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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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Ashland Tidings.

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O. C. APPLEGATE & CO.

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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.

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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.

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PHŒNIX MILLS.

P. W. Orwig, Proprietor,

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SUPERIOR TO ANY

Heretofore manufactured in this valley. He is using an entirely

NEW PROCESS,

First introduced by him in this county.

He Guarantees Satisfaction.

All flour warranted gentle and of the best quality. He will

REFUND THE MONEY.

To any and all who may receive flour that proves not to be as represented.

☞ Give him a call and convince yourself 12 f

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HE IS NOW PREPARED

TO ATTEND to the wants of his customers in the

MOST APPROVED STYLE.

Shaving, Shampooing, Dyeing, Hair cutting, Etc.,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Positively to work done after 12 o'clock on Sunday. (no-10-73-tf)

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ALWAYS ON HAND,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

SADDLES, HARNESS, BRIDLES, SPURS, STIRRUPS, BITS, WHIPS, LASHES, CINCHES.

☞ Repairing promptly and cheaply done. Give me a call and satisfy yourselves that you can save money by trading with me. (3 10 f) R. T. B. SR.

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Linkville Livery Stables.

NURSE & CORPE

Are pleased to announce that their Stables at

LINKVILLE

LAKE COUNTY - - - OEGON

Are in excellent repair, amply provided with feed And that customers will be waited on promptly and in the best style.

Good HACKS 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

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Millinery Store.

On Main Street

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I have now on hand a beautiful assortment of Hats, Bonnets, Shades, French Flowers, Wreaths Plumes, Neck Ties, Linen Suits, Japs, Ladies' Furnishing Goods, etc., etc., etc. Also

Buttrick Patterns

and the Warner Health Corset.

☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.

☞ Everything sold cheap for Cash.

☞ Bleaching, Pressing and Coloring, in the very Latest manner. *v2n16tf

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I am now permanently located in this place, and respectfully ask the patronage of the citizens.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

To give Entire Satisfaction. Prices to suit The Times.

☞ *Call and see Specimens.* [v2n9t

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Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice. [no27v24]

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DR. WILL JACKSON,

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WILL VISIT ASHLAND IN MAY and November and Kerbyville, the fourth Monday in October each year.

Ashland, Sep. 15, 1878.

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WILL do anything in his line on short notice and on the lowest terms. v7n2 f

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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to my care.

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Dr. W. B. Royal

☞ Has permanently located in Ashland ☜

Will give his undivided attention to the

Practice of Medicine.

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The Doctor is a graduate of a first-class College. He will promptly attend all professional calls, in day or night.

☞ Prices reasonable. [no-18

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☞ Special attention given to all matters requiring an Attorney at the U. S. Land Office.

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Particular attention paid to Land Titles, Collecting Debts and all kinds of Government Claims.

Principal Office, Jacksonville, Oregon. GIBBS & STEARNS will attend to my business in Portland. [v3no7tf

THE SENSE OF TIME.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The glaring current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals like a linging river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself grows vapid,
Why, as we near the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life,
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of golden sands
That run through a single hour,
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
One doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, falling once or twice
May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

A POLYGAMIST'S PERFIDY.

Miss Caroline Owens' Sorrowful Experience

ENDOWMENT HOUSE SECRETS.

One of Miles' Wives Gets a Strap on the Ear—Excitement in Salt Lake.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE 'CHRONICLE']

The United States Commissioner's Court was crowded to day to hear the preliminary examination of Elder John Miles, charged with violating the Act of Congress of 1862 against polygamy by taking three wives. Counselor D. H. Wells, Angus M. Cannon and Dora Young, daughter of the late Prophet, were examined. These witnesses were all under religious obligations to suppress the truth, and the testimony they gave, was of slight value. The object of the persecution is to prove the marriage of defendant to more than one woman in the Endowment House. The case was continued until Monday. The victim of the defendant's treachery, is Miss Caroline Owens, recently of London, who is refined, accomplished and pretty. She has known Miles for twelve years (the two being children together), and adopted the Mormon faith, through her love for the Elder. On his promise of marriage and conjugal fidelity, she left home and kindred for Zion, arriving in this city three weeks ago. Here she was informed that

