ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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Will visit Ashland in May and November, and Kerbyville the fourth Monday in October, each year.
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We will continue to purchase wheat

—AT—

The Highest Market Price,

And will deliver

Flour, Feed, Etc.,

Anywhere in town,

AT MILL PRICES.

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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.

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

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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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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SECRETARY.

Speak Gently.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him and jerking the stick out of his hand; "can I not teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where anyone is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother. She sprang toward him, and, seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet."

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir," she said sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat and time enough to eat it in."

Henry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over to the bread basket. A look from his mother caused him to put down the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, which commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table cloth! I declare I am out of patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

Henry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face.

Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident. She felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat:

"Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea on the table cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior, the boy grew more and more heedless.

Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Henry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough.

That word was always mildly but firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy, or difficult to manage; at least, he had never found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever; but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I'm afraid he will cause a great deal of trouble.

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good."

Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation.

"If you would speak gently to Henry I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant. She felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied; "I might as well speak to the wind. I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently" were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them.

On going to bed that night, she could not sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child.

She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was too often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow. "I will try and do better," she said to herself, as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from her sleep.

Before she was ready to leave the room she heard Henry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful. He wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to wait till she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently" seemed to whisper in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Henry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh, yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Henry. "I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied cheerfully; "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace setting in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits; and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast table was pleasant to all. Henry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between the father and mother. When he asked for anything it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife after Henry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and 'speak gently.'"

A Great Discovery.

There is living near Catasauqua, Penn. in a hearty old age, the man who discovered how to use anthracite coal in the manufacture of iron. His name is David Thomas, and the story of his discovery he thus relates: "One Winter night in the old country, I sat with Mr. Crane, a brother superintendent of a blast furnace, over a grate fire of hard coal. We had talked of the recent invention of the hot blast, just patented by Mr. Neilson, a Scotchman, and our conversation had carried us pretty well along into the evening. The fire had burned low, and we were about to separate, when I picked up the bellows and began to blow it. 'You will put the fire out,' said Mr. Crane. As he spoke it flashed over me that if my bellows gave a hot blast it would bring the grateful of coal to a bright glow, and with the thought there came like an inspiration upon me that the hot blast was all that was needed to utilize the rich beds of anthracite under our feet for making iron. I dropped the bellows and gave utterance to my thoughts. Mr. Crane smiled, then grew attentive, and as I went on thinking out my theory as I spoke he became interested. When I concluded we grapsed hands over the dead coals of our anthracite fire and separated. Little sleep we got that night. To me it was one of restless anxiety. When I read an account of the night before the execution of a condemned man I always think of my night with my new idea. The next day I posted up to Scotland, and on my return I brought with me the plans of a hot-blast furnace, which we at once proceeded to build for the purpose of making iron with anthracite coal. It was a great success, and attracted capital to the development of the anthracite coal beds of Wales and the attention of the scientific world. Before that, for our furnaces we had brought coke from the distant bituminous coal fields, thereby increasing the cost of our product over establishments more favorably situated. The very hills beneath our feet were filled with rich deposits of anthracite, and the discovery of means to utilize it was like a mine of gold to the country around. Our experiment was a success. Of course, the scientific discussion carried on the papers in that country provoked attention in America, and the few scsentific journals published here took up the matter, and thereby the iron-workers of this region came to know of its great value. They were then using charcoal and coke. At once they set to work on my plan."

Recent Earthquakes.

The earthquakes in the world in 1878 amounted to 103, and were most numerous in Winter and Autumn, only 18 being noted both in Spring and Summer, while there were 39 in Winter and 26 in Autumn. This number, however, states Herr Fuchs, who annually records these disturbances, includes as units many periods in which shocks occurred at intervals for days and weeks. The most destructive earthquake took place on January 23d in Terapaca, South America, and another notable disturbance occurred in San Salvador. In Europe, one shock on January 28th affected Southern England and part of France; Switzerland, the Black Forest, the Tyrol, Lisbon and Piedmont also suffered at different times; while the earthquakes on the shores of the Bosphorus in April and May were felt by the British fleet, The lower Rhine earthquake, beginning on August 26th, affected a region of over 2,000 square miles. There were 12 volcanic eruptions—an unusually high number—and these occurred at places far apart, and mostly proceeded from little known volcanoes.

