

TALENT NEWS.

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The terrible punishment recently meted out to the Negro, Smith, in Paris, Texas, vividly calls to mind the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition as portrayed by historians. So far as the most merciless cruelty that the ingenuity of man can devise, the burning of the Negro was equal to the tortures inflicted upon martyrs to faith and science during the palmy days of the *Auto-da fe*. But when we consider the causes—the provocations—which led to such fiendish cruelty, the cases are widely different. The martyrs of the Middle Ages went to the stake, the rack and the wheel because their honest opinions and teachings concerning religion or science were obnoxious to the party in power. Assuming in theory, which we do not admit as a fact, that the Negro was sane at the time, he was punished for having committed a crime, compared with which common murder sinks into insignificance. How different this from the crime(!) of honest, intelligent opinion for which the martyrs of the "Holy Inquisition" suffered! We are attempting no defense of the people of Paris. On the contrary we pronounce the burning of that Negro as an act that would disgrace the savagest savages in "Darkest Africa" Yet here was a real provocation. An appalling crime had been committed that called for prompt punishment—death it may be, but no torture. Then what can be said of the hellish cruelties of the Inquisition for which no provocation, founded in reason and justice could be brought forward in justification? There is little doubt that that Negro was, on the one subject, a maniac; that he was controlled by a devil in the brain. Then an effectual restraint to the extent of sudden death ought to have satisfied sane human beings. Had a savage beast committed an act equally as horrible, no one would have thought of torture. The beast would have been shot as soon as found. Was that misguided wretch, for the time being, more responsi-

ble? Personally we are of opinion that the element of revenge should be eliminated from every kind of punishment.

Indeed artificial, intentional punishment might be dispensed with in nearly all—perhaps all—cases so far as human beings are concerned. Restraint, correction are words that more nearly express the proper idea. Does artificial punishment, by its example, have a greater tendency to deter others from crime than rigid restraint? It is doubtful. But *such* punishment! And in enlightened America, in the evening of the 19th. century!

Truly Bellamy's model Americans will not have far to look back, to behold their savage ancestors in all their glory!

POKEGAMA ITEMS.

Pleasant days and frosty nights.

The warm days of the past week have melted the snow on the surrounding hills and furnished an abundance of water for navigating logs down the river to Pokegama. In consequence over five hundred logs have quietly and peacefully floated into the mill-pond.

The S. P. R. R. company have made a decided improvement at the station here, having laid a foundation of rock along the track, and overlaying that with granite, which is a marked contrast to the black mud adjoining.

Mrs. Butler, who has had charge of the Co's, boarding house at the camp since last fall and who has a hotel at Montague, also one at this place, came down the first of the week to take charge of her hotel here as the mill will start up Monday, 27th.

[A full account of the drowning of three men in the Klamath on the 19th, ult, was included in these items, but as a full report of the sad affair has appeared in the other papers, a repetition would not be necessary. ED.] J. W. A

There is many a young man that is able to cut in to a fortune who cannot carve one.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Cold-blooded, merciless Science now comes forward with a protest against kissing, claiming that it is a means of transmitting microbes. It will probably take several weeks to wholly abolish the custom.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the NEWS—

As all editors are supposed to have clear heads and sympathetic hearts, I ask your honest, candid advice Concerning a very particular matter. I am a young girl seventeen years of age, a well-to-do farmer's daughter, and so far as good looks, education and general accomplishments are concerned would rank well with the other girls of like age in the little country town where I reside. I am possessed of an excessively romantic disposition which chafes at the restricted circle of my country home life.

My chief pastime is reading sensational novels, which may possibly account for my romantic nature. I am aware that the wonderful and thrilling adventures of heroes and heroines in stories are for the most part the creations of the author's fertile imagination, yet to me they have all the effect of a living reality, for we all know that there are thousands of real experiences equally as strange and interesting as any ever found in pages of fiction.

I long to leave home, cast my lot among strange people and strange scenes, and throw myself upon the ever changing tide of circumstances. By thus doing I would learn something of life, its joys and sorrows, its successes and disappointments.

I would then have something interesting to think about when old age creeps on apace. Did you ever reflect, Mr. Editor, how many women there are in this country, who are nearing or have passed the limit of "three score years and ten" whose life history would be a monotonous and uninteresting repetition of cheerless and toilsome duties of the household? If so, you will sympathize with me in my distress of mind and treat with kindness my strange aspirations. While planning this new departure I received the following letter which explains itself:

San Francisco, — — —.

