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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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SO HE DOES.

He lights upon your head. A naughty word is said, As with a rap, A vicious slap, You bang the spot Where he is not.

He laughs, and rubs his gauzy wings, He scratches head and legs, and sings; He slyly grins, And then begins Some mischief new At once to brew.

And just as you have grown serene, Recovered of your golden spleen, With blustering luzz he boldly goes Half up your nose.

You sneeze, And wheeze, And 'gin to swear, When, boot right in your ear The rasal drives pell-mell; And now you rage and tear, my friend; You wish him evil without end; You want him sent to—well Most truly I Do hate a fly.

The Scissors Grinder.

"Is he really so handsome?" said Eleanor May, incredulously. "The handsomest man you ever saw in your life!" cried Olive Satterly.

She was sitting on the back door step, shelling peas, with a great cinnamon rose bush showering its pink petals down on her brown braids of hair, and her hazel eyes sparkled beneath their long lashes, while Maude, the beauty of the family, leaned out of the window, her pretty tresses screwed up in crimping papers, and a gingham wrapper buttoned carelessly at the throat, with no ornamental accessories in the way of collars, frills and ribbon bows; for Maude had been to a party the night before, and had slept late, scolded her mother because the coffee was cold and absolutely declined an interference with the household affairs that morning.

"Exactly like a corsair!" said Maude, suppressing a yawn. "Tall and dark with such a great diamond on his little finger and eyes like cherry wine. And he seemed so surprised to think that I recognized him through his disguise!"

"What costume did he assume?" asked Eleanor May, who, not having received an invitation to the fancy dress ball at Mrs. Pippington's, was naturally inquisitive on the subject.

"A pirate," said Maude, "with a black velvet cap, you know, and scarlet sash and a cutlass. And he declared that he would disguise himself so completely the next time that I couldn't possibly identify him, and he wagged a box of kid gloves on the question."

"I suppose he means at Lizzie Hooker's birthday party?" said Olive. "Of course," said Maude. "I wish I could go," said Olive, working diligently away at the peas, that dropped like emerald rain in the shining tin pan.

"Well, you can't," replied Maude, shortly. "Maamma says she cannot afford two fancy dresses, and I am the oldest."

"Yes, I know," said Olive, meekly. "And Mr. Medicote danced only once with you last night," added Maude, unable to repress her exultation, "and waltzed with me three times, beside the German!"

Little Olive, looking shyly up at her sister, secretly wished Providence had sent fit to make her also a beauty.

"I suppose," said Miss May, curiously, "that he is very rich?"

"O very!" nodded Maude. "And Olive's thoughts jumped at once to the idea of how beautiful her sister would look in the regulation orange blossom and white tulle."

"I wonder if I shall ever be married!" pondered Olive, shelling peas faster than ever.

"Who's that coming around the corner of the house?" cried Maude, with some asperity; "one of those everlasting peddlers again? Oh, it's only a scissors grinder."

"And very fortunate, too," said Mrs. Satterly, a pale, over-worked little woman, with light hair and faded complexion; "for my shears are so bad I can't cut with 'em. And there's the embroidery scissors, and a pair that belongs to the mending basket, and—"

"How much do you ask a pair?" demanded Maude, sailing out on the garden path, with her pretty feet thrust into slipshod slippers, soiled wrapper tumbled on one side, and her hair yet in the loose, tangled curls, which had hung like coiled gold down her neck the night before.

The man—a swart-browed, stooping foreigner—set his wheel upon the grass, bowed low, with a smile that disclosed teeth gleaming whitely through his thick, bushy beard, and held up six fingers in pantomimic gesture.

"That's too much," said Maude. "He can't understand you," said Eleanor, laughing.

Miss Satterly shook her head, stamped the little untidy foot, held up six pairs of scissors in various stages of dilapidation, and displayed a silver quarter of a dollar.

The scissors grinder smiled again, and made an obeisance nearly to the ground, and assented to the bargains with numerous nods and signs.

"Isn't he funny?" said Eleanor. "Horrid velvet-coated fellow!" said Maude. "To think that he belongs to the same humanity as my Algerion!" "He looks tired and thirsty," said gentle-hearted Olive. "I've a great mind to offer him a cool drink."

"You'll do no such thing," said

Mande, imperiously. "I'll have no sister of mine running to wait on scissors grinders! Maamma, is that chocolate ready yet?"

