

ASHLAND OREGON

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

VOL. III.—NO. 29.

ASHLAND, OREGON: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1878.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.



Ashland Tidings.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY—

BY LEEDS & MERRITT.

OFFICE—On Main Street, (in 2d story of McCall & Baum's new building.)

Terms of Subscription:

One copy per year..... \$ 2.50

Three months..... 1.00

Six months..... 1.50

Club rates six copies for..... 12.50

Terms of Advertising:

Local Notices per line..... 10c

Professional Cards, per year..... \$10.00

Two inches, per quarter..... 5.00

Four..... 1.00

Eight..... 2.00

One inch Column..... 10.00

Three-fourths..... 10.00

One..... 10.00

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS:

One square (ten lines or less) first insertion..... \$2.50

Each additional insertion..... 1.00

Job Printing.

All descriptions done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Bills, Receipts, Posters, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

Agents for the Tidings.

S. M. Tuttle & Co., New York

Russell & Co., St. Louis

P. F. Fisher, Portland, Oregon

D. H. Fisher, Portland, Oregon

I. J. Smith, Salem

M. L. McCull, Ashland, Oregon

Miss Anne Hanna, Junction City

Dr. N. L. Lee, Corvallis

Rev. J. B. Bell, Jack.ville

Rev. H. B. Hart, Applegate

How. W. W. Fidler, Applegate

Alv. Watts, Keshwille

W. M. Smith, Keshwille

Rev. J. B. Owen, Central Point

J. M. Fisher, Keshwille

H. D. Smith, Keshwille

Richard B. Pratt, Keshwille

J. S. McFadden, Keshwille

Miss Carrie Smith, Keshwille

A. F. Spelling, Lake View

C. B. Watson, Lake View

Geo. T. B. Smith, Lake View

W. H. Roberts, Lake View

Dr. J. M. H. Smith, Lake View

Miss M. W. McChes, Lake View

S. Sherman, Lake View

Capt. D. J. Ferris, General Agent for Lake and Madoc counties.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

FEDERAL.

SUPERVISOR GENERAL, JAMES C. THOMAS, Portland

DISTRICT JUDGE, M. P. DEAN, Ashland

U. S. ATTORNEY, RUFUS MALLORY, Ashland

CLERK U. S. DIST. COURT, JAMES R. LAMSON, Ashland

U. S. MARSHAL, ANGER W. WATERS, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

DEPUTY MARSHAL, J. H. WATSON, Ashland

PROFESSIONAL.

J. A. APPLIGATE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW

SALEM OREGON.

DR. J. H. CHITWOOD,

Ashland Oregon.

OFFICE—At the Ashland Drug Store.

JAMES R. NEIL,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

J. W. HAMAKAR,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

LINKVILLE LAKE CO., OREGON.

Office in Post Office Building, Special attention given to conveyancing. 12-19-78.

C. B. WATSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW

and

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Office in Post Office Building, Special attention given to conveyancing. 12-19-78.

M. L. MCCALL,

Surveyor and Civil Engineer

ASHLAND, OREGON.

Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice. 12-19-78.

DANIEL GABY,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Notary Public and Real Estate Agent.

LAKE VIEW, LAKE COUNTY, OREGON.

DR. WILL JACKSON,

DENTIST.

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Will visit Ashland in May and November, and Keshwille, the fourth Monday in October of each year.

Ashland, Nov. 15, 1878.

I. O. MILLER,

Architect and Builder,

GRANITE STREET - - - ASHLAND.

Will do anything in his line on short notice and at the lowest price. 12-19-78.

DR. F. G. HEARN,

PRACTICAL DENTIST.

ALSO ASSAYER OF ORES AND BULLION.

Office on Main Street, cor. h. side, Yorks, and facing City Drug store and opposite Heaman's Hardware Store. 12-19-78.

MRS. DR. ELIA FJAD RJB. SJJ.

DI-EASIS OF WOMEN

SPECIALTY.

Office and residence at Judge Deane's, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

T. G. WATERS, O. R. MYER.

WATERS & MYER,

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELERS AND

O. T. CIANS.

One door south of the Post-Office, ASHLAND, OREGON.

S. WHITTEMORE, M. D.

OFFICE at S. C. Sergeant & Co.'s store, Ashland, Oregon.

THE DOCTOR IS A GRADUATE OF A first-class college. He will promptly attend all professional calls, night or day. Charges moderate.

Dr. W. B. Royal

Has permanently located in Ashland.

Will give his undivided attention to the Practice of Medicine.

Has had Fifteen Years' Practice in Oregon.

OFFICE At his residence on F. city Street, 4-9-78

J. Q. WILKITS,

TEACHER OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

And Professional Piano Tuner.

ASHLAND, OREGON.

Address him, or call at the Ashland Academy. (No 315)

Ashland Lodge No. 189, I. O. G. T.

Meets at the Hall of Helms & Fountain every Friday evening at 8 o'clock P. M. Brothers and sisters in good standing are cordially invited to attend. The Temple meets every first and third Wednesday in each month.

Miss R. A. APPLIGATE, W. C. T. U.

A. T. WATSON, Secy.

Ashland Lodge No. 23, A. F. & A. M.

Holds their stated communications Thursday evening or before the full moon. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

W. H. ATKINSON, W. M.

J. S. EDWARDS, Secy.

Ashland Lodge No. 45, I. O. O. F.

Holds their regular meetings every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock P. M. at Ashland. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

W. W. KENNER, W. M.

DEFEAT N. G. Sabbath meetings on Tuesday evening, nearest to full of the moon each month.

LONGING.

BY FAMES KIMBLE LOWELL.

Of all the year I long for mid

To thoughts the soul come thronging,

Which one would ever do, so kind,

So so full as longing!

