

# ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

VOL. III.—NO. 3.

ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1878.

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## Ashland Tidings.

—ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY—

—BY—

O. C. APPEGATE & CO.

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### 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 Healy, Yreka and Reading at 6 p. m. Mail closes at 5:30 p. m.  
Garrett & Ferres's Stage 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. 133, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets at the Hall of Reform every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. No. 133. Brothers and sisters in good standing are cordially invited to attend. The Temple meets every first and third Wednesday in each month.  
T. O. ANDREWS, W. C. T.  
H. T. CHITWOOD, Sec'y.

### Ashland Lodge No. 23.

**A. F. & A. M.**  
Holds their stated communications Thursday evening at or before the full moon. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
W. H. ATKINSON, W. M.  
J. S. EUBANKS, Sec'y.

### Ashland Lodge No. 20.

**I. O. O. F.**  
Holds their regular meeting every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
A. D. HELMAN, N. G.  
R. P. NEIL, Rec. Sec'y.  
Rehearsal meetings on Tuesday evenings, nearest the full of the moon each month.

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**J. A. APPEGATE.**  
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Office in Post Office Building. Special attention given to conveyancing. [2 19tf.]

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ASHLAND, OREGON.  
Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice.  
[2027tf.]

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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 by Kaler & Watson, opposite Court House.

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Will do anything in his line on short notice and on the lowest terms.  
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**WATERS & MYER.**  
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One door south of the Post-office, Ashland, Oregon.

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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. [204f.]

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Attorney and Counselor-at-Law  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
and  
REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Special attention given to all matters requiring an Attorney at the U. S. Land Office.  
Lake View, Lake Co., Oregon.  
May 21, 1878. [2045tf.]

**Jno. B. R. Hutchings.**  
ASHLAND GLOVE FACTORY

The subscriber gives notice that he is now prepared to fill orders for gloves of the  
**BEST BUCKSKIN, IN GREAT VARIETY.**

Also fine leather etc. Call at my establishment on Granite Street and see for yourself.

**Jno. B. R. Hutchings**  
[2045f.]

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**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. [v2n9tf]

**HOTELS.**

**ASHLAND HOUSE.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO RE- mind 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 see before them the best 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  
[2-29tf.]  
GORGE NURSE.

**LAKEVIEW COTTAGE I**  
A Pleasant and Homelike House situated

Hamming 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.  
[2027tf.]  
D. J. Ferres.

### The Two Travelers.

Now that the greatest American poet, Wm. Cullen Bryant, has sang his last song, and passed the dark river of death, we could not present a more fitting obituary than to reprint the following exquisite poem, being one of the last songs that flowed from his inspired harp.

'Twas evening, and before my eyes  
There lay a landscape gray and dim;  
Fields faintly seen and twilight skies;  
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

I saw—or was it that I dreamed?—  
A waking dream—I cannot say;  
For every shape as real seemed  
As those that meet my eye to-day.

Through leafless shrubs the cold wind  
Blasé;  
The air was thick with falling snow;  
And onward, through the frozen mist,  
I saw a weary traveler go.

Driven o'er that landscape bare and bleak  
Before the whirling gusts of air,  
The snow flakes smote his withered cheek,  
And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fare'd through blinding snows,  
And murmuring to himself he said:  
'The night is near, the darkness grows,  
And higher rises the drille I tread.

'Deep, deep each autumn flower they hide,  
Each tuft of green they wheelm from sight;  
And they who journeyed by my side,  
Are lost in the surrounding night.'

'Hov'd them; oh, no words can tell  
The love that to my friends I bore;  
Two paths with these I tread no more,  
O those that part to meet no more.

And I, who face'd this stormy road,  
And cheer'd these weary pilgrims deep,  
Must end my journey soon and end  
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep.'

As thus he spoke, a thrill of pain  
Shot to my heart; I closed my eyes,  
And when I opened them again  
I started with a glad surprise.

'Twas evening still, and in the west  
A flush of glowing crimson lay;  
I saw the morrow there and blest  
That promise of a glorious day.

The waters in their gleamy sleep,  
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky;  
A rugged cliff on a barren steep  
Rose up, with a hillside steep and high.

And I, who face'd this stormy road,  
And cheer'd these weary pilgrims deep,  
Must end my journey soon and end  
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep.'

And others came, their journey o'er,  
And bade good night with words of cheer;  
'To-morrow we shall meet once more;  
'Tis but the night that parts us here.'

'And I' he said 'shall sleep ere long—  
These fading gleams will soon be gone—  
Shall sleep to rise fresh and strong,  
In the bright day that yet will dawn.'

I bade I waked him as he went,  
A warning from, and light  
On a way from the tombment  
Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

**THE LATE STAGE ROBBERY.**  
It is a fact long since demonstrated, that everything has two sides to it, the very antipodes of each other. Even a jag has its inside, enshrouded in perpetual darkness, while its outside glitters in radiant light.

