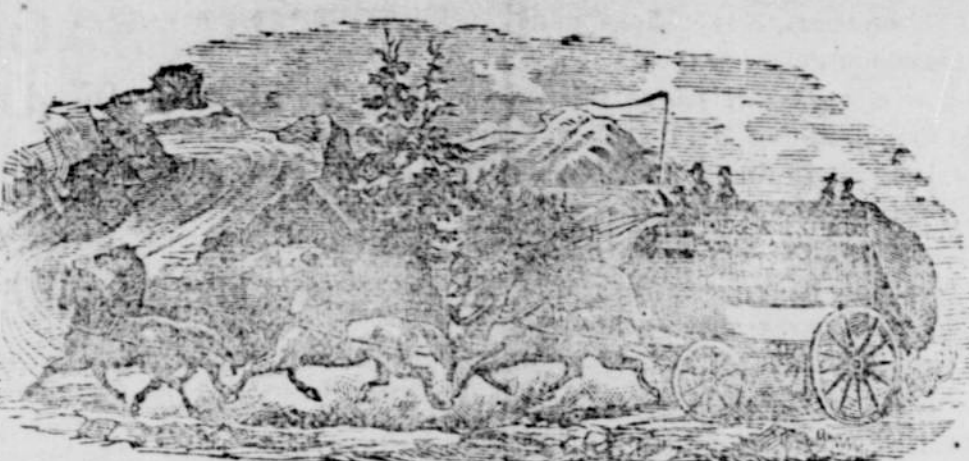




# ASHLAND



# TIDINGS.

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

VOL. II.—NO. 41.

ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1878.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

## ASHLAND TIDINGS.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY — BY — O. C. APPEGATE & CO. OFFICE—On Main Street, (in rear Dr. Chittwood's Drug Store.)

Terms of Subscription: One copy one year \$2.50 " " six months 1.50 " " three " 1.00 Club rates six copies for 12.50 Terms, in advance.

Terms of Advertising: Local Notices per line 10cts. Professional Cards, per year 3.00 Four " " " " 1.00 Eight " " " " 2.00 One-half Column " " 10.00 Three-fourths " " 14.00 One " " " " 17.50

Job Printing, Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Billheads, Letter-heads, Posters, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

Agents for the Tidings: Portland, Oregon: J. A. Applegate, Salem: M. I. Chamberlain, Junction City: Dr. N. L. Lee, Lakeview: A. F. Sneling, Madras: J. P. Roberts, Benson: A. H. Harty, New York: S. M. Pottinger & Co., St. Louis: Howell & Chasman, San Francisco: L. J. Ferree, San Francisco: Geo. Boyce, Jacksonville: J. R. Neil, Pocatello: C. S. Bergant, Rockport: Miss Alice W. Colvig, Yreka: Fritz R. Bart, Daily: C. H. Dyar, Astoria: Miss M. W. McClellan, Astoria: J. M. Sutton, General Agent for Jackson and Clatsop counties: Capt. D. J. Ferree, General Agent for Lake county.

Stages leave Ashland as follows: The O. & C. Stage Co.'s Stage leave Ashland for Jacksonville, Rock Point and Roseburg every day at 6 a. m. Mail closes at 5:30 a. m.

For Heavy, Yreka and Reading at 6 p. m. Mail closes at 5:30 p. m. Garrett & Ferree's Stages leave Ashland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings for Linkville, and return on every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leave Linkville for Lake City, California, Wednesdays; arrive at Lake City Saturdays; leave Lake City Mondays; arrive at Linkville Thursdays, carrying mail and passengers.

A. D. HELMAN, P. M. SOCIETIES. Ashland Lodge No. 183, I. O. G. T. Meets at the Hall of Heaman & Fountain every Friday evening at 8 o'clock p. m. Brothers and sisters in good standing are cordially invited to attend. T. Temple meets every first and third Wednesday in each month. F. WALTER MYER, W. C. T. R. H. KLEFFEL, Sec'y.

