



# ASHLAND TIDINGS.



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

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### EVERY HEART KNOWS ITS OWN BITTERNESS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Oh, heart, go out of your hilling-place,  
And wander where you will  
Through the city and through the town,  
Over the hill and dale—  
Over the sea with its thousand isles,  
Over the rivers—  
In quest of a single human soul  
That never has known a woe.

You may enter the palace of the king—  
The poor man's humble cot—  
The place where great wealth befriends,  
And where it blesses not;  
But, should you travel for long, long years,  
Till centuries had flown,  
In search of mortal sorrow proof,  
You'd come back, heart, alone!

Oh, hands that have too much work to do!  
And weary of your toil,  
Thy pain would change with idle hands,  
Fair hands, 'till you write to sell  
Work out! for you have promise sweet  
To the faithful toilers given,  
As you saw good seed along the way,  
From earth to the gate of heaven.

Oh, feet that are climbing the up-hill road,  
Oft pierced with the sharpest thorns,  
Oft trampled out of the narrow way,  
In the dusty lanes,  
Climb on, with the aid of your trusty staff—  
Up, upward toward the sun;  
For the goal you see is just in sight,  
And the bright crown almost won!

### A TICKLISH MOVEMENT.

Captain M—, of the Austrian service garrisoned at Mentz, was a man of simple habits, quiet and extremely reserved character, inclining to the study of science and the entertainment of his books, rather than the riotous companionship and rhodomontade of his fellow officers. For this reason he did not stand in very exalted favor with them, in fact they even gave current to a rumor to the effect that Captain M— was lacking in the courage so essential to an officer and soldier.

About this time the regiment received a new commander, Count L., a young gentleman celebrated throughout the whole army for his war and peace adventures and his merry pranks, who was indebted for his high position to his royal descent and relationship to the English crown. As soon as he discovered the opinion generally entertained of Captain M— he determined to convince himself of its justice at the first good opportunity.

At the regimental "love feast"—a dinner, so-called—given shortly after, he had it so arranged that the Captain of doubtful courage should be seated next to him at the table, and the remarkable timidity and singular reserve manifested by the officer really influenced the free and easy commander to believe the rumored opinion was correct; and he began to improvise some plan by which the matter could be put so the test on the spot and settled for a certainty.

During dessert he directed the conversation upon pistol-shooting, in which he claimed to be an expert, and at last sent a waiter after his pistol cases to prove the truth of his boasting words.

The weapons were soon at hand, and taking a wine-cracker about the size of a silver half dollar, from the table, he coolly challenged Captain M— to stand at the other end of the room and hold this up as a target for him.

A universal state of astonishment, mingled with malicious satisfaction, greeted this extraordinary request. The officers all looked at the innocent captain, who very naturally made some decided protest, as his superior officer had indulged to a very perceptible extent in the sparkling glass in the course of the meal.

"I hope you are not afraid, captain; or is the smell of powder disagreeable, perhaps?" was the sarcastic remark of his commander.

"Well, I don't know, but I guess not," was the phlegmatic reply of the captain, as, with a peculiar smile, he slowly rose, cracker in hand and walked to the end of the room. With his back resting against the wall, he took the target between the thumb and forefinger and held it up.

Count L. drained his champagne glass, adjusted his lorgnette hastily; aimed; fired.

The ball passed through the center of the target.

Not a feature moved, not a nerve quivered; calmly the captain surveyed the hole in the target made by the bullet.

The laughter was silenced; the contemptuous faces of the officers now expressed nothing but admiration, and possibly regret, for having misjudged their companion. But the generous commander advanced with the intention of saying something complimentary toward Captain M—, who had placed the mutilated cracker on the table and taken up one of the pistols, and was examining it on all sides with evident interest; now, said he, with the most artless face imaginable.

"You are a mighty clever shot, Count, and treated me nicely; didn't take off as much as the tip end of my little finger. I wonder if I could make as clean a shot now? Will you do me the honor of holding the target for me? I am really curious to see if I can find the opening your little bullet made."

It was interesting to observe the change in the faces of the company at this guileless request. Consternation visible everywhere, but most plainly to be seen on the face of Count L., who exclaimed:

"Why, captain, didn't you say but a moment ago you never handled a pistol before in your life?"

### A BIRD STORY.

In these days of bear stories and wolf stories and snake stories, a short bird yarn may be a relief, and we are indebted for the following, which all are expected to believe, to a brother of the sock and basket.

A certain actor, who has loomed up in more pretentious and ambitious positions is now the chief Mogul of a traveling theatrical company, which not long since located for two nights at a smart Western town. These nights being the last of the week, they remained in their comfortable quarters at the village tavern over Sunday. The actor in question is in possession of a very fine green parrot, which he prizes very highly, and which he has taught a number of stage quotations, which the bird would often repeat in a manner to create great amusement. As was natural, the feathered speaker became a great favorite with the company, and a little indignation was caused in the troupe by his loss, which occurred on the Sunday afternoon we speak of.

