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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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W. H. ATKINSON, SECRETARY.

TO MY OLD COAT. Though hardly worth one paltry groat, Thou'rt dear to me, my poor old coat; For full ten years my friend thou'st been— For ten years I've brushed thee clean, And now, like me, thou'rt old and wan, With both the youth of glow is gone, But, worn shabby as thou art, Thou and the poet shall not part, Poor coat.

I've not forgotten the birthday eve, When first I donned thy glossy sleeve, When jovial friends, in mantling wine, Drank joy and health to me and mine. Our indignance let some despise; We're dear as ever in thy eyes; And for their sakes, old as thou art, Thou and the poet shall not part, Poor coat.

One evening I remember yet, I, romping, feigned to fly Lisette; She strove her lover to retain, And thy frail skirt was rent in twain. Dead girl, she did her best endeavor, And patched thee up as well as ever; And for her sweet sake, old as thou art, Thou and the poet shall not part, Poor coat.

Never, my coat, hast thou been found Bending thy shoulders to the ground, From any upstart, "Lord" or "Grace" To beg a pension or a place. Will forest flowers—no monarch's dote— Adorn the modest button hole, If but for that, old as thou art, Thou and the poet shall not part, Poor coat.

Poor though we be, my good old friend, No gold shall bribe our backs to bend; Honest amid temptations past, We will be honest to the last; For more I prize thy virtuous rags Than all the lace a courtier brags; And while I live and have a heart, Thou and the poet shall not part, My coat.

Our Resemblance to Animals. A Frenchman of the Middle Ages said that all men were proud of their resemblance to animal, particularly to the eagle, the lion, the tiger, the elephant, and the owl.

The ambition, power, freedom, cruelty, strength and wisdom typified by these beasts were all gifts which men emulated. They were all unamiable, unuseful animals, excepting the elephant, and he had his dangerous side.

No man is complimented by being told that he looks like a horse or a dog although they are nearest to him in intelligence; perhaps their subserviency offends his vanity. No woman likes to be told that she looks like a sheep, although many women do look like sheep.

The miser has his prototype in the rodents, whose two narrow, gnawing teeth are eternally reproduced in humanity.

To look like an old lion is the proud peculiarity of the strong graybeards. There is nothing finer, more impressive in man than his resemblance. Longfellow has it as a familiar illustration. We see it often in the best pictures of the old Greek poets.

When a man's eye grows beyond it has turned white, the effect is splendid. There seems to be an unquenchable fire behind that penthouse. It is the lamp which never goes out. Men of sardonic temper, and smooth outlines, who are wise enough to wear a white straight moustache, have a grand resemblance to a Bengal tiger. They look cruel, but it is a handsome, strong cruelty. No one can help respecting a Bengal tiger, although his traits are scarcely amiable. No one, however, likes to look like a cat, although, also too many of us do. We hate small, ignoble ferocity, commonplace deceptions, secretive capabilities. To see a cat start off on a diplomatic mission across a field, with no public to deceive, but with only an obscure mouse to surprise, with all the precautions against detection which a Borgias might have used, to see her feints of going east when she means to go west, is to see old Tallyrand revealed, and to laugh at and to admire the desire of the human race to circumvent somebody, to take the crooked path when the straight one would be so much easier! The cat is a satire on diplomacy; she should be studied.

People look like dogs, sometimes not unpleasantly, sometimes ludicrously. A much-whiskered individual, driving in a Victoria down town with his Scotch terrier, asked a witty lady what she thought of them. "Why?" said she "I thought you were beside yourself!" A man of the Dunderdy type can look very much like a terrier. There is a noble mastiff type, which is honest and fine. Christopher North had it, and Walter Scott looked like his own Maida. The bull-dog finds his many prototype in Bill Sykes, and we have all seen slender, greyhound-looking men and little mean ferret faces on the lookout for game. Noble oxen are reproduced in some grotesque faces, and Virgil speaks of "Ox-eyed Juno."