The dangers and hardships we have encountered in other days, give back some of our most pleasing reminiscences. We point with pride to the scar on our body, that proves how near some terrible accident came to shutting off our supply of oxygen. In fact, the contemplation of these subjects, supplies, in the aggregate, far more than an equivalent for the suffering they originally produced.

The foregoing remarks were suggested on hearing Gen. J. C. Tolman relate the circumstances attending the late stage robbery on the Siskiyou mountain, of which he was an eye-witness.

When the General shall have long since passed in his checks, his grand children, having learned the story from their parents, will relate, with animated gusto, the incidents of the General's adventure with the two masked highwaymen, on the summit of the Siskiyou.

We will endeavor to give it as near in the General's own words as our memory serves us.

'We left the Toll House after dark. The stage, containing seven passengers and the driver, was wheeling slowly up the mountain. The evening was quite warm, and five of the passengers were basking in the brilliant rays of the full moon, as it broke in scattered beams through the deep shade of the tall fir trees that, in many places, arched the road. Two of us, however, for want of accommodations outside, were compelled to take seats inside. Among the passengers on the outside, was a somewhat garrulous individual from New Jersey, an excellent representative of that class known as lightning rod men, in his native State. That is to say, he was a traveling agent for some commercial house. This being his first trip beyond the hail of the farmhouse or city, he was eagerly dilating on the wildness of the surroundings, and seemed vividly to anticipate the astonishment he would produce on the minds of his friends, three thousand miles away, when he should return and relate the adventures of an overland trip from Roseburg to Redding.

Nort Eddings, the driver, read his subject at a glance, and determined to entertain his adventurous passenger as only drivers can. He began by calling attention to the dangers of the Siskiyou. He pointed out place after place of historical note. There, some long drivers were attacked by Indians, here, some packers were ambushed, and the whole of the present century, there the stage was upset, and there it was robbed. 'New Jersey' was observed to become painfully silent, with an occasional glance to the right and left. Some minutes had passed, when our adventurer, with a forced air of indifference, inquired if there had been any Indian depredations or stage robberies of late years.

The stage was then just approaching the summit, and the driver assured him that we were near the place where the stage had been robbed in less than one year, and was just pointing to a spot where the act was perpetrated, when a horseman came from the spot called on, and a stage revealed.

The horseman, who was quite glistering in the moonlight, held by two masked robbers.

Being on the road, I did not understand what was the trouble, but supposed it to be a collision with the wagon of some belated teamster, and when the stage stopped, I started to get out, and had succeeded in getting my head and one foot out, when I discovered the cause of our trouble.

Something like a violent shock of electricity came up from the ground, entered my toes and passed out at the top of my head. I next found myself back on the seat, trying to detach my watch from my vest, but totally failed to do so. I thrust it in my clothes and hoped that the robbers would not find it. I next threw my money under the seat. On a second, thought I took back \$20, lest it might be considered too thin to be traveling on the stage without money.

My valuables being disposed of, and the electric shock over, I ventured to peep out and see how matters stood. I found everything passing very quietly; driver very accommodating; two veritable robbers of more formidable aspect than any of my childish imagination had pictured, while crouching beside my grand father, on some wintry evening, listening to his stories of Jao. A. Murrell and his confederates. Two double-barreled shot guns pointed recklessly at the trembling passengers on the outside, completed the picture.

From my position, I could observe everything going on. The driver, with lines in one hand, was silently throwing out the mail bags—the express box had already been thrown down.

When the driver stopped throwing the bags out, the horses started, and the voice of the robber rang out on the dismal scene.

'Is that all?'

The driver, in a more affable tone, replied,  
'That is all.'

One of the robbers, to make sure, set the gun down and mounted the wheel to examine for himself. Right here, I made up my mind never to travel on the stage again, without a revolver. Had I one then, I could have killed both of the robbers. The one

on the wheel, I could have touched with a walking stick.

Soon the welcome orders came from the robbers for us to drive on. We were sops, wheeling down the mountain at a good gate, with not a sound to be heard, save the beat of the horses' hoofs and the rattle of the coach over the gravel and corderoy road. Not a word was spoken—not even by our bold adventurer from New Jersey—until several miles had been placed between us and the spot of our discomfort. The silence was finally broken by our drummer friend, who expressed himself in words of amazement that he, who had been raised away down East in the midst of New Jersey civilization, should actually encounter highway robbers and be compelled to look down a double-barreled shot gun. He congratulated himself, however, on having so civil a lot of traveling companions. 'For,' said he, 'if any one aboard had been rude enough to have resisted the soundrels, we would all have been killed.'

**LETTER FROM W. C. MYER.**  
ALBANY, June 10, 1878.

EL TIDINGS:—In your paper, a short time since, an allusion was made of the attempt to poison my horses, at this place. There is no question in the minds of those who witnessed the condition of my horses that they had been tampered with. It was a deep laid plan, well carried out. The design was, evidently, not to kill them at once for then an examination would reveal the manner of their death, but to disable them for use. There have been for some time, parties industriously publishing that the Percheron horses were a short lived race; that too many of the colts die young; that they have no stamina, or endurance.