The United States Consul General at St. Petersburg reports that the number of vessels cleared at the port of Riga in 1878, 2,750; 1,136 were steam vessels. Only three were Americans. The German numbered 836, and the British 579.

Saving the Boat.

Two well known Detroit lawyers, up North on a Summer trip, crossed Grand Traverse Bay the other day to Elk Rapids in a small steamboat hardly larger than a steam launch. There was a big crowd aboard and a heavy sea rolling. The lawyers sat together on the baggage on the bow of the boat, and after the steamer got out where she felt the full force of the waves, one of them remarked to the other:

"Mr. A., there can't be the least danger."

"Not the slightest," replied the other, as he got a firm hold of the handle of a big trunk.

"It wouldn't be a swim of over four miles," said the other, as he fastened to another trunk.

"Just about four," replied A., as he anxiously looked around to see where the stock of life-preservers was kept.

The boat fell off a little and took a sea over her port bow, which wet everything forward.

"Mr. A.," observed B., as he braced for a new hold and carefully observed the distant shore, "do you have any idea that there are any professors of religion aboard this boat?"

"It's purty d-doubtful," replied A., as he ducked his head to avoid the next sea.

At that moment two Indian squaws in the cabin, frightened half to death, began a wild, weird chant, and A. let go of the trunk and slid aft, saying:

"That sounds to me like a religious hymn, and I always did enjoy religious music!"

"So did I," replied the other, as a roll of the boat pitched him over a trunk.

Reaching the cabin they discovered what sort of singing it was, and A. looked out of the windows at the white-caps and observed:

"I don't exactly know the title of that song, but for the next half-hour I'm going to imagine that it's "Old Hundred!"

"Mr. A.," answered B., as his chin shook and quivered, "I'll go halves with you. You can imagine and I'll furnish the collection, and if we can get that doctor with the wooden leg to take his share of this singing for 'The Doxology,' I believe that this boat will land us in Elk Rapids!"

The boat did pull through, and when the lawyers left for home they staged it twenty-one miles to avoid any new entanglements.—Detroit Free Press.

Silence in Zion.

There is a lull in the storm—silence in Zion for a half hour at least. The long-eared war-horse of the News has ceased to cry Aha! Aha! at the noise of the captains and the sound of the trumpets. Joseph F., the mad bull in the hippodrome, has quit pawing the dust and lashing the air with his ferocious tail. The gentle Musser kindly refrains from kicking up another Muss. The half-drawn bowie knife of the rosy-faced editor is thrust back into its bloodless sheath, and his flaming torch is quenched in stale, quiescent beer. The skeert Gentile is again abroad like the honey-bee attending to his biz and all things remain as they were from the beginning. In short, the social and political atmosphere of Zion is as barren and dry as her dusty streets and burnt up pastures. The silence is so intense, that one can hear from the distant Fools' Paradise, the jingling of bells and the penny-whistle of the clownish Don Piatt, as he clamors for a share of the tithing-house dividend. Even the apostolic trio have stopped the clanking of their chains, and the free lunch fiends, like repentant and hungry asses, have returned to their master's crib. Is this ominous calm the forerunner of a storm, or simply the enforced silence of a played out farce? Evidently the latter. The would-be heroes who for a brief moment strutted across the stage, are the Mulligan's Guard and the latter end of the latter day dispensation.

Falstaff's ragged regiment would put them to open shame, and the vaporings of Ancient Pistol are but sober reason and sound sense when compared with their balderdash.

Whether the "Chinese must go" or not, it is written that polygamy "must go," and that very quickly. The intelligent portion of the Mormon membership will say amen to its going, as a good riddance. When we are well rid of its hateful presence the Gentile lion will lie down with the Mormon lambs, and the latter will be guaranteed the possession and title to their own silver mines, which, Don Piatt asserts, the Gentiles are now trying to steal from them.—Salt Lake Tribune.

The value of breadstuffs, provisions and cotton exported during the last fiscal year was $490,887,070, while the aggregate value of all merchandise imported was only $445,777,775. All our other exports, including $46,574,974 of petroleum in various forms, all manufactured articles, and our $28,000,000 of tobacco, are in excess of the value of imports, and must be paid for in specie, or by extinguishment of our foreign debts.