Two eyes, a nose, and a mouth seem to admit of great varieties. They are easily imitated up to a certain point, then they become infinitely varied. The resemblance to animals is largely dwelt upon by the Darwinites, who seem to find in this lingering look a proof of the doctrine of evolution. This school of thinkers, however, always ignore the one great question, as to where and when the soul entered into the progressive cow, or sheep, or ape, and the animal became man. They do not dwell upon that conclusive experiment of the brutal savage and the intelligent ape, whom some traveler brought from Patagonia, and who in three months of training in England resulted in this fact—the ape remained an ape, while the savage had learned to read and to write and to pray. The resemblance of man to monkeys is, indeed, very remarkable and disagreeable. Who was it who that he could not bear to be with them, they looked so like poor relations? There is the little old bearded monkey, so like a prominent philanthropist. There is the cocky little fop of a monkey, so like our "Jeunesse doree." There is the orange-mouthed, big-chinned chimpanzee, the type of a sensualist. There is the little lady monkey, with airs and graces so like an affected woman. The worst of this resemblance is we see ourselves, alas! at our worst. We see what we may be to others than ourselves.

It is curious how the serpent type reappears in women. Rachel always suggested a beautiful snake—the little flat head, the sparkling eyes, the almost forked tongue, the long, little body, the sinuosity, the noiselessness, were all like the great Ophidian who deceived our grandmother Eve, as Oliver Wendell Holmes puts it. We often look into gentle eyes, that suddenly change and frighten us, and we see the long slit-like aperture of an eye which suggests the snake, the most repulsive of all forms of animal life. For the beauty of a snake is as dreadful as the ugliness of a hedge hog. How suggestive of the irritable is that sudden physical irradiation, "the quills upon the fretful porcupine." How anger, "that brief madness," is pictured by this queer animal. The scandal monger is surely meant by that jelly fish who emits an ink like fluid, and is herself lost in it, and Victor Hugo's monster with no body, but with eyes and tentacles—do we not all know her?

The birds have given us many a resemblance. We talk of the eagle eye, the eye like a hawk, the pigeon breasted, the raven cunning, the cuckoo invasion, and the dove like innocence as human qualities and belongings. Brilliant and over dressed women suggest cockatoos, and "swan like necks" and ducks, "dear little ducks," are common enough phrases. Why ducks, the most phlegmatic and unromantic of birds, should have been chosen for a term of endearment is past finding out. We are not like them, let us hope, when we become affectionate. Mr. Spoonbill, on the contrary, (still derived from duck), is always represented in the comedy as a voracious villain, much more typical, one would think.

"To be a goose," is always used in modern parlance in an uncomplimentary sense. Yet geese are redeeming their reputation. They were worshipped in Rome, because one gave an unconscious and opportune cackle; they are not discovered by the modern artists to be very picturesque, pretty and amiable birds. Not so much sillier than their neighbors, either. However, they have given the world a proverb, and to "be a goose" is to be condemned to the very lowest estate.

This idea of the transmigration of souls is one which repays a little study; it was the beginning of Spiritualism, "materialization," all the forerunners of that vague effort which man has made through all ages to penetrate that dense curtain which we call death, which God has let down between us and the knowledge we so ardently crave. It is an unbecoming belief, that the souls of the dead came back to us, sometimes in the form of a bird, singing beneath our windows, feeding from our hands.—Boston Traveler.

Demand for a "Social Clearing House." Setting out with the declaration, which it says is "the admitted state of affairs," that "among women a call has ceased to be a scheme for meeting people, but a tedious and laborious way for not meeting them," the Springfield Republican says: "The crying need of society among women is clearly a plan under which cards can be exchanged and calls made without the risk, which now exists, of finding people 'at home,' that catastrophe which wrecks the best laid schemes for paying all one's social debts in a single afternoon. What is wanted is a social clearing-house. The banks of New York long since found it past their patience to go from bank to bank with the checks against each. They accordingly devised a 'clearing-house,' where their representatives could meet and pay off their balances by mutual exchange. Society needs a mutual exchange for social debts. A room ought to be fitted up down town near some popular millinery store and as far as possible from the neglected public library, with little pigeon holes marked Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Mrs. C., Mrs. D., and so on through the social alphabet. A woman with calls to make could go there and deposit her cards in the pigeon-holes of her acquaintance, secure that she would find none of them 'at home.' She could go to her own pigeon-hole, obtain the cards there deposited and triumphantly return the calls on the spot. The work of weeks could be done in a day. Every end now subserved by calls could be accomplished at a very great saving of time. All the useful information in regard to servants, the weather, and other people's business now laboriously disseminated by calls should be stereotyped on the cards.

