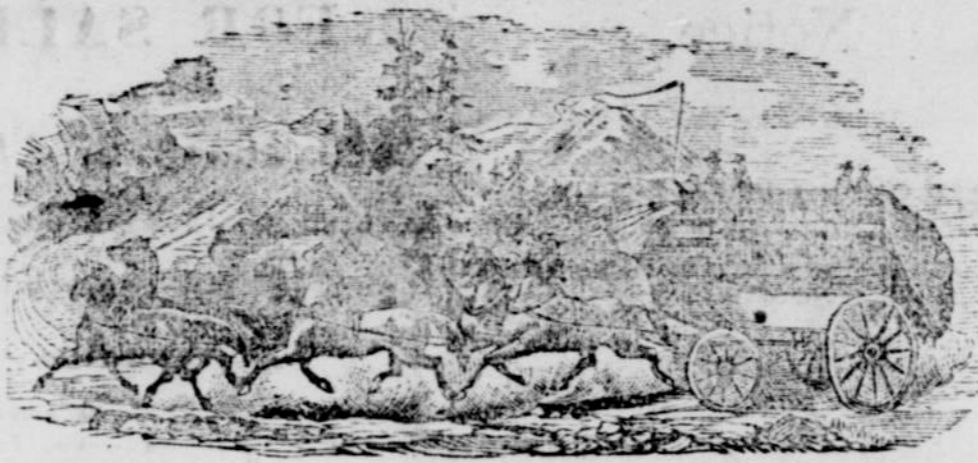




# ASHLAND



# TIDINGS.

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

VOL. II.—NO. 46.

ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1878.

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## ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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Office in Post Office Building. Special attention given to conveying. [2-291f.]  
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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. From attention given to all business intrusted to my care. Office—in the building formerly occupied Kahler & Watson, opposite Court House.  
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is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice. (no 271f.)

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Flouring mills, saw mills, quartz 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. [296f.]

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Particular Attention given to drawing up LEGAL PAPERS and making Court-records.

**D. S. SCOTT**  
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,  
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**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 inquiry in regard to this portion of Oregon—its Climate, soil, Products, etc.  
Reference given if required.  
[292f.] 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. [2929f]

**ASHLAND HOUSE.**  
THE UNDERIGNED 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 equal 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.  
[2918f.]  
D. J. Ferree.

## An April Song.

Sweet April, when you try, with your sunshine and your sky,  
Your wind breathing love and your birds that sing together,  
Your misty blue that fills the hollows of the hills,  
You can make a day of most delicious weather!  
But on this lovely morning you have for your adoring,  
The presence of my only love, my darling my dear—  
So you have need to try, with your sunshine and your sky,  
To make this day the day of all the year!

Yet, April, do your best, with a soft wind from the west,  
With sunlight on the springing grass, and tender hope above—  
Let your singing birds sing loudly, and your flowers look up proudly—  
So may you serve the lady of my love!  
O month of changeful moods—your days may be serene—  
Or your sobbing east wind may be bringing rainy weather—  
Each is a welcome day, for it brings me nearer May,  
Where my only love and I shall be together.  
—EDWIN S. LEWIS, IN SCIENCE FOR APRIL.

