L. P. Fisher

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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L. P. FISHER'S PACIFIC AGENCY

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Issued every Friday.

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

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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

General Merchandise!

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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IRON AND STEEL

For Blacksmiths' and General use.

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

The highest market price paid for

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

SHall Receive Prompt Attention!

At Prices that Defy Competition.

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Turning the Tables.

"Now what a pleasant evening we can have all alone!" said little Mrs. Grey, dropping the crimson curtains in the cozy sitting room and turning to her husband as she spoke. "But I would like to go to the opera!" she added, her dimpled face lengthening a little. "You have promised, you know, Fred, but I suppose you are tired."

"Yes," yawned her drowsy spouse, from his post on the sofa, where, with heels erect after the fashion of the masculine world in general, intent on physical and mental comfort, he lay smoking.

"But never mind," finished Rosa, consolingly; "we can go another time, and I will read to you." And she drew nearer the shaded light on the centertable and picked up a book. "Hark! there is the door bell." And she rose to her feet.

"Stay, I will answer it," said Fred, suddenly forgetting his weariness, and springing up, he went hurriedly into the hall.

"Rosa," he said, presently reappearing at the door, "it's Davis; I have promised to go with him to B—— street, to see a sick friend of his. You won't be lonely, pet, with so much to entertain you." And with a kiss he was gone, with her "Don't stay long!" ringing after him.

Rosa sat listening till the sound of their footsteps died away.

"Now I shall have to spend the evening all alone. Oh dear!" she sighed disconsolately.

At that moment she spied a bit of paper lying on the carpet, and stooping, picked it up. It ran thus:

"Opera at half-past eight. Will call.
DAVIS."

"Ah!" said Rosa, her brows contracting as she spoke. "That's it!" and she tossed the note into the fire. "That detestable Davis—and Fred, too!" she finished, the tears springing to her eyes quickly. "Why didn't he say so if he did not want me to go?"

"Oh!" she finished, "if I could only go to-night!" And with a little sigh she sat down again and looked into the fire. Soon the door bell rang again.

"Show him in," was her reply to Kattie's announcement, in rich Irish brogue, "Gintleman to see ye, mem!" "I wonder who it is?" she murmured, passing her hand over her fair hair. "Why, George!" an instant later was her delighted exclamation. "When did you come?"

Further exclamations were lost in fond kisses from the bearded young man.

"My darling little sister! So you are glad to see the wanderer?" was the affectionat query.

"Indeed, I'm delighted!" warmly responded Rosa. "How handsome you have grown, George!"

"Flatterer!" smiled her brother. "But where is Fred?" he asked, suddenly. "I am anxious to make the acquaintance of that happy brother that I have never seen. How much I wanted to come to the wedding, dear, you cannot know. I was in Brazil when your message reached me. But what's the matter?" he asked, pausing quickly, and glancing at Rosa's grieved face. "There," seeing tears in her bright eyes, "tell me all about it."

Rosa poured the tale into his sypathizing ears, and ended with—

"Oh, George! If we could only go!"

"And go we will," said George, rising and looking at his watch. "How soon can you be ready?"

"In fifteen minutes," laughed Rosa, gleefully, and she ran blithely away, to dress.

There was a slight stir in the house as a couple entered; very late they were, and all eyes were centered upon them—the lady slender and graceful, with great azure billows of silk falling around her in shimmering folds, pearls braided low in her brown hair, and a snowy opera cloak drawn carelessly about her shoulders—the gentlemen stately, nonchalant, wearing that air of polish attained by foreign travel, and devoted to his companion, whom he seated with careful tenderness.

"Grey," said Davis, giving his friend a nudge, "who is that last party that is making such a sensation?"

Grey turned carelessly and looked; the look deepened to a stare, and he gazed blankly at the lady, who fluttered her spangled white fan with the faintest suggestion of a smile, as she turned to her companion with a remark, which he bent his handsome head low to hear.

Fred turned scarlet, then pale, and clutched Davis fiercely by the arm.

"Why," he gasped, "it's Rosa, and who the deuce has she with her?"

"I don't know," returned Davis, indifferently. "Some friend, probably. Sit down, Grey; don't make a fool of yourself."

