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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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T. G. WATTERS, LAND AGENT. Ashland, Jackson County, Oregon. Will attend to the buying and selling of Real Estate. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. I will cheerfully answer all letters of inquiry in regard to the purchase of Oregon, as Climate, soil, Products, etc. Reference given if required. [2-21f.] T. G. WATTERS.

J. W. RIGGS, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, Ashland - - - Oregon. I am now permanently located in this place, and respectfully asks the patronage of the citizens.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. To give Entire Satisfaction. Prices to suit The Times. Call and see Specimens. [2-291f] HOTELS. ASHLAND HOUSE. THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO RECOMMEND his friends, and the traveling public generally, that he is still to be found at this LONG ESTABLISHED HOUSE, where he is ready at any time, and on all occasions to set before them the best the market affords, in a style second to no other house in Oregon. Dinners and suppers for special occasions, gotten up in appropriate style, at short notice. JASPER HOUCK.

PIONEER HOTEL. Linkville, Lake County, Oregon. The subscriber is again in charge of the OLD PIONEER HOTEL of the Lake country, and is determined to make his guests Comfortable and Happy. Give him a call and rest assured that he will make you feel at home. [2-291f.] GEORGE NURSE.

LAKEVIEW COTTAGE! A Pleasant and Homelike House situated - - - AT - - - Humming Bird Springs, near Klamath Lake. Eleven miles from Linkville, on the road to Ft. Klamath, Lake Co., Oregon. Attention paid to the wants of guests. The subscriber also keeps a Good Stable well supplied with hay and grain. Call and see if he can keep hotel. [2-281f.] D. J. Ferree.

Cutting Out the Pictures.

"Cut me out the pictures, mother, Let me put them all away!" Thus he comes with bits of paper, Gathered up, in childish play; Ransacking, very little fellow, Bright and witching, only three; Comes he ever when I'm busy, With the scissors, to my knee. Ah! what lessons do they teach us, With the scenes of busy strife, When we stop to listen to them, Merry children, full of life! How we slight the tiny pictures, Scattered o'er the daily sheet, Little boys which mischief ever, Where increasing sorrows meet. Do we note the little pictures; Pass we not their beauties by, While the tears of disappointment Bedim the long rainy day? Oh! the bright, the lovely pictures, Scattered o'er the sheet of life, Let us clip them from the sorrows, Find the page of woe and strife. Lay them by in memory's casket, As our little dark-eyed boy Blows away his varied gleamings, Smiling in exultant joy; Cut them out! Oh! save the pictures; Life were dark enough, at best; On their beauties, through the shadows, Let our gaze forever rest.

LETTER FROM SAN RAFAEL.

SAN RAFAEL, CAL., JAN. 23, 1878. EDITOR TIDINGS:—Since last writing, my attention has been called to some comments on my first letter, written to your paper from this place, by the Marin County Journal, published here, which seems to require a passing notice. After publishing the letter, or as much thereof as relates to the village of San Rafael, the following note was appended: [The writer makes some errors. We think there are no date trees in the orchard. The last vestige of the old mission church has disappeared, and its site is covered by the new Catholic house of worship. The churches and schools of San Rafael are first class, as compared with those of any other village on this slope.—ED. JOURNAL.] It becomes necessary for me, in the most graceful manner at my command, to own that I was in error as to the date trees. I should have said olive trees. Justice to the town demands this apology and I give it at the expense of my date pun. The same is due in regard to the mission. Its antique appearance, as well as information from citizens misled me. But with all due deference to the editor of the Journal, I still maintain that the school house and church houses, taken from a stranger's stand point, are flattered even when compared with those of other villages on the slope, when put down as third rate. The single public school house here, it is true, makes a feeble effort at architectural display. It is only necessary for me to say that it is so far short of a first class school house, that, after being crowded to its utmost limit, a considerable portion of the pupils have to be taught in apartments hired at a hotel. The boast of San Rafael is its elegant buildings; a hundred thousand dollar court house; residences ranging from ten thousand to eighty thousand dollars; commodious Hotels, Bank buildings, etc. Is it strange, then, that a stranger should be puzzled to rate a two or three thousand dollar church above third rate? Inside they are very creditably furnished and enjoy first class membership.

THE WORKING MAN'S PARTY, Despite the indiscreet utterance of its leaders, seems to be moving to victory. At an election held in Alameda county, yesterday, to fill the vacancy in the State Assembly, by the death of the member from that county, Mr. Bones, the working man's candidate was elected by a clear majority over both the other parties. As this includes Oakland, and is the result of 3,500 votes, it is a most significant fact. Since writing on the subject before, by closely observing the course of events, I have somewhat modified my ideas in regard to Dennis Kearney. Whether there was METHOD IN HIS MADNESS Or not, it is certain that it has resulted in a benefit to the Working Man's Party. "Whomsoever the gods would destroy, first they make mad" is being verified here. The mayor and police authorities have evidently got their foot in Kearney's trap; and if I could believe that the result was anticipated by the trapper, I should have to admit

that he is by far a shrewder man than men generally are willing to admit.

