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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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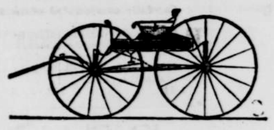

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THE FALSE ORACLE.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow, and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me" low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With trust heart—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all"—
So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With trust heart"—oh, my poor belief
Ah, foolish task, to mea ure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf.

For she pulled the last leaf
With "not at all—," I heard her say,
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

—Scribner's.

Scraps of Southern Oregon History.

A Scout in '56.

As the Southern Battalion of Oregon volunteers were on their march to the Meadows on Rogue river in the spring of '56, we (the writer was one of them) camped at Peavine on the mountain, about eight miles below Galice creek. Captain Lewis with his scouts was sent out to find the enemy, but after scouring the neighborhood for three days they reported "no Indians." We all knew there were Indians around, however, and attributed the failure of Lewis and his scouts to discover them to the simple fact that they had not looked in the right place. So Capt Mike Bushy was ordered to take fifteen men and see if he could find the enemy. He declared that it would be easy to do, but the trouble would be to bring back the news. He demurred against starting out with so few men in open daylight, as this would give the Indians the advantage, and proposed if they would allow him to wait until dark to report the position of the redskins in two days. But the orders were imperative to start in an hour. I was chosen as one of the party, and about 10 o'clock A. M. we started out in a drenching rain varied with intervals of snowing. I cannot remember the names of all the party, but they were the picked men of the company, all willing to go anywhere that Mike would lead, having all confidence in their captain and in each other.

Their route led down the mountain to the river, and down the left bank of the river. After they had gone some distance down the river, each on the sharp lookout for anything that might aid them in the errand upon which they were sent, Alex. Watts called to Capt. Bushey and pointed out to him some signs in the sand which convinced them beyond a doubt that there were Indians only a short distance ahead, carrying the news of our expedition to the Indian camp. Mike laughed and said, "Just as I expected; we'll find the Indians, and they'll find us about the same time. But that's what we are here for, and we'll find them if Old John and all the rest are in the bunch." So we paddled along, making as good time as we could, occasionally seeing the trail of the two Indian runners, but unable to catch a glimpse of them, until after dark. Keeping on in the darkness, we came to the large bar above the Little Meadows, which contains about eighty acres of level land. Here we found a large Indian camp, with a few horses scattered about, but no Indians. About two miles back one of our men had become separated from the rest of the party and had failed to rejoin us. Near the place we last saw him a bright fire was blazing in full view of all the surrounding country. Mike expressed astonishment that Tenessee should build a fire there, of all places; but Hank Jones, Gabe Williams and Alex. Watts, all old hands at the business, said "signal fire," with which opinion the Capt. was inclined to agree. As he was very tired, he requested Alex. Watts, Seth Smith and Jake Miller to go up the river toward the fire and find the lost man if they could, but to be governed by the greatest caution, while he and the rest would go into a small gulch near and await their return.

The three men struck out in the darkness and in due time reached the spot indicated, but found no fire, no man nor anything else that they were looking for. They called for Tenessee several times, but received no answer, so they returned to the bar. Just as they were descending the last side hill above the bar Watts, who was ahead, noticed some one abreast of him about ten paces distant on the side of the hill. Thinking it to be Smith who was next to him, he said: "This way Smith, the trail turns down here," when to his surprise Smith answered from behind him.

"All right, I'm coming."

"Who the — — is that on the side hill?" said Watts.

"Why that must be Tenessee," answered Smith, and called to him twice—but no answer was returned.

"Come along quick, or we'll hear something drap," said Watts, and they made good time until they rejoined the command. They took time, however, to notice, two signal fires on the mountain about a mile away, and between them and the camp they had left in the morning.

They found that the Captain's party had built two small fires in the brush, as they were badly chilled by the cold rain, the Captain thought it best to risk danger from the Indians rather than have the boys suffer. As they came into camp Watts said, "Mike, we are surrounded and came near running over an Indian not more than two hundred yards above here, and there are two fires blazing on the mountain."