"I won't sit down." retorted Fred, irascibly. Friend! My wife here with another man!" And with an imprecation he strode from the house. "I'll go home," he muttered angrily," and see what it all means. Serves me right for leaving her. How lovely she was! I didn't know she was half so beautiful! But my proud darling at the opera with another? I cannot understand it!"

A few minutes rapid walking brought him to his home.

"Kate," he inquired, summoning that worthy, "where is your mistress?"

"Sure, she wint out," volubly explained the girl, "with a foine gintleman what came soon after yez lift, and was that glad to see her I thought he'd niver stop kissin' her."

"That will do; you can go!" sternly commanded Mr. Grey, and he slowly made his way into the little room he had left an hour before with such different feelings. The light was burning brightly, the papers scattered about, the open book, even the little lace trimmed handkerchief that in her haste she had dropped upon the floor, all spoke eloquently of the dear little wife, and Fred groaned as he picked up, with nervous fingers, a card from the table, on which was written "Gone with a handsome man," and on the other side "George Curtis."

Fred laid it down quickly, as though the innocent pasteboard scorched his fingers, not noticing in his haste, that the name was the maiden one of his Rosa, and, falling upon the sofa, buried his face in the pillow and moaned:

"My little dove gone—given to another—lost to me!"

Soon the sound of carriage wheels reached him. There was a soft rustle across the carpet, and two hands touched him, while a sweet, familiar voice cried:

"Poor Fred! are you sick? Brother George has come," she completed, breathless, as he sat up, looking pale and haggard. "He took me to the opera; I was so lonely."

And seeing the outstretched hand and twinkling eyes, Fred extended his own, saying:

"Welcome home, Brother George! I must thank you for your care over Rosa in my absence."

"Not at all! Not at all!" responded George, as they heartily shook hands. "I am delighted to meet the happy fellow who won my pet sister." And no further allusion was made to the affair.

"Fred," said Rosa demurely, as they entered their own apartments, "is that friend of Davis's better? And"—very gravely—"how came you to attend the opera?"

"Rosa," cried Fred, turning impulsively, and catching her in his arms. "Don't tease me. How could you frighten me so, darling?"

"Did you care so much?" whispered Rosa, nestling closer. "But you deceived me, and I felt so badly! If you had only told me! But we will be good now, won't we?" And she put up her lips for the kiss of peace.

"Of course we will!" said Fred, penitently, choking over the tender reproach. "I never will again, if you forgive me this once. I was punished, I think; I thought I had lost my wife. But"—he added, quickly—"we did call to see the friend first." And he had the grace to flush a little.

"Smart woman, that little wife of mine," he remarked to Davis, as he told him about it next morning. "Turned the tables neatly."

"Humph!" muttered Davis. "Told you so!"

A Poet's Wife.

A writer in the London Athenæum, referring to the recent death of the widow of Walter Savage Landor, says: "Landor could never really feel that he was old or getting old; this, very likely, is the peculiar privilege of genius.

The good are ever young, says Marie de Meranie to Philip Augustus, in Dr. Marston's fine play. But, unfortunately, retty girls, as a rule, are precisely those who never can take that view of matters. Landor and his wife had the inevitable family quarrels and made them up. Indeed, seeing how little of true sympathy there was between them, they really seem to have been, for a long time, exceedingly forbearing with each other. Most people who knew Mrs. Landor as a young woman speak of her amiability and sweet charm of manner. 'I must do this little wife the justice,' said Robert Lander in one of his letters, to say that I saw much of her about three years after her marriage during a long journey through France and Italy, and that I left her with regret and pity.' And even Armitage Brown, in the letter justifying Landor, written to Landor at Landor's request, and which is manifestly biased, speaks of her kindness and gracious hospitality to himself. But it is a pity that women cannot, for the comfort of men who never grow old, remain pretty girls during life. Still, the family jars seem never to have been serious till 1814, when Landor, considering it necessary to depart from England, and being met with objections to the step from his wife, a quarrel ensued, in which his wife, in the presence of her younger sister, struck home a kind of blow that was sure to rankle in his breast till the day of his death; she twitted Epicurus with the disparity between their ages! It was absolutely impossible that Landor, whose passion for youth was so strong and so deep, could ever forgive this; he never did. They afterward, to be sure, came together again, and children were born to them, but such a sore could never be healed, and, after quarrels innumerable, Landor left her, and not all the persuasions of such kind and considerate friends as he had could induce him to see her again. The issue of the marriage consisted of one daughter and three sons. The eldest of these, Arnold Savage Landor, is now of Ispley Court, Warwickshire.