"Well, Pa, you didn't come to the two o'clock train to get me as I told you." "O, indeed I did, so; but I got there too late for that train, and so I waited for the next one."

What is a Small Farm? In some of the older States twenty acres is sometimes called a small farm, and on such small areas a family might be supported. The question is frequently raised, "What is a small farm in California?" The answer in a general way is that 160 acres is a small farm, and 80 acres a very small one, if the one point is kept in view of the capacity of such a farm to support a family. Smaller tracts might do it if devoted to some specialty, an orchard or a market garden, for instance. Aside from such specialties it will require a much larger area of land to support a family in comfort here than in the Atlantic States. The greater number of these small tracts will be cultivated without irrigation, especially where the rainfall is sufficient to produce a crop. There will, therefore, be no succession of crops in a given year. The hay and grain will be cut in their season. There will be little or no aftermath. The one crop of fruit will be gathered, and so of all other products. The twenty-acre farm, in the hands of an old-fashioned farmer, will turn out to be something of a delusion. Some account must be taken of the climate, of the capacity of the land to produce, proximity to markets and the prices which the surplus produce will bring. The ten and twenty acre farms appear very well on paper. As suburban tracts they may be very desirable. But when a man goes into the country with his family to live by agriculture, he needs more room if he is not to devote his energies to a few specialties. He will find the 160-acre tract small enough when he comes to segregate fields for pasture, forestry, orchards, grain and so on. Relatively, it might be said, that the average farm of this size is something like a 40-acre farm in some of the Atlantic States. The 10 and 20-acre farms sketched on paper are very pretty; devoted to market gardening they are sometimes very profitable. But for the sale of garden truck to any advantage one must live near the city or large town. Now, most of the farms for sale are too remote for such purposes. A 20-acre tract devoted to gardening would supply a small country town. A small farm in California is one with a sufficient area to support a moderate-sized family in comfort, with the possibility of laying up a little money; and that at present is about as much as can be done in this State on a farm of 160 acres.

Still it must be said that this need not always be true in this State, and the course of events is towards smaller average farms than those of 160 acres. Where water for irrigation can be procured the best of our lands will bear as minute a subdivision as any land in the world, and will nevertheless support a family in comfort. So long, however, as wheat-growing is our chief occupation and source of revenue, 160 acres will not be called a large farm. But, as our population increases, new industries and products will become naturalized among us, and we may confidently expect that men will live here, as in other places, on very small tracts of land.

It happens, in many cases, that twenty acres of good land near a market is worth, so far as the ease and comfort of living is concerned, more than a whole section further off. An emigrant who has not means enough to purchase the 160 acres which makes a small wheat farm, need not despair, but let him buy what he can afford, cultivate it in corn, vegetables and fruits, raise all the water he can by means of windmill or horse-power, and so toil upward by degrees. We have seen a success made on ten acres, even when the produce had to be shipped forty miles to a market. It is better, though, that a man should, if possible, struggle through, and, for his children's sake, win a larger tract, say the typical 160 acres of which we have spoken.—S. F. Bulletin.

Not Self-Mindful. An accident, a somewhat ludicrous one, too, of the fire at the Hagerstown Hotel, has been told us by one who was there and who literally "barely" escaped with his life. He is a traveling man. Being suddenly awakened that night by a bright light shining in his face, he discovered that the window-frame of his room, on the third floor, was one blaze of flame and that the apartment was rapidly filling with smoke. He at once left. How he knows not, but finally succeeded in reaching the ground by a jump from the second-story window. When safely landed he stood watching the work of destruction, and near by him were a group of very thin-clad females, also gazing.

While thus standing he noticed a party of firemen hurrying past with a quantity of feminine apparel. He immediately, with that gallantry so in keeping with a traveling man, hailed the men with: "Look here, you fellows, give these ladies some of those clothes."

