ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

VOL IV.---NO. 12. | ASHLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1879. | $2 50 PER ANNUM.

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday, —BY— LEEDS & MERRITT.

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

Job Printing.

Of all descriptions done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars Business Cards, Billheads, Letterheads, Posters, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

Terms of Subscription:

One copy, one year ... $2 50
" " six months ... 1 50
" " three months ... 1 00
Club rates, six copies for ... 12 50
Terms in advance.

Terms of Advertising:

LEGAL.
One square (ten lines or less) 1st insertion ... $2 50
Each additional insertion ... 1 00

LOCAL.
Local notices per line ... 10c
Regular advertisements inserted upon liberal terms.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. J. H. CHITWOOD,
ASHLAND, : : : : OREGON.
OFFICE—At the Ashland Drug Store.

JAMES R. NEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

J. W. HAMAKAR,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Linkville, Lake Co., Oregon.
OFFICE—In Post Office building. Special attention given to conveyancing.

M. L. M'CALL,
SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,
Ashland, Oregon.
Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice.

DR. W. B. ROYAL,
Has permanently located in Ashland. Will give his undivided attention to the practice of medicine. Has had fifteen years' experience in Oregon. Office at his residence, on Main street, opposite the M. E. Church.

DR. WILL JACKSON,
DENTIST.
Jacksonville, : : : : Oregon.
Will visit Ashland in May and November, and Kerbyville the fourth Monday in October.
Ashland, Sept. 15, 1878.

THE ASHLAND MILLS!

We will continue to purchase wheat —AT— *The Highest Market Price*, And will deliver **Flour, Feed, Etc.,** Anywhere in town, AT MILL PRICES.
Wagner & Anderson.

ASHLAND Livery, Sale & Feed STABLES,
Main Street, : : Ashland.

I have constantly on hand the very best SADDLE HORSES, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES, And can furnish my customers with a tip-top turnout at any time.

HORSES BOARDED

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

MARBLE!

ASHLAND MARBLE WORKS.
J. H. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

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.

Address: *J. H. Russell,* Ashland, Oregon.

J. M. M'CALL. MORRIS BAUM.

J. M. McCall & Co.,
Main Street, Ashland.

NEW DEPARTURE.

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

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

HEADQUARTERS!

For Staple and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Millinery, Dress Goods, Crockery, Glass and Tin Ware, Shawls, Wrappers, Cloaks, And, in fact, everything required for the trade of Southern and Southeastern Oregon.

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.**

Come One and All.
J. M. McCALL & CO.

JAMES THORNTON, W. H. ATKINSON, JACOB WAGNER, E. K. ANDERSON.

THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFAC'G CO.,
ARE NOW MAKING FROM **The Very Best NATIVE WOOL!**
BLANKETS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, AND HOSIERY.

OUR 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.
W. H. Atkinson, SECRETARY.

THE COTTAGE GATE.

In the sultry time of mowing
When the fields are full of hay,
Pretty Janet brings her sewing
To the gate, at close of day.

Do you wonder that she lingers—
Often glances down the lane?
Do you ask me why her fingers
Seem to find their work a strain.

Love dreams hold her in their tether;
Love is often (as we know)
Idle in the Summer weather,
Idlest in the sunset glow.

Now the toil of day is over;
Janet has not long to wait
For a shadow on the clover
And a footstep at the gate.

How is this? The slighted sheeting
Has been taken up anew;
Very quiet is her greeting,
Scarcely raised those eyes of blue.

Now he leans upon the railing,
Tells her all about the hay;
Still his pains seem unavailing—
Very little she will say.

If you think it strange, my reader,
Learn a lesson from the rose,
From the garden's queenly leader,
Fairest flower that ever blows.

Not at once she flaunts her petals;
First a bud of sober green,
By and by the stretching sepals
Show a dash of red between.

Breezes rock her; sunbeams woo her;
Wide and wider does she start,
Opens all her crimson treasure,
Yields the fragrance at her heart.

Ah! the rose buds will not render
All their secrets in one day;
And the maiden, shy and tender,
Is as diffident as they.

