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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

L. P. FISHER'S ... AGENCY ... Merchants' Ex. ... San Fran. Cal.

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

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On reasonable terms, and given the best attention. Horses bought and sold and satisfaction guaranteed in all my transactions.

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Having again settled in this place and turned my entire attention to the Marble Business, I am prepared to fill all orders with neatness and dispatch. Monuments, Tablets, and Headstones, executed in any description of marble. Special attention paid to orders from all parts of Southern Oregon. Prices reasonable.

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The undersigned from and after April 18th, propose to sell only for

CASH IN HAND

Or approved produce delivered—except when by special agreement—a short and limited credit may be given.

They have commenced receiving their New Spring Stock, and that every day will witness additions to the largest stock of

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

Standard Goods!

Sold at the Lowest Market Prices, will do it, they propose to do the largest business this spring and summer ever done by them in the last five years, and they can positively make it to the advantage of every one to call upon them in Ashland and test the truth of their assertions. They will spare no pains to maintain, more fully than ever, the reputation of their House, as the acknowledged

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A full assortment of

IRON AND STEEL

For Blacksmiths' and General use.

A Full Line of

Ashland Woolen Goods!

Flannels, Blankets, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Clothing, always on hand and for sale at lowest prices.

The highest market prices paid for

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Bacon, Lard.

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ARE NOW MAKING FROM

The Very Best

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BLANKETS,

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CASSIMERES,

DOESKINS,

AND HOSIERY.

PATRONS,

OLD AND NEW,

Are invited to send in their orders and are assured that they

SHall Receive Prompt Attention!

At Prices that Defy Competition.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

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Curious Stories of Smuggling.

Perhaps the oddest phase of smuggling (for smuggling it really was) was patent in a practice which prevailed for several years in Dover, and was carried on openly in full view of the preventives and all the inhabitants of the town. About 1819-20 the fashion came up of wearing Leghorn bonnets of exorbitant dimensions. They were huge straw plaits, nearly circular and averaging about a yard in diameter; they sold in England for two, three or more guineas each, according to their quality, and nearly half their cost was the duty paid paid on importing them. Now, according to the law, duty is not demanded on an article of dress worn by travellers. A clever dealer in Leghorns contrived to profit enormously by this law. He hired a troop of the poorest women and girls—ragged, squalid and wretched looking creatures they were to be sure—and paid them almost a nominal fee for accompanying him daily in his voyage to and from the French coast, contracting with the captain of one of the steamboats for season tickets for the whole of them. The troop regularly left Dover in the morning with scarcely a handfull of bonnet on their heads; they dined at Calais, if they could afford to dine, and came back in the afternoon, two or three score of them, each with a bran new Leghorn of the fullest dimensions on her head, the rag bonnet worn in the morning being stuffed in their pockets. On landing they were all marched to the speculator's warehouse, denuded of their luxurious coiffures and dismissed for the day. A hundred times at least have I seen these forlorn and tattered purveyors of fashion both going out and coming in, and I could tell the boat they travelled by, while it was yet miles away, by the straw-colored amber lines which under a cloudy sky would glimmer like a streak of sunshine ere the hull of the vessel was distinctly visible.

