

# THE DEMOCRATIC NEWS.

VOL. 1.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

NO. 35.

## The Democratic News.

Published Every Saturday Morning.  
BY P. D. HULL,  
Publisher & Proprietor.  
OFFICE—On Third St. Between California and C.  
TERMS:  
Subscription, per annum, in advance, \$4 00  
Six months, \$2 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.  
In THE DEMOCRATIC NEWS will be charged at the following rates:  
First insertion, (ten lines or less) \$3 00  
For each week thereafter, \$1 00  
A liberal deduction from the above rates will be made quarterly and yearly advertisements.

JOB PRINTING.  
Every variety of Job Work executed with neatness and dispatch, at reasonable rates.

### Business Cards.



**JACKSONVILLE LODGE NO. 10**  
HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETINGS ON every Saturday evening at the Odd Fellows' Hall. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.  
FRANCIS LOGG, N. G.  
SILAS J. DAY, R. Secy.  
P. FEBREY, S. J. DAY, Wm. RAY, Trustees.  
May 1st, 1869.

**JAMES R. NEIL,**  
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,  
Third Street, (west side), between California and Main.  
Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State.

Particular attention paid to the collection of Claims against the Federal and State Governments, the Entry of Lands under the Pre-emption and Homestead Laws, and to the Entry of Mineral Lodes under the recent Act of Congress.

**C. W. KAHLER,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in the Supreme Court, District, and other Courts of this State.  
OFFICE—In building formerly occupied by O. Jacobs—opposite Court House square.

**D. L. T. DAVIS,**  
Office—On Pine street,  
Opposite the Old

**ARKANSAS LIVERY STABLE,**  
Jacksonville, Oregon.

**E. H. GREENMAN,**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
OFFICE—Corner of California and Fifth streets, Jacksonville, Oregon.  
Will practice in Jackson and adjacent counties, and attend promptly to professional calls.

**DR. A. B. OVERBECK**  
WILL PRACTICE MEDICINE AND SURGERY, and will attend promptly to all calls on professional business. His office and residence are at  
The Overbeck Hospital,  
On Oregon Street, Jacksonville, Oregon.

**JAMES D. FAY,**  
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,  
Corner of California and Fifth streets, Jacksonville, Oregon.  
Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State.

Particular attention paid to the collection of Claims against the Federal and State Governments, the Entry of Lands under the Pre-emption and Homestead Laws, and to the Entry of Mineral Lodes under the recent Act of Congress.

**O. P. S. PLUMMER, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

HAVING ESTABLISHED MY TELGRAPHIC headquarters at Jacksonville, I will spend a large portion of my time in your midst, and will attend to such surgical practice as may present, giving special attention to the surgical treatment of female maladies.  
October 24th, 1869. oct 23rd.

## A Christmas Story.

BY DIX DOBBLE.

Cold fell the snow-flakes around the home of Bertie Trafford, while the frosty air of that gloomy Christmas morning swept keenly through the partly opened window, causing Bertie to cut short her survey of the Christmas outside. It was a bleak, grey morning, and a white mantle clothed the ground, the work of the preceding night. But Bertie is in tears. She is but a child, a little one of sixteen summers, fair as a sweet little figure, and gentle eyes can make her. Tears bedew those eyes; but why? Christmas should make everybody happy. True, but Bertie has enough cause for grief. While she sits weeping by that window I will tell you. In that quiet room a mother lies, her beloved form stamped with the seal of death. While the storm king was busy whitening the ground outside the cottage, her spirit had fled, carried on angel's wings far above the white snow flakes into a better world. Six months previous a dear father had drawn his last breath, and now upon this dreary Christmas morning Bertie found herself an orphan. Alone to bear the pitiless blasts of the world, without a friend or protector; for a year had not yet found her in that lonely town, before death had cruelly torn away her beloved parents and left her in a land of strangers, with poverty as an only legacy. No wonder then that Bertie should be overwhelmed with grief upon that bleak Christmas morning. Bitter were the tears which fell down her maiden cheeks, as her utter loneliness became more intensified to her mind as she thought of her affliction. There was one. A year had fled since last he stood at her side, and she had looked up at him with the tender glow of affection upon her girlish face. He was handsome and brave—he was her Walter. But he had gone; no letter brought hope. Had he forsaken her—why did he not write, was it possible he had left her forever.

As the church bells commenced their joyous peals in honor of the day, a stranger walked hurriedly along that he was wealthy, outward appearances were most costly to testify, for he was clad in the most costly style, while a scarf of richest silk protected his chest from the keen air. He neared the cottage, and knocked at the door. Bertie opened it and stood silently awaiting his address.