The Mayor's proclamation prohibiting the meetings of a rival party, who had committed no overt act, was, to say the least, very bad policy. Add to this the utterance in a deliberative meeting of the city council, called to consider the Working Man's meetings, (I refer to the councilman who was in favor of hanging them to a lamp-post) it is not strange that a counter current should set in among those who had been standing on neutral ground, because they did not approve of Kearney's course.

But official indiscretion did not stop here. The police were not satisfied in patrolling every corner of the city, and dispersing their meetings, but dashed into crowds of men, clabbing all who fell in their way. Men were badly hurt who chanced to be passing. In one instance, a man who was in no way connected with the move, had his leg broken and was otherwise badly injured. Again the authorities helped turn popular feeling in favor of Kearney and his lieutenants, by repeated arrests on charges covering exactly the same ground, thereby accumulating bonds in the case of Kearney, to some \$56,000; an amount which he could not or did not raise. If he had been found guilty, the utmost amount of fines that could have been imposed was \$3,500. Again, they were put in unventilated cells without beds, save a blanket each; avowedly because Kearney, in a public speech, had denounced the miserable cell in which he was confined the first time he was arrested. But the

CROWNING ACT Was drawing up and rushing through the Legislature the new Incendary Act. Thus the officials of San Francisco are happy, on the principle that "misery loves company," for they have succeeded in getting the foot of the dominant party into Kearney's trap, as is clearly indicated by the vote in Alameda county, yesterday, there being only 500 Democratic votes cast out of 3,500. Kearney and Wellock were acquitted, yesterday, but are still in durance vile on some half dozen arrests, the charges being the same as the first.

I will bring this to a close by making the remark that California has become a regular Web foot land. It rains incessantly and is muddily exultingly. J. M. S.

A LETTER FROM RUTH REBECCA.

JACKSON CO., JAN. 30, 1878. ED. TIDINGS:—I am a reader of the Times, a weekly newspaper published in Jacksonville, Oregon. I am not, however, a resident of that somewhat noted city, hence cannot advantageously reflect the rare intellectual light radiating from the capacious brain of the Times editor, still we esteem it a privilege to enjoy the reading of his classical news items, though we bewail the misfortune that has deprived us of equal intellectual privileges with those possessed by this radiant luminary. Well, I, being a "patient," can at least testify my appreciation of the very excellent advice vouchsafed to parents in a late issue of the Times on the urgent necessity of strict home discipline; and still further on, he indulges in an additional comment on the wise action of the saloon keepers in Jacksonville, in debarring minors from frequenting and patronizing saloons. How refreshing to the tired brain of weary motherhood must be the appearing of this illustrious advocate of youthful morality. How often have we thought "can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and lo, in all his splendor, "Behold the conquering Hero cometh," and the edigma's solved. All that's necessary to keep the wayward feet of incipient youthhood in the ways of honor and integrity is proper restraint at home, and coupled with this very excellent advice, the wise action of saloon keepers in coming to the rescue with their timely prohibition reveals an oasis in the life of parents never before anticipated. But why did not saloon-keepers make this restraint applicable to offenders of all ages?

Why a man has a better right to frequent saloons and indulge in drinking, and disorderly conduct than a boy, we know not, and certainly the communi-

ty would feel relieved and boys be well rid of a bad example, had saloon keepers rendered this restraint applicable to a few chronic inebriates, that are wont to infest the city with their presence, from time to time. And again, why did not the Times editor, to whom we are indebted for such excellent advice, publish to the world the more mature offenders as he has the boys, and favor them with a little of the advice he has given to parents, for we would not wish to arrogate to ourselves the whole benefit of his accumulated wisdom when others might be profited thereby.

It happened that business necessitated our remaining in Jacksonville the Saturday and Sabbath preceding Christmas, and observing the street lamps lighted quite early in the evening, we enquired of a small boy what it meant, as we had never seen a street lamp before. He informed us that the coming Tuesday was the 4th of July, and said that the Marshal was preparing the fireworks for the occasion; supplementing his information with a request that "we observe how beautifully the Marshal had illuminated his nose, a la Cronin, in honor of the coming celebration." Now, was not this a hopeless case of youthful depravity, demanding parental restraint? for the Good Book says we "must not speak evil of the rulers of the people." Well, during our brief sojourn in the city, several highly respectable gentlemen indulged in a noisy and disagreeable drunken revelry; rendering it impossible to sleep in premises near their place of convocation. We enquired of a prominent citizen why the Marshal did not arrest the party. He replied that the Marshal "fell early in the action." Visions of horrible assassination came crowding through our brain, but observing every one smiling, we wisely refrained from further interrogation. Now, of course, we anxiously awaited the arrival of our paper, expecting a detailed account of human depravity and of official neglect; but great was our surprise to find no allusion to it. Since that time, and a few days before the last youthful offender was made a public example of, two highly respectable citizens had a personal encounter, with no very serious results however; but our paper and our law makers took no notice of the occurrence, which seems to have been per capitated upon an inoffensive gentleman, through the influence of too much "beezidie."