"A form of smuggling," says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, "which is not likely soon to die out, is that practiced by tourists, who think it allowable to shirk paying duty on things which they have bought for their own use. Public morals on this point are slightly elastic, and those of the gentler sex are especially apt to think that nothing compels them to 'declare' volumes of Tauchnitz, cases of eau de Cologne, yards of Lyons silk or pieces of Brussels lace. Here is a story which will illustrate feminine notions on this subject and perhaps convey a moral: A Belgian bridegroom, being about to start for Paris on his bridal tour, was informed by his bride that she thought of concealing several thousand francs' worth of lace about her, hoping by its sale to pay the cost of their journey. The bridegroom was not smitten with this frugal project, and pointed out that there were custom-house officers and a female searcher at Ercquelines who were sometimes struck with an unaccountable fancy for examining passengers' pockets. This he said, being a timid man, and his bride, to humor him, promised to give up her plan, but then she secreted the lace at the same time without telling him about it. Now, as the train approached the French frontier, the husband reflected that if his wife was not searched, his fears would be mocked at as having been groundless, and he would start on his married career with prestige impaired. This was not desirable; rather it was essential that he should from the very outset assert his infallibility. So when the train stopped at Ercquelines and the passengers alighted the Belgian bridegroom left his bride's arm for a moment, and siding up to a douanier, whispered, 'I think if you search that lady yonder you may find some lace.' The douanier winked; the happy bride was accosted with the invitation to walk into the female searcher's room. She turned pale, tottered, but was led away, and five minutes later dismal sounds of hysterics were heard. Then the douanier reappeared, and said to the horrified husband, 'Thank you, sir; it's a good capture. The lady will be taken to prison, and half the fine will go to you.' This was a painful adventure, but it does not follow that all husbands are so inconsiderate, nor that all ladies who smuggle lace are caught."

A more amusing anecdote on this subject was lately told at a public dinner by Ferdinand Duval, Prefect of the Seine. He said that the octroi men of Paris, who levy the municipal barrier dues, are a most vigilant set of fellows, but that, having boasted of their merits, he (the Prefect) had been caught. A friend of his, residing at St. Cloud, has made a small bet that he would introduce a pig into Paris in his brougham without the octroi men detecting it. M. Duval took the bet, and strict orders were given at all the gates of Paris to look out for the brougham of the friend in question. Within less than a week, however, the Prefect received the sum of 80 centimes, being the amount of duty leviable on a pig, and a request to come and assured himself that the quadruped had been successfully smuggled in. It turned out that the pig, killed and scalded, had been dressed up in woman's clothes, and had been driven into Paris seated triumphantly on the box beside the coachman. Since then the octroi men, it is said, stare with some fixity at plump women when they behold them on carriage boxes.—Leisure Hours.

Doctor Johnson's Wit.

Johnson was the prince of piercing critics. Some of his sayings will live a long while though they had but a temporary application. Let us quote a few of these sharp retorts: To an unlucky Scotchman who claimed for his country a great many "noble wild prospects," Johnson replied: "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble, wild prospects, but, sir, let me tell you that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." Boswell told Johnson that he had heard a Quaker woman preach. "A woman's preaching," said Johnson, "is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." 'Is it wrong, sir," asked Boswell, "to affect singularity in order to make people stare?" "Yes," replied Johnson, "if you do it by propagating error, and indeed it is wrong anyway. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare, and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why, make them stare till they stare their eyes out." Johnson declared that the Scotch were always ready to lie on each other's behalf. "The Irish," he said, "are not in a conspiracy to cheat the world by false representations of the merits of their countrymen. No, sir, the Irish are a fair people; they never speak well of one another." "Scotch learning," remarked Johnson, "is like bread in a besieged town. Every man gets a mouthful, but no man a bellyful." Once a friend said, in answer to some abusive remarks, "Well, sir, God made Scotland." "Certainly," replied Johnson; "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen; and comparisons are odious, sir, but God made hell." One day at Thales, Johnson fell foul of Gray, one of his pet aversions. Boswell denied that Gray was dull in poetry. "Sir," replied Johnson, "he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made people think him great. He was a mechanical poet." Johnson once remarked in answer to somebody who said, "Poor old England is lost!" "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost as that the Scotch have found it."

Josh Billings' Advice to Singers.

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday nite, soze to have it in good shape by Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair; if he is very rich, buy some more and build it up high on your head; then git a high-prised bunnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the milliner to plant some high krown artefisha's onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as sophrano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on second seat from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnet with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the sophrano. Coff and hem a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artifishels off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone and brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side and open your mouth to the widest on that side, shet the eye on the same side jest a triphle, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gets under hedwey with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf of your note book. That's what the leaf was made for. Get sumbody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregashun and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chance for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsent say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.

Bones of the Moa.

