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ASHLAND MILLS!

We will continue to purchase wheat

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The Highest Market Price,

And will deliver

Flour, Feed, Etc.,

Anywhere in town,

AT MILL PRICES—

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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Ever brought to this market. They desire to say to every reader of this paper, that if

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ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

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Sober Second Thought.

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on a sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life. Why, it's as long as the moral law. There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About forty dollars," was answered, with just a little faltering in a lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Forty dollars! Why, Ada, do you think I am made of money?" Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, Charles," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, then, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion; that is, if—"

"No 'ifs' or 'buts,' if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silkskins yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?"

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation, he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to Charles, and at once there is a cloud in the sky."

She sat pouting and half angry. "Forty dollars for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day, thirty-three dollars, but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burnt up, and more must be ordered. Oh dear! I am discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This Winter I'd like to get a little in advance, but if forty-dollar silk dresses are in order, there's an end to that devotedly to be wished for circumstance. Debt, debt! How I have always shrunk it, but steadily, now it is closing its Briarian arms around me, and my restricted chest labors in respiration. Oh, if I could but disengage myself now, whilst I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see—if I could only make her understand my position rightly. Alas, that is hopeless, I fear."

Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left the house, the postman delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold, masculine hand, and said to herself as she did so—"I wonder who this can be from?"

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had become for the most of the time, of late, presented his usual vividness.

"Poor Charles!" she said, as the feeling increased, "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantelpiece, where he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as of a weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction.

If the thought of Mrs. Whitman returned, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel that proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained," she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her.

She went to the mantelpiece, took up the letter and examined the superscription. It gave her no light. Steadily it kept growing upon her that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. "The idea affected her very unpleasantly. 'He grows more silent and reserved,' she added, as the thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More indrawn as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation hurts me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind, in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, sober-faced husband of to-day, "Something has gone wrong with him,"

she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?"

The letter was in her hand. "This may give me light." And with careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired so to do. There was a bill for sixty dollars, and a communication from the person sending her bill. He was a jeweler.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall put an account in suit. It has been standing for over a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of money."

The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she was thus thinking, a second letter came in for her husband from the penny-post man. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill and another dunning letter!

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" She repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which had been standing for three or four months.

"This will never do!" said the awakening wife, "never—no, never!" And she thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest pocket and handing them to Ada as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying:

"Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to regard my wishes."

"Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry, into her face. But she turned aside so that he could not read its expression.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman as she walked to the door with her husband after dinner.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he replied, with a faint effort.

"Yes, it will be something splendid," she answered.

He turned off from her quickly and left the house. A few moments she stood with a thoughtful face, her mind indrawn, her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room and commenced dressing to go out.

Two hours later and we find her in a jewelry store on Broadway.

"Can I say a word to you?" She addressed herself to the owner of the store, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of the long show cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband:

"I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased, but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness and frankness to yourself. Take back the watch and say how much I shall pay you besides."

The jeweler dropped his eyes to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then, taking the bill and watch, he said, "Wait a moment," and then went to a desk near by.

"Will that do?" He had come forward again, and presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket-book.

"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with feeling trembling along her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir."

Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went, with light steps and heart from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that now felt in parting with it. From the jeweler's she went to the bootmaker's and paid the bill of \$25. From thence to the milliner's and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you're dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gayly, as she drew her arm within that of her husband on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bedroom, and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid."

Charles Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence, than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my Ada become lost to me?" he said in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?"

"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large, cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something, in a hurried way, from a drawer, and catching up a foot-stool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweler's bill.

"It is receipted, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.

"Ada! how is this! What does it mean?" He flushed and grew eager.

"I returned the watch, and Mr. R paid for damage, but he said it was un-injured, and asked nothing."

"Oh, Ada!"

"And this is receipted also; and this," handing him the other bills which she had paid. "And now, dear," she added, quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave the explanations and scene that followed to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing to heavily upon her husband's slender income, for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment.