Just, Before Generous

"I wish you would leave me fifty shillings for Mary Brown, Joe," Mrs. Hammond said to her husband, as he stood putting on his overcoat before starting for business.

"Fifty shillings, Nettie!" he cried, while a look of displeased surprise came over his face. "How can you owe her so much? I gave you the money for the washing every week."

"Well, it slips away; I scarcely know how. There was the little impromptu supper we had the evening the Elliott's were here, last week, and I saw some bargains in ribbons the week before, and—oh, I can't remember every penny!"

"She must need her money, and need it promptly. Women don't work for amusement, Nettie, as a general thing, but for a living. There is the money, but don't let this happen again. Nothing is more contemptible, to my mind, than owing small sums of money to those who depend upon daily labor for daily bread."

Then, as if to make a mute apology for the severity of his words and tone, Joe Hammond gave his little wife an unusually tender kiss, and started out for his office.

They had been only a few months married, these young people, and rented a wee cottage, where they kept house after the pattern only too common to young married couples.

Nettie was the youngest of five daughters of a merchant, and would probably be something of an heiress when her father died. In the meantime her only idea of housekeeping was founded upon that of the large house where she had lived all her life, and where she never had a care.

Her mother, foreseeing the difficulties in the way of the petted girl, had spared one of her own most valued servants, and Nettie had given into her charge all care. Every week Joe handed his wife such a proportion of his income as he felt he could afford for household expenses, fully satisfied that it was more than sufficient for the results he saw produced.

Bridget was a treasure, and there was no fault to find with the well-cooked meals, or the orderly arrangements in the little cottage.

After the master of the house left, Mrs. Hammond, having a dainty piece of sewing to finish, was busily stitching, when one of her dear friends, Mrs. Merritt, came in. She was older by ten years than Nettie, and a childless widow. A good woman in every sense of the word, she gave the time that hung heavily on her hands, after her husband died, to the cause of charity. Her own means, which were ample for her support in luxury, were freely given; but many of her charities were on a scale that required contributions from others.

This was not the first time Nettie had been called upon to give to some cause in which her friend was interested. She looked up brightly.

"Don't speak till you are warm," she said, drawing a chair toward the fire and taking her friend's furs and hat. "You look half perished."

"It is a bitter day. God help the poor!" Mrs. Merritt said taking the chair."

"What brings you so far this cold day?"

"I called to see if you would help us in a fair we are getting up for the sufferers at the fire last week. I have been amongst them, Nettie, and they are utterly destitute. We have raised something toward the sum we think necessary to start the fair, and I thought you would help us"

Nettie's purse was already in her hand Beside the money for the washerwoman there was only a little change, and for a moment she hesitated. Then, thinking, "I will tell Joe, and he will give it to me again," she took the gold and handed it to Mrs. Merritt.

"I wish it were more," she said gently, her heart full of pity for the sufferers, "but I will begin to sew for your table at the fair at once. Suppose I make some of those wax crosses you admire so much? They sell well."

"Anything you make will sell. By the way, if you are going to buy wax, I am going down to L's now. Suppose you dress while I warm my feet, and we can go together."

"After lunch. You will stop to lunch?"

"I can't, indeed. You see, dear, we want to strike while the iron is hot. A month from now some new horror will crowd this out of memory, though the poor sufferers will be no better off."

"Then I will be ready in five minutes."

And it was very little more when she stood ready for her walk.

The wax was purchased, and a quantity of other material bought for fancy work; and then, as she was so near her old home, Nettie took lunch there, and interested all the ladies of the family in the good work.

The Winter afternoon was closing when she came home, tired, to meet Bridget, whose face was very long.

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Hammond's sent word from the office that he won't be home till late this evening. And Mary Brown's been here, ma'am, with the clothes, and she's in sore trouble, ma'am. The landlord is pressing her for a month's rent, and there is two of her children sick. She was awfully disappointed not to see you, for she said you promised her some money to-day. If you are willing, ma'am," she said, hesitatingly, "I'll take it after dinner, for they are badly off when she complains—she ain't one of the whining sort."

