ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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The Old Chalk-Pit.

South Down, though charmingly situated in one of the eastern counties of England is not a place of general resort.

Here and there a cottage or two may be found, making a pleasant variety in a landscape rich in nature's loveliness, but as our narrative has only to do with that part of South Down in the immediate vicinity of the chalk-pits, we will briefly introduce the reader to Adam Rawley and his wife, an old couple occupying one of the little dwellings near to this locality.

Adam spent most of his days in carting away mud and rubbish from the roadside, and at other times he would work in the pits, earning enough to keep himself and his wife in comfortable circumstances.

These old people lived on from day to day, from season to season, without changing their mode of life. They were quiet and orderly, causing neither trouble nor annoyance to their neighbors; but for all this they were no favorites.

The fact is, Deborah Rawley and her husband lived only to please themselves.

Possessed of every comfort—for, besides the bread-winner's earnings, they had a little income of eight shillings a week coming in regularly—and, engrossed in their own concerns, they never troubled themselves about being neighborly; thus much of the sunshine of life was unknown to them, through the unapproachableness of their own characters.

They were certainly a striking contrast to the rest of the inhabitants of Lime Cottages, as the collection of little dwellings was called—among whom there was a feeling of friendliness, and many helpful deeds made life's day brighter to many of them.

But the Rawleys were strangers to acts of kindness, and so long as no misfortune happened to themselves they never thought of relieving the ills of other folks.

Mrs. Figgins, their next-door neighbor, whose husband was down with brain fever, and required constant watching day and night, had three of her children laid up at the same time with inflamation of the lungs; yet in her domestic difficulties she never ventured on asking aid from Mrs. Rawley; but Mrs. Keen, a bony matron, with half a dozen little ones of her own, and engaged nearly every hour of the day in ministering to their wants, proffered the necessary help, even before it was solicited.

The whole community, with the exception of old Deborah and her husband, vied with one another in helping poor Mrs. Figgins through her troubles.

Not even a kindly inquiry as to how the invalids were progressing, passed the old couple's lips; and as to a few of the new-laid eggs that Mrs. Rawley's hens supplied her with so plentifully finding their way into their sick neighbor's house, such a thing was never thought of. Sooner than give them away they were allowed to ornament the shelves in the little parlor until they became too bad to be eaten by any one.

The faculty for performing kindnesses certainly did not belong to these old people. All their lives they had closed their hearts to the works of benevolence and now, in their declining years, no gentle promptings from heaven or from earth seemed to arose them to deeds of love.

Once only an angel's whisper reached Adam Rawley, making him for a moment troubled and uneasy; but the bright spark, which, had he allowed it to kindle, would have filled his rugged countenance with sunshine, was quenched as he muttered:

"What is it to us if they do want new laid eggs? Let them keep fowls of their own and they'll get some."

So the communication which he had overheard Mrs. Figgins make to a friend concerning the requirements of her sick family was blotted from his mind, as he convinced himself that it was not needed to bother himself with other people's troubles.

Nevertheless, he repeated what he had overheard to his wife, and as a woman's influence in whatever rank of life, is powerful, Mrs. Rawley's reply, had it been in favor of a charitable action, might have done much toward its accomplishment, instead of which her verdict, "Let them get eggs for themselves if they want them," strengthened her husband in his opinion that the matter was no concern of theirs.

So, while others with far scantier means deprived themselves of even little necessaries in order to relieve the pressing wants of Mrs. Figgins' household, this couple, who, in comparison, could have given of their abundance, shut their eyes and ears to their neighbors' necessities, though more than one of the invalids might have been making rapid progress toward convalescence, but for the lack of proper nourishment.

The Rawleys were not in ignorance as to the feelings of disfavor with which their fellow cottagers regarded them—but what cared they?

Possessed of all they required, able to wait on themselves, endowed with good health, they solicited favors of no one, and, with blinded eyes and well-nigh unthankful hearts, they lived for themselves only.

One afternoon Adam Rawley had just partaken of a very comfortable tea, which his wife had prepared for him. Poor Mrs. Figgins' pale and anxious face, which he caught sight of as she returned from her scanty marketing, had by no means disturbed his enjoyment of it, and, with the same unmindfulness regarding the wants of others he prepared to set out for his work again.

"You'll about have time to shell the peas and get the supper on afore I'm back," were his parting words to his helpmeet, and, with no thought beyond the present, the speaker started.

The following quarter of an hour was passed in fetching the horse and cart from Farmer Kirby's. Then Adam filled his cart with the collection of rubbish and, leading old Derry by the bridle, proceeded leisurely in the direction of the chalk-pits.

Steadily and quietly the willing animal plodded on, past the lime cottages, down the curve of the road within a few feet of the deep hollow in which the load he was carrying was to be deposited.

But suddenly a loud "Whoa!" accompanied by a tug at the reins, announced that something was wrong; but this failed to rectify matters, for the horse, suddenly checked at the moment of stepping, was unable to recover his footing, and after one or two ineffectual attempts, his knees doubled under him and down he went.

Then began a struggling and scuffling, as Adam exerted all his strength to get Derry to his feet; but the ground, which was composed of loose sand, was unfavorable for the purpose, and the horse's struggles brought him nearer to the pit's edge. In bewildered dismay, the old man gazed affrighted around as he endeavored to pull the animal back.

In vain he shouted and called for help. No living creature was visible, and no sound broke the stillness as his agonized tones died away without response.

"She'll be over as sure as fate, and draw me in," he gasped, frantically, feeling his strength failing with each plunge of the horse. While large beads of perspiration stood on his intensely puckered face, his thoughts flew to old Deborah, who was sitting in her kitchen calmly shelling a fine gathering of marrowfats, little guessing the peril just then happening to her husband, within a short distance from her dwelling.

Having finished, she rose from her seat as some one hastily passed her open door, and in another moment she heard Mrs Figgins' eldest girl explaining something to her mother.

The tones were hurried and the sounds confused; and she might have little heed to them, had not her own name fallen with familar distinctness on her ears.

"What have they got to talk about me for?" she murmured gruffly, as proceeding to the door she was going to close it; but her attention was arrested by what seemed to be an outpouring of all her neighbors, as though moved by one mind they rushed in the direction of the chalk-pit.

Mrs. Figgins alone stood stationery, and her countenance paled when she saw the look of fear that overspread old Deborah's face as she inquired:

"What's the matter—what's they all gone down there for?"

"Oh, Mrs. Rawley, don't be frightened; the horse has fallen down and your husband cannot get him up again—and we—"

Her listener staid to hear no more. With a wild scream she ran off, and reached the scene of the accident just as, with an awful crash, the horse vanished over the pit's mouth, dragging along with him old Adam.

The half howl, half shriek, which broke from his wife's lips, long rang in the ears of those who heard it.

"My Adam! my Adam! oh, let me get to him!" and had it not been for kind but vigorous arms, the poor creature would have thrown herself into the pit in her agony.

"Nay, stay ye here; he'll be all right."

But as the soothing words were spoken the speakers looked around with bewildered faces, as they saw no possible way of making good their promise, for, to use their own expression, "the men" were all away.

Not a man was within call; the cottages were peopled by women and children at this hour of the evening, the bread-winners being away in the fields.

"If he's alive now, he'll be kicked to death before he can be got out," wailed Deborah, as the horse gave a restless plunge, and once more she made desperate efforts to reach her husband.

All unkind behaviors and past disagreeableness were forgotten by the poor woman's neighbors, as they wound their arms strongly about her, striving by word and deed to moderate her anguish.

"Oh, if the men would only come!" and springing on a high railing, Mrs. Keen—who had already sent her children scrambling off in all directions in search of them—looked wildly towards the fields, as she waved her handkerchief high above her head and shouted frantically for help.

How slowly these moments of never-to-be forgotten agony crept by, as, bending over the pit's edge, Mrs. Rawley listened for any sign or sound to denote that her husband was living; but only the plunging of the horse was to be heard, and, in the violence of her sorrow, the distressed woman might have broken from her companions and cast herself into the hollow beneath, had not a prolonged shout from Mrs. Keen been followed by an assertion which sent a thrill of hope through every heart.

"They're coming! hold up, Mrs. Rawley! We'll soon have him out now!" she exclaimed, and still continued to wave her handkerchief.

Ere many seconds had passed half a dozen swarthy men—their faces illummined with the rays of the setting sun—bounded over the hedge and rail to the scene of peril.

Their brawny hands and arms were soon earnestly engaged in the work of rescue; and while the women comforted old Deborah, her husband got out of his very dangerous position.

He made no movement as they bore him to the surface, and then to his cottage, where it was found that life was not extinct. He was fearfully bruised and shaken, however, and was some weeks in recovering his usual health.

This incident wrought an entire change in the old couple. Whether the attention and sympathy of the neighbors had anything to do with it cannot be said; but it is very certain that few are proof against kind words and loving deeds; sneers and reproaches may harden, but who can resist the sunshine of love?

Charles II.

Shy, reserved, accustomed to stand much upon his dignity, except to the very few friends who possessed his confidence, as Prince of Wales Charles had never come prominently before the nation. The grasp of his mind was limited, he had many prejudices and few ideas, the flow of his thoughts was slow and labored, and he was by nature reticent and reserved. Conscious that his gifts did not tend to shed a lustre upon his father's court, he had held himself aloof from its more boisterous festivities, and from the homage of the vulgar. The loquacity, the pedantry, the vanity of his coarse self-asserting sire jarred upon the sensitiveness of the young Prince, and caused him to withdraw from the society of those who, by their servile flatteries, had wormed themselves into the intimacies of the throne. The select and limited few, however, who had been afforded the opportunities of judging the character of Charles were strongly impressed in his favor. He was not a ready talker, but when he spoke he showed that he was able to bring to bear upon the subject under discussion, if not much original thought, at least much reading. He had a keen appreciation of the fine arts, and in his travels on the continent had struck those who surrounded him by the depth and judgment of the criticisms he passed upon the different paintings that met his view. In an age of much license he had worn the white flower of a blameless life, and had been sneered at by the wits of Versailles as being as virgin as his sword. So far as externals went, nature had been most kind to him. His face was expressive, and the features marked by that purity and refinement which are termed aristocratic, his figure was graceful, his manners though somewhat haughty, were eminently courtly and winning. As it was said of his unhappy descendant, the Young Pretender, on his first entrance into Edinburgh, so it could be said of Charles, he "not only looked like a king, but like a gentleman."—The Westminster Review.

Education During the Last Decade.

President Gilman, of the John Hopkins University, presented an able review of American education during the last decade, in his paper before the Science Association at Saratoga. The common school system has been the subject of bitter controversy in the last ten years, both as to the religious exercises it should admit or prohibit and as to its financial administration. President Gilman has no sympathy with the theory that instruction in the common schools should be confined to the fundamental branches, and that the State should reduce the educational advantages which it offers its inhabitants. We are sure that education is one of the foundation stones of the Republic, and therefore it is poor economy to withold a liberal support of the schools in which the majority of the people obtain their education. What is greatly needed, as President Gilman says, is a system of thorough inspection which will increase the efficiency of the common schools. The most noteworthy administrative change of the decade, the admission of women to the local school boards of Massachusetts, may open the way to the needed improvement, although President Gilman pronounces no opinion upon that innovation. The ladies may astonish the nation by the reforms they inaugurate when they share in the administration of the common school system of the Old Bay State. President Gilman unites with President McCosh, of Princeton, and President Porter, of Yale, in the opinion that there should be better connection between the common and the "upper" schools by a regular gradation of studies.

Among the graduates of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institute is Jessie Bunker, a son of Chang, one of the Siamese twins. Chang left two sons and five daughters, one of the latter being also a deaf mute. Jessie goes to Mt. Airy, North Carolina, to take charge of a fine farm left by his father.

An Income of $1,000 Per Month.

But it is not alone in mining operations that fortunes have been made. Mrs. Sarah Ray, an old Irish washerwoman, who was among the earliest settlers, has a somewhat romantic history. Her stock in trade when she came consisted in a pair of tubs and a washboard. She began business under an old pine tree on the hillside, having no means of hiring a house. She soon, however, got together with her own hands a rude slab cabin, and as business was good at $2 50 per dozen for washing, she gradually began to provide for her wants. She got a camp stove, and, after furnishing her cabin comfortably began to accumulate money. The town began to grow in the direction of her cabin, and after a while she employed laborers to put up a log house. As there was a great demand for boarding houses, Mrs. Ray concluded to abandon the washtub and start a boarding house in her new edifice. In this idea she received great encouragement, and the house was opened with flattering prospects. In this venture she proved to be very successful, and made money and saved it. By the growth of the city her house finally got to be in the very center, and, as the streets were laid out, it proved to occupy a location on the corner of Harrison avenue and State street. Business was good and she continued to make money, which she invested wisely. She built another log house and rented it. Then she put up a frame building which was rented before it was finished. About this time some of the land grabbers disputed her title to the land, and tried to dispossess her. But the old lady had so many determined friends among the miners that the effort was given up. Several months ago she refused an offer of $10,000 for her property, and since that time has built a two story block fronting on Harrison avenue, and as desirable a piece of property as there is in Leadville. She still lives in her log house, but she now intends to tear it down and erect a two story block in its place. When her improvements are completed she will have an income of more than $1,000 a month—a pretty good record of business success for an old washerwoman.—Corr. Boston Herald.

Dynastic Successions

The oldest of the European dynasties, which claims a succession of 260 heads, during 1813 years, and which gives something like proof of the consequence of 217 Pontiffs since the year A. D. 327, was independent of the law of descent. The present head of the royal house of France can trace an unbroken descent of 26 generations from Hugh Capet; but during that cycle of 840 years the regnant line has thrice been broken, and the descendants of younger branches have twice been called on to step into the front rank. The longest male line among the nobility of Europe, that of the Montmorencies, which claims to have raised its "cri" of "Dieu aide au premier Chretien!" in A. D. 497, is now represented in France only by two aged ladies. The 22 dynasties of China do, indeed, cover a longer period than the 33 dynasties of Egypt (including Alexander and the Ptolemies). Their slowly changing order has endured to our time. But the era of hereditary Kings of China is fixed not earlier than the commencement of the foreign reign of the Hokos of Egypt. When Fou Hi invented the art of writing in China, the hieroglyphic system of Egypt was already perfect both in significance and in execution. The founding of Memphis preceded that of the Great Pyramid by a period equal to that which divides the reign of Queen Victoria from the Norman conquest. If we add to this the whole period of the Papacy from the fabled Primacy of Peter to Leo XIII., we shall not have treasured a period so long as that which, commencing with Menes, preceded the establishment of the mighty eighteenth dynasty at Thebes. We must add a term equal to the duration of the French royalty, from Charlemagne to 1789, before we reach the period of final decedence, when Persian and Ethiopian Kings strove for the spoil of Egypt. We may well ask, in wonder, are these veritable records of human life and empire?—The Edinburg Review.

Expectancy.

A belated pedestrian going up Fourth street east at a late hour the other night thought he observed a figure crouching in the latticed porch covering a front door. The matter had a suspicious look, and he haulted and looked over the fence.

"Go on, now!" called the voice of a female through the gloom.

"Do you live there?" inquired the man.

"Indeed I do."

"Can't you get in?"

"Indeed I can."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he asked after a pause.

"What for?" she demanded. "Would a respectable woman be crooked over here at this hour of the night wth a club in her hand if she didn't expect her husband every blessed minute?

The amount of tobacco sold in Danville, Va., for the year ending September 30th will reach 29,000,000.

Second-handed—a watch.

The Shells of Commerce.

Few persons have any idea of the extent to which shells are used in industrial processes, or of the large number so employed. In the popular mind the pretty poetical conception of the "murmur" is generally associated with the "shell," but beyond the merely sentimental interest, little concern is as yet manifested either for conchology as a study or for the practical purposes to which the tiny houses of their mollus cous inhabitants are put. The shells of commerce may be conveniently classified under the following sections: 1. Mother-of-pearl shells, for making buttons, card cases, and other useful articles, and for ornamenting papier-mache. 2. The different kinds of small shells extensively used for flowers, bracelets, head-dresses and fancy groupings of various designs. 3. Shells usedfor carving cameos to set in pins, brooches, studs, etc. 4. Shells used for spoons, lamps knife handles, snuff boxes, etc. 5. For manure, in the form of shell sand and shell marl, for making the finest sort of lime when calcined, and when crushed, for glazing or enameling pottery ware. 6. In various parts of North America, Africa and India, shells are used as current coin, and also as counters in certain games. 7. To the painter and art designer shells afford suggestive studies in form and color. 8. Some of the biggest are used for vases, fountains, fog horns and trumpets; while in China a particular kind is employed as a substitute for glass. These eight sections present at one view the different ways in which shells are made commercially useful, and it would only complicate matters to give examples under each heading, for in doing so we should have to introduce rugged names that would make our readers, like Quintilian, "stare and gasp."

How Old is Glass?

The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian King of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2,000 years B. C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or varnish of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy, are beads possibly of the first dynasty. Of later glass there are numerous examples, such as a bead found at Thebes, which has the name of Queen Hatasoo or Hashep, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story prepared by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni Hassen, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half obliterated scenes in a chamber of the tomb of Thy at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fith dynasty, a time so remote that is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologers, to give it a date in years.—The Saturday Review.

The Book Agent's Speech.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," shouted the book agent, "before the picnic concludes, I want to sell every one of you a copy of the Life of Pocahontas. She was an Injun girl, Poky was—they called her Poky for short—but she wasn't the kind that went around peddling baskets and blow-guns. Not frequently. She stayed at home playing croquet in the front yard, or went to the Ladies' Aid Society, and didn't take no copperas off o'nobody. The celebrated John Smith came traveling through them parts as agent for a family paper, but Poky wouldn't let her father raise a club. She married Smith afterwards, and the last act of her life was to die of consumption." Just here Officer Uncle Sammy Jones approached with a shotgun and the meeting adjourned.—New Orleans Times.

A well-know joker, being one night at a theatre, fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbor, he said: "Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick!" "Certainly," was the reply, and the thing was done. But when the individual thus assaulted turned round, the wag saw he was not the man he took him for and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his neighbor with the stick to settle the matter with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse ready, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubbub was over the victim said, "Didn't you ask me, sir, to tap that man with my stick?" "Yes." "What did you want?" "Oh," said the joker, with imperturbable gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would"