W. visited, and the police stations were notified. At nine o'clock nearly a hundred people were looking for her, and both houses plunged into the greatest consternation. At ten o'clock Miss W. entered her father's house, pale as death, trembling in every limb, and escorted by a gentleman acquaintance. Some stimulant was given her, when, as soon as she gained tolerable composure, she told the following remarkable story:

Coming along Fortieth street rapidly, fearing she would not have time to dress, she noticed a close couple with a single horse drawn up against the sidewalk, and by it standing two men. As she was about to pass them, one stopped her to ask if she could tell him where a certain party lived. As he spoke the

other advanced close to her, and before she could reply she was lifted into the coupe, and something held over her mouth. What it was she could not tell, but it is supposed to have been a sponge dipped in chloroform. At any rate, she says that while unable to call out she was conscious that the men were driving rapidly and turning many corners. When they stopped one of the men drew her cloak up over her head and tightly across her face, and the two lifted her out and carried her into a house, when they allowed the cloak to fall off, and she was in a richly furnished room, where a table was spread with wine and delicacies, as if for some entertainment.

One of the men then left, and the other, advancing to her, said: "Have you received a number of letters this Winter from a stranger?" "Yes," she had. "Well, I am the man who sent them, and I am the man who will be made your husband in an hour. I do not like forced marriages, therefore you must consent, and when the minister comes do not betray that it is unexpected. I give you your chance. Agree to marry me, and you shall not regret it; refuse, and you will never leave this house alive. You shall have one hour to think it over, and here is wine if you wish refreshment. Do not waste your time thinking about escape, for you are bolted and barred in." So saying, and despite her piteous remonstrances, the modern brigand left the room, locking the door after him.

For some time the girl sat numb with terror, and then summing up her energies, she rose and examined the room, which was evidently the back parlor of a large house. The doors were securely locked, and advancing to the windows Miss W. tried one; it was nailed up. The other was approached, and to her joy, she saw the lock on it was broken, and gently opening it, found herself on an iron balcony, some ten feet from the ground, and with spikes across the top. Hope and excitement gave her courage. She drew out her long heavy cloak, pushed a spike through one end of it, and, though at the expense of some hands, climbed over the railing and let herself down within a few feet of the ground, which she lit on safely, and away she ran, down a narrow alleyway into the street, losing her wits in her fright, and turning first one corner and then another, until she saw a street car; this she hailed, and found, after getting on, it was an Eighth avenue car, and the lower part of the city. She rode up this to Forty-second street, where she got off and started on a run for home. In passing the Rossmore Hotel, she met one of the friends telegraphed to, and alarmed at her condition, he hailed a carriage and took her home, and so ended one of the most mysterious abductions ever made in New York.

The detectives have been looking for the parties ever since, and several arrests have been made; but Miss W., who says she could identify her abductors, has failed to so far, and unluckily cannot describe the house, as she had no view of it from the outside.

Wolves in Russia.

Their number in European Russia is estimated at about 200,000 head; and it scarcely need be said the havoc they make every year is immense. Information collected by the Imperial Statistical Bureau shows that in the year 1873 the damage so caused in forty-five governments of the Empire amounted in value to 7,500,000 roubles, or about \$1,250,000 sterling. The losses are believed, too, to be vastly underestimated. The value of live stock varies immensely in different parts of Russia, and the official estimate is said to have been based on much too low an average per head. In one district of the government of Perm it was reported that no damages had been caused by wolves, although it was a well known fact that over 3,000 head of reindeer belonging to the nomads had been destroyed by wolves in a single night there. In this and in some other instances there was an obvious desire on the part of the peasants to conceal the facts. The destruction is not confined to cattle. In Kazan it is estimated 11,000 head of geese are thus carried off every year, and in Kaluga, 2,000 head. Besides large numbers of camels, horses, and ponies; 100,000 dogs are thus destroyed every year by wolves. In taking these figures into account, it certainly does not appear an exaggerated estimate that the value of the live stock and domestic animals destroyed by wolves in Russia exceeds 15,000,000 roubles every year; and if to this be added the frightful destruction of reindeer belonging to the nomad tribes from the same cause, the total becomes enormously increased. The annual loss of human life by wolves is about 150 of all ages.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake wants policemen to be employed at the police station in New York, as they are in Saxony. She bases her suggestion on the fact that among the hundreds of women who are arrested many are crazy or ill, and need other attention than the policemen can render them. She would have the policemen strong, healthy women, of good physique, and paid the same as policemen.