"I'm sorry, Bridget; but I can't send it till to-night, when Mr. Hammond comes home."

Bridget went to her work, her heart very heavy, for Mary had told her more than she had repeated to her mistress. And Nettie opened her packages, and thought of the many pretty things she could make for the fair.

Dinner over, she stitched busily at dainty bits of silk and ribbon, till the latch-key rattled in the door, and she sprang forward to meet her husband. There was no smile on his face as usual, and he asked her harshly—

"What did you do with the money I gave you for Mary Brown?"

Half frightened at the expression of his face, Nettie told him of Mrs. Merritt's visit and the result. His face softened a little, but he said, very gravely—

"You should have waited to contribute to the fair until you had other money; that was not yours to give. Willie Brown met me. He had been waiting, on this bitter night, three hours for me, and asked me, humbly and pitifully, for one shilling on his mother's bill. Sure that you had paid her while the boy was out, I went home with him. Nettie, the room was fireless. The poor mother, wrapped in a shawl, was crying bitterly, while she tried to warm her poor little sufferer."

Nettie by this time was weeping bitter tears, and sobbed out—

"Oh, Joe, I never thought she needed the money so much! Oh, what did you do?"

"I paid her; and I told her in the future to send to me every week for the money she earns by hard, honest labor."

"Oh, Joe, it shall never happen again. I am so sorry! But I did not use the money for myself, and I felt so sorry for those poor people Mrs. Merritt told me about."

"But justice should come before generosity, Nettie. I would not stay your hand from any charity we can afford; but the money you owe to a hard-working woman is hers, not yours to give or use in any way. And, Nettie, remember another thing: if you had paid the woman every week, you never would have owed her a sum that is large to her, although it may seem small to you. I wonder you allowed a bill to stand, knowing, as you do, my horror of debts."

A burning crimson suddenly flooded his wife's face.

"Have you deceived me about others? Do you owe money in other places?"

"A little, Joe," she faltered. "I don't know how it is, but I seem to run short so often."

Joe looked so pained that Nettie,s tear's started again.

"I don't spend a great deal on myself, Joe—indeed I don't. I gave five pounds to the orphan asylum last month, and there was that poor family Mrs. Merritt told me about, whose father was killed on a railroad."

"And the money was due for some bill you had hidden from me?"

"I didn't mean to hide it exactly, Joe; only each week I thought I could save something."

"Well," he said, wearily, "you must bring me an exact account to-morrow evening of all we owe, and it must be paid. After this I will pay the bills myself."

"No, Joe, no! you shall not take that care in addition to all your business duties. Trust me once more, and I will not let this happen again. I will be just before I am generous—just to you, Joe, as well as to others."

He was ready to kiss her, and accept her promise.

The statement of her debts her husband required caused her another fit of sobbing and fright. She had no idea that a little charged here and there at the butcher's could mount up to a large bill; that the little accounts started on a few shillings could run up to pounds so fast; and when the sum total of fifty pounds stared her in the face, she felt, penitently, that she did not deserve any further trust or confidence from her husband.

It was a large sum for a struggling man to raise unexpectedly, and Joe denied himself many things to meet it; but it was the last time he had to do so, for Nettie kept an account of every shilling, amazed to find that when all just claims were promptly paid, all extravagances cut away, and the week's money carefully divided to meet the expenses, she had still many shillings for charity, given far more happily when her conscience was clear, and she had practiced being just before she was generous.

Teasing Children.