Madam:

An esteemed lady relative of mine in your vicinity who writes me long and gossipy letters, refers at length to the laudable aspirations of a young lady with whom she is acquainted, and, knowing my peculiar nature, in all seriousness urges me to contrive to open up a correspondence with her, believing that such correspondence would ultimately result in increased happiness to both.

That young lady is yourself. At the earnest solicitations of my friend, I, a total stranger, write you this letter with the faintest hope of ever hearing from it again.

I am a young businessman and my letter must have a business brevity. Am a

drummer and traveling almost constantly. Studious and observing, I spend much of my leisure time during these long journeys in writing up my strange and varied experiences. How pleasant my occupation would be if I had a confiding companion—one nearer than a friend. My salary is large enough to justify the expense.

I long for a response to this, as I am already wonderfully interested in you.

Very respectfully,

I replied to the above letter. I just couldn't help it. And the correspondence has continued for weeks. He now wants me to meet him in San Francisco, of course offering to send me money to go. Now, Mr. Editor, what would you advise me to do?

Answer—We think we understand your case exactly. Experience—romantic experience—is what you want. Go at once.

Leave home, friends, relatives. All this will be romantic and intensely gratifying "to think over" in years to come. You will probably capture enough romantic(?) experience in a year or two to last a lifetime. Go! Cast your bark on the "tide of circumstances." This tide has all sorts of ebbs and flows. Then drummers are such splendid fellows! Always keep their promises—and more too!

But, as a slight remuneration for this advice, we shall expect you to contribute to the NEWS from time to time interesting accounts of your varied experiences.

We're sure your letters will be capital reading.

FIRST CLASS JOB

PRINTING

NEXTLY DONE
AT THE
NEWS
OFFICE.
PRICES

TO SUIT THE HARD TIMES.

GIVE US A CALL.

To the older residents of Wagner creek, the following will call up memories of days gone by:

Wagner Creek, Dec., 7th 1861.

According to previous appointment the residents of Wagner creek and vicinity met at the school house for the purpose of organizing a Lyceum. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Wallace Baldwin, who stated the object of the meeting. Mr. J. Pepoon was elected chairman pro-tern, W. Beeson secretary pro-tem. Mr. J. F. Robison moved that the organization be known as the Wagner Creek Lyceum; seconded, put to vote and carried unanimously. The following committee was elected to draft a constitution and by-laws;

J. B. Pepoon, W. Baldwin and O. A. Stearns. The following question was selected for discussion for the present evening: "Resolved that art is more pleasing to the eye than nature." Mr. J. Foss led off on the affirmative, immediately followed by Mr. W. Baldwin; all present took part in the debate except W. Beeson, who acted as umpire. The subject was well argued considering that the disputants were all new beginners. The question was decided in favor of the negative.

The following question was selected for discussion for the next evening: "Resolved that man's truest guide, is reason."

Affirmative:—O. L. Stearns, J. E. Foss, W. Beeson, N. D. Stearns.

Negative:—O. A. Stearns, J. B. Pepoon, W. Baldwin, J. F. Robison, R. B. Robison.

Mr. O. L. Stearns was appointed to read an essay and N. D. Stearns was appointed to declaim on the next evening.

Lyceum adjourned until Sat. Dec. 14th 1861. W. Beeson. Secretary.

The *Medford Mail* of recent issue mentioned a clegyman of that town who met and vanquished the arch heretic, Charles Bradlaugh of England. Strange that we never heard of this gentleman before, for such a man ought to be known the world over. He is too modest. He should go on the stage. That's where all the great champions fetch up. We should not object to an unusually large admission fee to see and hear the man that knocked out Charles Bradlaugh in a square stand-up debate.

About forty years ago S. M. Robison and the writer of this were making rails in what is known as Yank gulch, on Wagner creek, and having occasion to cross the divide over onto Holten creek, we found a scrubby white oak tree forked about three feet from the ground, with a deer's horn fast in the fork. The wood

had grown over one horn leaving the points of this horn on one side and the other horn and head on the opposite side of the tree. The bones of the deer were still to be seen scattered around. The other day George Low happened to find the same tree and remarking the curiosity cut the tree down, and took a section to Ashland to adorn Paulson's curiosity window.

Don't forget that E. M. Deauvaal is the Talent shoemaker, and does his work up in good shape, for moderate prices.