Changes in Mount Vesuvius. A little more than eighteen centuries since, the form of the mountain was totally different; its height was probably some hundred yards less than at present; its outline, a blunt, truncated cone, having a wider center at the summit. No eruption in the memory of man has disturbed the peace of the district; scarce a tradition of such an occurrence appears to have lingered. The floor of the crater was overgrown with brushwood and trees; its walls were festooned with ivy and the wild vine. Once only does it become prominent in history, when the Capuan gladiators sheltered themselves for awhile in this natural hill-fort, from which, under command of Spartacus, they escaped to begin the Servile war. In the year '79 of the present era there was a change; earthquakes agitated the neighboring district, and at last the imprisoned fires broke forth. From the crater of Vesuvius a huge dark cloud rose into the air, spreading itself out like a green pine tree; presently a hail of red-hot scoria came rattling down over the flanks of the mountain, and as night fell the cloud grew larger and darker, and the shower of stones became thicker and heavier, and more widely spread. All night long the darkness for many a mile was rendered blacker still by the thick-falling scoria, though illuminated at intervals by a lurid gleam from the mountain, and rendered yet more awful by incessant earthquake shocks. Morning dawned at last, and later still the air cleared; half the ancient crater wall had vanished, leaving the fragment which now bears the name of Somma, while beneath its ruins Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiae lay buried, and the ground, even at Misesun, was white as snow with the fallen ashes.—From Picturesque Europe for May.

Poisoned with a Postage Stamp.

Young ladies who think proper to correspond with rejected lovers would perhaps do well to take a hint from the following curious case, which is, however, authentic: Mlle. Felicie Maxy, who lives on a farm in the Pentidote, on the Belgian frontier, was on the point of being married, when she received a letter from an old suitor asking her to reconsider the matter and send him an immediate reply. A postage stamp was gallantly enclosed to defray the cost of transmission. The answer duly written, Mlle. Maxy applied the stamp to her fair lips; but hardly had she done so when she felt a sharp pain in her tongue, and in less than no time that interesting member became horribly elongated and inflamed, and covered with noisome sores. The disconsolate one, Alfred Camin by name, a farmer at Pichon, in the Nord, had been arrested; but declares that he used no obnoxious drug, but simply moistened a corner of the stamp with his own lips—a delicate way of stealing a kiss. Such is the state of the case as it stands at present, but the tale carries its own moral.—Paris Corr. London Telegraph.

Submarine Telephoning.

Mr. Chas. Ward Raymond, C. E., describes in Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine the result of some experiments with the telephone in submarine operations at depths not exceeding thirty feet. One telephone (Puebls' Duplex) was placed in the diver's helmet, and fastened in such a position that, by simply turning his head, he could place his mouth or his ear to the instrument. The other telephone was placed on the scow which carried the air-pump and diver's helpers. Using Edison's Carbon Transmitter, with the addition of an induction coil and cell of battery, the arrangement was perfectly successful. Conversation was carried on with the utmost facility; it was not necessary to give the diver any signal other than a simple "hallo!" It was also found that the diver could talk in the helmet without putting his mouth to the instrument, and he heard plainly, and therefor he could continue his work and conversation at the same time. The battery, induction coil and transmitter were placed on a shelf on the diver's scow, and together occupied no more room than would a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; the telephone in the helmet occupied but little room, and, of course, was not at all in the way.

The Wonderful Sinks.

Upon this subject the Eureka Sentinel says that all of the principal and many of the smaller streams in Nevada have no visible outlets. The larger rivers all terminate in lakes of considerable area, respectively. The most singular thing is that the water supply in these lakes is at all times the same. The Spring freshets, filling the rivers from bank to bank, work no perceptible change in the reservoirs. What becomes of all this water is the mystery. It has been the generally accepted theory that there exists a subterranean connection between the Nevada "sinks" and the Pacific Ocean. But this theory is now disputed by a gentleman who has resided on the shores of Humboldt Lake for years. The Winemuccia Silver State comments on the above as follows:

