

# ASHLAND



# TIDINGS.



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

VOL. II.—NO. 44.

ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1878.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

## ASHLAND TIDINGS.

—ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY—  
—BY—  
O. C. APPELGATE & CO.

OFFICE—On Main Street, (in rear Dr.  
Chitwood's Drug Store.)

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Leave Linkville for Lake City, California,  
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**Ashland Lodge No. 189, I. O. G. T.**  
Meets at the Hall of Helman & Fountain every  
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Holds their stated communications Thursday even-  
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standing are cordially invited to attend.  
W. H. ATKINSON, W. M.  
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**Ashland Lodge No. 45.**  
I. O. O. F.  
Holds their regular meeting every Saturday even-  
ing at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good  
standing are cordially invited to attend.  
A. D. HELMAN, N. G.  
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Attorney and Counselor-at-Law  
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LINKVILLE LAKE CO., OREGON.  
Office in Post Office Building. Special  
attention given to conveyancing. [2-29tf]

H. KELLEY,  
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prom-  
potion given to all business entrusted to my care.  
OFFICE—In the building formerly occupied  
Kahler & Watson, opposite Court House.

M. L. MCCALL,  
Surveyor and Civil Engineer,  
ASHLAND, OREGON,  
Is prepared to do any work in his line on short no-  
tice. [2-29tf]

### PROFESSIONAL.

**DANIEL GABY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
and  
REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
ASHLAND, OREGON.

**I. O. Miller.**  
Architect and Builder,  
GRANITE STREET - - - ASHLAND.

WILL do anything in his line on short notice and  
on the lowest terms. [2-29tf]

J. O. C. WIMER J. WELLS

**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 war-  
ranted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address  
either, or both, at Ashland, Oregon. [29tf]

W. A. McPHERSON.

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For Ashland Precinct.

Particular Attention given to drawing up  
LEGAL PAPERS  
And making Conveyances.

Collectors promptly made. Will also write  
communications for publication, and private or busi-  
ness letters for parties desiring his services. [3-24tf]

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.

v2n26-6m

T. G. WATERS,

### 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 in-  
quiry in regard to this portion of Oregon—  
its Climate, Soil, Products etc.  
Reference given if required.  
v2n24] T. G. WATERS.

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. [v2n2tf]

### HOTELS.

### ASHLAND HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO RE-  
mind his friends, and the traveling pub-  
lic 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,  
given up in appropriate style, at short no-  
tice.

### 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 [2-29tf]

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. [2-29tf]

D. J. Ferree.

### We're Always Boys at Home.

Dear brother, I have wandered far,  
Far from the old roof-tree;  
And miles, by mountain, cliff and sea,  
Have parted you and me!

Though storms may drive us where they will,  
O'er land and ocean's foam,  
One happy thought can cheer us still:  
We're always boys at home!

Though time may set his silver mark  
On heart and hand, and brow;  
Tho' clouds may rise and skies grow dark,  
Even as they're growing now;

Far from a mother's love and pride,  
Our steps can never roam;  
Though men to all the world beside,  
We're always boys at home!

You're sitting by the dear old hearth  
To-night with all its joys;  
Our mother 'mid those scenes of mirth,  
Is talking of "her boys";

And oh, so happy, as it ours  
Beneath heaven's sheltering dome,  
Where youth renews its golden hours:  
We're always boys at home!

The faded fount by Leon sought,  
This side the stormy main,  
Lay like a fond dream, a fury wrought,  
In his own tale of Spain!

In vain the dreaming chisel turns  
The leaves of many a tomb;  
The alembic, where the Elix-ir burns,  
Is only found at home.

Dear mother, in this world of woe,  
Though fickle friends may flee;  
And though thy children's children grow  
In clusters round my knee,

Safe anchored in a mother's heart,  
I grow up to be may come,  
And claim the childhood's dearest part,  
May still be boys at home.

A mother's truly sunny smile,  
A sister's trust and truth,  
A father's benediction shed,  
Renews an immortal youth!

Thy re-see from every trial and care,  
A self-world and cold,  
We'll meet in other years, for there  
We never more grow old.

SAUC SAGE COMMENCES SPECLAT-  
ING.

HE FINDS THINGS PLENTY AND VERY  
CHEAP.

I put on my other shirt and straight-  
ened up my old hat to make it look  
high as 'twould and started out to see  
the sights. I saw a feller blacking  
boots for ten cents and got him to  
black mine. He earned his ten cents  
before he got through with that Batte  
Creek sticky. I went into a barber  
shop to get my hair cut, and saw about  
a dozen barbers shaving and cutting  
hair all at once. I told a feller by  
one chair that I wanted him to cut my  
hair fashionable and graze it up in  
good shape. He asked me how I want-  
ed it cut. I told him with the scissors  
of course. He asked me if I wanted it  
long or short. I gave him a keen  
glance which made him understand  
that I didn't want him to poke any  
more fun at me and told him to cut it  
short—it was long already. Shure  
enough he did cut it short. A one-eyed  
phenologist could read off my bumps  
by sight. Couldn't keep my hat above  
my ears; borrowed a piece of twine of  
the barber for a hat band. After I got  
fixed up I sailed out. Everybody in  
town was sailing, too. They were  
thicker'n a drove of cattle and going  
both ways and across. Whenever I  
stopped to look up at the high houses  
some fool would run against me, and  
then say, "Beg your pardon." There  
was lots of tables on the sidewalk, with  
news papers and pea nuts and candy  
and apples and oranges. Oranges are  
about the size of apples, only yellower.  
Some had baskets of flowers tied up  
into nosegays; some had lots of neck-  
ties; some were going along the streets  
selling galleas and handkerchiefs;  
some had pencils and some had buttons.  
Lots of sassy boys would stick papers  
right in my face and want me to give  
five cents for 'em. I bought about a  
half a dozen just to git rid of them, and  
left them stick out of my pocket so  
they'd see them but it didn't do no  
good; they were after me all the time.  
Some boys gave me papers telling  
about good doctors and cheap goods  
for nothing. I bought a whole pint of  
peanuts for five cents; seen a blind fel-  
ler setting on the sidewalk with a piece  
of past board money around his neck,  
and it was printed on it how he lost this  
sight, fighting to save the Union. I  
gave him four bits; bought three hand-  
kerchiefs for ten cents—real Irish lin-  
ning; the feller brought them from  
Ireland his self. I saw a tarna fine  
carriage with two high-toned women in  
it, and two black horses with silver  
harness and buckles on, and it must  
be a major general driving. He had  
a blue broadcloth coat with lots of

gold or brass buttons on it, a red sash  
around his waist and yellow gloves on  
with a great big ring on the outside,  
and looked as proud as a turkey gob-  
bler, with a plug hat on.

Bought a gold watch at an anction-  
eer for five dollars. He said I could  
take it to the mint, and it would coin  
up a twenty dollar piece. I got a  
drink of whisky for five cents; two  
dozen shoe strings for a bit; bought a  
little angel made of some kind of  
white stuff, for a quarter. I got my  
pockets and hands full; then I went to  
my room and emptied the things out'n  
my carpet bag and took it along. I  
speculated around all afternoon and  
got my carpet bag pretty much full.  
If I had all my ideas over on Big Batte,  
I could mor'n double my money. I  
took my new goods and "traps" to my  
room and then went and got my six-  
teen cent supper. Didn't buy nothing  
else that day but whisky. Treated  
a whole crowd and like to a got into a  
row. Then I went to my room and  
writ up my journal and went to bed  
but couldn't sleep on account of noise.  
There was what they call a sociable in  
the church by my window, and about  
two hundred men and women were  
talking and hollering and playing fid-  
dles and things. A youngster in the  
next room was teething or had the  
ache, I don't know which, and kept up  
a yelling and his mother made as much  
fuss as he did. At about eleven o'clock  
the folks in the meetin' house had left  
and the baby had cried itself to sleep,  
and the mother'd gone to bed and I  
dozed off. Just then a young woman  
that roomed on the other side of me,  
came home from the theatre. She's an  
actress and sings African songs. For  
a whole hour she kept up a regular  
squal about an old darkey by the  
name of Ned, and a mulatto girl by the  
name of Miss Neal, and one by the  
name of Miss Dean and another Miss  
Louy. She sung a song about a rela-  
tive by the name of Sally, and finally  
wound up with a song and a dance  
about James Crow, and then went  
to bed.

All was then quiet except the rattle  
of street cars and the tramp of stogy  
boots on the sidewalk and roar of  
horses' hoofs on the cobble stone side  
walk.

(To be continued.)

### LETTER FROM JAY BEACH.

INTERESTING TO HORSEMEN.

FORT KLAMATH, Mar. 30, '78.

ED. TIDINGS:—I will now attempt to  
fulfill the promise made you some time  
ago, to write for the columns of your  
paper an article which I at the time be-  
lieved would prove interesting to many  
of the breeders of our part of the state.

Though I shall make a desperate at-  
tempt at brevity, I fear the column talk-  
ed of, will hardly suffice for an explic-  
it treatment of the few points upon  
which I shall touch. Though the  
writer is directly interested in the de-  
velopment of the trotting horse, it is  
believed that the thoughts here pre-  
sented will be found equally applicable  
in the development of all varieties of  
high grade live stock. I would like to  
state too, in a modest way, that they  
are not advanced so much because they  
are believed to be better than those of  
any one else, as in the hope that they  
may stimulate a certain class of breed-  
ers to think for themselves. This article  
will no doubt set me right before many  
who have misjudged my motives in at-  
tacking "that pedigree" recently, they  
going no farther than to reason that the  
introduction of "Nat" into our locality,  
can do me no possible injury. I shall  
attempt to show that there are other  
considerations involved, which not only  
affect the interests of myself and the  
breeders of our section, but of all who  
are interested in the welfare of our  
community; and that whether it is bet-  
ter to expose fraudulent claims to  
breeding, or to follow them blindly  
with implicit faith that we are on the  
"royal road to success," is a question  
which is pertinent in a greater or less  
degree to every one. So many impor-  
tations of third-rate horses have been  
made to our section, with the represen-  
tation that they were strictly first-class  
and from the choicest strains, that  
breeders have lost all confidence in  
blood importations. One of us has bred  
to a Hambletonian, (Hambletonian be-  
cause his owner said so,) and the result

is a worthless colt. That satisfies him  
and many of his neighbors who were  
watching the experiment with attempts  
to breed a trotter; and should they  
afterward have an opportunity to breed  
to choice and genuine blood, will not  
avail themselves of it, for they have  
tried the Hambletonians and found  
them wanting. This is one way in  
which the true interests of the country  
are retarded. Our breeders have been  
nearly as much to blame as those who  
misled them, for they were too careless  
to attempt finding out whether the  
horses were falsely or truly represen-  
ted. In all cases, let us not be satisfied  
until we get the names of the breeders  
of these animals, then we can find  
whether they are responsible men, and  
whether they actually bred them. We  
need no affidavits, for dates and inves-  
tigation often make sad havoc with  
them. We want a full history of the  
horse, and with the information within  
reach of every one now-a-days, we can  
soon judge of its correctness. There  
is an official "Register" and "Stud  
Book" for both trotters and thorough-  
breds, in which all horses with a legiti-  
mate claim to good breeding are eligi-  
ble for record, and as a rule all horses  
not registered or by registered parents  
may be looked on with suspicion. They  
are almost certain not to be first-class,  
for if they were, their owners would  
not neglect to increase their value by  
recording them. Our breeders have  
been so repeatedly imposed upon that  
I have taken the precaution to so ar-  
range the management of my own  
breeding venture, that I need not de-  
pend on local patronage for success.

Any other course would have invited  
failure. This condition of affairs has  
resulted from the introduction of  
"scrubs" with high sounding pedigrees.  
Suppose Alexander Abdallah (the sire  
of Goldsmith Maid) had been brought  
to this country instead of "Old Fre-  
mont," (they were about the same age,)  
and that importation backed up by oth-  
ers of really good blood, does any-  
body believe that those importations  
would not have given us a great local  
celebrity as producers of fast trotters,  
and have made for us a horse market  
and an enterprise of inestimable value  
to breeders? therefore increasing the  
prosperity of all of us, no matter what  
our occupations. The consideration of  
breeding is deserving our attention. All  
Eastern and Southern Oregon is emi-  
nently a stock country, if anything.  
Not only is the greater portion espe-  
cially adapted to that business, but a  
large part is fitted for nothing else. It  
is already, and will be, our leading in-  
dustry. To quote "Hark Comstock":  
"The lead in success and prestige which  
means the best profit, will rest with  
those who are the most enterprising in  
securing the best material, and apply  
the best judgement in its develop-  
ment." It is true that sometime an  
animal with little or no known inheri-  
tance takes his place for the time being  
among the fastest. But by observing  
him closely it will be seen that he  
does not hold that place for any great  
length of time. Instances of this kind  
are entirely exceptional, and from their  
rarity they establish no law. The per-  
formances of a single exceptional in-  
dividual in a family should not be  
trusted as a basis for breeding stock.  
In a good many instances where at-  
tentions have been made to produce a  
trotter, the parents had each an "at-  
tenuated line to some remote trotting an-  
cestor, but these lines had been cor-  
rupted and weakened by injudicious  
breeding until no reliance should have  
been placed on them as an inheritance.  
If the breeder has happened to get a  
horse of some promise, that very  
promise only carries him so  
much farther downward until his  
money and patience are finally ex-  
hausted in the extortions of a set of unscrup-  
ulous trainers. The trouble was in  
the blood, as comparison drawn be-  
tween this experience and that of suc-  
cessful breeders will attest. Here are  
one or two examples of that blood. One  
horseman says recently in a published  
pedigree of his stallion: "Dam—a  
thoroughbred Whip mare." The worst  
of it is, the claim can be of no earthly  
benefit to the horse as he was bred in  
Oregon and every body knows his  
quality. But we only need to say that  
"Old Kentucky Whip," (even he being  
a son of the original Imp. Whip of  
Virginia,) died in 1828, and that the

"Whips" as a family are extinct, to  
show the absurdity of the claim. An-  
other one says the sire of his celebra-  
ted draught stallion weighing 1,600  
pounds, "was Arabian out of a Timoleon  
mare." How the horse could have  
been an Arabian if out of a Timoleon  
mare, puzzles me, for Timoleon was an  
American bred horse, (grandson of  
Lexington,) has been dead about 40  
years. 1,600 pounds is good size for  
that breeding, as Arabians weigh 700  
to 800, and the Timoleons weighed  
about 1,050 and 1,100. The dam of  
this celebrated draught stallion was  
"French." Rather indefinite; but after  
all his owner must be a liberal minded  
fellow to offer the services of the pro-  
duce of imported animals for \$10. If  
the horse was bred as he represents he  
would not be worth a cent for draught  
purposes. By and by the country will  
be filled with Arabian and Timoleon  
and Whip colts and their owners will  
feel that their honor is impeached if  
any one dares doubt the propriety of  
their claims to such blood. So far am  
I from taking the narrow-minded view  
insinuated by a recent correspondent  
—namely: that the close proximity of  
good blood is detrimental to me, that I  
even wish we had a great deal more of  
it.

I will state my reasons.—First: In  
the near future it will be necessary for  
me to resort to other families of good  
blood to prevent too close inbreeding,  
and I would be glad to find it near me.  
Second: The better the blood on which  
I cross in breeding, the better will be  
the reputation secured by my own  
stock. Third: (which I have touched  
on before) Were a good number of our  
breeders to turn their attention  
to breeding high grade stock our sec-  
tion would gain a local celebrity that  
would bring our purchasers to us, thus  
giving us advantages not only of sell-  
ing our stock at home, but of selling  
it at an early age on its breeding.  
This is not a theoretical assumption, as  
the fame of Orange Co., N. Y., the  
Blue Grass region of Kentucky and  
several other scarcely less celebrated  
localities will sufficiently demonstrate.  
Neither of the two specified sections  
possesses the natural advantages of our  
own, but the one had the great Hamble-  
tonian, the other, Mambrino Chief, and  
Alexander's Abdallah. Had their coun-  
try been infested with "scrubs," and  
they patronized to the exclusion of the  
good ones, those localities would yet be  
unknown as far as fine stock goes. The  
introduction of blood stock, too, will  
give our breeders opportunities to con-  
trast low with high-bred animals, and  
to decide for themselves after actual  
observation as to the comparative mer-  
its of the respective classes. 'Twould  
be death to such horses as have no  
claim to merit but a false pedigree, but  
the salvation of breeders. By reference  
to the annual sales of A. J. Alexander,  
Lexington, Ky., we find that from  
1869 to 1877, inclusive, there were 388  
thoroughbred yearlings sold to the high-  
est bidder, at an average of \$620 each.  
At a year old they of course were unde-  
veloped and sold on their breeding.  
Does anybody believe, no matter how  
high the form and promise of these year-  
lings that, had there been any ques-  
tion as to the authenticity of their rep-  
resented breeding, they could have  
brought under the hammer, \$25 apiece?  
A hundred as good illustrations of the  
value of Simon pure blood might be  
given, but for thinking men this will  
suffice.

The reckless following of high  
sounding name and pedigree without  
any effort to distinguish between the  
true and the false, or the opposite one  
of not patronizing good blood for fear  
it is bogus, or because we have tested  
a family by patronizing some counter-  
feit horse and thus are satisfied, if per-  
severed in, will ruin the stock interests  
of any community; will disgust all  
honest and intelligent breeders of that  
locality in which such suicidal policy  
is maintained, and finally force them  
to seek other fields and take their good  
blood with them. Therefore, instead  
of opposing importations of high grade  
stock, I shall welcome all such and  
continue to speak a good word for  
them by whomsoever made. They will  
more surely than anything else bring  
breeders to realize that their interests  
cannot be successfully built upon a  
false foundation, and that high quality  
cannot be produced in an animal with-

(continued on fourth page)