Teasing children is at best a doubtful amusement; but when sensitive childhood is made the object of it, it degenerates into cruelty. Yet there are some very good people who indulge in this outrage against the innocent and helpless. We know people who never miss an opportunity to torment a child. It seems impossible for them to come near one without making it miserable. They cannot be at their ease, unless the child is suffering from heartlessness. As a consequence, children soon learn to hate as well as fear them, and no wonder. It is true that these people would shrink from inflicting needless bodily pain on any little one; but they never think of the keener torture which their senseless teasing inflicts on the sensitive child. They would tell you that they do nothing which should give pain; that they are only in fun and the child ought to know it. When they threaten to swallow a child, they don't mean to do it, of course; but the child is irritated or frightened all the same. Do they know how very real all such things are to a child, particularly to one that has never been hardened to such cruelty? They may mean nothing by their silly threats, but the child that has learned to rely implicitly on what its parents say—and all children should learn this—will accept as truths what its tormentors mean as lies invented for its annoyance. It is true that the child will in time learn to doubt the truthfulness of those who thus abuse it; but while it learns to distrust the false, it also learns to distrust the true. A child cannot be expected to exercise discrimination; and you, sir, who give it its first lessons in falsehood, are to blame for such subsequent distrust of things that ought to be believed.

Childhood should be a period of joyous innocence. It is no time for doubts or misgivings. They come soon enough with the entrance of the youth upon the scenes of busy, practical, anxious struggle for self-maintainance. Then, good friends, you who thoughtlessly mar that innocent enjoyment and implicit trust which characterize the uncorrupted child, stop to think what you are doing. You are committing a grave offense. You are ruining the temper of one whose mind is yet so plastic as to yield to every touch. You are darkening the days of one whose life should yet be all sunshine. You are inflicting the keenest of pains on one whose innocence should shield it from the tortures even of barbarians. You are poisoning the morals of one that is yet too young to resist your evil influences. You are doing wrong for which you can never atone, a wrong whose evil effects may follow that child to the grave.—Phrenological Journal.

How Rain and Hail are Formed.

When the particles of water or ice which constitute a cloud or fog are all of the same size, and the air in which they are sustained is at rest or is moving uniformly in one direction, then these particles can have no motion relatively to each other. The weight of the particles will cause them to descend through the air with velocities which depend on their diameters, and, since they are all of the same size, they will move with the same velocity. Under these circumstances, therefore, the particles will not traverse the spaces which separate them, and there can be no aggregation so as to form raindrops or hailstones. If, however, some of the particles of the cloud or fog attain a larger size than others, those will descend faster than the others, and will consequently overtake those immediately beneath them; with these they will coalesce so as to form still larger particles, which will move with still greater velocity, and more quickly overtaking the particles in front of them, will add to their size at an increasing rate. Under such circumstances, therefore, the cloud would be converted into rain or hail, according as the particles were water or ice. The size of the drops from such a cloud would depend simply on the quantity of water suspended in its descent, that is to say, on the density and thickness of the cloud below the point from which the drop started. This is the actual way in which raindrops and hailstones are formed.—Nature.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused, saying: "I've lived long enough to know that one woman is as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is as bad as another, if not worse."

The Pope's Garden.

Let me relate, says a Roman correspondent, a visit to the Pope's private garden, which is supposed to be inaccessible to the outside world. Its particular interest is in the fact that for eight years the Popes have not stepped out of the Vatican Palace except to go into this garden, and naturally it is jealously secluded from profane intruders. However, we bribed the officials and were let into the garden surreptitiously with permission to remain an hour, and we improved the time to the utmost. Until recently it has been only a place to stroll about in on foot. But now the Pope is having a carriage road made through it, and has just had an elegant landau constructed in Rome, with the papal escutcheons upon it, especially to drive about the garden in. The principal avenues are bordered by flat hedges, and in passing along you get glimpses, through green arches, of the sweetest little sylvan retreats that you can imagine; birds singing, fountains bubbling, light and shade playing through the flickering leaves, the air full of the scents of orange blossoms and roses, shady paths winding in and out, up and down in the most distracting way, the ground covered with a thick matting of deep leaves, the accumulation of years. Here an ancient sarcophagus, with sculptured figures in relief, there a marble statue gray with age, and a something inexpressively weird in the twilight gloom, the solitude and air of neglect and decay. Again you emerge upon open, sunny spaces, and the promenade skirts a quadrangular space sunken fifteen to twenty feet, with perpendicular walls, originally, perhaps, the walls of some ancient construction. This is laid out in an immense flower garden, and in the midst the gorgeous papal monogram traced in living verdure.