TWO OTHER SAINTESSES

(Sisters), named Spencer, were to divide with her the privileges of wife. This caused an explosion of wrath, and the betrayed girl appealed to Apostle Joseph F. Smith, and the President of the Church, John Taylor. These men justified the Miles business by a revelation on polygamy, and cited the example of Hebrew women for her guidance. Being friendless and homeless, and still devoted to her betrayer, the young lady went through the Endowment House with him, the elder Spencer girl, on account of age, taking precedence. She did not see Miles married to Emily Spencer, but noticed a ring on her finger after going through the sealing process. The oaths imposed in the Endowment House seem to have intimidated her and she is reticent about ceremonies. She says that she was required to swear that she would avenge the death of the martyred prophets, Joseph and Hiram Smith, and would teach her children the same obligation. She says she was compelled to

FORESWEAR HERSELF,

as Masonic signs were submitted symbolic of oaths which were afterwards administered. She saw nothing of the bridegroom, after her washing and anointing, until she was led up to a curtain, through which she thrust her hands. They were seized by her spouse on the other side, and then each whispered some formula in the other's ear. She says she was a poor Mormon when she entered the Endowment House, but the lascivious mummery of the ceremony cured her of what faith she had. At a reception given at Cannon's house, Emily Spencer was introduced to the guests as Miles' wife, and Caroline was slighted. During the entertainment, wife No. 2 asked No. 1 to get off the music stool, as she wanted to play the piano. Miles interposed and said: "Don't move, Emily, you are my wife." Caroline gave her rival

A SHARP SLAP

on the ear in pure vexation. This produced a scene, and the rebel of the harem ran out of the house. While begging a home and protection of a lady passing, Miles and another saint seized her and carried her forcibly into the house. The situation of affairs becoming known, outside parties interfered and the girl was given into the custody of United States Marshal Shoughnessy, who committed her to the care of his wife. There is intense excitement over the case, and the result is waited with great interest. Another effort is being made by the Mormons to secure possession of Miss Owens this evening, but she will be retained under an order of the Court issued yesterday. Several Attorneys have volunteered their services and money is freely proffered by the Gentiles to Miss Owens.

AN IMPUDENT APOSTLE.

Daniel H. Wells, First Counselor of the Church who testified to having married Miss Owens to Elder Miles, upon being asked by the Prosecuting Attorney where he stood in the Endowment House when conducting the ceremony, told him it was none of his business. He could stand on his head if he pleased. He and apostle Joe T. Smith officiated that day he said, and he testified to having married forty-five couples, as near as he could recollect. It was a regular field day, and business was large.

Infernal Machines.

Infernal machines have been employed of late with fatal effect in several cities and towns of Mexico. At San Angelo, a little town five or six miles from the capital of the county, a party of six ladies and three gentlemen assembled to open a box assuming to have come from South ra France, and to contain Lourdes water and a number of rosaries that had been blessed by the Pope. One box opened, another was disclosed, and as they were trying to get into the second a tremendous explosion took place, and every person but one was instantly killed. The box contained nitro-glycerine, and was evidently prepared for assassination, though why any of the party mentioned should have incurred any such deadly enmity it is impossible to tell. The terrible box, it is said, was sent to one of the ladies, remarkable for her amiability and benevolence. She was unmarried, and a great favorite, and it is surmised that a semi-adventurer who had proposed to her and been rejected had adopted this method of revenge. Such a thing scarcely seems credible to us, but in Mexico anything criminal may happen with or without provocation. There are men there who appear to practice assassination lest they may grow rusty in their murderous art. The Californians have a proverb that a mongrel Mexican is half-brother to the devil.

REDEEM THE FAIRS.