There are 800 potteries in the United States.

Chinese Tales.

Some of the stories have now and then a European touch about them, but they are so mixed up with a peculiar kind of witchcraft and with competitive examinations, that the differences are far greater than the resemblances. These two things, at first sight so inconsistent, are frequently combined in a curious way. We find ghosts and spirits aiding a dull fellow to take his degree. In the first story in the book the post of guardian angel or tutelary deity to a certain town is given after a competitive examination. In many of the tales, however, it is love and witchcraft that are combined. Thus in the story of "The Laughing Girl," we have the hero Wang picking up a sprig of plum blossom which the heroine had dropped at the feast of lanterns. He treasures it up and wastes away for love of her just as if he were a modern hero. The priests are called in by his mother just to see whether the youth is bewitched. He sets off for the hill country in hope of meeting with the girl again, and takes with him the dried up sprig of plum blossom. He discovers, almost buried under the luxuriant growth of trees and flowers, a small hamlet in a valley. At the doors of one of the houses were some graceful willow trees, and inside the wall were peach and apricot trees, with tufts of bamboo between them and birds chirping on the branches. He heard a sweet toned voice and by him passed a girl with a bunch of apricot flowers in her hands and occupied in putting hair pins into her downcast head. It was the beautiful Ying-ning, of whom he was in search, and who turned out to be a relation of his. Wang shows her the dead flower which he had treasured up. "Its dead," said she; "why do you keep it?" "You dropped it at the feast of lanterns," replied Wang, "and so I kept it." He explained to her that it was a proof of his love.

"You needn't make such a fuss about a trite," she replied. "I'll give orders to supply you with a whole basketful of flowers when you leave." Wang told her that she did not understand. He said: "I didn't care for the flower itself; it was the person who picked the flower." "Of course," answered she, "everybody cares for their relations. You needn't have told me that." "I wasn't talking about ordinary relations," said Wang, "but about husbands and wives." "What's the difference," asked Ying-ning. "Why," replied Wang, "husband and wife are always together." "Just what I should like," cried she, "to be always with anybody."

Wang marries her but is troubled by his wife's immoderate laughter. He learns that her mother has been a kind of witch. In many of these stories we read of foxes who had the power of changing themselves into the shape of human beings. From such a fox Ying-ning was said to be sprung. She owns to him that she was the daughter of a fox, and that for the ten years before her marriage she had been brought up under the charge of the disembodied spirit of an old woman. Her foster-mother's body was lying unburied and she begs her husband to appease the discontented shade. They find her bones amidst a thicket of brambles and bury them in the family vault. That night the old woman's spirit came to thank her foster daughter.

"The Magic Path" is as curious a story as it is true. A scholar named Kuo one night loses his way among the hills. He hears the sound of laughter, and going in the direction of the sound he finds some ten or a dozen persons sitting on the ground drinking. He asks them to show him his way, but they press him to join them. He tosses off the bunpers so fast that he was at once voted to be a jolly good fellow. He was very clever in imitating the notes of the birds and did it so well that for a time he deceived his companions. After a while he imitated a parrot and cried, "Mr. Kuo is very drunk you had better see him home." They said that they would first show him a few acrobatic feats.

They all arose, and one of them planting his feet firmly, a second jumped up on his shoulders, a third on to the second's shoulders, and a fourth on to his, until it was too high for the rest to jump up, and accordingly they began to climb as though it had been a ladder. When they were all up, and the top-most head seemed to touch the clouds, the whole column bent gradually down until it lay along the ground, transformed into a path. Kuo remained for some time in a state of alarm, and then setting out along the path ultimately reached his home.

The next day he revisited the spot, but though he saw the remains of a feast lying about there was no sign of a path.

It is getting easier and easier to get up a row in a church. Samuel J. Horton, steward, has sued Rev. William W. Maguire, pastor of the Methodist Church of Lawrence, L. I., for \$1,000 damages for slander, the minister having asserted there was a deficiency of \$4 in Horton's accounts. The woman in this case has not presented herself yet.