James Harvey, the enthusiastic hunter, sent back east for a fine dog. It arrived by express all right the other day and Harvey paid the bill, \$25.25, without a grumble, and started to lead his dog home.

When about half way home, the dog slipped the strap and away he went to try to find its way back to Indiana. Mr. Harvey is disconsolate.

For reliable Fire Insurance, in first-class companies, farmers should call on E. V. Carter at Bank of Ashland. RATES Low.

Don't forget that the Ashland News Stand is the place to subscribe for the various Magazines and Newspapers that you may wish to take. You will thus save cost of money order and postage.

If all the enterprises talked of in our neighboring towns materialize, there certainly will be a boom among them in the near future. Two or three quartz mills at Ashland, a canal and continuation of the V. R. R. to the big timber, at Medford, and Central Point to hear from.

A. MILLSAP,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

PACKER AND SHIPPER OF

SOUTHERN OREGON

FRUITS,

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID

FOR POULTRY,

DEALER IN

FLOUR, GRAIN, SEEDS, ETC.

ASHLAND, OREGON.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Feb, 17th.—The programme comprised songs, speeches, recitations and readings.

Chas. Sherman's speech on "Girls," and Bert. Wilcox's on "Men" are supposed to have neutralized each other. A novel feature of the entertainment was a solo by W. J. Dean which was well rendered—by Arthur Abbott, proxy.

On last Friday evening, the Society discussed the propriety of Uncle Sam's taking the Kanakas into his family. It was decided that we have enough Negros, Indians and Chinamen to look after without reaching out 2000 miles for tattooed Islanders. This decision will be at once dispatched to Washington in the hope that it will have much influence in determining the outcome of the treaty negotiations now going on.

Mrs Philips, mother of Mrs. C. K. Klum, died at her home in Ashland yesterday, of pneumonia.

Mr. Hess, late of Talent, is now the "Nasby" and also dealer in groceries and such, at Brownsborough.

Elmer Coleman is making some substantial improvements on the Fish farm; good board and wire fence each side of the lane from the Phoenix depot out towards Jas. Reame's farm.

The residents along the foot-hills west of Talent, thirty or forty in number, are very anxious for a public road out to some main highway, but they do not agree on the route. They are now virtually shut in, without being able to get to a post office or anywhere else without trespassing.

They ought to have a road.

Oscar Stearns has put up a nice new picket fence in front of the fine residence of J. E. Foss, which adds much to the Talent Boulevard.

Mr. John Holton and Mrs. Lucy Chandler, of Ashland, were visiting friends on Wagner creek last week.

A fine lot of beef cattle and three wagon loads of fat hogs were delivered in Medford from Wagner creek last week. The hogs brought a fancy price, but the beeves hardly paid for the hay consumed.

A Chinaman advertises in a Santa Barbary, Cal., newspaper, as follows:

NOTICE.—I have a tame cat is lost on the 25 of april it is about nine pounds his breast all are white the hands and legs both are white but one his behind leg outside part have a spot Gray Colour and his back are all gray but the back have a white blue spot on it his muzzle is red and his head is light black.

His nake have a iron ring on it and with six Chinese money to tie it tight on the iron ring in his nake if any person know where she was bring back to me I will prefer to give him two dollars for reward.

FANG LEE LUM.

There is no falling off in the number and enthusiasm of gold hunters. Prospectors surmount all sorts of difficulties in searching for the shining metal. It is reported that one enterprising gentleman was recently seen groping his way along the sides of Wagner Butte late at night, hunting for a quartz ledge by the light of a lantern. It is generally believed that there are "mule loads" of gold in the mountains about here, and if some of it is not found during the coming season, it will not be for want of vigorous effort.

LETTER FROM I. M. WAGNER.

He gives his views concerning the achievements of the late legislature.

Salem, Ore., Feb. 16th 1898.

To the EDITOR of the NEWS:

Dear sir:

The NEWS iust fills a little niche which no other periodical of the day can do. Long may it wave.

Well, the legislature has done more for the benefit of the people to day than during all of the rest of their forty day's session put together. They have adjourned to day you know. If they had adjourned the first day of the session, the people would now be thousands of dollars richer than they are. But they did give women the educational franchise and passed the World's Fair appropriation over the Democratic, Alliance governor's veto, for which give them credit.

Yours, I. M. Wagner.

Mrs. B. C. Goddard is lying very low at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dean.

Her critical condition, requiring absolute quietness, is our excuse for delay in issuing this number of the NEWS.