"Put out the fires boys!" said the Captain, giving the nearest a kick, when—Pop! Pop! Pop! came about a dozen bullets.

"This way boys! this way!" and we fell in and made good time down the river about a quarter of a mile. Coming to a halt we called the roll and found Hank Jones, Henry Ammons and Jack Winningham missing. Smith and Watts went back at once to find them, and after creeping cautiously all around the fires and seeing nothing of them they called loudly several times but no answer came back to them save the faint echos and the sighing of the night wind, and as they preceived unmistakable evidences of the presence of lurking foes in numbers too great for their safety, they rejoined the party and compared notes. It was found that all the men had been seen after the firing, so it was certain that they had not been killed.

The captain was reluctant to start without finding the missing men, but there was no alternative, so he gave orders to march up the hill, taking the lead himself and placing Alex. Watts at the extreme rear with instructions to let no one fall behind him. Soon the word was passed back, "down!," and we heard the tramp of the enemy, not more than fifteen paces distant. We counted sixty-two as they passed, and could hear them shouting to one another all over the mountain side. We started on again, moving cautiously and silently, but had gone only a short distance when the word was whispered again, and we dropped and waited while seventeen more went by, almost as close as the others. Then we continued our march up the hill to the top and turning towards Peavine, we found ourselves at daybreak on the mountain above the bar. We had been about half the night going around a deep gulch which it was not safe to cross.

About daybreak the Indians fired a few shots down on the bar and yelled as if they had found a prize, and we feared that the missing men had stayed there and been discovered. We had much confidence in Jones, as he was one of the coolest and bravest men I ever knew, still we could not help feeling anxious for the men. We had our hands full, however, in looking out for ourselves, as we were far from safe. We had twenty miles to go to reach camp, and the savages were watching every trail, so we had to cross the canyons. At one place we frightened a party of redskins outnumbering us considerably.

Wearily we urged ourselves forward until we came to the foot of the last hill. To climb this in our exhausted condition, seemed almost impossible, but we managed to crawl upward for about half a mile, when the men began to give out, and by the time the foremost had reached camp some were three or four miles in the rear. Bill Lane and Seth Smith, who got in first, started a part back with horses for the tired men, and all came in by sundown except the missing ones spoken of before.

The three who were separated from us on the bar came in about two o'clock next morning, and Tenessee had come in about eight o'clock the morning before. So we all arrived safe from one of the hardest tramps of the whole war.

David Crockett once visited a menagerie at Washington, and pausing a moment before a particularly hideous monkey, exclaimed: "What a resemblance to the Honorable Mr. X.!" The words were scarcely spoken when he turned, and, to his great astonishment, saw standing at his side the very man whom he had complimented. "I beg your pardon," said the gallant Colonel; "I would not have made the remark had I known you were near me, and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness; but"—looking first at the insulted member of Congress whose face was anything but lovely, and then at the animal compared to him—"hang it if I can tell whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey!"

Mexicans subdue fractious horses by having a hood so arranged as to be pulled down over the eyes of the horse as soon as he manifests uneasiness. Several applications subdue the horses permanently.

The Pioneers of Oregon.

BY L. H. WELLS.

The history of the missionary establishments, dating even prior to the Territorial Government of Oregon, has, in a manner, been written; but an account of those men, through whose energy and struggles the savages were quelled and order maintained, has not been written. The trip which Gen. Lane, the first Territoraal Governor of Oregon, made over the continent to reach his post was perhaps the most wonderful ever achieved. The massacre of the Whitman family induced the General Government to establish a Territorial Government at once, and, knowing that the position was one requiring a brave and energetic man, appointed Gen. Lane Governor. In company with his son, the General and about twenty others left Leavenworth, Kan. in the latter part of the winter of 1848, and commenced the journey for Oregon. When the mountains were reached, the party, instead of passing through them, turned south as far as Mexico and made their way to San Francisco, and from thence to the mouth of the Columbia river by vessel. From thence Gen. Lane made his way to Oregon City, with his party, in canoes. If the party had not turned south when they reached the Rocky Mountains, it is probable not one would have escaped with his life. Gen Fremont, who was a few days behind Gen Lane, attempted to pass through the mountains, and it will be remembered, almost his entire party (all his scientific retinue) perished by the intense cold.