"A great many persons entertain the opinion that there is a subterranean outlet to the Sink of the Humboldt. One of these expressed his views on the subject in the presence of Walter Schmidt, who has resided near the Sink for several years, and built a quartz mill near the visible outlet of the lake. Schmidt dissented from this opinion, and argued that as the sink has a hard clayey bottom, impervious to water, it would be impossible for it to soak through underground, and attributed the disappearance of the river to evaporation. 'This,' said Mr. Schmidt, 'is so great in the summer time that a wooden bucket filled with water in the morning would be empty by noon, and would fall to pieces before night.' To this the Inyo Independent adds: 'That the sinks and lakes of the Great Basin are held to their levels mainly through evaporation is undoubtedly the fact of the case. Mono and Inyo counties have the most notable sinks in the world. Big Owens Lake receives as much or more water than the Humboldt sink. It is not true, however, that the quantity of water is at all times the same; the great lake is now some four feet higher than eleven or twelve years ago. The amount of snow fall in the mountains is the only thing governing it. In Summer heat the total amount of evaporation from its vast expanse of water is incalculable, and doubtless furnishes moisture for the Winter snowfall of the adjoining high Sierras. The minute particles of minerals and alkalis gathered from the soil by the inflowing streams are left in solution in the lake, and during the centuries of this process the lake has assumed this Dead Sea character, in which no living thing can exist save worms and a small nondescript water-fall.' Mono Lake is fully twelve feet higher than it was many years ago. At the northwest corner of the lake, near the Frenchman's, the posts of a former sheep corral can be seen far out into the water. A pre-emptor recently appeared in the United States Land Office to prove up his claim located five or six years ago. Of his 160 acres, he stated that all but forty acres was under water, and very naturally did not wish to pay for more than that amount. Some ascribe the fact of the water rising to an increased amount of snow on the mountains during the Winter over former times; some believe that the turning of Virginia creek into the lake has caused the change; while others hold to the theory that some secret outlet to the lake has become filled up. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is evident that the lake is rising at the rate of a foot or two a year. There are numerous evidences that in former times Mono Lake extended over a vast extent of territory—certainly ten times as great as now. Is it not possible that in course of time it may again assume its ancient proportions?"

Optimism and Pessimism.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two boys got an oyster. One looked at it, and declared it nasty. The other tasted it and declared it good.

Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn. The other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is brown."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought New York wicked. The other visited the homes, and thought New York good.

Two boys looking at some skaters, one said: "See how they fall." The other: "See how they glide."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlor.

Two boys having a bee, one got honey and the other got stung. The first called it a honey-bee; and the other, a stinging-bee.

Two boys got each an apple. One was thankful for the apple. The other was dissatisfied because it was not two.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another. "I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

Sitting down to the same table, one man can make his meal of pickles and another of sweetmeats.

In drinking lemonade, you may detect only the sweet or only the sour.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One says: "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says: "Our evil is mixed with good."—Independent.

Drawing a Crowd.

Yesterday a man stepped out in the street in front of the Hotel, and began to look up at one of the fourth-story windows with an opera-glass. A man coming out of the hotel observed him, walked out into the street, and looked up to see what was the matter. Then a policeman meandered leisurely up, shaded his eyes with his hand, and eyed the window intently. Three or four clerks from the adjoining stores sidled out and joined the knot in the street. A man with a cart of peanuts drove alongside and halted. Pedestrians stopped, inquired what it was, and directed their attention to the mysterious window. By this time small boys were reinforcing the group from every direction; the crowd almost blocked the way; windows across the street were thrown up, and curious faces peered out; a subdued murmur arose as the people swayed to and fro. Everybody wanted to know what was the matter, and somebody started the rumor that T——, the clerk of the hotel, had laid a wager that he could walk from the window and roll a wheelbarrow on a rope to be stretched across the street. The man with the opera-glass gazed fixedly at the window, intermitting now and then to wipe his glass with his handkerchief. The crowd began to get restless. The man with the peanuts had sold out his stock. Then the man with the opera-glass jumped up into the wagon and took a seat beside the man without the peanuts. The twain looked around and smiled, bowed their thanks for their liberal patronage, and the man with the opera-glass, content with the sale his partner of the peanuts had made, had the impudence to arise and offer his opera-glass to the highest bidder. Whether he sold it also, this chronicler cannot say, for with the majority of the assemblage, he stuck his hands into his pockets and silently stole away.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Choosing Husbands who work.

Alluding to recent elopements, the Cincinnati Commercial says: "It may be that in choosing husbands who work the young ladies are building more wisely than their fathers know. From the known habits and morals of the average rich man's sons a sensible father might often echo the old maid's cry of 'anybody Lord!' rather than there for a mate for his daughter. A good looking and steady young street car driver would be a far better husband. The young lady who wedded the conductor that worked sixteen hours a day very possibly knew what she was about. She certainly showed