Ashland Lodge No. 23, A. F. & A. M. Holds their stated communications Thursday evening on or before the full moon. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. W. H. ATRINSON, W. M. J. S. EVANS, Sec'y.

Ashland Lodge No. 45, I. O. O. F. Hold their regular meeting every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. W. H. ATRINSON, W. M. R. P. NEIL, Rec. Sec'y.

Rebekah meetings on Tuesday evening, nearest the full of the moon each month.

PROFESSIONAL. J. A. APPEGATE, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law SALEM OREGON. DR. J. H. CHITWOOD, ASHLAND, OREGON. OFFICE—At the Ashland Drug Store. J. R. NEIL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Jacksonville, Oregon. DR. J. S. JACKSON. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. JACKSONVILLE OREGON. Graduate of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York.

J. W. HAMAKAR, NOTARY PUBLIC. LINKVILLE LAKE CO., OREGON. Office in Post Office Building. Special attention given to conveyancing. [2 19th]. H. KELLEY, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to my care. OFFICE.—In the building formerly occupied Kahler & Watson, opposite Court House.

## PROFESSIONAL.

DANIEL GABY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC and REAL ESTATE AGENT. ASHLAND, OREGON. M. L. McCALL, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, ASHLAND, OREGON. Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice.

I. O. Miller, Architect and Builder, GRANITE STREET - - - ASHLAND. Will do anything in his line on short notice and on the lowest terms.

WIMER & WELLS, Practical Millwrights. Flouring mills, saw mills, quarts mills, and all kinds of mill machinery put up to order in the very best style. All work warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address either, or both, at Ashland, Oregon. [2217].

D. S. SCOTT, Ashland - - - Oregon. An abundance of good brick always on hand at my kiln, one mile north of Ashland. I am also prepared to do all kinds of brick work in the very best manner. Give me a trial and rest assured that I can satisfy you.

D. S. SCOTT, v2226-6m. 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 this portion of Oregon—its Climate, soil, Products, etc. Reference given if required. v2221] 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. [v2209ff]

HOTELS. ASHLAND HOUSE. THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO REMIND 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 [2-29th]. 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 we can keep hotel. v2218f] D. J. Ferree.

## The Stranded Bugle.

BY E. E. MOSEBY. One eve, I musing, peered the sands That skirt a shore where sets the sun. Where every ripple of the sea Is warm as kisses, lone to lore: I listened to the dioning waves— The ice-like waves which fret and lave The tinted shells upon the beach. Among the jetties washed ashore, I found, deep in a re-wound bed, A bugle, with the time of years Corroded, tanned, long since dumb. I pounced, and wondering whence it came, Stooped down and took it from the sand.

Long before, I, young, had stowed Whence comes the answer and the mood, Where shores of sand and turrets bare, And I had been a bugler then. I dipped the mouth-piece in the sea— I dipped the bell into the sea— I washed its battered bosom throat, Then set it lip, and blew a blast Out on the pulsing straits of air. The long-shouldered bugle woke and rang A dim, old cadence long the shores, Whose drifted out to the sea, and came In ripples back upon the waves— Which raked its echoes back and forth From cliff to cliff—against the crags— From the high, its summit and "hood" As though it pealed, "I'm found, I'm found!" I blew again, a softer note, "Though still, which rang along the led— Being full, and clear, and sweet and fair, I thought that could it swell so high I heard the ocean's surge afar, Then drop into the placid sea, A strain of perfect melody. I fear that last note ringing yet, Like cry of lost one far away, A thrill and defying post-call: I fancy it may be a soul— Perhaps the soul of melody!

## SAGE SAGE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A LINK FROM HIS STORY. MR. EDITOR:—I have been trying a long while to get some of the California editors to print some of my troubles and hardships from my journal, where in I complain most bitterly at the way some folks have treated me. But they all say they do their own writing, and that it is good enough for me—I'd do better in better luck. One of those braced ink slingers told me that my very name proved that I had dog in me. Before I begin writing out of my journal, I want to explain my name. It is *Suncelo Sage*, but everybody calls me *Sage Sage* for short. The boys at school back in old Shelby county commenced it. I undertook to lick some of 'em several times, but so nothing always happened so I'd get the worst of it. When I come out to Oregon, you know I lived on Big Butte. Old Squire Hayden, or Judge Dunbar, I forgot which, begin to call me *Sunsage*, and from that every other hoodlum in the country took it up.

Now Mr. Editor, the following extract from my journal is writ for your paper as a solemn duty I owe to my fellow "greenies," to warn them of the stumps in their trail, if they should ever travel. You see before I came here, I'd been making shingles over on Big Butte for several years, and had amassed four hundred and ninety-seven dollars and fifty cents. I had got kinder tired of hard work, and concluded to go to speculating. After looking at the lay of the land on Batte Creek, I found there was no encouragement for capital, so I concluded to try Jacksonville. Well I haven't got time or space now to tell you what a doggone set of mountain pirates are speciatin' around that rattling burg. Why sir, if a feller gets a little tight, they will tar his hand and tickle his nose—then fix a wax match in a cork and stick in his nose and holler fire! It is perfectly natural for a feller to be scared with things in this shape, and then go to fighting fire to ones. Two to one when he does get it off, his nose will be knocked plum out of joint and his eyes full of tar. They hide cards in their hats and up their coat sleeves, and half of them are guilty of treading jack from the bottom. When I'd been there a week, I counted my money, and found that I was out sixty-nine dollars and three bits. At the same time I was owing two and a half at the New State and a dollar and a quarter at the Madem's.

Finding such poor encouragement for capital there, I squared everything

up honorably and left on the next stage for Frisco. It cost me a heap of money before I got here. They sell whiskey taral high on the road. Now come extracts from my journal, as I writ it up every day.

November 20th—Got to Frisco at last and such another yelling I never! A whole row of fellows that looked personified importance itself, stood there bleating like a drove of old ewes, tarred out without their lambs. Some hollered "hacksir," some, "busser," "Baldwinsir," "Bashouser," "watch yer houser." One fellow had the impudence to come right up to me and asked me to "have a busser." I sarcastically informed him that I had one; at the same time patting my hand some mustash and opening my mouth right at him. The feller looked shamed and left me. Another feller asked me very politely if I'd have a carriage. He explained to me that it was vulgar to go to hotel without a carriage. As I wanted to show the people of this town that I had money, I told him I'd take it. It was a terribly fine one, and shined all over like a breast pin, and had crooked glass all round it. He opened a little door on the side and I got in. It had green silk cushions to sit on, filled with something mighty soft. There must have been something going on from the number of people who had come to town. And such a crowd of wagons and carts and carriages, and lots of street cars with beds on them as big as smoke houses. And oh, what a noise! Steam whistles like Dave Llan's, only lots louder. Bells ringing and men and boys yelling, and everybody going like mad. A feller with a gray coat on came along and stopped the driver, and made him wait till he led a whole gang of women across the street. He kept driving and driving, and I began to get a little scared, fearing he was going to steal me. You see I'd told him to drive to the best tavern in town. Nobody seemed to notice me riding in the fine carriage. Guess they were all strangers in town and there were so many other strange things to look at they didn't happen to notice me. At last we drove—that is the driver did—right into the biggest house you ever seed. It had a hole right in the middle of it as big as the court house square. This house was higher'n a tree, and had great wide side walks made out of marble grave stones without any letter on them. There were about a thousand windows in it and each had just one pane of glass as big as a meatin' house door. Well, as I said before, he drove right in among fells or fifty other fine carriages. The driver jumped down and opened the carriage door, and said he: "Two dollars, sir." "For what?" said I. "For carriage," said he. "I don't want to buy," said I. "It's for your passage," said he. "I won't pay any such price," said I. "I'll keep your baggage," said he. "My what?" said I. "Your carpet sack," said he. He had me there, for it had my other shirt in it—a bottle of whiskey that I paid a dollar and six bits for, and I'd taken only a few drinks on't in it—two decks of nearly new cards, "star back" and lots of other *leets* too numerous to mention. I paid him the two dollars, but if I'd knowed where to find the town marshal, I'd have found out first whether there was a law agin robbin' in this country! I then got out and took my carpet sack in my hand and begin to hunt the landlord. I asked a boy with an armful of old papers, and who wanted to sell me one for five cents, if he knowed where the landlord was. He said he was in the kitchen holling the baby while his wife washed the dishes, and that he would be out pretty soon. I set down on a grave stone door step and waited about half an hour, and begin to get a little out of patience. I asked a man how long it would be before the landlord would come out. He said he didn't know, that he had gone to New York; that if I had any business with him I'd better go to the clerk. I asked him where the clerk was. He said he was in his office, and I pointed to a door. I went to that door and knocked several times, but no one told me to come in, although I could see through the big glass in the door, and there wuz a hundred men in there. I finally mustered courage