A promising young Boston man has produced a book called "Little Tin Gods on Wheels." He is a Harvard man, but it is not stated whether he belonged to the rowing or the baseball department

Madame Bonaparte's Jewels.

The collection of the late Madame Bonaparte's jewels recently placed on exhibition, consists of necklaces, finger-rings, antiquities, vinaigrettes, bon-bon boxes, ear-rings and other articles. They were presents from her parents, from relatives and friends, from her husband during her brief married life, and from persons she met during her extended visit to Europe. One fine cameo ring is valued at $150. One pair of diamond ear-rings, leaf shape, are exceedingly beautiful. They consist of two large solitaires at the top, with smaller diamonds forming the leaves below. These are worth $1,000. A crown of amethysts and pearls was very costly, but it is now worth only $500. There are four pearl necklaces, the lowest in value being appraised at $50, and the highest at $500. Two antiques in the collection are superb specimens, and would bring large sums if sold. One of the greatest curiosities in the lot is a bracelet made of gold wire, about twenty-two carats fine, made from gold found upon the arm of a skeleton discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. There is a black enameled bracelet, made in Paris and set with American quarter-eagle gold pieces, worth $100. Another bracelet is made of six $5 gold pieces and a French coin linked together with gold. There are three gold watches unique and beautiful, but not of much intrinsic value. Two of them have plain hunting-cases, blue enameled open-faces, and the third is a double-cased watch, ornamented with pearls. One of these watches was a present to Mme. Bonaparte while she was Miss Elizabeth Patterson, from her grandfather; and Mr. Gale is of the opinion, from its style, that it was made three hundred years ago.

Prince Napoleon's Death.

Unfortunate as was the death of young Louis Napoleon at the hands of savages, taken by surprise, enlisted in a cause of doubtful worthiness, and at best not a cause of his country or his own, his death was less important than that of his second cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt, who was born King of Rome and heir to the French throne, and died at 21, Lieutenant in the Austrian artillery. There seems to have been a remarkable parallelism in the in the fortunes of these two princes. One died at 21; the other was killed at 23. Both had brilliant prospects at birth; both were born after long and anxious expectation; both were only sons and only children; both lost their prestige and chances by the military downfall of their Imperial fathers; both were forced to quit their native country; both were educated in foreign military schools—one in Austria, the other in England; both were of delicate constitution; both were amiable, generous and estimable, without inheriting the paternal strength; both pined for opportunities; both came to an untimely end. The two youths were as gentle and likeable as their fathers were selfish, cruel and treacherous. Yet their fathers had magnificent success up to a certain time, and lost their power by overweening ambition. There is something very dramatic in the fact that the sole son of Napoleon I., the greatest force in modern times, should have sickened life away at Schonnbrunn, and that the sole son of Napoleon III. should be pierced to death by Zulu spears in a remote and barbarous land, and in a cause in which he had embarked simply for political effect.—N. Y. Times.

Saw His Error.

The following incident is related of the late Judge Banard, who, though sometimes irritable on the bench, regretted more than any one else his hasty words and deeds at such times. A young lawyer, since then elected to Congress, when a young man just arrived in the city, once laid some papers before the Judge. He glanced at them and tossed them back to the young lawyer.

"Your Honor, what is the matter with these papers?" asked the lawyer.

"They're not properly drawn up," said the Judge.

"What is wrong about them?" the young lawyer inquired.

"If you don't know, I can't tell," the Judge responded. "If I had a tyro in my office who couldn't draw up better papers than those, I'd throw him out on the sidewalk."