The Rev. Dr. Begg has received from his son in Otago, New Zealand, a large box filled with bones of the Moa, a species of wingless bird of immense size, which is supposed to have been long extinct. Such remains are rare in this country, and a number of enthusiastic ornithologists who have inspected the collection in the possession of Dr. Begg, have not only been impressed with the great size of some of the bones, which are not unlike those of the legs of a horse, but with the weight of several of the specimens. It is the intention of Dr. Begg to have a case prepared for the preservation of the bones, which will be classed by a gentleman versed in ornithology, and it is not improbable that arrangements may be made by which parties interested in the subject may have an opportunity of examining the collection.—Scotsman.

The man who owns one diamond stud always wears it in the top stud-hole of his shirt-bosom, and tells his tailor he "never did like a low cut vest

Modesty of Women.

It is strange how different civilization looks upon the same matter. In Japan, for instance, men women and children bathe together without a vestige of clothing, and with no thought or suggestion of indecency. There is in the United States even, a wide difference in the views which different sections entertain in respect to what constitutes an insult from a man. It is undeniable that, at the North, a degree of contact and familiarity is tolerated without a thought of impropriety, which, in the South, is resented as an impertinence and insolence. The recent tragedy at Richmond, Va., in which Charles C. Curtis was shot dead by John Poindexter, is a case in point. The murdered man had complimented Miss Isabella Cottrell, Poindexter's sweetheart, on her pretty form, and had, as the young lady declared, squeezed her arm rather warmly in helping her into the carriage. With this as a provocation, Poindexter cowhided Curtis and then shot him dead, and the jury could not agree that Poindexter had committed a crime in taking Curtis' life.

A New York girl the other day invited her aunt from Savannah, who was visiting her, to enter a Broadway shoe store with her. Araminta, the niece, much to her aged relative's horror, projected her pretty foot across the clerk's knee, had her old boots removed and submitted interestedly, holding her dress conveniently out of the way, while the clerk began the process of encasing the fair one's nether extremities in a new and extra long pair of fifteen-dollar "high-buttoners." The Savannah aunt was shocked beyond expression at her niece's strange immodesty in exposing her stockinged foot to male gaze, and when the shoe clerk, beginning at the lowest button, gradually progressed upward in his work, Georgia modesty and propriety could no longer endure the shocking spectacle, and down came the sun umbrella on the shoe clerk's head with a whack, and her fingers, tingling with shame, made busy with his hair. It was to no purpose that Araminta explained that such occurrences were the "regular thing" in New York. This is undoubtedly the truth, and the reporter who has been interviewing New York belles, apropos of the bloody tragedy at Richmond, doubtless correctly reports the views which prevail among women in Gotham. He says:

I asked one of the belles of the Fifth avenue if she allowed a shoe clerk to put on her shoes.

"Why, of course I do," she said, "and lace them up, too. That is what the shoe clerk is for. Only a silly woman with country ideas, or a common woman who looks upon the clerk as a probable sweetheart, would object to a shoe clerk putting on her shoes. Every well-bred lady in New York expects the clerk to lace a new pair of shoes."

"But suppose the clerk should remark, 'You have a pretty foot,' or 'Your foot is small,' would you be indignant?"

"Certainly not. I should consider the remark the same as if a servant had made it. If this Miss Cottrell of Richmond had been a true lady she would never had made such a silly fool of herself; and if Poindexter had not been a harum-scarum goose, without true gentlemanly instincts, he would not have killed Mr. Curtis, the simple and innocent shoe clerk."

"Do you allow a young gentleman clerk to put on a new kid glove?"

"Yes; in Paris the glove clerk always puts on a new glove for you. While I would not allow a young gentlemen friend to put on my glove, I consider it highly proper for a glove clerk to do it."

"Suppose a gentleman at a party in your own set should squeeze your hand in the lancers, what would you do?"

"Now, that is a different thing. If he were an intimate friend, I should take it as a joke; if he were my lover, I should return it; but if he were a casual acquaintance, and I thought he squeezed my hand impertinently, I would cut him dead. I shouldn't tell anyone, but the man would suffer a silent punishment."

"Would you go back to the same clerk three times, as did Miss Cottrell, if he said your foot was pretty?"

