



ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday.

LEEDS & MERRITT.

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

Job Printing. Of all descriptions done in short notice. Local Blank, Circular, Business Cards, Billheads, Letterheads, Posters, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

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PROFESSIONAL.

DR. J. H. CHITWOOD,

ASHLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE--At the Ashland Drug Store.

JAMES R. NEIL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

J. W. HAMAKAR,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Linkville, Lake Co., Oregon.

OFFICE--In Post Office building. Special attention given to conveying.

M. L. McCALL,

SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,

Ashland, Oregon.

Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice.

DR. W. B. ROYAL,

Has permanently located in Ashland.

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

DR. E. J. BOYD,

DENTIST.

Linkville, Oregon.

Office and residence, south side of Main street.

THE ASHLAND MILLS!

We will continue to purchase wheat

at the highest market price.

And will deliver

Flour, Feed, Etc.,

Anywhere in town,

at mill prices.

Wagner, Anderson & Co.

ASHLAND Livery, Sale & Feed STABLES.

Main Street, Ashland.

I have constantly on hand the very best

SADDLE HORSES, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.

And can furnish my customers with a tip-top turnout at any time.

HORSES BOARDED

On reasonable terms, and given the best

attention. Horses bought and sold

and satisfaction guaranteed in

all my transactions.

H. F. PHILLIPS.

MARBLE!

ASHLAND

MARBLE WORKS.

J. H. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

Having again settled in this place

and turned my entire attention to the

Marble Business, I am prepared

to fill all orders with neatness

and dispatch. Monuments, Tablets,

and Headstones, executed in any

description of marble. Special

attention paid to orders from all parts

of Oregon. Prices reasonable.

Address: J. H. Russell,

Ashland, Oregon.

J. M. McCALL, MORRIS BAUM.

J. M. McCall & Co.,

Main Street, Ashland.

NEW DEPARTURE.

The undersigned from and after April

18th, propose to sell only for

CASH IN HAND

Or approved produce delivered--except

when by special agreement--a short

and limited credit may be given.

They have commenced receiving their

New Spring Stock, and that every

day will witness additions to the

largest stock of

General Merchandise!

Ever brought to this market. They de-

sire to say to every reader of this

paper, that if

Standard Goods!

Sold at the Lowest Market Prices, will

do it, they propose to do the largest

business this spring and summer

ever done by them in the

last five years, and

they can positively

make it to the

advantage

of every one to

call upon them in

Ashland and test the truth

of their assertions. They will

spare no pains to maintain, more

fully than ever, the reputation of their

House, as the acknowledged

HEADQUARTERS!

For Staple and Fancy Goods, Groceries,

Hardware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps, Millinery, Dress

Goods, Crockery, Glass and

Tin, Ware, Shawls,

Wrappers, Cloaks,

And, in fact, everything required for the

trade of Southern and South-

eastern Oregon.

A full assortment of

IRON AND STEEL

For Blacksmiths' and General use.

A Full Line of

Ashland Woolen Goods!

Flannels, Blankets, Cassimeres, Doeskins,

Clothing, always on hand and

for sale at lowest prices.

The highest market prices paid for

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Bacon, Lard.

Come One and All.

J. M. McCALL & Co.

JAMES THORNTON, JACOB WAGNER,

W. H. ATKINSON, E. K. ANDERSON.

THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFACT'G CO.,

ARE NOW MAKING FROM

The Very Best NATIVE WOOL!

BLANKETS,

FLANNELS,

CASSIMERES,

DOESKINS,

AND HOSIERY.

OUR PATRONS

OLD AND NEW,

Are invited to send in their orders and

are assured that they

Shall Receive prompt Attention!

At Prices that Defy Competition.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

W. H. ATKINSON,

SECRETARY.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Dear Ben, how few at present know

What heartstone meant long, long ago,

When you and I were boys.

The very backlogs of those days,

With hickory fagots ablaze,

Illumed our family joys.

The brazen fire-dogs silent stood,

The forestick both at once bestrode,

And sung and spluttered long;

The live coals glowed beneath it all,

Amid the covered firebrands fall.

And cease the forestick's song.

