



ASHLAND



TIDINGS.

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

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A SCRAP OF TRUE HISTORY.

It was in the Spring of 1851 that a party of sixteen young men left the Willamette Valley to try their fortunes in the gold mines of California. Ten of the number were immigrants of the previous year, and six were of those who were then called "old settlers."

The party referred to was as bold and adventurous a set of Young Americans as ever mounted a wild mustang or shouldered the trusty rifle; and, as this is a scrap of true history I will give the names of several of the members who are still residing in this State.

The party rendezvoused at Santiam City, in Linn County, and on the 11th day of March they broke camp and started south, bound to no particular destination, and only having in view some rich placer where the glittering dust could be collected in the greatest quantity.

At this juncture another party of eight or ten men arrived at camp; they were also from the Willamette, and of the same adventurous class, of spirits as those whom they overtook.

Everything went well with them until they came within about a mile of the junction of Jump-off-Joe with Rogue River. There they came upon an Indian ranche of about fifty huts, and, as afterwards learned, here was the headquarters of John, the great chief of the Rogue River.

yards from the village, to meet the company; they would not talk the Jargon, which every one of the party understood, but communicated with the savage in his native tongue.

After a short halt the march was resumed, the two guides and the Indian who came out to meet the party taking the lead, across a piece of bottom land about half a mile in width and covered with wild rye and clumps of willows.

Bill Messer said nothing, but from his quick glance along the line and the manner in which he carried his rifle it was evident to those who studied his face and actions that he anticipated trouble; but no word of alarm escaped his tightly compressed lips.

And now came the time for the frontier leader, Bill Messer, to act. Well he knew that a hasty word or action on the part of a single member of the party would be the signal for the Indians to begin the work of slaughter for which they had so well organized.

"Boys let's all stop and take a drink of this good water."

In a few seconds the party was together, but surrounded by a cordon of dusky demons waiting only for an order from their leader to begin to impale their intended victims upon their poisoned arrows.

across the trail in their rear. Cock and present your arms but don't fire: come!"

In an instant the order was executed. Sixteen rifles and double-barreled shot-guns were bearing on the crowd of Indians not over ten feet distant before they comprehended the meaning of the movement.

A half hour elapsed and the situation was still unchanged. The fearful suspense was telling on the nerves of some of the miners, who insisted on either beginning the fight or retreating.

Ninety five was spoken in the same cold unchanged tone, but perhaps a little slower and more deliberate, and Bill Messer glanced along the line of miners; how well that glance understood!

A full hundred yards had to be traversed in this way through the wild rye grass, waist high, before the Indians could reach a cover of balm and alder trees which lined the margin of the creek.

Not a gun was fired, not an arrow flown, as the dusky forms of the Indians disappeared among the green foliage of the alders and into the deeper forest beyond.

After a short consultation it was determined that the party return to camp, and proceed to Rogue River by the main California trail, where recruits could be had from other companies of miners, and then proceed to prospect for diggings which were still believed to exist near the mouth of Jump-off-Joe.

Of loved ones in the dear old home three thousand miles beyond the eternal mountains enshrouding their wild bivouac.

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

It seems but yesterday that he came to me, the dog, I mean. Allie and I were sitting in the cool portico, the sunshine flecked the floor and the woodbine cast dancing, leafy shadows all about the brightness.

"O, yes, of course, and I am not pleased when he came. He persisted in his sudden attachment to me, however, and I became quite attached to him. I could think of no name to which he would answer, until I chanced to speak the name of Philip.

Fred married and took his wife to Quebec, so Allie and I were left alone for a time. They were coming back when "honeymoon" was over, but I dreaded the coming of a stranger to our pleasant, peaceful home.

Paul and Allie could not return at present, so I tried to wait patiently for them. The heavy thunder seemed to come nearer and nearer, the very windows rattled, and a loose blind kept time to the warlike music of the tempest.

Philip undoubtedly saved my life, for the prisoner proved to be a dangerous villain long wanted by the State. They told me that I fainted when it was all over and Allie and Paul got home; after it followed a long and tedious illness through which my brother's wife nursed me with untiring care.

"I don't suppose," said I, half angrily, "that this is the last vest I shall make for poor Fred, by any means! Ellen will never make one for him, I am sure! What he ever saw in that doll faced creature to love her more than I can imagine."

"Yes, I replied, wiping my eyes. "And a brother is a brother till he marries a—"

"I had called the dog by his master's name, Philip—Philip Warrenner. He was a scholar and a bachelor, wealthy and eccentric, yet I have never regretted that the dog or his master claimed me for their own, to love and protect, even unto death.

THE INVENTOR OF GAS LIGHTS.

The inventor of gas lights is said to have been a Frenchman, Philippe Le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who in 1782 adopted the idea of using, for the purpose of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood.

Sir Charles Dilke has just made an address on Paris, interesting to those who have to deal with a municipal middle. Paris, it seems, now has above 1,000,000 people, among whom are 21,000 Jews and 41,000 Protestants.

AMOS' BOOK-KEEPER.

"Why, what for?" "Well, sah, jess take dat boy, frin-stance. I put dat boy ter keep books fer me 'bout de sellin' ob de garden truck dis Summer. Well, sah, jess rit down charges dar in de book fer all de truck dat I truck out de garden, and charges for all dat we eat in de house, an' den charged hisself wid de little 'mouns dat I let him h'by long at odd 'cassions, an' den he go an' add dem all up, an' strack er balance, he say!"

"Well, what did you do?" "I jess burn up dat book right dar, an' den charged de book-keepah an' hire him ober agin ter saw wood for his borde an' clo's."

"Coffee Palaces"—In London "Coffee Palaces" are being established, and the example is well worthy the attention of philanthropists in this country.

How a Girl Got into the Harem.—A few years ago an Englishwoman, named Tompkins, who kept a shop at Pera, summoned from England to aid her in her business a young niece, who proved to be extremely pretty and no less intelligent.

A few years ago an Englishwoman, named Tompkins, who kept a shop at Pera, summoned from England to aid her in her business a young niece, who proved to be extremely pretty and no less intelligent. She never returned, and when her aunt went in search of her, she received a cool message of farewell from the young lady herself, who had become the fourth wife of the heir apparent to the throne.