"Yes, if I had business there. If his remarks offended me, I should tell him to please make no remarks. I shouldn't have gone to my lover with a silly story. The fact is, this whole Richmond foolishness occurred among common, ill-bred people, not used to the usages of refined society;" and then the aristocratic young lady buttoned up her ten-button kids and prepared for a promenade.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Cat With Table Manners.

A child in North Berwick, Maine, has a kitten which has been instructed in table manners. When called by name she runs quickly to the side of her mistress and demurely waits while a tiny bib, made expressly for her, is tied around her neck. A two-ounce vial filled with milk is then laid on the floor beside her, and taking it between her paws, she raises herself on her hind feet, puts the bottle to her mouth, and remaining in that position drinks the milk; then, laying the bottle gently down, she patiently waits for her mouth to be wiped and for the bib to be removed, after which she usually indulges in a nap.

Too Many Words.

During the year 1878, there were recorded in the Register's office in New York city about twelve thousand deeds, including thereunder leases, contracts, or other instruments, and about six thousand mortgages. The average cost of recording a deed was $2 25; of a mortgage, $2 75. So that during one year about $40,000 was paid to the Register for recording instruments in his office. Paid to what purpose? Largely for copying into books a vast mass of superfluous words. Old set phrases which have come down to us from bygone times when, as Steele says, tautology was the first, the second, the third excellence in a lawyer. "The universal practice is to extend a deed by means of repetitions, tautology and circumlocution. The origin of this abuse is to be traced to the cupidity of conveyancers."

Eighteen thousand times in one year in one office were written and paid for these words, "hath granted, bargained, sold, aliened, remised, released, conveyed and confirmed, and by these premises doth grant, bargain, sell, alien, remise, release, convey and confirm." Here are twenty-four words, which, if written 18,000 times, make 432,000 words, for copying which owners of real estate paid some $900. Of what use are they? None whatever say 1 Rev. Stat. 748, sec. 1. It is there provided "every grant or devise of real estate or any interest therein hereafter to be executed shall pass all the estate or interest of the grantor or testator unless the intent to pass a less estate or interest shall appear by express terms, or be necessarily implied in the terms of such grant." Why, then, is it necessary to use more than one word, John Doe "grants" to Richard Roe? Instead of twenty-four words, one. Instead of 432,000 only 18,000; instead of $900, less than $50. The word "grant" would suffice for a mortgage as well as a deed, for the qualification of the estate would "appear by express terms." Still, as there is in common speeches, the words deed, mortgage, which have a well recognized legal meaning, why not use them? John Doe "deeds" to Richard Doe, John Doe "mortgages" to Richard Roe.

The foregoing is an illustration drawn from only one part of the deed. It could be drawn from any and every part. Useless repetition which, day after day, year after year, is accumulating in our record offices, necessitates the use of thrice as many books as need be. It is injuring our profession. Every dollar given to mechanical labor therein is a dollar taken from brain labor. Every dollar of useless expense attending the transfer of real estate fetters it just so much, and in the end we lose by it.

The drawing of a deed has come to be wholly a perfunctory thing, except the filling up of the blanks properly. We no longer charge for the printed part. Why then continue the use of words for which we are not paid when the only reason they were originally used was to get an increase of pay? Mr. Barbour, in his Chancery Practice, recognizes the force of this rule in an amusing way. In one of his later editions, in a note to a form for a creditor's bill, he naively says that, the compensation per folio for drafting bills in equity having been abolished, he has shortened the form as much as possible.

There are in a full covenant warranty deed of a city lot, under our present forms, about a thousand words; in a mortgage, containing interest and insurance clauses about seventeen hundred words. The description of a city lot rarely takes over one hundred and fifty words; deducting these which are a constant quantity, I venture to affirm that just as valid instruments, containing all the essence, but stripped of the verbiage, can be drawn with a fourth of the words, making a saving of three-fourths. —Corr. Albany Law Journal.

Woman Suffrage.

