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MEETING OF COURTS, ETC.

The Supreme Court of Oregon meets at Salem, regular terms commencing on the first Mondays in March and October.

The Circuit Court for the First Judicial District sets in Jackson county on first Mondays in April, September and December. In Klamath county on second Monday in June and first Monday in November. In Lake county on the third Monday in May and the second Monday in October. In Josephine county on first Mondays in March and August.

For Jackson county the County, Probate and Commissioners' courts meet every month, commencing with the first Monday; for Josephine county, the first Monday in January, April, July and September; for Lake county, every alternate month, commencing the first Monday in January; for Klamath county, the first Wednesday in March, June, September and November.

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

VOL. XIII. ASHLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1889. NO. 46.

For Sale.

One horse, a spring wagon, top buggy, harness and hay. Apply to—
MRS. A. DE PEATT.
Ashland, Oregon.

A good span of mules for sale—or will trade for horses. Inquire at Ashland feed store, Pioneer store block. *

It Is True.

Oregon is a great country but something is radically wrong in the agriculture department. We think the trouble is that too much attention is paid to wheat growing, and not enough to other affairs. We import butter from Iowa and California; vegetables from the latter; apples from Ohio and New York; eggs from Iowa and Illinois; ham, bacon, lard and canned meats from Chicago; canned tomatoes and fruits from California; canned corn from Maine—where it is planted with a shotgun and raised with a jackscrew—we ship wool and import woolen goods, ship hides and import leather, and so on the entire list. One half of the farmers in the state buy their bacon and lard, and many of them their butter, and right here in The Dalles we ship wheat and import flour. In other branches it is the same. We import almost all of our hardware (a few stoves being made in the state), all of our agricultural implements, wagons, buggies, harness, leather. We import lumber in the shape of wagon material, etc., bringing it from Illinois that has no timber and is forced to import it, to Oregon that has a million acres of the best timber land in the world. We ship tallow and import soap. In fact there is not a single industry in the state except that of wheat raising that is worked to the point of supplying the home markets, and yet we cry out for protection and complain about hard times. We blindly go raising wheat, the article giving the smallest percentage of profit, for no reason apparently than that one man can raise more acres of it than of anything else. The fact that we prosper at all is due to the extraordinary prolificness of the soil, but we can never expect to have a thrifty class of farmers as long as a great portion of them raise wheat and ship it 17,000 miles to market, to get money to send 1500 miles from home to buy bacon and eggs.—[Wasco Co. Sun.

Young Fruit Trees.

My experience would indicate the planting of very young fruit trees, the younger the better. Dormant buds are the best. I see large quantities of trees shipped in here from the nurseries of the upper country, that are two or three years old and even older. Trees like these have too large a top to support for the amount of fibrous roots they contain, and in order to be made to live must necessarily be cut back, very much to the detriment of the tree. It may look like a slow way to get fruit, to plant the dormant buds, but in a few years the dormant buds will be far ahead of the two and three-year-old trees. I have tested the dormant buds and know what I am talking about. In March, 1886, I put out a small orchard. I used all dormant buds except eighteen trees. These were one and two year trees. Some of my trees from the buds are now three times the size of the older ones, and by far the best shaped and thriftiest trees, and bear more and larger fruit. I have peach trees planted as above, from dormant buds, that are over twelve feet high. The Idea is just this. The roots get a good start before there is any drain on them from the top. If you get a good root you will have a good tree, but without it you never will. If any person doubts this theory let them come to my places, three and one-half miles east of Paso Robles, on the Huer Huero, and I will try and convince them, and not charge a cent for the trouble. —[W. G. Gufy, in Paso Robles Leader.

After a career of thirty-one years, marked by few successes and many failures, the Great Eastern has finally ceased to exist. This huge vessel cost $4,250,000 to build, but was recently sold for $100,000. Having been broken up, her component parts have now found buyers at prices amounting in the aggregate to $250,000.

A FEW ARMY STORIES.

The War Experiences of a Young Vermonter.