It appeared that the bird had been let out of his cage that day, as was frequently done, he being fond of hopping about the room. It was supposed that he had slipped out of the room when the door had been opened, and had reached the yard or street, and then been secured by some passer-by. The entire premises were searched, but no trace of the parrot could be found. The whole company were in sorrow over the loss of their favorite, and none more so than the owner, our friend the leading man.

But the parrot was not destined to be lost so he revealed himself in a very curious way. It was after supper that the disconsolate proprietor was pacing the yard in his favorite Hamlet attitude, brooding over his bereavement. At the same time a dark-skinned youth—none of the despised descendants of Ham, who had found his way North during the war—was engaged in the stable in the utilitarian occupation of cleaning horses, by the light of a lantern which hung by a rope over his head. The door was open, and so the tragedian approached and watched the boy at his work, himself unseen.

The gloom which overhung the actor's mind was not destined to last long; it was relieved in a manner to occasion vastly different feelings in the dark young horse-valet. A queer, sharp voice, apparently from one end of the stable, was heard to exclaim:

"Lay on, Macduff!"

The boy straightened up as though he was touched with a hot iron, and looked toward the end of the stable with a queer mixture of wonder and fright. There was but a faint light from the lantern, and yet it would seem impossible for a human being to have stood there without being observed. Still the lad's sharp eyes could see nothing.

"Who dar?" he cried, in a somewhat quivering voice. There was no response. The boy gazed about with unmistakable trepidation. Then he again ex-claimed:

"Now you stop dat! I see you, and you'd better come out! You can't fool dis chicken."

"I am thy father's ghost!"

The voice seemed to come from above. There was a single beam running across the stable, but the boy could see nothing upon it. A horrid idea that he might be haunted entered the darkey's brain. He yelled out:

"I don't want noffin of you! I don't know any ghosts!"

"My name is Norval!"

"I can't help dat! What you want wid me?"

The boy's face was ghastly with terror as he spoke.

"A pound of flesh!"

The climax had come. The darkey, in his fright, was sinking to his knees. At that moment a small green object, with outstretched arms, came sailing through the air straight at him. The boy had just enough voice to gasp:

"De debil's come!"

And then, dropping his instruments, he bounded up, and out of the stable and into the inn, roaring out lustily in his dismay. The last words that rang in his ear as he started, were:

"Give me another horse!"

It is almost unnecessary to add that our friend recovered his parrot. But it would take more than mortal persuasion to convince the little darkey that he did not see the arch-fend himself. He has quit cleaning horses at night.

Prof. Gorini, of Padua, has arrived in Paris, to exhibit to the Academy of Science his process of petrifying human remains. Some months ago a young husband went to the Professor, and asking him what it would cost to petrify his mother-in-law.

"What particular member would you desire petrified?" asked the Professor.

"The right hand, to avenge blows given in the past, and prevent those that might be given in the future."

"Then she is not dead?"

"Alas! no."

"I can do nothing for you; I only operate on dead bodies."

"So I was told; but I had hoped that you would have contracted to prepare her for the process as well."

### DIDN'T VOTE FOR HIM.

Captain Bob Shaftoe concluded to run for Congress. He had been in the wars—he had fought and bled—and his record as a soldier was of the very best. Of course, having consented to run, he had to take the stump. Bob could be eloquent upon occasions, especially when picturing battle scenes, and he indulged rather freely in this style, for he knew more about war than he did about politics. His opponent was a politician, and not a soldier.

One day Bob addressed an assembled multitude in front of a cross-road grocery. He told the story of his hardships in the field eloquently and touchingly. He told how he had led a forlorn hope; how he had been stricken down under the very muzzle of the enemy's guns; and how he had lain two nights and one day suffering where he fell, before success came. And other things he told, equally thrilling.

When he had concluded, one of the unwashed and unlettered—one of the sovereigns—approached him with extreme sympathy in every look.

"Cap'n Bob, was all that true you told us?"

"True as gospel, my friend."

"And you really fit right up to the mouth of the enemy's cannon?"

"Yes."

"And got knocked over?"

"Yes."

"And come nigh dyin'—two whole nights in misery?"

"Yes, my friend, it is all true as I have told you. I was wounded four times after that."

"Well," said the interrogator, with visible emotion, "I'm blagged if you hein't suffered enough for your country. I don't see why we should send you out among them Congress fellows. They're a hard lot. Toiber man is younger'n you, sin't of much account anyway. I say, let him suffer awhile; so I guess I'll vote for him!"—Ledger.