"Does Mr. Trafford live here?"  
"No. He is dead."  
"Mrs. Trafford?"  
Bertie pointed quietly to the bed on which, covered by a white sheet, her beloved mother lay. The stranger was moved—his voice trembled as he spoke. Bertie! With a cry she ran to his arms. Oh, Edward, you have come at last. Yes, to share your grief. You shall no more be without a friend. I am rich, and you must go with me, as my wife. Tears flowed from their eyes as they gazed upon each other. Together they stood by the silent form of her mother, but Bertie was no longer alone in the world.

A Chicago man being asked on oath if he was married or single, said he was at breakfast time, but couldn't vouch for himself at that time of day.

## Utah.

SALT LAKE CITY, November 17.—Brigham is becoming involved in difficulties with the stockholders of the "Co-operative Association." A nominal dividend of 12 per cent. was recently declared, on the demand of some leading stockholders, who were very much dissatisfied with having received no returns upon their investments. At the meeting, Brigham stated that the dividends could not be paid over immediately, and wished the stockholders to have the amounts credited to them on the books of the concern. To this some of them demurred, and William Jennings, a wealthy Mormon merchant and a heavy shareholder, said that he objected to being swindled out of his money, and that after waiting eight months, he wanted some of the interest on his investment. Brigham grew exceedingly angry, and declared that any shareholder desiring the immediate payment of his dividend must be looked upon as having lost the spirit of the Lord, and as being on the verge of apostasy. It is thought by well informed persons that the co-operative effort cannot hold together much longer than Christmas. The ward co-operative stores are all in a state of insolvency. One shareholder applied to the Bishop to obtain the money for his share of \$50. He was informed that he had no money, but that he could have a sack of sugar. A sack of sugar can be purchased here for \$23, so that the shareholder received \$23 for the \$50 which he had invested, and no interest for the use of the money during eight months. Another prominent Mormon, William H. Shegman, has tendered his resignation as a member of the Mormon Church. He is an occasional contributor to the columns of *The Utah Magazine*, and is opposed to Brigham's measures. I have been informed that Henry Lawrence, a leading Mormon merchant, has also tendered his resignation. Mormon postmasters throughout the Territory, under instructions from Brigham, are actively engaged in suppressing *The Magazine*, so that it shall not reach subscribers. The attention of the special mail agent will be called to the matter at once. A strange story is going the rounds here concerning the notorious William Hickman. While in the State of Nevada last year, attending a horse race, he was taken dangerously sick, and requested some Josephite missionaries to baptize him. They refused, giving as a reason that if all the stories they had heard concerning him were true, he had shed too much innocent blood to ever hope for salvation. He replied that he had never shed a drop of blood upon his own account, but that the murders he had committed were at the instigation of Brigham. He was then asked how many he had killed, and replied that upon a rough calculation he thought about 400 persons had become the victims of Brigham's vengeance through his instrumentality. Hickman would make a capital witness against Brigham when one is needed. He has been looked upon as an apostate from the Mormon Church for several years past. *N. Y. Tribune.*

CURIOSITIES OF EARTH.—At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bury with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit, before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected by neither rains nor droughts. But what is the most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty six feet large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still stuck to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

## A Man Who has not Slept for Four Years.

A very singular case of wakefulness has just been brought to our notice. Joseph Herr, a cabinet maker, about sixty years of age, has not had half an hour's continuous sleep for four years. The case was thus stated to us: About four years since a daughter of Mr. Herr's became very ill, and Mr. H. watched at her bedside day and night, for six weeks, when she died. All this time he took no sleep, stating that he felt no desire for it. A few days after the death of his daughter he ran a nail into his foot, and this confined him to his bed for seven or eight weeks, not an hour of this time could he obtain sleep. After his recovery from the wound he still failed to obtain rest from sleep, and so the matter continued to go on from week to month, and from month to year. His health has suffered and he complains of great debility. He applied to a leading physician of this city, who prescribed a powerful opiate, but it had no more effect upon him than a snap of his finger. He again applied to the same physician requesting that the dose be increased. To this the physician objected, stating that it would be dangerous. He said he did not care, and another opiate was prepared strong enough, it is alleged, to put three or four ordinary men to sleep and never wake up again. This had no better effect than the first, and the physician refused to administer any more doses of that kind, but advised his patient as a last resort to get on a "high old bender." This experiment has not yet been tried, and it may be a question whether he can swallow enough liquor to produce intoxication, and soporiferousness. Mr. Herr is a sober and industrious man, but in consequence of this malady is unable to do any kind of physical labor. It is certainly a strange case. *Capital Chronicle, Boise City.*

REGULARLY SOLD.—Two gentlemen from New York, one of whom has been in California nearly a year, and the other just arrived, were accidentally overheard in the following conversation:

The new-comer was lamenting his condition, and especially his having been compelled to leave behind two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood, when he asked the other if he had a family.