The first Presidential candidate was mentioned by Tennyson, who in one of his earliest poems sang: "At eve the beetle boometh."

A Ghastly Gallows Scene.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—J. M. Stone, the wife murderer, was executed here to-day. The attending circumstances were sensational in the highest degree. Stone was awakened about 6 A. M. and at a hearty breakfast. The morning was spent with two colored and one white ministers in his cell singing hymns and praying. The condemned man expressed himself willing to die and believed he was going to heaven. Shortly after 12 o'clock Sheriff Crocker entered his cell and read the death warrant and at 12:55 P. M. the procession to the scaffold was formed. Stone walked between two turnkeys followed by the officers and attending clergymen. His bearing was rather dignified as he emerged from the jail corridor into the enclosure, where a scaffold was erected. He glanced curiously at the instrument of death but never quailed, ascending the gallows with a firm step. There he spoke a few words in a low tone to Dr. Rankin, who said to the hundred of spectators, "he wishes me to say he dies at peace with the world in full hope of meeting his Savior." Stone was observed to be neatly dressed in a black broadcloth suit with a spotless linen turn over collar and black necktie. Prayer was offered and a portion of the scriptures read, during which he listened with close attention, bowing his head reverently during prayer. He then bade good-bye to those about him; the noise and black cap was adjusted and the spring touched. He shot like a flash through the trap, falling to the ground heavily. There was a general cry of horror and intense excitement prevailed. Those nearest to the scaffold then began to realize what had happened. His head had been cut from his body, as cleanly as if done with an ax, and rolled two or three feet from the body. Blood spirted high on the uprights of the scaffold. Of course death was instantaneous. The rope was amply stout to bear him, who weighed 180 pounds, and the drop was not too long; but he had a small neck for so large a body, and it was supposed this was the cause of the decapitation.

Physicians were alone immediately allowed to approach the remains, Dr. McWilliams being first to feel for pulsation in the corpse. Dr. Crook removed the head from its black envelopment. The heart beat for five minutes and the lips moved slightly. After being picked up it was found that a remarkable clean cut just below the chin, and passing close under the ears, had severed the head just under the last vertebra. An iron cot was procured and the body placed on it, while Drs. Carroll, Morgan and Crook, under the direction of Dr. McWilliams, sewed the head on. In the course of this operation it was perceived that the skin was peculiarly thin and tender, being no more difficult to pierce with a needle than an infant's. Under the skin there was a larger offset or adipose tissue about an inch in thickness, while the spine was remarkably slender. Bleeding was singularly slight for with the exception of the streams which spirted from the neck and be-spattered the scaffold in all directions, not more than a quart was shed. Drs. Noble, Young, Eliot, Newlan and other experienced physicians made a careful examination of the body while still dismembered and pronounced it a truly extraordinary instance of weakness of tissue in a vigorous looking middle-aged adult. The body was turned over to his friends for burial.—Rochester Herald.

A Fifty-One Million Millionaire.

It was announced in the Bee a few days since, by telegraph from New York, that W. H. Vanderbilt had invested \$51,000,000 of the sum he had received for his railroad interests in U. S. four per cent. bonds, and that he had several millions more coming from the syndicate, which, when received, he would also thus invest. The annual interest on \$51,000,000 is \$2,040,000, or \$5,866 per day all the year round. It is probable that this Vanderbilt is the richest man in the United States, ready cash considered. And then what is he happier than the man who has a competence earned by daily toil? Can he live better or with greater ease? And is such vast wealth in individual hands dangerous to the Republic? To all these questions "no" seems to be the proper answer. Men who accumulate so much money, or men who can take care of so much money, are merely money worms. They have no ambition beyond grabbing the cash. They are not ambitious to rule or ruin a land. Their soul has gone out into the coin which is their god, and there it has been forever lost. And on coin men cannot found a family. The Rothschilds may have done so, and Vanderbilt is probably making the attempt, but history contains few, if any, instances where the effort so to do has succeeded. On land, in countries where, as in England, the laws of primogeniture and entail are established, families can be and have been founded, but on personal property never—or hardly ever. So long, then, as the people who cultivate the land own the land they cultivate there can be no danger to the Republic, no matter how many Vanderbilts there may be among us or how much money they may control.—Sacramento Bee.