Alexander Hyde, writing to the *Country Gentleman* on this subject, says:

"It is not too late to save these institutions from utter debasement. Some of our State and county fairs—notably that of the New York State Society—have maintained their integrity, and are managed on a strictly agricultural and industrial basis. There is not in the country a more educational institution than the New York State Agricultural Society, and at its fairs there is an assembly of the most intelligent yeomanry and cultured gentlemen from all parts of the country, who are drawn together by the magnificent display of stock and the products of all kinds of industries. What one society does, another may do. Farmers should attend the annual meetings of their respective societies, and see to it that only true men are elected to the management. If the election is left by default to go into the hands of jockeys and demagogues, farmers have no one to blame but themselves. Cattle shows and fairs are a peculiarly agricultural institution, and should be run by yeomen and for the benefit of agriculture not to send their man to Congress, put that one into the gubernatorial chair and aid another in his gambling pool.

Women Teachers.

A writer in *Harper's Monthly* gives a very interesting account of the invasion of women into the profession of school teaching. It is within the memory of middle-aged persons that women were rarely employed except as teachers of summer schools, where only small children attended. As late as 1845, a Rhode Island report shows only twelve teachers out of Providence, excepting something like infant schools in a few central districts. Fifteen years later the teachers had increased to two hundred, and the superintendent thought that two-thirds of the schools taught by men would be better taught and disciplined by women. Horace Mann was the foremost advocate of women teachers. He believed that women were better adapted than men to the work of teaching, and regarded their increase in the profession as a great reform. Partly as the result of his labors, the number of women teachers in Massachusetts in 1858 was 5,210, in place of 3,591 in 1837. In 1870, according to the census, seventy four per cent, of all the teachers in the United States were women. In New England the excess of women is greater, but in the South and West it is smaller. In New York City ninety per cent, are women, but in the interior of the State the proportion of men is larger. Economy had much to do with the rapid increase of women teachers. Women in those days took what they could get, and were glad to get small pay for a great deal of work. One of the earliest women teachers in Maine was paid one dollar and fifty cents a week. In Iowa at one time the average salary of women teachers was seven dollars and sixty-four cents per month. Men teachers were not paid very liberally in those days, but as they could earn more in other pursuits, they commanded more as teachers. It is stated that male graduates of the Bridgewater normal school, who began teaching at a salary of $25 per month, now receive $4,000 a year. There are few States which has risen to the standard of paying the same salary to women as to men for like service. In Massachusetts the average salary of men in 1875 was $83 27; of women, $35 35. In Maine, men receive $37, women, $18. In Ohio, men $60, women, $41.

Y. How Fever.

The following from an exchange concerning the symptoms and horrors of the scourge now depopulating the South will doubtless prove interesting at this time.

The first personal intimation that you have of the fever is the same as with all the malignant febrile class of diseases. There is a light headache, violent pain in the nape of the neck, extending down the spine, accompanied by a slight aguish shivering. You must go to bed and take your medicine at once when you feel these symptoms: and then if you have youth, have lived a temperate life, and your parentage has given you a good constitution, why you may thank God; for these will do more towards resisting the fatal effects of the disease than all the doctors can do. Good, intelligent and careful nursing is even better than the physician and medicines. Soon you commence to burn. Your head seems quadrupled in size, your pulse mounts up over a hundred, and the blood courses through its channels hot as lava, and every vein and artery is tingling with the accelerated speed and pressure of the vital fluid. Then after a day or two of this kind of suffering you find forgetfulness in delirium. The problem of life or death is decided by your state when this delirium is over. If you are young and strong, you may build up again from a condition of weakness the most pitiable; if not, you awake from temporary oblivion only for a short time before you pass into that state forever. Meantime there is a vile smelling exupation from the body, which turns your skin the color of a pumpkin rind, and dyes bed linen and clothing the same odious color. The smell is intolerably sickening, but has to be borne as in many cases physicians insist that the patient shall not be disturbed, and further he must lie in one position. The convalescent stage is not free from danger. It is at this period that the patient requires the utmost attention from the nurse, particularly if he happens to be sick in the Autumn months. The northers that visit Texas, extend their effects, but in a greatly modified degree, to Louisiana, and a sudden cooling of the air may give the patient a conjestive chill that will snap his life-thread in a minute. *El vomito negro*, as the Spaniards call it, and as we name it in our vernacular the "black vomit," is, in a great many instances, the last scene that ends the yellow fever victim's life. It is not so often the attendant of the disease in the Southern States as it is in the coast ports of Mexico, and in Cuba and other West Indian cities.