The angry blaze mounts upward quick,

And sparks fly outward fast and thick

As sent up lightning flashes;

Close to the backing, glowing red,

The live coals find their nightly bed,

All covered up with ashes.

The candle on the stand burns low;

Against the panes the flakes of snow,

And driving hail and sleet.

The frosty air comes creeping in

Through every crack and splashboard thin,

With stealthy noiseless feet.

There gathered in a circle round,

The family at home are found,

All bent on one desire;

The wintry storm without assails;

Within the wish that most prevails

Is getting near the fire.

Close and closer still they pressed;

At length the children were undressed,

But not a whit too soon;

For colder grew the frosty air,

And back was put each vacant chair,

To give the others room.

But two remained at last to dread

The icy coldness of their bed

And listen to the storm.

The heating pan was then bro't forth,

So well was known its real worth

To make the bedding warm.

At last the sickly candle dies,

The last spark up the chimney flies,

And all have gone to bed.

Where are they all at bedtime now?

"Around the hearthstone," sayest thou?

Yes, most of them are dead.

True we are left, but growing old;

The night approaches and the cold

When we must to our rest.

We ne'er may meet again on earth,

But may we ne'er forget the hearth,

Where we in youth were blessed!

And if we reach that better sphere,

May not our spirits hover near

The hearthstone of the past?

The dear ones that have gone before,

Be welcomed home at last.

Susie's Diary.

BY MYRTLELLA

May 1st.--Well, we are fairly moved

and I am really tired to write to-

night, but as I promised papa that I

would write something each day, I sup-

pose I must try. We have hardly had

time to see the place but think we shall

like it very well, at least I shall, for I

have always longed to live in the coun-

try.

May 2nd.--The house is quite conven-

ient and there is plenty of room for my

garden; but, oh! how I wish we could

have got that sweet little cottage

next door. I wonder who lives there; I

in my garden, setting out some rose

slips, when Mr. Maynard came to the

fence and said: "Miss Lane, excuse

me, but it is rather late for slips, and

allow me to suggest that you water your

plants in the evening rather than in the

morning when the sun shines directly

upon them." I was very much sur-

prised, but it was so kindly said that I

managed to stammer:

"Oh, thank you, I am very ignorant

about the plants, but I love them dearly

and mean to have a garden of them if I

can.

He smiled and said he hoped I would

succeed, and then he bowed and walked

away. It was really wonderful the

change that smile made in his face. I

have thought of it so many times to-day.

It made him look quite handsome and so

kind. I wish his wife would come back,

then I might get acquainted and learn

so much about my garden, and perhaps

get a peep into her conservatory.

June 22d.--This morning Mr. May-

nard gave me a beautiful bouquet of his

choicest flowers and said he thought it

was too bad for me to work all summer

and then not have flowers, so wouldn't I

accept a few of his. I think it was so

very kind in him to think of it. I am

afraid his wife can not be the sweet lit-

tle woman that she looks or she would

not leave him here alone so long; for I

am sure he is lonely and sad. It is only

for a moment when he is talking that

the sad look leaves his face.

July 5th.--It's too bad! I thought

surely Mrs. Maynard would be back to

spend the Fourth with her husband; but

she was not. He started off early in the

morning on that great black horse of

his, and did not come back till nearly

dusk. I don't believe she loves him at

all. It's a great shame for such a noble

man to lead so lonely and unhappy a

life. I declare I'm so sorry that here I

am crying about it.

July 8th.--Mr. Maynard has been so

very friendly of late that yesterday I

asked him when he expected Mrs. May-

nard back. He looked surprised and

said:

"Mrs. Maynard?"

"I blushed for I knew he must think

me very impulsive, but I managed to

say:

"Yes, you know I saw her when we

first came here."

His eyes twinkled for a moment and

he looked as I never saw him look, but

almost immediately grew grave again

and said:

"I am not sure when she will come,"

and lifting his hat he walked away.

No danger of my asking any more

questions, but what a shame it is for

him to be treated so. I wish he were

well acquainted with papa, for he will

cheer any one up, and I am sure Mr.

Maynard needs some one to cheer him.

July 25th.--The strangest thing hap-

pened to-day. While I was at work in

the garden Mr. Maynard came to the

fence and said:

"Miss Susie, you have never been

I love