MAKE YOUR HEAVEN HERE.—There is no royal road or short cut to heaven. If you want a heaven for yourself in the world to come, prepare it for yourself in the life that now is. You have no reason to think you will enter upon the next life in anywise changed in character from what you are when you leave this. "It is that is unholy, let him be unholy still." And the character with which you leave this world will be the slow and natural growth of the years of your whole earthly life, and cannot be the result of anything else, the teaching of any theology or man to the contrary notwithstanding. The true conception of human existence doubtless is as one in this world and the next—this life, that life, that day, that dawn, that the flower; this the blade, that the full corn in the ear. Heaven is not something to be won or got or bought, either by ourselves or somebody else for us; but it is something to grow into. In the next world you are simply yourself, only moved on, and moved up. Swedenborg somewhere gives us a representation of persons who had died, and did not for a considerable time even know that they were dead. Their old thoughts and feelings and loves and desires of an earthly life remained, and the world which they had entered did not at first seem different from the one they had left, only it was spiritual instead of physical. Hence they went on with their old employments and ran the round of their old pleasures. Only by degrees did they perceive their change of state—and that as they themselves became, by natural processes of growth and development, capable of deeper seeing and higher knowledge.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland, in *The Shaker*.

ANECDOTE OF THADDEUS STEVENS.—A correspondent of the *Baltimore Gazette*, writing from Lancaster, Penn., relates the following anecdote of Thaddeus Stevens: "Many years ago, when Thaddeus Stevens was practicing law in Lancaster, he was employed to defend two bank officers, who had been indicted for conspiracy, they having used the funds of the bank in speculation. All the legal talent of Philadelphia, and surrounding counties, had been engaged to assist in the prosecution. When the trial was opened, Mr. Stevens arose, and addressing the Court, said:

"If it please your Honor, presuming there are different degrees of guilt attached to the prisoners, my clients, I move that they be tried separately."

"The judge consulted for a few moments with his associates, who consenting, the motion was granted, and so recorded. Waiting some time for Mr. Stevens to go on, the judge, at last becoming impatient, said impatiently:

"Proceed, Mr. Stevens, proceed. We are waiting for you, sir."

"Stevens rose deliberately, and looking around the court-room for a moment said:

"Did your Honors ever hear of one man being tried for conspiracy? Then, waving his hand to his clients, he said: 'You can go home; you can go home.' And they did go home. The jury was discharged and the court adjourned. And for this piece of legal strategy Thad. Stevens received five thousand dollars."

A PICKPOCKET WORKS ON ABSTRACT PRINCIPLES.

### BUY SMALL TREES.

The average American is in a great hurry to realize on his investments. If he orders a few garden seeds in January, he is anxious to have them set immediately; and if he forwards six cents for a copy of some paper which contains a story of which he has read or heard he does not forget to request the publisher to send it "by return mail." Patience, which takes the form of quiet waiting, is a virtue of which he seems to be wholly ignorant. He cannot wait the progress of events, but must constantly hurry and fret in order to move a little faster than her wonted pace.

This tendency crops out very plainly when he purchases trees. He finds them described in the catalogue as "second-class," "medium," "first-class," and "extra." The difference in these classes is principally, if not wholly, in the size and height of the trees. The larger the tree, the higher the price. But the farmer "don't care anything about that." He wants good trees or none; and gives his orders for those of extra size, and which are four or five years old. In doing this he thinks he is acting wisely, but the nurseryman knows better, and the farmer will find before long that with equal care, the small trees will grow faster (if a fruit tree), and come into bearing condition sooner than the larger ones.

In half a dozen years, the tree that was small will be larger and finer than the other. The reason for this is obvious. The larger the tree, the larger the roots, which it has, and the larger the roots the less fibres there will be upon them. A tree that has plenty of fibrous roots will grow readily, if proper care is used in transplanting; but no amount of skill can coax a tree to live and flourish which is destitute of these little fibres. The roots of large trees are more or less mutilated in the process of taking up, while the small trees sustain little injury from this source. Dealers in trees assert that experienced men buy small, thrifty trees, while those who are just starting, are anxious for the largest ones to be had. Those who are to set trees the coming season will do well to learn from the experience of those who, at considerable loss to themselves, have demonstrated that small trees are the ones to buy.—N. E. Homestead.

THE STORY OF THE FRIENDS, THE FRIEND'S FRIEND, AND THE FRIENDS' FRIEND.—A certain peasant visited a Hodja one day, and presented him with a hare. The giver was treated with great consideration, and a soup was made of the hare.

Next week the peasant came again.

"Who are you?"

"I am the man who gave you the hare?"

"Oh, yes," and he was again well received.

Some time afterwards came several persons, and demanded hospitality.

"Who are you?"

"We are the neighbors of the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh, yes; you are welcome," and they also were well received. Not long after this appeared quite a troop of people.

"Who are you?"