enough to go in and inquire which one was the clerk. I found him behind the counter with a plug hat and broadcloth coat on. I asked him if there was any chance to get to stay all night with him. He said he guessed so. He turned a desk around with a great big book on it, and told me to write my name, but I unthoughtedly left the e-to-off of the Sane, and I expect that everybody in town will be calling me *Sauc Sage*.

He then told me to go with him. He opened a door into a little closet and told me to follow him in. As soon as I went in, the floor of the closet began to go up, and kept going up till we got to the sixth story. He then got out and I followed him a quarter of a mile around between long rows of doors. At last he opened a door and told me that I could have that room. It was marked No. 978. He told me not to blow out the gas, and started to leave, but I called him back and asked him when supper would be ready. He said I could get what ever I wanted to eat, any time at the restaurant. He started to leave again, but I told him to hold on, that there were several things I wanted to find out.

First, I wanted to find out how I could get out of here, and next I wanted to know where that restaurant place was. "Come with me," said he, "and I will show you all about it." He went back to that thing we came up in, and it let us down the same way. He then took me to a big door made of glass, that had "Palace Hotel Restaurant" in gold letters on it. I went in and would you believe it? there were two hundred men eating with their hats on. Nearly all of them had ping hats, at that. Nearly every feller had a table to himself. A feller come up to me and showed me a table to set at and dusted off the chair, and then he went off. I sat there waiting, and by and by he came back and asked me what I'd have. I told him I'd have supper of course, that's what I come for. He asked me what I'd have for supper. I told him to bring on anything he had cooked. He then showed me the bill of fare that laid by my plate and told me to pick out whatever I wanted. I looked over it, and of all the truck you ever seed cooked for one supper, it was on that. There was six kinds of soup, and if one of them wasn't calied ox-tail soup I'm a liar, and another call's head soup. I picked out roast beef and roast mutton and some ham and eggs; a plate of oyster soup and a glass of wine with some big name to it. I thought I might as well have the worth of my money. The waiter told me I'd have to take a bottle of wine as he had none open. "Bring it on," said I. He soon came along with as much grub as he could carry and piled it upon my table. Then he opened the wine, real Champagne, and then stood by and watched me devour the grub. I couldn't eat the half of it, out I pretty much got away with the wine. Waa'n I got done, he handed me his card and I put it in my best pocket and started to go out. A fellow who stood behind a counter told me I hadn't paid my bill. I told him I was stopping in that house.

"It makes no difference, you must pay your bill," said he. "How much is it?" said I. "Hav'n't you got your ticket?" said he. I thought of the card the waiter gave me, and pulled it out and showed it to him. "Seven dollars and a half for supper," said he. "Seven dollars and a half for supper?" said I. "For what you ordered," said he. "I won't pay it," said I. "If you don't pay for it right away, I will send for a police-man," said he. Now you see I've heard a good deal about police-men, and am mighty afraid of them. So I concluded I'd better pay it, and not make a fuss, but leave that tavern. When I paid him, I give him such a sarcastic look that he turned pale under my keen eye. I then went for the clerk, and give him a blowing up, and then asked for my carpet sack.