The same night Gen. Lane arrived at Oregon City he wrote out and issued a proclamation announcing his arrival and intention. There was a small paper then published at Oregon City by a gentleman named Curry (who afterward became Governor), and by this means the Governor published his announcement. Up to this time the people had been almost entirely without regulation. It required a stout heart and an energetic hand to reduce the savage tribes and bring order out of the chaotic confusion. But the President had made no mistake in the appointment of General Lane. The various tribes of hostile Indians were soon taught to know that punishment was sure to follow any outrage. The names of those men who aided in the permanent organization of the Territorial Government and subjugated the Indians will be inscribed in the history of Oregon, when that history shall be made up and written, as human benefactors. The means for communication from the capital to the different parts of the then Territory of Oregon were limited and precarious. Yet there was no hardship these men were not ready to undergo no danger they were not willing to face, and no difficulty too arduous for them to undertake, when the safety of defenseless families were jeopardized. Settlers and their families had diffused themselves throughout the Territory, even to the more remote parts. These, of course, had to be protected from the hostile Indians. The establishment of a judiciary for the maintainance of law and justice was a work of no insignificance, but this was accomplished and protection afforded to all, so far as it was possible with the means at command. Schools were provided, the most prominent of which—the Willamette University—stands to day a monument to the energy of the founders and an ornament to the State.

Some of these men are now living and some have passed away; but those who have passed away have not passed from the memory of those whom they benefitted They have not lived in vain, their sacrifices have not been made for nothing, and could they be among the living of to day they would see, standing upon the foundation which was established by their labor, and cemented by their blood, a grand State, prosperous and wealthy. "The Rogue River War," which occurred at a late date, was the finishing stroke that prostrated the tribes of Southern Oregon. The remains of many brave men to day occupy an unknown grave. Lane, Nesmith, Waldo, Gains, Applegate, Grover (now Senator), contributed to the successful termination of the war. But we can only speak in general terms, and leave the historian to do the work of justice to the "Pioneers of Oregon."

A Model Afghan Palace.

The correspondent of the London Times at Jelallabad writes: I visited the Ameer's palace, a house built outside the town, surrounded with mud walls, with two or three other houses and a Turkish bath adjacent to it. The house consists of a ground floor, a first floor and a flat roof. It is made of wood-work and mud bricks, with some attempt at ornamentation in a kind of white stucco running round the doorways and over the walls, with a good deal of lattice work in the walls, the gratings of which are cut into very pretty patterns of stars, etc. It contains on the first floor a good, large dark room for sleeping, and two large rooms, one at the front and the other at the back, with smaller rooms at the corners and sides. The view of the plain, mountains and Cabul river, from the top of the house, is very charming. The staircase is very rude and rough, and the place contains nothing but some old matting. The gardens in front and around it are laid out in the Oriental style, with a large square tank in the center and long tanks on either side running for some forty or fifty yards and divided into steps, so that the water may fall in cascades towards the house. All around are trees, chiefly orange and chunah, and large spaces made into beds, where some flowers grow; these are chiefly planted with balsam. This space, if put in repair, and if there should be no severe earth-quake, would make very good headquarters. There are two other houses close to it, which are much in the same style.

Management of Young Cows.