The words were heard by a crowded court-room. Much mortified, the lawyer took his leave. A week afterward he was sitting in the same court-room, and the Judge said: "Mr. ——, will you step to the bench for a moment, if you please?" The gentleman did so, and the spectators wondered what was coming. "Last Monday," the Judge began, "you laid some papers before me, which I erroneously pronounced incorrect, and I acted like a scoundrel. I am ashamed of it, and as I grossly insulted you in open court, I want to tender you an apology in open court. I beg your pardon."

Congress having adjourned without action on the bill authorizing an allowance for leakage on export packages of alcohol between the distilleries and the port of export, immediate collection of all drawback assessments for this cause is ordered, and delayed pending the action of Congress. The assessments amount to $50,000 or $60,000.

Boston and Chicago Hospitality.

Boston's merchants are entertaining their brethren from Chicago right royally this week, says the Boston Transcript, and the guests will return home convinced that hospitality is not a lost art on the seaboard. So it will do no harm to tell this story, which Causuer heard recently, but not in the West—a story which Boston may well ponder over, for though she has a warm heart and opens it wide on occasions, she does not keep it open always. A many years ago two young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow-clerks on Kilby street. John went to Chicago in its muddy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and ere this his hair was gray, became a well-to.do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open-hearted. James remained at home. He, too, prospered, married, raised a family, and became one of the solid men of Boston.

Now it fell out that when John's oldest son—they called him Jack—was 21, he visited Boston bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy Pearl-street counting-room, deep in the Advertiser. Jack presented the letter, and stood, hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it twice. "So you're John's son!" he said. "You don't look a bit like your father." Then there was a pause, Jack still standing. "What brought you to Boston?" he was asked. "Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I'd better see his old home and get a taste of salt air." "Going to be here over Sunday?" "Yes, sir." "My pew is No. — at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you." And there the interview ended.

It chanced that, not long after, James' son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunted him up in his office. "Well, my son," said a pleasant voice before he had closed the door. "My names is James ——, sir, and I thought—" "What? you don't mean to say that— Of course you are; I might have known it. Where's your boggage?" "At the hotel, sir." "At the hotel? We'll go and get it and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gentleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam. "We'll go right up now. There's plenty of time for a drive this afternoon. This evening you can go to the theatre with my girls, and to-morrow you and I will take a run out on the C., B. and Q., and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stock yards, and have a trip on the lake, and—" "But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow." "Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see this city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, anyhow." And he did. In fact, he's there now.

Stage Life.

How many of you straight-faced ladies, who so savagely condemn the actress without recommendation to mercy, would pass scatheless through the ordeal to which she is subjected, the temptations by which she is surrounded? To be homely in mind and face, without beauty or wit, to be born and reared and coddled in all the respectabilities and conventionalities; to be watched so carefully that you could never find an opportunity of going astray, even if you desired it; in short, to develop into an immaculate matron, is not such a marvellous matter to congratulate yourself upon.

But to be born altogether out of the orthodoxes, left to your own wild will to be poor, beautiful and brilliant, to see the handsomest men sighing at your feet, doing homage to your talents as well as to your face, and then to come out of the fire unscathed, as many an actress has done and will do—then, lady, you have the right to look down upon one who has not been blessed with your power of resistance.

Bigoted ascetism revels in those gloomy pictures in which the shadows are unnaturally deepened and the lights are omitted; but gentler morals might draw from that same source the brightest examples of noble self-devotion, undaunted perseverance and divine charity.

Ben Butler's Cow.

Ben Butler was called on by a person who wanted to have a talk with him.

"Mr. Butler," said he, "one of my neighbor's cows jumped my garden gate last night, and completely destroyed my flower beds. The gate was of the height required by law, and was closed. Now I wish to know whether I can obtain damages?"

'Most assuredly," replied the widow's friend.

"Well, Mr. Butler, how much?"

"Oh, about ten dollars."

"But, Mr. Butler," triumphantly, "the cow was yours."

"Ah?" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully, and he looked unutterable things out of his bad eye. Then he turned to his desk, scratched off a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to his visitor. It was in the form of an account, and read as follows:

"B. F. Butler, to Mr.——, Dr.: To damages caused by cow, $10. Cr., by legal advice, $15. Balance due me, $5."