"There are two dollars and a half on it," said he. "For what?" said I. "For your room," said he. "Yes, but I didn't use it," said I. "It makes no difference, you engaged it," said he. I told him I'd give him two and a half and get out of this robbers' roost. I then started to hunt another boarding house. SATURDAY SAGE. (To be continued.)

## Dardan-Dees Items.

MARCH, 12, 1878.

Ed. Tidings:—Another case of matrimony occurred in Sam's Valley this week. Mr. Cox and Miss Cooley were the principal actors.

Through this section, the roads have been extremely bad, but of late they have improved greatly.

A thin coat of snow covered the ground last Thursday morning but disappeared in a few hours.

Miss Mattie Westlake of this place will assume the position of teacher of the Woodville school on next Monday, the 18th.

The late pleasant weather has placed the soil again in a tillable condition. Farmers are still at work, making good use of their present opportunity; our granger friends are in good spirits, they say there is more than the usual amount of grain being put in this season, and as failures are unknown in Oregon they expect in the coming harvest to rejoice with their sister State (Cal)

A violent wind-storm visited Gaul's Creek the other day, unroofing the house of Mr. Shoemaker, while the family were at dinner, moving large timbers which took several men to replace. A little girl received a slight wound on the head from some particle of the falling roof, but otherwise no serious damage was done.

Some of the boys after visiting a country store, last Saturday evening, were belated on their return home and made a temporary camp by the wayside; after building a fire, one of the company a tall "completed youth," full of oratory &c., selected a pine tree for an audience and effused thusly: "Thou venerable monarch of the forest, age is all that honors you. You have stood here from the year one, to the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, without doing any good for your country. The axman has tested your qualities, branded you as a nuisance, bid you farewell and left in disgust." By the way, the speaker was one who stood in front of the stronghold of Capt. Jack and rendered important services at the memorable battle of the 17th, and since that he revives his patriotism occasionally when the case requires it. J. Q. L.

## LETTER FROM CHIEF DUNBAR.

SWEET HOME, Ogn., Mar. 7, 1878.

EDITOR TIDINGS:—You may sit in your comfortable sanctum and, through the columns of your sprightly paper, sing of your high-ways, by-ways and dry-ways of Southern Oregon, but permit "yours truly" to sing to the tune of "Sowing Wild Oats" (Dunbar's Klamath Agency song, you remember,) of the only way from Lebanon to this place; 18 miles by mud, 18 miles by water (in the road)—18 miles through the awfullest rain, on yesterday—18 miles on horseback; 18 miles all alone! O, that is the song for me; but yet as the "equinoctial" rains pattered on my roof and trickled down my devoted back, and my clumsy horse, (hired from the Lebanon Livery stable) went deep-er into the mire and his great awkward foot squirted big slathers of mud into my mouth, into my ears, into my eyes and into my rain-drenched cheeks, I quit singing, but didn't say anything; (I didn't either)—not one word, but just pushed on my way, wondering if it ever would quit raining in this country.

When I wrote you last, the clouds had lifted, and drifted away to some other clime; the sun was shining; the mosquito was on the wing and we were ready to exclaim that spring, life giving spring, flowery—perfumed spring was with us once again; but alas for human hopes, for mortal expectation! The clouds came back again, bearing with them the "equinoctial" rains of March (A. D. 1878). The sun has gone from our gaze; the white-winged mosquito has "dosed" to his den, and, in patience, awaits the coming of a brighter day next summer, when he can present his bill with more force; and the prospect now is that the dronth won't strike us *this* week anyway. I lectured here on the evening of the 6th inst., and again to-day, and organized a lodge of I. O. G. T., with a good list of members, with Alonzo Ames for W. C. T., and Hon. J. C. Sumner, Lodge Deputy. Would write more, but must away to another lake land. Yours Truly, W. R. DUNBAR.