The reply was in an instant: "All right, stranger, we'll do so; but don't you think it would be a good idea to put on a pair of spurs yourself?"

The last remark caused him to investigate himself, when he found that his whole costume was a shirt, a vest and a pair of gaiters, while the rest of his garments hung idly over his arm. Our friend blushed, sought a refuge and pulled on his pants.—Norristown Herald

British Waste Land Unemployed. There are no less than 12,000,000 acres of waste land in the United Kingdom capable of profitable cultivation, of which 5,950,000 are in Scotland. Were the latter cultivated the country might be self-sustaining. Yet these are kept waste for the pleasure of a few men, while tens of thousands are expatriated that might find happy homes on them. One is sometimes tempted to think that the venerable Professor Blackie may be right and that "an agrarian outbreak would do good." We have had two or three premonitions of exhausted patience north of the Tweed. The government even thought it was time to be doing something, and promised a Game Law amendment bill. Nay, they even introduced it, but then played and dallied with it until the lateness of the season gave them an opportunity of slaughtering it with the innocents. The case was this: The case of a farmer in Scotland, convicted, under the Night Poaching act, of killing a rabbit outside of his own gate, had excited much indignation, and at the suggestion of a Scotch member the government engaged to mitigate the brutality of this act, by enacting that when the convicting magistrate was of the opinion that the crime of killing a rabbit at night was not aggravated by violence, actual or contemplated, the penalty might be diminished to that which the offender would have been liable had the horrible crime been committed in the daytime. It will hardly be credited outside this enlightened country that under this atrocious Night Poaching act the magistrate in sentencing has no discretion, but must condemn to imprisonment with hard labor. The government brought in their bill, and though the Night Poaching Act applies to the whole country, the mitigating bill applies to Scotland alone. P. A. Taylor, member for Leicester—that radical of radicals, as well known, perhaps, in America as here—not liking the idea that the English farmer and laborer might be kicked and flouted more than their Scotch kinsman, moved that the bill should apply to the whole country. This was agreed to, and friends of decency and justice congratulated themselves on the fact that at last one little step had been taken toward investigating the shameless atrocity of the Game Law Code. But they cheered before they were out of the woods. The bill went to the wall with other innocents, and the poaching laws are yet unamended, much to the annoyance of the Scotch especially.

As I write the report comes to hand that within the last two weeks no fewer than seven applications have been granted to farmers for sequestration in the Sheriff Court of Fifeshire, and that in the Eastern counties the number of farms on the eve of being given up is steadily on the increase, the occupiers intending to try their fortunes in Canada and the States, where they will only have the weather to contend against, and not heavy taxes and extortionate landlords also. It is poor consolation, but it is nevertheless true, that now, as in days gone by, England is suffering from the folly of unwise legislation.—London Corr. N. Y. Herald.

Acres of Perfume. Some idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India alone consumes about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfume yearly; that the English revenue from French eau de Cologne of itself is \$40,000 annually, and the total revenue of England from other imported perfumes is estimated at \$200,000 each year. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses nearly about 100,000 pounds of scacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, together with an immense quantity of other material used for perfume. Victoria, in New South-Wales, is a noted place for the production of perfume yielding plants, sweet scented plants as the mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, scacia, heliotrope, rosemary, wild-flower laurel, orange, and the sweet-scented geraniums are said to grow there in greater perfection than in any other part of the world. South Australia, it is believed, would also be a good place for the growing of the perfume-producing plants, though they are not yet cultivated there to much extent. The value of perfumes to countries adapted to their production may be gathered from the following estimates of their growth and value per acre, as given in the London (England) Journal of Horticulture: An acre of jasmine plants, 80,000 in number, produce 5,000 pounds of flowers, valued at 1,250; an acre of rose trees, 10,000 in number, will yield 2,000 pounds of flowers, worth \$375; 300 orange trees, growing on an acre, will yield, at ten years of age, 2,000 pounds of flowers, valued at \$250; an acre of violets, producing 1,600 pounds of flowers, is worth \$800; an acre of cassia trees of about 300, will, at three years of age, yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth \$450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2,000 ounces distilled attar, worth \$4,000; an acre of lavender, giving over 3,500 pounds of flowers for distillation, will yield a value of \$1,500.