This charge is not true, either in France, or the United States. Old Louis Napoleon, grand sire to my three fourths mare Maggie, lived to be twenty-three years old. The Baker horse, sire of White Rose, died twenty-six years old.

There have been some colts and fillies died, here and in Jackson county, whose deaths could be accounted for. While others have died very mysteriously, and had evidently been tampered with.

I doubt not that some of the parties, who have so much to say about the constitutional weakness of the Percheron stock, know whereof they speak. These are the plain facts in the case, and are so considered by all candid persons, who have given the matter a thought.

I introduced this valuable stock on this coast, that I might do a public good, and thereby advance my own interests. I have invested my capital, and used my best exertions, and given my undivided attention to procure the very best stock to be found in America, and I am pleased to know that they are giving undivided satisfaction for the purposes to which they are adapted.

This is the fourth season I have had my horses here, and the first that they have been molested. They have now both fully recovered.

W. C. MYER.

**Lost River Items.**

Our correspondent at Lost River, under date of June 19 sends the following item:—On yesterday afternoon, Mary Mansfield, a half breed Indian girl, committed suicide at Linkville.

It seems to have been a love affair. She first took laudanum, but not having the desired effect, she borrowed a pistol, and went on the hill near the cemetery, and shot herself through the heart.

Stock men are busy roderoing. They are making it hot for the unbranded calves.

Beef buyers are in our section, paying good prices for good cattle.

Our land is very much in need of a shower of rain.

Hay harvest will soon be on hand.

What grain we have sown, looks well.

Several new settlers have located in our neighborhood, and more are coming.

We are bound to have a good time at Bonanza, on the 4th.

**TULE LAKE.**  
HUMILITY is the low but broad and deep foundation of every virtue.

### Butte Creek Items.

Warm.  
Gram in abundance.

Wild strawberries plentiful.  
School attendance augmenting.

George A. King, an efficient road master, has placed the roads in good condition.

Rev. Andrew Brown, of Ashland, paid our locality a visit on business to-day.

It is no longer Robert, it is Squire Gray.

Marsh & Co. are rushing things in the usual line.

C. P. Parker, Cameron & Obenshain are running an opposition express line. Result—logs come in lively.

Squire Dunlap slaughtered a fat 'bruin' last Monday.

Now the festive hunter mourneth—deer have gone back to tall timber.

Dan Gray, who has been trying the northern country a few years—has again settled in Big Butte's salubrious clime.

George King must not be appointed as a Presidential Elector; he is the Big Butte postmaster.

Beekman is not Governor, but W. H. Parker is Constable. Look out for ] next time.

Mrs. Hughes has been down with rheumatism—is now convalescing.

Tidings quiet on election day; 27 votes cast; 15 Republicans and 12 Democrats. 14 legal voters did not go to the polls.

James Mann has obstructed the channel of Big Butte creek, at the mouth, with a fish trap, so that none are permitted to pass above. Our fish eating population complain bitterly, and threaten to return him to the Grand Jury, at its next sitting.

There are six families living at the steam mill. A good point for a store—provided the merchant could take legal tenders (lumber) for his merchandise.

'Sick, Sore and Defeated,' is the title of a new poem, composed by your correspondent since the election.

WM. H. P.

**Chewaucan Items.**  
June 10, '78.

Health good.  
Stock looks well.

Mr. Haskins came up from Cal., recently.

Our bearded cattle men are busy branding.

Weather quite warm at present, and 'garden truck' peering up rapidly.

Our friend Innis, is in the midst of shearing. He started a band of mutton sheep to Reno, a few days ago.

Mr. Harvey, of Summer Lake, passed through Chewaucan yesterday, with a band of sheep, en route to Goose Lake.

The election passed off quietly, and has gone all right, I presume; but I do not know what that is yet.

I notice in your paper, an item giving a brief account of a picnic, held at Chewaucan, on the 18th ult., which contained a slight error in the chronology of some of the exercises on the occasion; nothing damaging however, to the general interest of the affair. The mistake was with reference to the dancing, as expressed by your informant.

The programme was about as follows: 1st, speaking by the respective candidates of Lake county, for Representatives, which was brief, and rather enjoyable; 2d, a reliable report, prepared by the ladies of Chewaucan and Summer Lake, which reflected great credit on their culinary attainments. In fact, the gustatory exercises, were more universal, than any enacted during the day. Dinner being over, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in social converse and dancing, in which all present appeared to enjoy themselves 'hugely.'

**PARTICIPANT.**  
LEFT.—The Eastern fashion reporter who wrote with reference to a belle, 'Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots, tied his wardrobe up in his handkerchief, and left for parts unknown, when it appeared next morning. 'Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots.'