On some accounts, says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, it is probably better that cows should be fed and grown on the farm where they are to be kept. If brought to a strange place it takes some time for them to become wonted to the locality and to the other stock. A calf saved for a cow will be petted and humored in such a way as to be made gentle and kind to handle. It will also probably be a better feeder, and this means a better milker also. These hearty feeders should be allowed to breed early, so as to determine the flow of vigor to the milk glands as early as possible, and thus increase their size. After having one calf, the heifer may be fed liberally to keep up the flow of milk as long as possible, and also to increase the size of the cow. If the heifer is of a good milking strain she will, with such treatment, make a superior cow, and in any event this management will bring out the best results of which she is capable.

Variety of food is especially important for milch cows. It insures heavy eaters and a good digestion. Cows that have been trained to eat any and everything edible are much surer to be profitable, because they thus eat more than they could of a single article, no matter how rich or palatable it may be. One of the best cows I ever knew was grown on the farm where she always lived, and never lost the liking for the sour milk which she acquired while a calf, fed from the pail. This liking for sour milk is often a valuable point in a cow at times when there is no way to dispose of the surplus. It used to be thought hard usage to keep cows in the early settlement of the country on "browse"—the buds of tender twigs of fallen trees. But cows so fed always had a little hay, some corn stubble, a few nubbings of corn and the waste from the kitchen. In this way the great variety of food they received was much more favorable to health and a large production of milk, than forced feeding on one or two articles of food High feeding is profitable for fattening animals; for with these, impairment of the constitution is thought to be of less importance, as they are to be killed so soon. But in feeding cows, and especially young cows, to induce a large secretion, the high feeding should include a great variety of articles, and thus induce a habit of hearty appetite which will continue through life.

Shearing Sheep.

According to an interesting paper by Prof. Freitag, of Halle, it is only since the sixteenth century that the practice of shearing sheep has been followed in Germany. Previous to that date the wool was separated by simply plucking out—a process that was found to be greatly facilitated by penning up the sheep closely and keeping them without food for a few days before the operation. This system still obtains in some northern Europe countries, and the professor had an opportunity of personally witnessing it during his late travels in certain parts of Norway and Sweden, and in Iceland and several other islands. In these regions the short tailed sheep—ovis boralis—which, like other mountain races, changes its hair early, is the variety chiefly kept; and the fleece is plucked off in June, after its bearer has been subjected to a few days starvation. The ordinary breeds of sheep met with in most other countries do not change their coat, as has been clearly demonstrated by exhaustive experiments. They have been left unshorn for four, seven and even eleven years, without any fresh growth being observed, although the original coat continued to increase by simple prolongation of the individual hairs. The rate of growth is faster during the first three years of sheep's life, after which time it decreases gradually and considerably. In domesticated sheep the growth each year is most luxuriant immediately after the shearing in June or July; while in the wild breeds, as might be expected, it is most marked in winter time, when the severity of weather demands additional protection.—*London Farmer.*

Notions About Bats.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in the darkened places is not due to their eyes, but to keen sensibility in their wings. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obsticles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is disturbed in their flight The exquisitely radiated system of nerves in a bat's wing offers one of the finest studies in animal theology. Shall a creature so ingeniously formed be spoken of with sentiments of hostility or derision? On the contrary, it should excite our warmest admiration Artists from time immemorial have been in the habit of depicting malevolent demons with wings on the pattern of those of the bat—a piece of conventionality wholly at variance with what is learned from a contemplation of the actual facts in nature. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Two little children went to church alone in Westfield Mass. They became tired during the long service, and the elder one, supposing that school rules held good in churches, led her sister up in front of the preacher, and said. "Please sir, may we go home?" He said, "yes," and they soberly walked out.

Extravagant Habits.