Dumas is working up another drama.

Metropolitan Business Hours. Few of your readers have an idea of the pressure under which business is done in this city. Everybody in the great centres seem to be working against time. The contrast between business hours in the country and in the city is one of striking character. In the former they continue all day, but here the limit is from 10 to 3, and in some instances less. At the Treasury, for instance, where the transactions cover a million a day, the time is only from 10 to 2. The great specie house of Trevor & Colgate observe the same rules, and anyone who should come even but one minute after the clock had struck, would be too late. Four hours a day may appear too brief, but after this comes the finishing of accounts, which requires the remainder of the afternoon. The system thus referred to presses an immense amount of traffic in a small space, and hence time becomes immensely valuable. This explains the various notices which may be found in different places of business, one of which reads as follows: "Call upon a man of business in business hours. Transact your business and then go about your business in order that he may be able to attend to his business." The above, which contains much good advice, is a feature often met in our leading establishments. The same idea is sometimes expressed in more sarcastic language, as may be seen by the following, which is also visible in some offices: "Our office hours for attending to church subscriptions, 11 to 1. Book agents received from 1 to 4. Balance of our time devoted to other miscellaneous calls. N. B.—We attend to our business at night." This compression is of modern growth, and results in no small degree from the fact that so many people live out of town. There was a time when our banks were closed for an hour daily, in order to allow the cashier and his clerks to go home and dine, and the business was continued until 5 o'clock. How ridiculous would this appear at present! Then our merchantmen lived within a half mile of their stores, but now, in some instances, the distance is thirty miles. Hence, men are now worked prodigiously during the brief interval devoted to business, which, in fact, is a daily battle, full of intense and exhausting effort. Instead of going to dinner as it should be eaten, they rush to a lunch and fill up with whisky. No wonder so many of them are drunkards. The amount of stimulus thus taken is immense, and the universal plea is heard: "We cannot get through without it."—New York letter to Rochester Democrat.

Political Duels in New York. This city, writes a correspondent, has always been noted for its political warmth, and many a bloody duel has been thus occasioned. In two instances the victims were of the famous Hamilton family. Captain George Encker shot Phillip Hamilton, and in less than three years afterward the father of the latter fell by the hand of Aaron Burr. Among other tragedies of the same kind was the Coleman and Thompson duel. The former, who was the first editor of the Evening Post, challenged James Cheetham, editor of the American Citizen, but the latter declined the combat. One of his friends, however, Captain Thompson, took up the quarrel and challenged Coleman.

The meeting took place in the suburbs, and Thompson was mortally wounded. DeWitt Clinton and Richard Reker also had a hostile meeting occasioned by political opinion. The latter was wounded, but fortunately recovered. Politics are not as bloody as in former times, but this is only because duels are no longer fashionable, and the war is carried on by the press.

Speaking of duels, it may be said that the oldest duelist in this city, and perhaps, indeed, the only one, is James Watson Webb, who fought with Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky. Marshall was counsel for the noted forger, Monroe Edwards, and the first day of the trial Webb's paper, the Courier and Enquirer, contained a severe attack on the prisoner. Marshall naturally retorted in the opening of the defense, and gave Webb such a scolding as called forth a challenge. In the meeting which followed, Webb was wounded in the leg, and has ever since been slightly lame. He was indicted on his recovery for violation of our anti-dueling laws, and only the executive clemency prevented his sharing Monroe Edwards' fate—a sentence in the State prison.

A Romantic Burial. A young lady was recently buried at Brighton, England, under romantic circumstances. The day of her interment was the day originally fixed for her marriage, and her friends complied with her dying wish that she should be drawn to the grave by the horses which had been engaged to convey her to church. To the catafalque there were attached four grays, whose heads were decked with floral rosettes of white and red geraniums, and the coffin was covered with white and amber silk pall. The carriages which followed were also drawn by horses caparisoned similarly to those which drew the hearse.—Troy Times.

In R ticulo mortis—the oyster.