I recently listened to some very interesting stories about Major George W. Burleson, who is collector of the port of St. Albans, Vermont. Burleson was sixteen years old the 19th of March before he enlisted in May, 1861, as a member of company K, 6th Vermont. He was a very conscientious boy and also very patriotic. When the captain asked him his age he said: "I will be 19 the 19th of March." Some of the companies of his regiment participated in the battle of Big Bethel, one of the very first fought in 1861. Burleson's company was not ordered out to participate in that battle. He did not like the idea of staying in camp. In the company next to his there was a vacancy caused by one of the men being sent to the hospital. Without saying anything Burleson strapped on his accoutrements, took his gun and joined the company that was going to the fight. When some distance out the captain seeing the stranger with the company said:

"Where are you going, sir?"

"With this company, sir."

"Why?"

"Because its my company."

"No. You belong to company K."

The lad looked around surprised and said, "Why, isn't this company K?"

"No, sir; this is company E."

The captain rather gruffly asked, "What do you propose to do sir?"

"Well captain, if it does not make any difference to you, I would like to go along with this company."

"But we are going to have a fight."

"Well captain, that is what I enlisted for. I did not enlist to hang around camp when there was fighting going on."

"All right, you can go."

In the fight no man in company E was braver or fired more rounds than the 16-year-old boy. When he returned to camp he took his place in his own company, an officer approached him, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Burleson, you are under arrest."

"May I ask what I am under arrest for."

"You are charged with desertion."

"Oh, that cannot be; I have not deserted."

"But that is the charge against you. You have been absent, from the company without leave the last three or four days. Where were you?"

"I went with company E and have had a chance to do some fighting."

"Can you prove it?"

"I will see when the trial comes off."

At the court martial he told his story and some of the officers of the court questioned its truth and asked him how he could prove that he was in the battle.

"Well, sir, if you will send for the captain of company E, I think he will tell you that I was there."

The captain soon put in an appearance and was asked if he knew that soldier.

"Yes sir, I know him very well. His name is Burleson, and he belongs to company K."

"How do you know him, captain?"

"Well, he was with me several days and I saw him fight in the battle of Big Bethel, and no man in my company did better than that boy."

At that point in the proceedings the major of the 6th Vermont looked at Burleson and said, "You look very young, sir; how old are you?"

"I was 16 years old on the 19th of last March."

"Hold on there, hold on, Burleson," said his captain. "When I enlisted you, you told me that you were 19 last March."

"Oh, no, captain you are mistaken; I did not tell you anything of the kind.'

"But you did, sir."

"I did not, sir."

"Well, what did you tell me?"

"I told you that I would be 19 the 19th of March. I did not say what year, but I will tell you now that it will be three years from the 19 of last March."

It is hardly necessary to say that the young soldier was not taken out and shot for desertion. He was returned to his company, discharged from arrest. Three nights afterwards, while the regiment was on a dress parade, the adjutant of the 6th Vermont read a special order making George W. Burleson a sergeant in company K.

Colonel Barney, of the 6th Vermont, was a man of great piety. He had prayers at headquarters every day. In one of the battles on the Peninsula, in 1862, the rebels surprised the brigade of which the 6th Vermont was a part and came down upon the Yankees like a torrent. Colonel Barney had great difficulty in preserving his line of battle. He went up and down the regiment swearing like a pirate; but his regiment held its ground and repulsed the rebels, and that evening he said to young Burleson, who was a neighbor of his in Vermont, and who knew the family well: "Well, George, we drove them back handsomely, didn't we?"

"We did that, Colonel, but I never was so surprised in my life as I was to hear you swear."

"What! hear me swear? I never swear."

"But, Colonel, you swore terribly."

"Why, you are mistaken, I never swear."

Just then one of the lieutenants of the regiment came along and Sergeant Burleson asked if he noticed anything peculiar about the Colonel in the battle.

"I did, and so did all of us."

"What was it," asked the Colonel.

"You swore like an old stager. I don't know a man in the regiment who swore as badly as you did at that fight."