Whether women would vote if they had the right to, has always been a subject of great speculation, and every contribution of fact to such a discussion is therefore of decided interest. New Hampshire anticipated Massachusetts by a few months in giving women the right to vote for members of the school committee, and the first election under the new law was held a few days ago at the State Capitol. The result was a wonderfully full vote, not less than 2,160 ballots being cast, and of these over half were deposited by women.

The balloting extended over three meetings, and the number of women who participated was almost exactly double on the second and third evenings what it had been at previous meetings—150—299, and 662. Another interesting feature of this election was the fact that the sexes did not rally to the support of opposing tickets, but men and women divided their votes very evenly, and a ticket bearing the names of two men was elected by a narrow majority over another which bore the names of a man and woman.—Investigator.

Bright little girl: "The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond earrings, 'cause papa's hid them." Visitor: "Where has he hid them?" "Little girl: "Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout, and he guessed they would stay there."

A Leadville Romance.

Leadville is now passing through its most romantic period, and from now until we settle into a city of 10,000 inhabitants such instances as we are about to relate will be of not unfrequent occurrence. The circumstances came to a knowledge of the reporter at the dinner table this afternoon, and, acting upon the hint, the clew was followed up until at last one of those life histories which occur now and then, and inspire new faith in human nature was revealed. Five years ago a young man whom we shall call Smith because that is not his name, was married to a beautiful girl in one of the interior towns of Iowa. Smith was then only 22 years old, though intelligent, well educated and active, was only a clerk in a dry goods store, depending upon a meagre salary for subsistence. Common prudence should have dictated to the young couple the propriety of waiting, but they loved each other and laughed at the future. The father of the young lady was one of the pioneers of the town, rich, haughty and purse-proud. He was enraged at the match, and coarsely told the delicate young girl she had made a hard bed for herself and must lie in it. With an amount of money ridiculously small, considering his wealth, he dismissed her finally. The couple went to housekeeping, but, with all their love and economy, failed to make both ends meet. The money which the young wife brought was expended during the first year, and love which "laughed at locksmiths" flew out of the window when poverty came in at the door. Misunderstandings, bickerings and quarrels followed each other in rapid succession, and finally it seemed to the unhappy pair that it was impossible for them to live together, and after a somewhat more violent scene than usual, Mrs. Smith took her babe and went to her father's, only to have the door shut in her face. Returning to her own home, she found that her husband had left a note stating that she should never see him again. In a fit of desperation, she sold the stock of furniture, placed her babe in charge of her husband's parents, with enough money to make it comfortable for a year, and started for a large city to make a living. This was only a little more than a year ago. The old story of a young, refined and unprotected female in a large city was re-enacted in her case. Always finding admirers, she drifted from city to city, occasionally sending a little money for the care of her babe, which she loved with passionate tenderness. During all this time, however, she never forgot her husband, having learned that her love had been clouded, not extinguished. Last week she arrived in Leadville. As she descended from the coach she noticed in the throng of bronzed faces one that seemed strangely familiar, though covered with an enormous beard. It disappeared, and she went to her lodging with a strange feeling of unrest and isolation. The next day in walking about town she again encountered that face and met a glance that caused her to tremble. In another instant both her hands were seized, and she knew that her husband, whom she had never ceased to love, stood before her. He had come to Leadville immediately after their separation, and prospered, and supposing she was still at her father's, was about starting home with sufficient means to establish himself in business in their native town. She told him all; he forgave all; and the next day the strangely united couple left to begin a new and happier life.—Leadville Eclipse.

An Amusing Theatrical Story.

"Yankee" Hill, a famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell an amusing story (which J. B. Matthews retells in his article on "The American on the Stage" in Scribner's for July), of the early days of the theatre in this country. Hill once "showed" —to use a professional phrase—in a town in the western part of New York, where no theatrical performances had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall and the men on the other, exactly as they used to sit in church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not a smile; all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion and mortified by his want of success, was passing through a public room in his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark:

"Say, mister, I was in to the play tonight."

"Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained."

"Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a straining to keep my mouth straight. And if it hadn't been for the women I'd a laughed right out in meetin'."

In bowing the inclination of the head is alone neccessary.