"Mr.——," said Mr. Butler, softly, "You needn't hurry about the payment."

The Stewart mine of Utah produced $10,220 in gold in June.

A Just View.

So numerous and shocking are the possible disabilities which a marrigage would entail upon a sensitive and high spirited woman under the law of polygamy, that it is hard to believe any woman would marry under such circumstances, except when duped by a false sense of religious obligation. A practical evidence of the loss of wifely independence is shown in the fact that the right of dower has already been abolished in Utah, where a wife has no claim whatever on the property of her husband. Hence hundreds of "plural wives" of men in comfortable circumstances do in Utah live alone and support themselves by their own unassisted efforts. No wonder the priesthood have found it necessary to teach the women that earthly marriage is essential to eternal felicity!

In Utah, as a partial remedy for the social conflicts caused by this infernal institution, marriages can be dissolved by either party at a nominal cost. But free divorce is almost equally injurious to women. For if marriage is dissoluble at the will of the wife it must be equally so at the will of the husband. But to women marriage means maternity, and maternity means a life devoted to the nurture and care of children, which is a life incompatible with the success or prosecution of any other industrial pursuit. To ask a mother to earn the means of support for herself and her children is simply to ask her to do double duty, to be in two places at the same time. As a rule she cannot do both. The majority of men and women, having in their youth little or no accumulated property, a married woman in most cases must receive her support either from one man or from the public. If her husband is under a permanent and exclusive legal and moral obligation to provide that support, the wife still remains an independent person, because she is a partner in the matrimonial firm. His property is liable for her uses; his accumulations if she survive him, become in part her own, and the remainder goes to her children.

Bookless Homes.

A dreary place is a bookless house. See that, in founding a home for yourselves, you do not neglect the household library. We rejoice in pretty furniture and artistic pictures, but we want to see a new book sandwiched in between every two purchases, and newspapers and magazines drifting around so thickly that the very order of the sitting-room is imperilled. We never knew anything worse than intelligent sons and daughters to grow out of such untidiness. To go to housekeeping without a family bible and an unabridged dictionary ought to be elected a criminal offense. Here lies the beginning of wisdom. Then we should add modern history to ancient, poetry to science, Scott, Thackerary, Dickens, Hawthorne and Holmes to theology. We should know the opinions of the best minds of to-day, upon all questions of social life, philosophy, of agriculture. We have known famous business men, keen financiers, to grow out of the bookless homes, but never the great-hearted and tender-souled. So, parents, remembering this, glance over your libraries to see if there be not some vacancy to fill up with a volume which will add to the cheer of the windy Winter nights. Get for the boy a book of history or travels; for the girl a copy of Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Browning—some sweet poet, who sings along the quiet vales of life in language we all can understand. Win them to read aloud around the evening lamp, and most unconsciously their young souls will be drawn out to follow after those who call—to follow and sing and be glad—for great is the power of influence.

Effects of Opium and Nicotine.

The report that Senator Carpenter is killing himself with nicotine by smoking twenty cigars a day is a reminder that others are suffering from the same sort of excess. Most of the smokers in Congress smoke too much. Some of them carry cigars in their mouths all the time. There are Senators and representatives who never walk down the avenue without the stump of a cigar between their fingers. One prominent man in Congress is rapidly killing himself with opium, and one of the Doorkeepers of the House is at the point of death from the same cause. The public man I refer to is a popular and respected man, whose strange ways have long been a wonder to those who do not know of his secret habit. He is a kind and genial gentleman, but he is liable to pass his best friend with a blank stare half an hour after he has met him pleasantly in conversation. His fits of abstraction and depression amount almost to craziness. At times he is so odd and queer that his associates are puzzled by his conduct. Opium is eating up his life, and he will not last long. It is a pity, for his is one of the best intellects in Congress, and he might render much useful public service if he would.—Washington Correspondence Boston Herald.

A special from Austin says that news was received of a fight between the State troops and a party of Indians at the head of Concho river. One Indian was killed and several wounded. The rest escaped. The State troops lost several horses and pack mules. They were still pursuing the Indians.