Prest for time—mummies.

Words Upon Dying Lips.

Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, began ~~her~~ ~~last~~ ~~days~~ ~~and~~ ~~difficulties~~ ~~that~~ ~~were~~ ~~surrounding~~ ~~her~~ ~~bold~~ ~~measures~~ ~~and~~ ~~prudence~~ ~~died~~ ~~exclaiming~~ "All my possessions for a moment of time."

George IV. met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Walter Waller, on whose arm he leaned, he said: "Whatty, what is this? It is death, my boy, and they have deceived us."

The Danish sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried, "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away.

Henry VIII., who altered the whole course of monastic life in Europe, exclaimed, "Monks! monks! monks!"

Edward VI., the wan boy king, with his fast fading eyes, commended his soul to God: "Lord, take my spirit;" and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said, "Then I am safe," and was silent forever.

The last word of Charles I. on the scaffold to Archbishop Juxon was, "Remember!" referring to his desire that his son Charles should forgive his father's murderers.

Anne Boleyn, in the same situation, clasped her fair neck, saying, "It is small, very small," and Sir Thomas More said, as he yielded himself to the executioner, "By my coming down, let me shift for myself."

Joan of Arc, at the stake, ended her eventful, stormy life with our Savior's name upon her lips, as brave as Gen. Wolfe, who, dying in the midst of victory on the battlefield, and hearing of the enemy's retreat, cried: "What! do they run already? Then I die happy;" or Sir Philip Sidney, after he had relinquished the draught of water to an humble comrade, though parched with thirst, turned him over to die, saying, "Let me behold the end of this world with all its vanities."

Mirabeau desired to die while delicious strains of music floated on the air, but his last utterance was a demand for laudanum, to drown pain and consciousness.

Mozart's last words were: "Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight." But Haydn, for grief of his art, cried, "God preserve my Emperor."

Alfred's sympathetic nature displayed itself in "Clasp my hand, dear friend, I die." Goethe cried: "Light, more light," Tasso, "Intus unanos, Domine," Byron, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last; I must sleep now." And those who saw his embalmbed body in 1824, when brought to England from Missolonghi, in the Florida, and removed to Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in Great George street, where the coffin was opened, describe the face of marble whiteness, the expression that of stern quietude, lying wrapped in his blue cloth cloak, the throat and head uncovered, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with gray, clustering over the temples, the profile of exceeding beauty.

Boileau congratulated himself, as he closed his eyes upon this world, upon the purity of his works, saying, "It is a great consolation to a poet about to die that he has never written anything injurious to virtue," and Sir Walter Scott little thinking his end so near, said, "I feel as if I were myself again."

Dr. Johnson, the rough, kind heart who loved a good hater, died as he said to Miss Morris, "God bless you, my dear."

Washington at Mt. Vernon, cried "It is well."

Franklin's last words were: "A dying man can do nothing easily."

Mme de Staël, whose trial was her enforced absence from her native land, died saying: "I have loved my God, my God, my father, and my liberty."

Hannah Moore's last words were "Patty—joy! Grotius, 'Be serious'; Haller, 'The artery ceases to beat.' Adams, 'Independence forever'; Jefferson, 'I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country'; Locke to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms, 'Cease now,' and poor Lamb, after the most sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend, 'My bed-fellows are cramp and cough—we three sleep in a bed.'

Bishop Brington's last words were: "Let the earth be filled with His glory;" Archbishop Sharpe, "I shall be happy;" Bishop Ken, "God's will be done;" Farr, Grammer, Hooper and George Herbert, "Lord, receive my spirit;" and these are but few of many such.

The Prince Consort confirmed the impression that prevails that the dying have sometimes a foretaste of coming happiness. "I have such sweet thoughts," were his last words.

When a man tells you he doesn't believe the Bible, quote something from Aristotle or Shakespeare, and ask in which portion of the Scriptures the same passage occurs, and ten to one he will assure you that he has often read it in the sacred book, but he cannot recall the chapter and verse.

Some chickens at Folsom obtained access to a bowl of egg-nog and became drunk. Had they been human, they would probably have done the same thing.