A pretty surprise was a small grotto in rockwork, representing that of "Notre Dame de Lourdes," in which stood a little fancy figure of the Virgin, at her foot a little grating through which offerings were dropped, and three tiny streams of water flowing from the words: "Drink and be healed." Of course tiny streams spout into a little basin, and above these we applied our mouths to the little streams and drank the consecrated water. We thought we had explored every nook and corner of the garden, but had failed to find the place we were especially in search of, the famous Casino where Pius IX. used to sit on sunny days, and which is said to be a famous resort of the present Pope for study and writing. We met a servant who went with us to show the way, and gave us a bouquet of exquisite damask roses. The casino is completely enclosed and hidden by high hedges, entered by a single arch. Following a path through shrubbery, we passed under a deep stone archway, lined with mosaics—three inches each side filled with ancient statues—and came upon a small circular esplanade with the mosaic pavement, enclosed by two semi-circular loggias or porticos supported by marble columns, the ceiling and inside walls covered with beautiful but faded frescoes and curious mosiacs and shell work, with niches occupied by busts and statues. All around was a wilderness of flowers and shrubbery, and close by the great dome of St. Peter filled in the view. Finally, through a distant arch, we saw a vista of trees, and following it up came out upon an elevated terrace, where, under the shade of old trees covered with purple blossoms, was a large basin of water upon which was a man-of-war in bronze, eight or ten feet long, the rigging complete, rows of cannons projecting from its sides, the mariners at their post.

From this terrace was a view of the city, the castle of St. Angelo prominent in the foreground, and Monte Marie on the left, the valley of the Tiber beneath, and the Campagna stretching out to the Alban range in the distance.

Bedstead Superstition in Germany

Having ordered a neatly-constructed single bedstead, says a correspondent of London Notes and Queries, with sides, I was surprised when it was brought home to find that the ornamentation of one side of the bedstead was not repeated on the opposite side, it being, in fact, quite plain. I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction to the maker, saying that when a bedstead was placed with its head against the wall of a room, the sides, then showing, will appear quite unlike—one ornamented and the other plain. At this the maker expressed his surprise that I should be ignorant of a German custom and prejudice; "for," says he, "in Germany, single bedsteads are only placed sidewise against a wall or partition, and only removed from this position and placed with the head against the wall to receive a dead body." And the worthy maker assured me that nowhere in Germany could a native be induced to sleep on a single bedstead which had not its side placed against a wall or petition. The same objection does not hold against placing two single bedsteads side by side, with their heads against a wall.

A Boston clergyman speaks of "a mustached gentleman holding a piece of wood to his shoulder and frantically drawing poor horse-hair over the dried viscera of a dead feline." Hang up the fiddle and the bow.

Evolutionist Scriptures.

[GENESIS—CHAPTER II.]

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.

2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferential, containing all things in a potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.

3. And the Unknowable said, let atoms attract, and then contact begat light, heat and electricity.

4. And the Unconditional differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air and water.

5. And then went out a spirit of evolution from Unconditioned and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption produced the organic cell.

6. And the cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene, and protogene begat eozoon, and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalculæ.

7. And animalculæ begat ephemera; and then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

8. An earthly atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

9. And animalculæ in the water evolved fins, tails, claws and scales; and in the air, wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca, and mollusca begat articulata, articulata begat vertebrata.

11. Now these are the generation of the higher vertebrata, in cosmic period from which the Unknown evoluted the bipedal mammalia.

12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.

13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian and begat the pentadactyle, by inheritance and selection, produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadæ in all their tribes.

14. And out of the simiadæ the lemar prevailed above his fellows, and produced the platyrhine monkey.

15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evoluted the what is it.

16. And the what is it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.

18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, autochthon, the terragen—these are the generations of primeval man.

19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.

21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

22. For, behold, the swiftest man caught the most animals, and the swiftest animal got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

23. And as the types were differentiated the weaker types completely disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the survival of the fittest.

What Becomes of Our Bodies.

With a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by death is 18,000,000. Now, the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 634,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, and decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal, then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even there unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insorbent reach of the roots and plants and trees. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves.