

THE ASHLAND TIDINGS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1878

SUMMER LAKE.

Among the most favored valleys of the Lake country, is that of Summer Lake. It lies a few miles west of Chewaucan and is separated from it by a high sage plain. West and south of the valley is a high mountain chain. The side of this mountain next to the lake is quite precipitous, but is covered with the finest brush grass. Along its base are numerous springs, some of them forming streams of considerable size, which flow across the narrow but extremely fertile valley into the lake. The climate is remarkably mild considering the great altitude of the valley and is perhaps less frosty than almost any other portion of Lake country. We are informed that all kinds of vegetables which succeed in the most favored parts of Western Oregon, are grown successfully there. On the east side of the lake, the country is more desert like; the first prominent feature to attract attention being an alkali flat on the lake border, above which, when the wind blows continuously for a considerable length of time—which is not seldom—lovers a white cloud of alkali dust. Farther away is a high ridge surmounted by a wall of volcanic rock, such as is usually known in the Lake country as "rim rock." This marks the Southern limit of the Oregon Desert, so famous as a winter pasture for stock. In December 1843, Capt. Jno. C. Fremont, traveling eastward on an Indian trail with his exploring party from the head of the Klamath Marsh, looked down on this valley from the high ridge to the westward. While the "Pathfinder" stood in snow up to his boot-tops with a snow storm "in full blast" about him, the sun shone brightly upon the lake and grassy valley below. Winter and summer seemed to be the only words in the language sufficiently descriptive of the unusual scene, hence Fremont called the mountain Winter Ridge and the beautiful body of water below him Summer Lake. The population of Summer Lake Valley is already considerable, but we doubt not it will be greatly increased in the near future.

AN ASHLANDER IN THE BLOCKADE.

FOUR DAYS IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

OMAHA, MARCH 12, 1878.

EDITOR TIDINGS:—Before leaving Ashland, a few weeks ago, I asked if I were ever snowed in on the mountains. I should have answered no. That experience is mine now, and, while I can not say it makes me proud, it is nevertheless worth relating.

About noon on the 7th day of March, our train reached Sherman, the highest point of altitude on the line of the great railroad spanning the Continent. The clouds were dark and heavy, the wind blew a fierce gale and snow began to fall quite briskly. After a short halt, we passed on and arrived at Cheyenne about 10 o'clock in the evening. By this time the storm had increased fearfully but onward the old iron horse drove, shrieking and groaning like a dying monster. Slower and more slow was our progress through the fierce wind and drifting snow, until we came to a standstill. We were at a place called Antelope Station and the train hands, by great effort, managed to switch off on a side track. The situation was not only unpleasant—it was fearful. By this time the wind blew a tornado from the north-west. The snow had fallen from two to three feet deep and was drifting at such a terrible rate that it seemed that everything would be interred beneath icy mountains that were now rapidly rising around us. Soon another train arrived along side of ours from the east. Next a freight train joined our company. It seemed, at times, that our coaches would be blown over, so strong was the wind, and the snow was so blinding that one could not see half the length of the car. In spite of the efforts of the engineer, the water froze about the engine until it became bound in bands of ice and became stationary. The night was extremely dark and, as you will readily believe, gloomy in the extreme. Morning came but the storm still raged with unabated violence. Heavens! what a day followed. It was almost as dark as the night. No chance to go out, and no one able to come in, to cheer us with a word of hope or sympathy. It became evident that we were in danger of soon being left without fire. The wind rushed down our stove pipes so furiously that our fires would not burn; the cars were filled with smoke almost to suffocation. Another fact now became known: Our provisions were running short and the main problem seemed to be whether we should freeze or starve. These dire alternatives were obviated, in the evening, by the arrival of the train men with supplies of coal, water and food. The crisis was now passed and we felt prepared for a siege. And a siege we had, battling with the elements, for

three days and four nights. It was truly a season of watching and praying for, on Sunday, we had services by the Rev. R. F. Paehal. Of course the meeting was well attended and the congregation orderly; how could we be otherwise? The singing was excellent, being conducted by the Misses Lemon, of Waynesburgh, Pennsylvania. Sunday evening relief arrived in the shape of a snow plow, with four engines. Monday morning we started and arrived at Sidney by noon. The blockade was raised and we were free, and in good time we arrived safely in this city. To-morrow we start for New York but little the worse of being caught in the snow blockade, but powerfully glad to have escaped from it in safety. BAUM.

Correspondence.

LINKVILLE, OREGON, MARCH 25, 1878.

EDITOR TIDINGS:—As Mr. O. A. Stearns a sore-headed, ex-official road overseer, of this county, has given vent to a tirade of abuse and false insinuations, with a view to affect the action of the County Court, in regard to a particular proposed road, in the interest of which he has been subsidized, I wish, through the columns of your paper, to give the citizens of this county, particularly those in the eastern portion of it, a few of the facts in regard to this matter. And in the first place, Mr. S. states that the illegality of the road was "fettered out" by "an officious intermeddler, residing at Linkville." This he knows to be a willful falsehood, as Mr. S. well knows that it was from a legal opinion of a prominent member of the Jacksonville Bar, that Mr. Penning first learned that the road attempted to be established in a zigzag course through his land, was illegal, and that he might fence without regarding the road. This opinion I still have in writing, in my possession, but "the combative Tenton," who is an infirm old cripple with one arm and shoulder disabled by a Modoc bullet, before proceeding to fence his little farm, went to work voluntarily and alone and cleared out another track, running parallel with this road; but a little more on a direct line to this wonderful town of Merganser, and on better ground, and this track is open now, and has been ever since, and answers all the public needs, and as Mr. P. still permits the GREAT TRAVEL to pass through his private lane and across the Merganser bridge (where there has never been an attempt even to locate a road) we of this part of the county, experience no difficulty in getting to or from this LOWER town, or across the Merganser bridge, and while no one could see any present necessity for incurring the expense by the county incident to the location of a public road, we were willing and did assist by signing a petition for the location of a county road on or near the site of the present traveled road. But this did not suit "the proprietor of the Merganser store," who wanted some of poor old Joe's land, so he sent Mr. S. to old Joe with the following terms of compromise:

MERGANSER, OREGON, Oct. 25, 1878.

To JOSEPH PENNING:—I hereby notify you to remove your fence from off the public road between the post-office at Merganser and the residence of Denis E. Crowley; and to do it forthwith, as it is contrary to the Statutes, being an obstruction of the public highway. Signed: O. A. STEARNS, Supervisor Road Dist. No. 12.

To the terms of which Mr. P. politely but firmly declined to accede. Failing in this little game of bluff, and having exhausted their vocabulary of opprobrious epithets on "the combative Tenton" without inciting in him anything more than a smile, this famous and magnanimous "proprietor" mounted the stage and dashed off to Jacksonville for legal advice. Failing to get the desired legal opinion necessary to enable him to carry out his designs on old Joe, he returned and for awhile, chewed the bitter end of reflection. Finally they ("the proprietor" and his three or four flunkies) determined that something must be done; so, presuming on the ignorance and poverty of old Joe, they very carefully drew up a road petition, and quietly circulated it. By dint of a great deal of moral suasion and some not strictly so, they succeeded in getting 12 signatures (aside from their own) of persons residing in the district, and 3 outside. Armed with this petition thus numerously signed, "the proprietor of the Merganser store," went out to the county seat, where he is reputed to have GREAT influence with the County Co. Judge, and actually did, as he supposed, succeed in getting viewers appointed who would do his bidding, but in this he was slightly mistaken, as one of them, Mr. Vanriper, proved to be a man of conscientious scruples and a desire to do justice in the matter of the location, but, being in the minority, was of course overruled, and the road viewed and marked out, in accordance with the wishes of "the proprietor," and not with a view to its public utility, as it does not in any way, provide for a road to or from the Merganser bridge, the only thing there that the public feel the slightest interest in. These magnanimous parties, pointedly refusing to entertain any offer of compromise made by Mr. Penning, he at once proceeded to have a remonstrance drawn up against the location of this SPECIAL ROAD, which was quickly signed by 53 of "the personal enemies of the proprietor of Merganser store," all living within the road district embracing the proposed road. (A list of the names can be had upon application to the subscriber.) If, as Mr. S. says, these persons are the personal enemies of "the proprietor of the Merganser store," he has certainly been particularly unfortunate in this accumulating 53 personal enemies in a sparsely settled district like this. Mr. Stearns' suggestion is certainly too absurd to be worthy of serious notice, as Linkville acknowledges no rival "burg" in America,