One of the social wonders of the world in recent time was the ability and readiness with which the French people met the enormous tax or fine which their German conquerers laid upon them at the end of the last war. One thousand millions of dollars in cash were paid within a few months without any foreign aid, and without any effort that was noticeable outside of France. The secret of this wonderful financial ability lay in the long-cherished and practical habits of economy and saving usual amongst the French people For years past, as today, that people have been simple in their habits, industrious, sober, economical, and when they have a few francs to spare, they are carefully laid away There is no eager grasping after large profits, large interests, usurious lendings, nor is there that eager desire to spend money as soon as it is possessed, that is common with us. Nor is it from avarice that the passion springs; on the contrary, it is a desire to possess some little competence, some store against a rainy day, that impels those people to exercise those virtues for which they have become noted and which are among their most conspicuous attributes on personal acquaintance with them. A son is to be sent to college or started on a small farm, the smallest of which would be ludicrous to an American, especially a Western farmer; or a daughter must be provided with her dot to start housekeeping with and with habits of forethought cultivated for years and pursued with steadiness, there is no "cursed thirst for gold" for spending, but a careful husbanding for future needs. And this homely virtue saved the nation in a time of great disaster, and saves it every day from panics, collapses and frequent bankruptcies.

We might take a lesson from this. We labor and make money to spend, not to save. The desire to spend is innate. The child says, "when I have ten cents I will buy this or that with it." Our boys inheriting it, crowd to the cities to seek a rapid fortune, and our girls dream uneasily day by day of a better position. Society is to some extent debased by it. It is through this that sheriffs have been enabled to retire on a competency after two or three years of official life, gathering together the lost fortunes of hapless debtors ground between the millstones of the law and exacting creditors. And still we are getting no better.

What a land and what a nation this would be if we could but engraft upon ourselves some of the French habits of economy and thrift; if when we had made a hundred dollars, we could be content to let it remain in safe keeping without trying to double it by usury or speculation, or use of it for some more noble purpose. Compare the last fifteen years of our history with the same period in French history, and it will be found that the greater part of our financial difficulties have arisen from our want of the French habits referred to.

Slater's Indian Transfer Bill.

The conspicuous features of the bill recently introduced by Senator Slater, providing for the transfer of the Indians from the Interior to the War Department, are as follows: From and after July 1st, 1880, the Secretary of War shall have the same general power and jurisdiction over Indian affairs as are now possessed by the Secretary of the Interior; that he shall detail an Army officer of a rank not less than Colonel to act as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and make such details of officers not below First Lieutenants, either from the active list of the Army, as may be necessary, from time to time, to administer the affairs of the Indian Service. Commanding officers of military department are to be ex officio in charge of Indian matters therein, and the Inspector General of the Army is to be Inspector of the Indian Service, and make annual Reports to Congress of the number and condition of the Indian tribes. The bill requires all contracts for supplies or transportation connected with the Indian Service to be made in the same manner, and, as far as practicable, at the same time as Army contracts. The offices of Special Commissioners, Superintendents, Boards of Indian Commissioners and Inspectors of Indian Affairs are to be abolished from and after July 1, 1880; and among other things, it is provided by this bill that all religious denominations shall enjoy a free and equal right to erect and maintain church and schoool buildings on any and all Indian Reservations, and shall not be molested in their religious or philanthropic effort to advance the Indians in moral, religious and literary culture.

Gold in Siberia.

An Englishman in the Urals writes that immense discoveries have been made at Krasnoyarsk in Siberia. The Yeneseisk authorities have done their utmost to keep the matter secret to prevent a rush from other provinces, but the news has leaked out through many channels, and in the Spring the district is sure to be flooded with strangers. The nuggets are of an immense size and yield a large percentage of gold. One was found in some diggings belonging to Siberia last autumn, weighing 385 pounds. The effect of the discovery was that when the snow set in at Krasnoyarsk in November, the population in the gold field district was 4 000 in excess of what it had been six weeks before, and the price of labor at Tomsk had risen from thirty kopecks, or 9.1. a day to a rouble, or about 3s. Before gold was discovered in California, Siberia supplied the world with the auriferous metal, and all along geologists have maintained that if the administration would only take the gag of red tape off the mining operations of the country, Siberia would again assert her ascendancy in the market.