Poor Colonel Barney sat down and cried like a child. By the way, this Colonel Barney won promotion and in the battle of Chancellorsville he commanded a division and was one of the commanders who did not return back across the Rapppahannock when Hooker's army retreated. Virginia's soil drank his blood and his spirit went direct from the battle-field of Chancellorsville to heaven—even if he did swear in the battle on the Peninsula.

Are you tired listening to the talk about Burleson? Of course not.

Well, while the armies were doing nothing, Sergeant Burleson and another sergeant made a tour in search of plums. They got quite a distance from the regiment and while crossing a bridge, and had reached the center of it, a dozen men arose and in an emphatic manner said, "Surrender, Yanks." The two sergeants, faced as though intending to run, when they saw at the other end of the bridge a dozen more Johnnies, who indulged in the same language, but with more emphasis, and the clicking of two dozen muskets had the desired effect. The young Vermonters surrendered and were taken into the presence of Guerrilla Mosby. Mosby did not care to be hampered with prisoners, so he said to Sergeant Burleston. "Give me your parole of honor that you will never do any more fighting against the Confederacy and I will let you go."

"I shall give you no parole, Captain Mosby."

"Why not?"

"Because when I am a free man again I shall fight for my country and against the Confederacy. I am in your power, do with me as you please, but when I do get away, and I give you timely notice that I will get away, unless you kill me, I shall return to my regiment and do my duty as a soldier."

Mosby extended his hand and warmly grasped that of the Vermonter, saying, "That's right, sir; you are my style of a man." He remained with Mosby three days and then made his escape, but while he was with him he fared as well as Mosby himself.

One of the men in Captain Burleson's company, Walker, was a slow thinking, slow speaking, awkward fellow, but not lacking in physical courage. Walker moved along in the charge as unconcerned as though he was hunting for the cows on the mountains of Vermont, when a minnie ball struck him in the knee. He wheeled around like a top, and then, taking hold of his hit leg with both of his hands, said: "Captain, oh, Captain, just look at that; that fellow has knocked the stuffin' out o' my leg, and I knew he would do it all the time." That wound up poor Walker's career as a soldier.

Another man in that Vermont company was Pierce, who, before the war, had spent several years on the frontier as an Indian fighter. He had his own rifle, molded bullets for it, and was never better pleased than when his company was ordered on to the skirmish line. Pierce looked out to protect himself, but his every shot counted. One day he had been busily engaged molding bullets; he had not spoken for a long time. Coolly holding the bullets in his left hand, he counted them off with the index finger of the right, saying, "Boys, here are nine bullets. The next battle we go into, provided I am sent out on the skirmish line, nine 'Johnnie Rebs' will get hurt, for I am going to make all these count." One day while they were on the skirmish line, Price said to Burleson, "Captain do you see that Johnnie over there? I know he is an officer. Captain, you just keep your eye on that fellow," and bringing his rifle to his shoulder, sent a bullet flying after the Confederate company commander. He fell, and while Pierce was reloading his gun, said, "Captain if you run on to that fellow you look over his right eye and you will see my X mark," and sure enough that was where he was hit.

I think it was at Gettysburg that Pierce and an old genius named Durfy, were lying together under a heavy fire. Durfy was one of those characters who was always on the off side; quarreled with the man who marched in front of him and the man who marched behind him; quarreled with his tent mate. He was all right except he seemed to fatten on his disposition to quarrel and make it unpleasant for the rest of the boys, but he was a brave man. A good many of the company said the trouble with Durfy was that he had not been supplied with the proper amount of brains. While he was lying there by the side of Pierce a canister ball hit him in the head, scattering Pierce's face full of the poor fellow's brains. Pierce drew his hands over his face and gathered up the substance, cooly looked at it and said: "Well, I declare, who would have thought that that poor fellow had as much brains as this?"

In one of the battles in which the 6th Vermont participated they held a position that was made miserable by the constant firing of the rebel battery. A number of men had been killed and a still greater number wounded by the battery. Finally the colonel sent to Capt. Burleson and said, "Send me your man Pierce." Pierce reported to the colonel with his rifle.

"Pierce do you see that battery over there?"