except Lowell, and possibly Boston, Mass. and to hold up as "a possible rival" the embryo town of Merganser, which consists of a country store and an empty hotel building, and has an existence as a possible town only in the over-zealous imagination of Mr. S. and his store proprietor, is an insult to the most ordinary Linkvillian. This insinuation of Mr. S. against Uncle George Nurse, whom he dubs the proprietor of Linkville and dictator of the county, calls to mind the story of the frozen viper. And again, his charge of "misrepresenting the wishes of the people" (as he says) of his road district, is wholly, willfully and maliciously false, as no petition was ever signed or submitted, asking this to be done, but on the contrary, this charge was made upon the recommendation of a retiring road supervisor, and so far as the subscriber can learn, gives general satisfaction, except Mr. S. who, having lost his official position, thereby of course, feels sore.

Finally, in answer to his query as to whether the county could possibly exist without Linkville, I would only say that, judging from the number and nature of the articles entered on the debit side of his acct. at George Nurse's store, the time is not far gone when he could not have existed without it. But my article is already too lengthy and I will only say in conclusion that Mr. Stearns may come to the conclusion that it was himself that used the Australian weapon and that it has missed the object at which he threw it. Respectfully, J. W. HANAUER.

The other evening he went, as usual, to escort her to church. She said "No." He said "Why?" Then, in deliberate accents, she replied, "Because, when I went to church with you, last Sunday, you made me walk next to the muddy street, while you tripped along on the inside of the side-walk. I got my brand new dress all spattered over with mud, and you had better get it." He smiled a smile and "gottet," and now he wonders that somebody hadn't told him long ago that politeness forbade an escort from compelling a lady to walk next to the street.

Linkville Livery Stables. GEORGE NURSE. Would inform his friends that his Stables at LINKVILLE LAKE COUNTY - - - OREGON. Are in excellent repair, amply provided with feed and hot customers will be well and promptly and in the best style. A Good HACK Excellent BUGGIES and No 1 RIDING HORSES always on hand. Horses promptly cared for, and Tourists and Others Outfitted. On the shortest notice. Do not fail to give the Linkville Stables a trial. GEORGE NURSE.

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CONSUMPTION Positively Cured. All sufferers from this disease should at once use the celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption in all degrees of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, no matter how advanced the disease, as long as you are breathing, you can form it every sufferer, by mail, post paid, free trial box. We ask you to send your money and if you are perfectly satisfied of their curative power. If your life is worth saving, don't deny in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you. Price, for Large box, \$3.00, sent to my part of the United States or Canada, by mail, on receipt of price. Address, ASH & ROBBINS, 361 350 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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HORSES BOARDED. On reasonable terms, and given the best of attention. HORSES BOUGHT AND SOLD. And satisfaction guaranteed in all my transactions. H. F. PHILLIPS. Read! Read! NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY APPLE TREES AT THE Ashland Nursery. Any one who will plant out on a perch of a thousand trees, can get them for the trifling sum of 7 Cents each, or A Thousand for 70 Dollars!

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