Now, in justice to mothers and sons, (to the latter in view of such illustrious examples) we ask why the sons of poor widows or cripples are made amenable for offences and made to pay heavy fines, while old men, highly respectable and abundantly able to pay for such questionable pastime, escape the law and do not even receive the censure of the public press? Now, as Brother Nickell has never failed to call the attention of the public to every instance of youthful depravity, and with a gallantry characteristic of such eminent minds, has laid the blame at the homes of parents, we call his attention to a few instances of mature depravity, and ask him as a public journalist, whose duty it is to conserve the interests of the people, to hold them up to contumely as he has the boys. Give us better examples and fewer precepts and you shall ever be enshrined in the hearts of grateful motherhood, while your name shall shine through coming ages with a lustre that shall dim the fame of Howard and Melancthon. RUTH REBECCA.

Often had he agonized over his want of success in developing the vague outline of a mustache, which vainly strove to obscure his upper lip, for it was too diaphanous, too transparent, "too thin," to meet the expectations of a mustache-admiring people. Then he tried the virtues of artificial coloring, and too, with gratifying success; but, as he walked with his chosen maiden, out "in the bosom of the midnight," he became unmindful of the unfixed character of the blacking, and, alas, the next day a brownish tinge appeared upon the young ladies ear, which was a silent but powerful witness against him.

The Le Grand Gazette says the vast country between Wild Horse Creek and the Columbia river is fast being taken up by homestead pre-emption and timber-culture entry.

BONANZA ITEMS.

Feb. 14, 1878. "D. TIDINGS:—The weather is very changeable; Some rain, some snow, some war a days. Cattle doing well. Hay is cheap. Farming is going on. Ranches are still being taken up on Lost river. The fish will not come up for some time yet. Everybody wants rye to sow; it is worth three or four cents per pound now. We have, as yet, no blacksmith at this place. Preparations are being made to celebrate the Fourth of July at Bonanza. Mr. Wilson is still buying beef cattle.

Some one got away with a barrel of butter from Mr. Galbreth's cellar lately. He would like to have his barrel when the butter is out. They have caught the play fever here. Where is Mark Twain? He could perhaps find some way to stop it. They walk the floor and chant or sing, and the words are these: "We are all going up to Rousser." Repeat three times and then say "To get some good old beer." These words resound in the houses from late in the afternoon until 11. P. M. Old and young join in the amusement. Can't you send us a preacher. More anon. MILTON.

POISONED!

The Walla Walla Watchman of the 8th inst., gives the following particulars of a mysterious case of poisoning which occurred in that section recently: Last Monday evening, Charles Newland, a hard-working, inoffensive man, died in his cabin, situated a mile and a quarter below Shellworth & Co.'s mill, under very suspicious and appalling circumstances. He was in the employ of Shellworth & Co., but would live in his cabin, so as to hold his claim which he desired to pre-empt. Last Monday, when near noon, he started down to his cabin and found the door broken open, and also missed his teapot, but thought nothing of it. He then made a fire, baked some bread, fried a little meat and ate his dinner. Soon thereafter he felt sick and was suddenly seized with an awful thirst, "I am poisoned," he soliloquized, and started at once to go to his nearest neighbor, Mr. Smith, for help, but before he reached the house, his limbs broke from under him and he sank helpless to the ground. He cried for help and Mr. Smith and son came running to his assistance. His limbs now quivered and he was seized with spasms. As soon as they subsided he felt easy and said: "Smith, I am poisoned. I can tell by the bitter taste my victims had when I ate them, and by my fearful longing for water, but I must not drink, for I am gone the moment I do. Take me back to my cabin and send for Shellworth." They tenderly raised him up, for he was in great agony. Mr. Cooper, partner of Mr. Shellworth, on hearing of the account, started down to visit the unfortunate man, and as he neared the cabin he could hear his appealing, piteous cries. When out of spasms, he could always speak, and he again told Mr. Cooper that he had been poisoned with strychnine. When he learned that a doctor had been sent for, he said: "It's no use, I am dying. Eat nothing from what you find in this cabin, for it's poisoned." After this, convulsion followed convulsion, and the poor man died amid pain and suffering which is indescribable. Words, whether written or spoken, can never express it. But who can be the guilty wretch who has thus hurled a man into eternity without apparent cause or provocation? He is strongly suspected, we believe; but will justice ever reach him?

THE WEATHER.—The storm still hangs on, and is almost every twenty-four hours of the past week, we have had quite a snow storm, commencing before daylight and continuing until near noon, when it cleared off and yesterday was quite pleasant. At Strawberry Valley and other points south, it has rained or snowed constantly all the week, the rain reaching down as far as Allen's. On Tuesday, Pitt river was up again and the stages were unable to cross for about twenty-four hours. From Jerry Woods, who came in with the mail about day light yesterday morning we learn that there was about two feet of new snow at Strawberry Valley and up to the divide. From Ab. Giddings we learn that there was from four to five feet of snow on the Sinkins. Thursday when he came over. Yesterday morning there were a few flakes on the ground here and the atmosphere was cold and frosty. The sun came out during the day and the indications were that the spell was broken, but the weather gauges predicted just the reverse.—Yreka Union.