Upright legislator: "What, sir!" You take me for one who can be bribed? You insult my sense of honor. But in case I really was such a man, how much would you give?"

The Heroism of Sex.

There is a pleasant fiction about the ideal woman that invests her with an unreal and intangible presence as if she were the creation of some higher sphere, borrowed into this mundane life for a transitory, charmed existence. To this end poets chant her praise in immortal verse; sculptors give her fame in life-like marble; artists work their souls into the canvas on which they recreate her, and the highest skill of the civilized world is evoked in costly laces and the fabrics that will add to her loveliness. To this is added a mysterious charm of weakness, dependence; as if this beautiful pink and white doll were a puppet, to be moved only at an owner's will, or a dainty keepsake, to be guarded under a glass case of conservative possessions. The weakness of women is a favorite theme with men who are not thoroughly conscious of their own strength. They turn contemptuously from the advice of wife or sister, and keep all their business and plans to themselves, until a crash comes. Then they settle back on that weakness to help bear the burden, and even condescend to listen to some plans for the future and receive sympathy and help from those weak members of the family, who work all day and lie awake all night thinking, planning and helping, while the strong man breaks down. There is no indication of weakness then. Some one has truly said that a woman's instinct is better than a man's reason; and when she sees her dear ones threatened with disaster she knows no weakness, but comes up with all her colors flying. It is her nature to "suffer and be strong;" to tire herself with much serving; to give largely out of the great income of love. There is a strength of far greater value than that of bone and muscle, or even of brain; it is the strength of woman's love, which will survive shame, sorrow, neglect and death; for she will leave it as a legacy to her children. The weakness is the heroism that brightens the pages of history and the heart of the humblest home and will outlast the mental force and physical calibre of the strongest man. Circumstances have made it necessary to hedge women with a thousand conventionalities. They do not prove her weakness or the need of barriers, for she can overclap them all if one she loves is on the other side and sends up a cry for help; but it would be well for her did her duties lie serenely within their circumscribed limits. The world is full of cheap protection for women, which does not lighten one actual load; and this sentimental moralizing over her weakness is the cheapest and poorest of all. It is base disloyalty, too; for has she not proved herself from remote ages a patient and faithful yoke-fellow, strong to do, to suffer, to die for those she loves?

The Emperor's Wives.

The Emperor of China is allowed three wives, the chief of whom is the Empress, while the other two are queens. He has the right, under certain restrictions, of choosing his own successor. When the Emperor of Hien Fung died, in 1861, he left his throne to his son Toung-che, who was only five years old. The Empress and the boy's mother, one of the queens, were made co-regents. They reigned very successfully until 1873, when Toung che took the government into his own hands, and removed them from power. In 1875 he died of smallpox, without naming a successor. His wife was a feeble girl, with a young baby, for whose rights she had not the strength of character to fight. She soon died, and the old Empress and queen seized the opportunity to get back upon the throne. They chose a three-year-old nephew of Hien Fung, and appointed themselves to reign until he became a man. The scheme was carried out, and the two women are now seemingly firmly re-established. Among the first statesmen of the empire was Wo-ku-tu, at the head of the civil-service department. He brooded over the wrong done to the infant son of Toung-che, and at last resolved to speak out against it. This was a serious matter, for ancient usage in China decrees that whoever utters treason shall at once commit suicide. Wo-ko-tu wrote and published, in the most respectful language, a demand that the Empress and queen should abdicate. Then he killed himself with a knife.

A New Way to Treat Diphtheria.

Quite a discovery in the treatment of diphtheria has been made here. A young man whose arm had been amputated, was attacked by diphtheria before healing took place, and instead of the matter incident to the disease being deposited in the throat, the greater portion appeared on the wounded arm, and the diphtheria was very light and easily managed. Dr. Davis, of Mankato, profited by this, and in his next case of diphtheria blistered his patient's chest, and on this blistered part the chief deposits appeared. This was also an easy case of the disease. The theory of Dr. Davis is that diphtheria usually appears in the throat because of the thinness of the lining of the throat. Hence, when the blister breaks the skin upon any other part of the body, the disease appears there.—(Mass.) Gazette.

A big revolver—The world.