"Chocolate!" repeated poor Mrs. Satterly, with a conscience-stricken air; "I declare, Maude, I forgot all about it. But I'll run directly and see it boiling."

Maude Satterly crumpled to the very temples.

"Forgot!" shouted she. "You're always forgetting! I never saw any one like you in my life! No, I won't have it now. If you can't prepare my chocolate when I want it you shan't prepare it at all. I should think you might have thought of it, Olive."

"I am very sorry, Maude," began Olive, apologetically; "for all that I think you ought not to speak so crossly to Maamma."

"Hold your tongue," said Maude, stamping her foot again. "Do you suppose I am going to be tutored by you? I shall speak as I please, and so I give you fair warning. Dear me, how that scissors grinder's buzzing makes my head ache!"

And she swept into the house like a fair fury.

When Olive came in a few minutes afterward, with the six pairs of scissors all sharpened and polished up to a scientific state of brilliancy, her sister was lying on the sofa with her face turned toward the wall and her eyes resolutely closed.

"Oh, dear me!" thought Olive. "I'm afraid she's in one of her sulking fits, that lasts twenty-four hours at a time."

And she took advantage of the circumstances to pour out a goblet of ice water, and offered it surreptitiously to the swarthy Italian, when she carried out the silver quarter that he had so handsomely earned.

How low one can more, after the oriental fashion, drank it eagerly, and astonished Olive very much by raising her hand to his lips, as he uttered the words, "Buon giorno, signoria!" and departed.

"I suppose it's his foreign way," said Olive, turning very rosy.

"Oh, Eleanor, don't tell her!" said Olive, looking deeper than ever.

"Of course I shan't," said Eleanor.

"Well, what luck," demanded Guy Mariner, as he sat smoking at his window that evening, and hailed with acclamation the approach of Algerion Medicote.

"I've won my wager."

"But, by the shades of Mohammed, I have!" asserted Medicote, sitting down where the cool breeze of twilight could fan his brow.

"How did you manage?"

"I disguised myself as a scissors grinder, and put the family shears in perfect order."

"Did they suspect—the young ladies, I mean?"

"Not in the least."

"And how does the 'fair one with the golden locks' appear in the seclusion of her own home?"

"Like a slovenly virago," said he.

"Had it been anything else than the testimony of my own eyes I couldn't have believed it. But Olive—little brown-eyed Olive—she is a jewel of the first water."

"So you have transferred your allegiance from one sister to another?" laughed Mariner. "But isn't it rather hard for the divine Maude to lose both her wager and her lover at the same time?"

"It's a roselbud mouth," said Medicote, gravely shaking his head, "that sharp words spoiled its perfect Cupid's bow; the hair was like spun gold, but crimping papers are not becoming to the female face. And upon the whole, Mariner, I think I have reason to be grateful forever and ever to the scissors grinding fraternity."

And beautiful Maude Satterly could not understand why it was that Algerion Medicote proposed to little brown-eyed Olive instead of her.

"Everybody thought he was devoted to me," said she, disconsolately.

"Perhaps he changed his mind," said Eleanor.

Of course Mr. Medicote confessed the episode of scissors grinding to his blushing and happy little wife after their marriage—well regulated husbands never do keep anything from their wives—but Maude never suspected. For what says the old adage?

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Got His Case Continued.

A little six-year-old in this city had been listening to the remarks of a legal-minded uncle in regard to the prospect of an indicted party getting clear by a continuance of his case from time to time. Shortly after the little fellow got into a scrape, which secured for him a promise from his mother of a little dose of slippers at an early period. He anxiously sought the uncle for legal advice on the subject, who could only sympathize with him, but with no prospect of relief.

"Uncle," said he, "don't you think you could get mother to continue the case? If we could get a continuance I think I could get off." He got off.—Natchez Democrat.

Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, is a favorite Summer resort. The lake is a pond, and the devil is raised by the boys.

The Dwelling House of the Future.

If the world grows wiser as it grows older, the city of the future will be so built as to allow each residence to stand in the center of a lot from seventy-five to one hundred feet square, with a wide open space in front and back and sides.

In fact, the city householder will have a dooryard and such as he most likely played in as a boy in the country. The real estate owners of this grasping generation would doubtless hang themselves in despair if some great sanitary revolution should threaten to compel them to sell building lots only in accordance with such a plan; but it is the simple truth that men are fools to go on building houses on the present abominable plan.

The city house of to-day is merely a box, long, thin and high, without openings at the sides, and communicating with the outside air only by a few windows and doors at the front and rear. If it is a large house there are rooms in the middle—probably sitting rooms or sleeping rooms—into which the sun's rays never penetrate, and under the conditions which govern most of the houses in New York and Brooklyn. Its best rooms are not fairly lighted and cheerful for more than three hours in the day, and gaslights and furnaces are called on in Winter to supply what the sun cannot.

Any conclusion based on these facts, as a compensating coolness in Summer, would be misleading. The fact is that our brown-stone and brick houses become storage reservoirs for heat in the Summer, and this cannot be radiated from the sides, but only from the front and rear, it follows that the refreshing coolness that ought to come soon after sunset is delayed till toward morning, after the tortured inmates of the house have nearly sighed their souls away in vain longings for a cooling breeze.

If houses were built with an open space on every side, instead of being put up like mere pigeon holes, it would be possible to plan them that every living-room might be well lighted, every sleeping-room well sunned, and all their inhabitants have plenty of air, with a chance to benefit by the grateful breezes that sometimes tempt the heat of an August night. It would be interesting to compare the mortality rate of an ideal city of this kind with that of the New York of to-day.—New York Times.

Pike's Peak Signal Station.

About six years ago, the United States signal service station was established on the summit of Pike's Peak, 14,336 feet above the level of the sea. It is the highest, and is now considered one of the most important stations on the globe, especially for the study of astronomy and meteorology. The rarity of the atmosphere at this high altitude gives a remarkable brilliancy to the stars and all the heavenly bodies. On the highest point of the summit stands the signal station, a one-story building, 24 by 30 feet, containing four rooms—officer's room, kitchen, store room and wood room. The station is now in charge of officers Sweeney, Choate and Blake. Usually two officers are at the station on the summit, and one here to receive the reports per telegraph and transmit them to the department at Washington. Four regular observations are taken daily at the appointed minute, and every particular in regard to wind and weather is carefully recorded, such as direction and velocity of the wind, highest range and mean lowest barometer and thermometer, mean humidity, number of clear, fair, cloudy and foggy days, rain fall, snow fall, etc. In case of unusual storms in any part of the country extra observations are taken at any hour of the day and night and reported to headquarters. There are only two seasons in the year on the peak; Summer—August and September—all the rest grim Winter. The highest thermometer during Summer is about fifty degrees, and no night passes without the formation of ice. The coldest weather the past Winter was thirty-seven degrees below zero. The swiftest velocity of the wind was 100 miles per hour, which is but a gentle zephyr when compared with the fierce blasts of old Boreas whistling over Mount Washington, N. H., at the rate of nearly 200 miles per hour. From June until November the summit is accessible—not without much fatigue and difficulty—on foot or on the back of an Indian pony or donkey, and parties of five or ten or sometimes more go up almost daily, among them not a few ladies. The officers go up and down every three weeks on Norwegian snow shoes, twelve feet long. Thunderstorms on the peak are alarmingly terrific. The atmosphere is highly charged with electricity, and at times the whole mountain top appears like one immense sheet of flame. The supplies for the station, consisting of about 3,000 pounds of provisions and family stores, are carried up in the Summer on the backs of the little, sure-footed donkeys in loads of 200 pounds. Wood is cut at the timber line about three miles from the summit, and it costs \$18 per cord delivered at the station.—Troy (Colorado) Times.

Thunderstorms come to the just as well as to the unjust. They arise darkly and dimly in the evening, just at the time when a man thinks of taking his girl out for ice cream, and when, therefore, she cannot go.

Crimes Against Women.

Six months ago the whole community was shocked by the discovery of a brutal murder which had been perpetrated with the most horrible and revolting circumstances. A young girl who had been wronged as only a woman can be wronged, and then murdered, mutilated, crowded into a trunk while her flesh was still warm, was thrown into Sangus river, and found floating there last February.

Only now have the perpetrators of this crime been discovered. Those who were her immediate murderers may receive their punishment. But is there any law that can reach the case of Allen N. Adams, of Boston Highlands, who, while the girl was earning a living as an inmate in his family, was the first cause of all that followed? He was a man of mature years. It was on her 20th birthday that she was found dead in the river. So young and yet so wronged! She was old enough indeed to know better. But the mature man lured her to her ruin! His crime is one of the gravest as well as one of the grossest. But this sin against women never gets its deserts.

Last year in New York a woman's voice was heard in shrieks, and when a policeman appeared he found a young girl, yet in her teens, in a chamber with a man who said he had got her in a dance-house and had kept her where she was a month or so, but he had just told her he was tired of her and should leave her; and then she shrieked and ran to the closet, took her clothes and thrust them into the fire, and said she would kill herself. She was taken to the police court for trial. There she told that she went to Coney Island for a holiday. As she walked on the sands the man who had just been found with her spoke to her politely, and walked along, talking pleasantly, till they came to an eating-house. Then he asked her to lunch with him. Knowing nothing, and hence fearing nothing, she went into lunch.

The next she knew she woke to find herself in one of the vilest and most notorious of the bad houses in that city. Evidently she had been drugged. The fellow told her the state of the case; that she would now be ashamed to go home, and that the only thing she could do was to stay with him and he would take care of her, etc. The poor young thing, ignorant, bewildered, distressed, wild with grief, shame and dismay, accepted his promise to take care of her. Now, when he told her he was tired of her, and should leave her to shirk for herself, at first she had rent the air with shrieks, thrust her clothes into the fire and said she would kill herself. All this was told with convulsive sobs which so moved the heart of the judge that he said sternly to the young man, "What have you to say for yourself?" He admitted the truth of her statements, but said: "Send her up, Judge; send her up. Give her a month or two. It will do her good." The Judge ordered him to leave the court room, saying he was "sorry he could not give him his deserts." And he went out, no doubt glad to escape from the reproachful eyes of his victim, free to create such another tragedy, and no law to punish him.—Boston Journal.

A French View of American Society.

Comte Louise de Turenne, who spent more than a year, in 1875-76, in travel in this country and Canada, in company with Baron Edmund de Rothschild, of the Paris branch of the renowned banking house, has been making quite a book about us—two volumes octavo in fact. He seems to be a careful observer and a candid reporter, paying a good deal of attention to statistics. The Comte is appreciative when he speaks of our women, whose personal charms he considers superior to those of any European nation, while their manners are so elegant and refined that they alone prevent our harsh and angular men from lapsing into barbarism. The Comte thinks that a great many otherwise sensible and refined people in Baltimore and Washington display a rather ludicrous anxiety to trace their origin back to ancient and illustrious houses, but indeed he conceives that the mania for titles is common to all classes of American society. The number of judges, generals and governors to whom he was introduced was simply amazing. Society, however, in the sense of these reports, those sympathetic communications that one has with others, does not, in the Comte's view of the case, exist in this country, except in very limited proportions. There is a small and secluded circle of eminent minds, enlightened and cultivated in art and letters, but these only associate with themselves and admit none from the outside. Besides these, so far as he saw, society is confined to the moveaux riches, whom the Comte characterizes acutely, saying, "America is full of men who have succeeded marvelously, and who are themselves a failure; whose residences are splendid, but whose souls are vulgar; who have pictures and cannot appreciate them, books and do not read them, clothes and bad fashions, clients (clients in the Roman sense) but no society, flatterers, but no friends. They have acquired fortune by great effort, but they do not know how to enjoy it."

States.

It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and courage to diffuse his own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson through the lurid atmosphere that has been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon and Abbotsford were transfused in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch Book." and from that time has set in the pilgrimage of Americans to our English shrines, which has never ceased, and which cannot but render any further dislocation of the two countries more difficult.

Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier have done, perhaps, even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes before but little known in the natural objects and the historic splendor of their own country. Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the green river and the rocky slopes of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wadsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of West-morland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame, not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attach themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the northern continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflict both of America with England, and of the Northern and Southern States.

The romances of Hawthorne, which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, intermingled with national character, must have a share in raising the nation above the "rustic murmur" of parochial and municipal life into "the great wave that echoes round the world."—Dean Stanley.

Miss Alice Winston of Virginia says: "I think women are more apt to be influenced by money than men are. Therefore, they are more likely to marry for wealth than men are."

"Maamma," asked a little girl, "why is it they sing in church, 'We'll dine no more,' and then go right home an dine?"

Woman's rights—six button kids.