**SAUC SAGE NOT A SUCCESS AS A PEDDLER.**  
ARRESTED AND TRIED ON VARIOUS CHARGES—IS FINED.  
SIX MONTHS.

After I found the Dr. was gone, I come down the old shaky stairs and stood and gazed up and down the street for Dr. Siopbottom and at the same time kept an eye out for Miller. I asked a ten-year-old hoodlum, who was poking papers under folks' noses and trying to sell three for ten cents, if he knew where Dr. Siopbottom had gone.  
"O yes," said he; "he's gone to saw a man's leg off."  
"What's the matter with the man's leg?" said I.  
"He was knocked down by a run-a-way savings bank president and a ladies' train run over his leg," said he. "He'll be back as soon as the man dies. Post, Bulletin and Call—only ten cents; all about the accident."  
When I wouldn't buy, he looked as important as a bull-frog in a puddle and went after another feller. I know'd most he's lying and didn't put no faith in him, but I concluded I'd sit down on a barrel of blankets and wait awhile. I began to study about what a fix I'm in. I didn't know nobody hardly and had only a half plug of tobacco, three meal tickets and was three hundred miles from Butte Creek. I made up my mind that if I ever got back to that little old neck of woods, I'd be liable to stay there. Just then, "Vat vor you was doing mit dem planken on?" yelled out a great big Irishman, about four feet high and three feet over.  
"I shute you mit my valkin stick." But I went off before he did. I struck out for my room, still keeping an eye out for Miller, and watched all the men in buggies for the Dr. When I got to my room, I laid down on my bunk and come dogmation high crying. I lay there and sweat like a bay steer for an hour. All at once I thought of the ictus I'd been buying since I come to town. That was the very ticket; I'd go peddling. In about ten minutes I had my old carpet bag filled and was on the go. "You don't want a good tack hammer, pencil nor nothing?" said I, to a little chubby fellow with a plug hat on and a great tall woman hanging to his arm, wearing her mother's dress, two feet too long for her.  
"You guessed it," said he, and kept right on. I tried a good many other fellers, but they wouldn't pay no attention to me. I then concluded to go up on Montgomery street among them fellers that had so much money piled up in their winders. I offered to sell a tack hammer for four bits and throw in two pencils! They were all too close-fisted to buy. Some of them told me to get out. One feller kicked at me just as I went out at the door.  
At last one of these star men with gray coats on, came along and asked me what I had in my carpet sack. I told that I had a lot of ictus. He seemed to be the best customer I had struck. He wanted to see all I had. When I showed them to 'em, he wanted to know where I'd got 'em. I told 'em I'd bought 'em one place or other. He then accused me of telling a thin story, and told me right to my face that I stole 'em, and grabbed me by the arm and told me to go with him.  
That made me as mad as a wet hen, and I told him that I could whip any

man that accused me of stealing, and then went for him. All at once I saw about forty stars as big as that one on his coat, and then didn't see anything for about a minute. I got up off the sidewalk and concluded to go. He held my carpet sack in one hand and my coat collar in the other.  
When he got to the calaboose, another come out, and they went through me and took every thing away—even my old butcher knife I had in my boot. After they had written my name down in a big book, they locked me up with another hard looking feller in a place just like the one I was in before.  
The feller in with me was quite sociable and talkative. He told me his name was Dennis O'Raffity, and I think by his talk, he was a Dutchman. I wasn't much on the gas; I was thinking about the good old times over on Butte, and trying to figure out how I'd get back there. My chum was very kind, and seeing I was so blue, tried to console me.  
"Be-ather cheering up, me man," said he; "and don't lop yer ears as though y'd buried yer last mither in law. What have the spalpeens brocht ye in here for any way?"  
I told 'em they accused me of stealing.

"And can they prove it?" said he.  
I told him that they couldn't and that I never had stoled aytynge in my life.  
"Well what the Divil's the difference then?" said he; "ye get yer grub fra, and Divil the bit of work is there here. I've bin in here now and thin some three months or more, and a jolly time I've had of it, too. I bin out a fortnight and boarded on the lanch and slept in a boot black shand. They arrested me the day for stading a pace of pie and a few doughnuts, and be the holy poker that's give me one good square male already."  
I give that Dutchman one square look, and thinks I to myself, if I could take things easy like him, I'd make a better speculator.  
It's no use to try to tell you what happened that night, because nothing did happen; but I kept up a thundrin sight of thinkin'. I thought of my old cabin up on Big Butte, where Towser'n I used to live as happy as two bugs in a buffalo rug. Towser'd lay in the shavings all day under the shingle shed and set up before the cabin fire, nights. I told you old Towser used to be my company for me. Wish he was here now—no; poor fellow, I don't mean that—I wish I was where he is.  
When dark come, I pulled off my old boots for a pillar and wrapped the lousy looking blanket around me and lay down on the rock floor and kept right on a thinkin'. Tried to quit and go to sleep, but couldn't. The Dutchman that's in with me, snored like a fog horn. Every once'n awhile them star fellers would bring some feller along by my wagon-tire door and I could hear them slamming doors all around me.  
Morning come at last, and another come and bring what my Dutch pard called a "square male"—a tough beef stake on a tin plate, and a few crackers as hard as an old piece of slate, and a tin cup of tea. Wasn't much hungry; give most of my grub to the Dutchman. They come around at last and tuck me into the same old place. The feller they called "Yer Honor" and the rest of 'em was there. A feller read off my name and said I was charged with having stolen goods in my carpet sack. The feller that tuck me up, brought my traps and showed them to Yer Honor. He asked me how I come by 'em.  
I told 'em I bought 'em, and if Esau was here, I could prove it.  
"Who is Esau?" said Yer Honor.  
"Esau Mill," said I.  
"No more of your impudence," said he, "or I'll fine you for contempt of court!"  
Then I seed it was a regular court I was in and the feller they called "Yer Honor" was the Judge. I told 'em that Esau Mill could explain all about it.  
"O," said the Judge, "that's a man's name, is it? Let the case go over till to-morrow and give the prisoner a chance to subpoena E. Sawmill."  
Iz then taken back to my old quarters and spent another terrible day and night.  
Next morning, when the landlord came around with my sole leather stake

and pot metal crackers, I told 'em I'd rather have my old pipe and tobacco, than to have my breakfast.  
"Where are they?" said he.  
I told him they'd tuck 'em away from me.  
"O well," said he, "I'll git 'em for you."  
He set the grub down on the rock floor and went and fetched 'em in. I then put the crackers to soak in my tea and pinched off a pipe of tobacco and took a good smoke and I begin to feel bully. By that time my crackers was soaked soft and I went to my grub and ate it all up, but the bone in my stake—a piece of shoulder blade. I felt pretty nigh as well as my Dutch pard. I wonder what they've done with him; haven't seen him since yesterday. Went into court at 10 o'clock and saw Esau setting in the crowd. The Judge asked me if I had my witness there. I told him I did. He then told him to come forward. He went up and they swore 'em. The Judge asked him if he know'd how the pris'ner come by them goods.  
Esau said I'd bought 'em on the streets, because they's so cheap.  
A feller which I guess was a lawyer, asked him several questions, and the Judge asked a few more and then said the charge would be dismissed.  
I jumped up and started to shake hands with Esau but a star feller cotched me by the shoulder and told me to wait—they weren't done with me yet. Just as I begun to give that feller a good, square, contemptible look right in the eye, the Judge broke in, and said: "We will now proceed to examine the charge against the pris'ner of carrying a concealed weapon."  
I was thunder struck and didn't know what he meant.  
In come the lumix that tuck me up there, with my old butcher knife in his fist and told the Judge that I had it hid in my boot leg.  
The Judge asked me what I had to say in my defense.  
I told him that I'd carried that old knife to eat my tobacco with ever since the Injun war, but had never heard it called a weapon before.  
The Judge then asked me why I didn't leave it at home and not carry it around town.  
I told 'em that I started out peddling that morning and didn't know but I'd want to lite my pipe before I got back.  
The lawyer that had been making himself so fresh, put in his jaw and asked me if I had a license to peddle.  
I told him I didn't need a license to peddle out what few ictus I had.  
Then he said he'd rest; I thought it was about time.  
The Judge then said it was a very plain case and that he would fine me five dollars or three days in jail.  
That took the wind all out of my sails and I felt like sloshing over. I asked the Judge if I couldn't trade him a tack hammer and some handkerchiefs and pencils and other ictus for the fine.  
He coolly told me that nothing but money would do.  
I then asked him to wait a few days till I could peddle them out and raise the money. He told me they didn't do a credit business there.  
Just then that meddling lawyer—I hate that gas-pipe—bounced up, and said he, "May it please Yer Honor, I have another charge against the pris'ner."  
"State it," said the Judge.  
"Its for peddling without a license," said pumpkin head.  
"Proceed with the case," said the Judge.  
"May it please Yer Honor, he has acknowledged the crime in open court."  
The Judge asked me if I was guilty or not guilty. I told him I didn't feel guilty, cause I didn't know they needed a license to sell a few traps to raise a grub stake.  
He said ignorance was no excuse for violating law.  
I come dangerous nigh bilin' over when he accused me of ignorance. Its come to a pretty pass that nobody knows nothing unless he's studied law.  
The Judge said seeing as how the pris'ner didn't know his breaking law, he'd only fine me five dollars or three days in jail.  
Great Caesar! I thought I, six days in that horrible hole. SAUCLO SAGE.  
(More trouble comin')

## Correspondence.

MERGANSER OR, April 8th 78.  
ED. TIDINGS:—As J. W. Hamaker, justice of the peace and Notary Public, for the precinct of Linkville, has assumed that he is one of the persons alluded to in my former letter, and also assumes the responsibility of answering for his confederates, permit me to reply.

In the first place, to give a clearer view of the situation, it must be borne in mind that Linkville, until after the February term of the County Court, belonged in a separate road district from the Merganser district, which was known as District No. 12. The dividing line between the two districts was Link River. The No. 12 district extended west of the county line between Mr. Parker's and Jeany creek, and contained last year, twenty-four legal house holders, and from thirty to thirty-two voters, all told. The roads to be worked were the S. O. W. road, the road past Merganser, (which is one third of a mile longer from the points where it connects with the S. O. W. R. than is the latter between the same points of deflection) the "private lane" leading from the Merganser store to the end of the lower bridge, and a short road leading to Plevna, from the stage road near Harvey Walker's. Both the Merganser branch road and the one leading across the Merganser bridge eastward were viewed, surveyed and located in 1875. I think, (his honor's statement to the contrary notwithstanding.) Both surveys were defective in the same particular. Mr. Penning's opposition to the road dates from its first location, which was only changed from the traveled road existing when Mr. P. took the land, in order to straighten it, and leave him as much of the river land as was possible to do and secure a watering place for the traveling public. This opposition did not arise so much from any fancied or real injury the road did Mr. P. (as it really doubled the value of his land,) but from an old grudge against Mr. Roberts, whom it has ever seemed to be his desire to spite by opposing everything the former favored.

Mr. P. first built a sheep pen in the road, which the former Supervisor tore down. The spring of 1876 I opened the road on the survey, around Mr. P.'s upper field, the work being paid for by Mr. Roberts, when Mr. P. first built his fence upon the road site where I had cleared it. As there was room for the road and fence both, no attention was paid to his encroachments, until the next summer, when he hauled out rails and fenced up the road where it ran to the river bank west of Merganser. I went to Mr. P. and reasoned with him, explained the penalty he was incurring, and advised him, if he wanted the road changed to proceed legally to have it done, as it would cost far less than to attempt to do so illegally. Mr. P. first asserted his determination to change the road as he claimed he had a right to do on his own land, stating that the road was "not recorded" and therefore "illegal." That he had been told so by some one who had examined the records. He finally, however agreed to remove the obstructions and circulate a petition to have the required change made. (He had before this "cleared out the other track" not "around" but through "his little farm," one eighteen acre lot of it, to prevent the travel from having a watering place.) A neighbor of mine drew up the petition for him, and he put it away and never circulated it. Some three months later, while I was absent, he commenced obstructing the road again, and ran five fences across it, two of them across the very road he had "cleared off," and where his petition asked for the road to run. He soon afterwards built a corral in the road above the store at Merganser, where he had all the while asserted his desire for the road to remain; showing conclusively his untruthfulness and inconsistency. It was after his third attempt to fence up the road that I, after remonstrating with him and being told by him "that he was determined to close up that part of the road, and that he would put it just where he was a mind to," and "it would cost him nothing if a law suit did ensue," that I served the notices upon him, which Mr. H.

[Continued on fourth page.]