The long we long for, that we are,

For one transient moment,

Before the present, low and bare,

Can make a fleeting comment.

Still, the high and holy, and the swift,

Give down the side of life,

And longing would be what life

Craves in its mad race.

To let the new life in, we know

De must open the porch;

Perhaps the longing to be so

Howe'er make the soul immortal.

To long in God's love, heaven and all

With our poor, erring, and stray;

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Which we so long, we long,

Scrap of Southern Oregon History.

Indian Hostilities in the early part of the Year 1856.

When the Captain gave the order to his men to leave the pack mules and make the best time they could towards the ranch, some of the men so far disobeyed him as to continue to hurry forward some of the mules that were loaded with their own individual effects and succeeded, by loud yelling and rough whipping, in driving them in the palisades surrounding the ranch; while the remainder of the mules stampered helter-skelter in all directions through the woods. As soon as the Indians saw the volunteers abandon their mules and flee towards the ranch, they left their cover and made a rush to ward Lewis and Southernland's train, firing rapidly at men and mules alike. Southernland, being in advance on the bell mare, increased her speed by a vigorous application of whip and spur, and made a bee-line for the ranch, calling lustily to his partner: "Let the mules go—Jimmy, and come along, they're bound to get them any how, save your scalp!" and with a "go-told-hiss" and an additional slap with his top-sy, away he went closely followed by a part of the mules, while the others went scuffling through the woods in all directions, except towards the ranch. Jimmy, seeing that he could not reach the friendly protection of the horse, turned his mule off to the left and was soon out of sight, and immediate danger.

On one of the other train at full speed, some of the mules with packs askew, some with packs turned; drivers yelling, swearing and whipping; the bell on the bell mare jingling and clattering; Indians firing and yelling, and all in a wild stampede. Such an uproar, such excitement, such reckless riding, will never again be seen on that road between Hays' and Deer creek. The packers scattered and fled towards the ranch, each on his own hook; over logs, through brush and mire and smoke and whistling bullets; few mind upon a view of the crashing bullets of one that is running cross cuts and strikes the fugitive horse amid-hips. At last all have reached the palisades. Leaping from their foaming horses, and setting their alights, they dart through the gate that has been opened for their reception, and are once more in safety.

Safe indeed are they, but their horses, their friendly, noble preservers are huddling and jumbling one another outside the gate, whinnying as if calling their faithless riders to open the gate and take them in; for the Indians were sending showers of bullets into the surging mass of horses and mules and dropping them one by one. The volunteers had taken a goodly number of their riding horses into the stockade as possible, for the enclosure was small and many were necessarily left outside.

All are now inside of the enclosure and are returning the enemy's fire with vehemence, and successfully beating back the awaiting savages who had twice rushed forward in a wild circle around the house with the apparent intention of taking it by storm, but in each attempt met with such vigorous resistance that they at last gave up the desire of assaulting it, and retired to the distance of two hundred yards and settled down to a steady exchange of shots and yells with its defenders.

"Where is Alex Caldwell, has any one seen him?" asked Hays, with as just as we crossed the creek." "And these inquiries were going the round and up—" What is that lying yonder, by the road, partially concealed by a log?" "See, he raises his head and looks this way, as though asking for help." "How the bullets are knocking up the dust all around him." "Hear the devils

Scrap of Southern Oregon History.

Indian Hostilities in the early part of the Year 1856.

When the Captain gave the order to his men to leave the pack mules and make the best time they could towards the ranch, some of the men so far disobeyed him as to continue to hurry forward some of the mules that were loaded with their own individual effects and succeeded, by loud yelling and rough whipping, in driving them in the palisades surrounding the ranch; while the remainder of the mules stampered helter-skelter in all directions through the woods. As soon as the Indians saw the volunteers abandon their mules and flee towards the ranch, they left their cover and made a rush to ward Lewis and Southernland's train, firing rapidly at men and mules alike. Southernland, being in advance on the bell mare, increased her speed by a vigorous application of whip and spur, and made a bee-line for the ranch, calling lustily to his partner: "Let the mules go—Jimmy, and come along, they're bound to get them any how, save your scalp!" and with a "go-told-hiss" and an additional slap with his top-sy, away he went closely followed by a part of the mules, while the others went scuffling through the woods in all directions, except towards the ranch. Jimmy, seeing that he could not reach the friendly protection of the horse, turned his mule off to the left and was soon out of sight, and immediate danger.

On one of the other train at full speed, some of the mules with packs askew, some with packs turned; drivers yelling, swearing and whipping; the bell on the bell mare jingling and clattering; Indians firing and yelling, and all in a wild stampede. Such an uproar, such excitement, such reckless riding, will never again be seen on that road between Hays' and Deer creek. The packers scattered and fled towards the ranch, each on his own hook; over logs, through brush and mire and smoke and whistling bullets; few mind upon a view of the crashing bullets of one that is running cross cuts and strikes the fugitive horse amid-hips. At last all have reached the palisades. Leaping from their foaming horses, and setting their alights, they dart through the gate that has been opened for their reception, and are once more in safety.

Safe indeed are they, but their horses, their friendly, noble preservers are huddling and jumbling one another outside the gate, whinnying as if calling their faithless riders to open the gate and take them in; for the Indians were sending showers of bullets into the surging mass of horses and mules and dropping them one by one. The volunteers had taken a goodly number of their riding horses into the stockade as possible, for the enclosure was small and many were necessarily left outside.

All are now inside of the enclosure and are returning the enemy's fire with vehemence, and successfully beating back the awaiting savages who had twice rushed forward in a wild circle around the house with the apparent intention of taking it by storm, but in each attempt met with such vigorous resistance that they at last gave up the desire of assaulting it, and retired to the distance of two hundred yards and settled down to a steady exchange of shots and yells with its defenders.