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them." "After this the couple sat a few moments in silence, and the interrogator again commenced:

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Another lapse of time, and the interrogator said:

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir, so I stated it."

Another and a long pause of silence. Then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why? Was the response, 'one of them was born after I left.'"

"Oh! ah!"

And a general laugh followed.

After that the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as the man who had six children, and never saw one of them.

IRREVERENT.—The following irreverent advertising is from a White Pine paper: "And Joseph wept aloud, and he said unto his brethren: 'I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?' And his brethren answered him: 'You bet; the old man is doing bully, for he boards at the Cosmopolitan.'"

A thief out West stole the hams and shoulders of a dead hog, supposing it to have been slaughtered. The hog died of disease, which fact the owner publishes for the benefit of the thief, hoping it will not disturb his digestion.

When a California orator addresses an audience of Chinese, he has only to change one letter in the usual stereotyped mode, thus: "My yellow citizens!"

A LITTLE TOO SMART.—Old Rumsfeldt was a well to do farmer of Stewart, Tennessee. He was regular in his attendance at court at Dover, but seldom turned his face homeward until he had swallowed more whisky than his skin could well hold, or his legs conveniently carry. On one occasion he got on his level early, and about the middle of a hot July evening, started home. He had not gone far, however, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to take a nap. He dismounted from his horse, turned him loose to graze, and rolled himself into a fence corner. He was sleeping very sweetly when he was espied by a buzzard, which was sailing about in the vicinity, hunting for something to eat. Smaller and smaller grew the circles of the buzzard as he approached his victim, cautiously taking observation. At last, but still in some doubt, the bird lit on the ground near its expected feast. About this time Rumsfeldt became aware that something was going on, and he partially opened one eye; and saw the buzzard, but was still too drunk to take any active steps to drive it away. He, however, kept a close watch. The buzzard strutted round and round him, all the time inspecting Rumsfeldt closely and cautiously, to ascertain positively that Rumsfeldt was dead; he finally became satisfied that the corpse before him was indeed a carcass, and consequently "his meat," whereupon he advanced deliberately to Rumsfeldt's head and gave him a severe peck in the face. This aroused Rumsfeldt, and, striking out lazily with his hand to prevent a repetition of the attack, he exclaimed: "Look here—you're a little too smart—I ain't dead yet!"

SEND THEM IN.—If people think that the publisher of a newspaper has nothing else to do except to walk the streets and look for items of news, or go from house to house and enquire if there had been any marriages, births or deaths, they are entirely uninformed regarding the duties of that class of individuals who cater to the public. However energetic a reporter may be he will learn but little of what is going on in any locality unless he is informed by others. It is impossible to be in more than one place at a time. A newspaper man can do almost anything but is not ubiquitous. We are frequently asked why this marriage, that birth or the other birth was not published, or why we neglected to mention that some body had commenced building a house or planting trees, and we are told that some one is charged in consequence of a failure to be noticed in the press. Probably we had never heard of the event, the appearance of which in print was so anxiously looked for. If our readers know of any occurrence of interest, to the public why will they not inform us? We will publish marriages and deaths with pleasure—we do not mean that we are pleased to hear of the latter—if we are informed of the occurrence, but to canvass the community for such items is not the province of a journalist. We are always pleased to receive any local item of interest to the reading public, and will take great pleasure in reporting every passing event worthy of record, but to do so without some assistance is beyond the limits of possibility. *Vallejo Recorder.*

A Radical cotemporary says the Democratic papers are greatly outraged by the President receiving the negro minister from Hayti on equal terms with white representatives of white nations. Our cotemporary is in error. Democrats recognize the peculiar fitness and naturalness of the President to receive the orderiferous envoy from Hayti—or any other "man and brother" of the colored persuasion—on terms of official and personal equality. If the darkey can stand it, we can. *Stockton Republican.*

A pedler being asked by a spindle-shanked wag if he had any overalls, replied: "No, but I have a pair of candle-molds that would just fit you."

In some of the less refined negro tribes in Africa, when a man dies his body is cut up and sold at auction as butcher's meat.