"Yes, I see it and have heard it, and have been trying to dodge its shot and shell the last two hours."

"Do you think you can pick off some of those cannoneers?"

"Colonel, if you let me have my own way I will silence those guns in half an hour."

"All right, sir, have your own way."

Pierce crept down as close to the battery as possible and wedged himself in between two large rocks, where he was hidden from rebel view, and commenced firing. Every shot brought down a gunner and very soon one of the guns ceased firing. Then he attacked another, and that stopped, and within twenty minutes that four-gun battery ceased to fire.

One of the lieutenants of company K, was a very brave man, but he could not learn military. He always got his commands mixed up. He was ordered to take half of the company and move out on the skirmish line. He was puzzled as to what command to give. Finally he stepped out in front and said: "Half of you fellows get out here with me, and scatter to the right and left, and move out on the skirmish line, damn quick, just as you did yesterday." The boys understood the order and executed it quickly.

The 6th Vermont remained in the service until October, 1865, or nearly four years and a half, and when it returned to Vermont, Major George W. Burleston was in command. Four years and a half before he had left home the youngest man in the regiment and his rank was that of private in the rear file.

Major Burleson studied law and was admitted to practice and has made a success in life. He is Judge Advocate General of the Vermont Department, Grand Army of the Republic, and Milwaukee extends to him a most cordial invitation to be present next August. We promise him that his good brother, the Rev. S. S. Burleson, of Sussex, shall be permitted to pass the lines and spend most of his time with him.

Here is another story about a Vermont soldier. Captain George Conger belonged to the 2d Vermont cavalry. He was one of those soldiers who seemingly were destitute of fear. He never became excited, no matter how hot the battle. At one time his regiment was completely surrounded by rebel infantry and there seemed to be no way of escape, and turning to the men Captain Conger said, "Do you want to see your homes again?" Several of them thought they did. Conger very coolly said, "Then follow me," and he fought his way through the two lines of infantry, but with terrible loss. Riding up to the general commanding his brigade, he saluted with as much coolness as though he was retiring from dress parade. "Captain Conger, where is the 2d cavalry?"

"General, the 2d cavalry has gone to hell." The fact was the 2d cavalry was nearly all killed or wounded. Captain Conger made a mistake in naming the place they had gone to.—[J. A. Watrous, in Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph.

Bargains in Millinery and Fancy goods at Mrs. Boynton's. Eggs taken in exchange for goods. *

A fresh invoice of ladies' and gentlemen's shoes, just arrived from Boston and Chicago, at McCall's. *

Baled hay delivered in any part of town by bale or ton at 65c per hundred. Inquire at Ashland Mills. x

Do you want to purchase lots, fruit lands or a farm, call on or address G. F. Billings, Ashland, Oregon.

ASHLAND TIDINGS

TO FRUIT GROWERS.

Office of Oregon State Board of Horticulture, No. 171, Second street.

PORTLAND, Or., April 10, 1889.

The necessity for immediate action in battling with the obnoxious pests that have already secured so strong a hold in many of the orchards of Oregon, prompts the "State Board of Horticulture," created by the last Legislature, and which met and organized but yesterday, to issue this bulletin, its first act toward carrying out the objects for which it has been created. The information contained in this bulletin is of necessity brief, and somewhat crude, for time will be required to enable the Board to secure that information from practicle experiments that shall be of most value to the orchardists in particular, and to the horticulturist in general.

THE CODLIN MOTH.

The Codlin moth is without question the insect that needs to be looked after first, as it is without doubt the worst pest ever introduced into the State. It is needless to write at length about the ravages of this enemy of the pear, apple and quince; those who have suffered from his acquaintance know him well; those who have been so fortunate as to escape his acquaintance will do well to use the one ounce of preventive and keep him out, and so have no need for the pound of cure. It is only by "eternal vigilance" that Oregon's reputation for the producing the "big red apple" sound and free from worms, "can be maintained." We therefore appeal not only to that first law of nature, "self preservation," but to that nobler one that stirs the heart and prompts to nobler deeds that the entire State may be benefited thereby.

REMEDIES AGAINST CODLIN MOTHS.