"We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh, yes; you are welcome."

So they were shown in, and the Hodja presently set before each of them a cup of clear water.

"The man's a fool," they said, upon beholding such an entertainment as that.

But the Hodja answered, "This is the sauce of the sauce of the hare."

THE EFFECT OF ASTONISHMENT.—He walked into the drug store, observed the New Orleans Bulletin, and said:

"Gimme a glass of that sody."

"What sryup will you have?" said the boy.

"Sryup! I don't want sryup; I want sody!"

The boy put the glass under the faucet, and turned on the soda water full head. As it struck the glass with a hissing noise, the stranger said:

"Gosh all Jerusalem; what's that?" and started backward, fell over a stool, and as he tried to get up brushed against a perfume stand, which caused a bottle to fall off and strike him on the back of the head.

At the same time, the boy, thinking something serious had happened, dropped the glass on the marble counter, breaking it into ninety-nine pieces.

The stranger, with his hand to the back of his head, and his eyes protruding with fright, started for the street at a speed of twenty miles an hour, and ran plump into the arms of a policeman, who collared him, and said:

"What's the matter?"

"Matter!" said the stranger, "why, the drug store has exploded, and I'm the only man saved!"

SCIENCE is a great thing. It has been of immense benefit to the human race, and to brute creation, so far as we are able to learn; but it fails to explain why the man who stubs his toe in going over the gutter invariably looks down reproachfully at his boot, as though it had led him astray.—Easton Free Press.

### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

—There is one all-important point which in all the creations, all the odies, and all the music of the centennial Fourth of July seems to have been utterly neglected and passed by. It is the extraordinary and rapid spread of the English language. According to Hume, in the days of Elizabeth, there were less than three millions of the English-speaking race in Great Britain. Elizabeth died in 1603, and since her decease, the tongue she spoke with such vigor and abruptness has nearly conquered the world. It is the language of the world, of commerce and of science. Regions Cero never knew are resonant with the vocabulary of the island. There are about forty millions of men in America who, in business, in law, in politics, use the English language. They are supplemented by the inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand, and the Isles of the Sea. In the Cape of Good Hope, even in the Orange settlements, the English is fast expelling the dialect of the Hollanders. In India no wealthy or ambitious native considers his education complete until English is as familiar as his vernacular. In Geneva, in Paris, and in Florence, newspapers are printed in the English language. It has even penetrated into South America. In Buenos Ayres it is printed side by side with the columns of a Spanish journal, and in Rio de Janeiro the trustworthy journal, published among the Portuguese-speaking nationality is in the same familiar words which are the household words in New York and in London. In the Baltic Provinces of Russia a knowledge of English is indispensable for a mercantile career, and in Norway the language is taught in the common schools as the most promising branch of liberal education.

To all foreigners, except perhaps Frenchmen, it is easy. A learned German has called it a grammarless language, because it is comparatively wanting in inflections, in declensions and conjugations, but this very fact makes it more acceptable to the foreigner, more amenable to the useful purpose of trade, commerce, science and literature.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE CENTENNIAL MAIN BUILDING TO REMAIN.—The Fairmount Park Commission has yielded to the popular demand, and the Main Exhibition Building is to remain, to be used as a grand bazaar and industrial fair; with the proviso, however, that the structure is to be removed after two years' notice shall have been given. The charge for admission is restricted to 25 cents for five days of the week, and 10 cents on Saturday; and when the income it yields is sufficient to pay expenses and interest on the investment, the admission fee is to be still further reduced, so that the public may enjoy the exhibition at the lowest possible charge for entrance.

The British Government has recently presented Philadelphia with the handsome buildings now occupied by the British Commission. What by the Main Building, Memorial Hall, Horticultural Hall, and probably Machinery Hall, together with the British edifices, the statues, etc., it appears that a considerable portion of the Centennial structures will be left, affording all the facilities for a very large permanent display.

The Exposition will close on November 10th; but visitors will continue to be admitted as usual after that date, in order to provide necessary funds to defray expenses of police maintenance, etc.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.—An English writer says: The ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all bleating at the same time and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated—and that is no joke either. Besides, the distinction of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who amid the deafening sound run to meet one another.

There are few things which have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearer, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into the fold, rent out all the lambs to the hill, and then send the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears her it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma which it left an hour or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked, shivering—a most deplorable looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud, tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests his flight—it returns—flies and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconciliation is perfect.

An Irishman lately landed in New York was searching for two of his brothers, whom he had not heard from since he left the old country. One day, while walking near a locomotive works, he arrived in front of a large boiler, on which was printed in large letters, "Patented 1870." On this catching the eyes of the immigrant, he exclaimed, "Hurrah! I have found him at last, 'Pat' an 'Ted' 1870." That's the year they came out, and they are both biler makers."