The Hand Organ Man

A hand organ man was making his way up Adams Avenue yesterday, when a boy met him and asked:

"How many tunes do you play?"

'Sixteen shunes—nice sweet shunes,' replied the man.

"My father is very fond of music, but he is very deaf," continued the boy.

"Oh, dat makes no diffrence; I make him hear."

The boy led the way up the street to where a plaster bust of Sir Isaac Newton had been arranged in a bay window to look like a living man, and the Italian spit upon his hand and began on the crank. He ground out all the tunes in rotation, and then began at the bottom and ground back up the scale till he got all the tunes in the garret of the box again. The man in the bay window didn't move a hair, and the Italian drew a long breath and sighed:

'Play more muzick—make him hear soon.'

He ran out eight tunes and threw gravel at the window. The bust didn't even work its ears, and the Italian leaned the organ on the fence and loudly sang.

"Oh! who shall drink of me som moir
When I am far a-way?"

The seven other tunes were rattled off at a lively rate, while the man coughed, whistled, kicked on the fence and encouraged a dog fight, in order to attract the deaf man's attention.

'Sing longer: play harder!' called the boy from the corner.

The grinder secured a brace for his feet, unbuttoned his vest, and the way he roared, brought out the citizens by the score. He kept his eyes on the bust and gave no heed to the crowd, and the organ box was smoking hot when he let up on the grind. Resting the organ on the ground, he leaped over the fence and got a square look at his victim. His quiet grin faded into a look of woe, misery and murder, and getting his eye on the boy with a red necktie, he ran him four blocks, and under a carpenters shop, before a still small voice whispered that he had better hold on.

A Little Seven-Year-Old Traveler.

A correspondent writes to one of the Montreal papers the following interesting story: "The passengers by the through Intercolonial train from St. John, N. B., to Montreal, which arrived at Bonaventure Station this morning, were very much interested in a little girl about seven years of age, who was traveling alone, friends having placed her aboard the train at St. John on Tuesday night, and left her to the tender mercies of passengers. She was very neatly dressed, and had a white pasteboard card tightly sewn to the left shoulder of her jacket, upon which was written in a neat lady like hand the following: 'Nellie Carr—Please forward to Detroit, thence to Lawton by Michigan Central Railway.' Carefully pinned in her pocket she carried an envelope enclosing a half-fare ticket 'St. John to Detroit.' A basket, nearly as large as herself, containing an ample supple of cookies, doughnuts, buns, &c., and a little dollie, which she very tenderly nursed, completed her outfit. She told your correspondent quite confidentialy that she had money enough in the toe of her boot to pay her fare from Detroit to Lawton. She added, however, that her auntie had very strictly cautioned her against telling any one that she had any money, as there were a lot of bad men traveling, who would take it away from her. Her father is to meet her at Lawton, where she will arrive (if she makes her numerous connections all right), next Friday night. All who saw her in the car wished 'Little Nellie' a comfortable trip and a safe and speedy arrival at the end of her long and tedious trip of 1,700 miles, and trusted she would continue to the end of her journey to be the 'pet' of the train, and the 'special charge' of its passengers, as she has thus far.—*Christian Guardian.*

A cotemporary says that the first question a man should ask himself after he has secured his yearly crop is, do I owe the printer anything? Yes, the printer has been furnishing me a paper for a year on credit, and as he has to pay for his stock of material monthly, besides all of his household expenses, having everything to buy, he certainly must need what I owe him, although it's not much. Yes, come to think of it, he has no farm to live off of, and must realy be in need of what is coming to him after a whole year, and prehaps two, for his pay. I am justly indebted to him, anyway, and will go to morrow and pay him—no, that wont do, I'll go to day, and by paying him give him to understand that his efforts to run a good local paper is felt and appreciated.

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