There are twe modes of fighting them generally made use of—one is to prevent the hatching of the egg, or the killing of the young worm while working into the fruit; the other is the catching of the worm in traps as it is escaping from the fruit, or by having the fruit eaten by hogs as soon as it drops from the tree and before the worm escapes. The first mode is without doubt the most successful, and is also the least expensive. This is accomplished by spraying the trees with London purple or Paris green, using one pound of either to one hundred and fifty gallons of water. Paris green is a compound of arsenic and copper. It is a far more powerful poison than arsenic alone, and is not soluble in water, hence it will remain much longer on the trees. London purple is another arsenical compound. It is the residue from the manufacture of aniline dye, and contains lime, arsenious acid and carbonaceous matter. It is soluble, more adhesive and less poisonous than Paris green, and therefore is to be preferred. It is better to wet the powder thoroughly and make a paste before putting it into the vessel of water that it may not form lumps. The spray is caused by forcing the liquid by means of a force pump through a fine perforated nozzel, made especially for the purpose. The finer it is the less liquid will be required. The important thing is to scatter the spray on all the fruit.

WHEN TO SPRAY.

The Codlin moth soon after the fruit sets, lays her eggs upon the calyx end of the young fruit. The grub as soon as hatched eats its way into the center of the young fruit, and there growing with its growth works its mischief. In its early state the young fruit is erect, its calyx upwards, and the least particle of poisoned water falling upon it is sufficient to destroy the young worm when it attempts to eat its way into the fruit; therefore; the best and most opportune time for spraying the trees is soon after the fruit is set, and when it is about the size of a small pea. Experience teaches, however, that it is not safe to depend upon the one early spraying to accomplish the results sought for, whether coming from a second and perhaps third crop, which many affirm and others deny, or from those that from some cause have not matured as rapidly as others, still the facts remain that in many places the Codlin moth does not sting the fruit and lay the eggs until later in the season; therefore, to obtain the best results the spraying should be continued with an interval of two weeks until the first of July, and even later than this on some late varieties. Care should be observed that vegetables are not sprayed with these mixtures, and no animals be allowed to eat the grass that has been saturated with the spray.

THE GREEN APHIS.

The use of the above mentioned sprays will be of great value to the orchard in not only ridding it of the Codlin moth, but they will also be found beneficial in freeing it from many other obnoxious insects and fungi that are a source of great annoyance and often of great danger to the trees and fruit. There are a number of mixtures that will operate successfully in exterminating the green aphis or apple tree louse, and can be used as most convenient to be procured:

First—Take ½ pound borax soap, ½ pint kerosene oil; mix in 2½ gallons hot water.

Second—1 pound of whale oil soap dissolved in three gallons hot water.

And still a third which is easily procured:

One pound of common laundry soap dissolved in sixteen gallons of hot water.

Apply any of these mixtures by means of a spray pump where the aphis begin to show themselves.

The time has arrived when every person having an orchard should be the owner of a force pump with a spray nozzle specially adapted to the work of spraying trees. Where one person has not sufficient use for a pump to justify him in buying one for himself alone, let him join with a few neighbors and get one that will serve them all. The cost of the material and the time required in applying it is small. London purple or Paris green costs but 25 cents per pound in small quantities and pumps all complete ready for use can be had from $14 to $34 each, according to size and capacity for work.

It is the desire of the Board to do all they can in accomplishing the results sought in the enactment of the law creating them, and to this end they bespeak the co-operation of every person interested in horticulture in Oregon. The secretary desires to secure the name of every fruit grower in Oregon, and to this end requests that every one to whom this knowledge shall come, will send him his name and postoffice address. He also desires that all shall write him freely relative to their experience in combatting these common enemies of the orchardist, for it is only by an interchange of experiences that the best results can be obtained. The Board will issue other bulletins relative to the treatment of the wooly aphis and other important matters of interest to all at an early day.

By order of the Board.

ETHAN W. ALLEN,
Secretary.

Ten acres of choice land near town can yet be had of E. B. Hunsaker at reasonable prices. *

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria