

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

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ASHLAND, OREGON

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1879.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday.

LEEDS & MERRITT.

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

Job Printing.

All descriptions done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Billheads, Letterheads, Posters, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

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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

—A—

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 Southern

Oregon. Prices reasonable.

Address:

J. H. Russell,

Ashland, Oregon.

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 ompt Attention!

At Prices that Defy Competition.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

W. H. Atkinson,

SECRETARY.

In a Cobbler's Shop.

BY BLANCHE STEVENS.

"Well, he's er"

Martin tosse,

dropped into 'tich

"Who has come

Mattie, lazily, without

an idiotic 'Moses,' who

blankly at her a New En,

tray of bulrushes.

"Who! As if you don't care"

that wonderful Clarence Crane,

course, of whom the Emersons have been

talking for the last month. I met Ellen

Emerson coming from the Browns. She

told me the news, and also invited us all

to go there this evening to drink tea on

the lawn and have a dance after.

"My gracious!" she suddenly cried,

started out of propriety by the frightful-

ness of the thought. "One of my dancing

boots has the heel off, and Ann is gone

out. How in the world will I get it

mended?"

"Send it to the cobbler's," said Mattie,

serenely, still absorbed by her Moses.

"Did you not hear me say Ann is out,

and will not probably return in time to

take it. Whatever shall I do?"

Mattie shrugged her shoulders, sublimely

indifferent in the possession of

sound shoes, but a voice which attracted

attention to a trim little figure which

was seen, said:

"Don't look so disconsolate, Alice,

I'll take your shoes to the cobbler's for

you."

"You!" exclaimed Alice; and even

languid Mattie looked up in mild aston-

ishment.

"Yes, I will," replied Janet, the middle

sister of the two, who, though never

particularly clever nor pretty, was ex-

ceedingly good-natured, as is often the

case with such people, and who was also

rather independent in her actions.

"Yes, I will," said she as Alice looked

at her. "Is the undertaking so very

difficult that you consider it beyond my

ability?"

"No, of course not! But do you seriously

mean it? Will you really walk

through the heat and dust to the village,

and sit in that dirty little shop while my

heels are being mended?"

"Certainly, I confess the walk won't be

one of the pleasures of life, but I don't

mind it; and as for sitting in the dirty

shop, I don't think I shall sustain any

injury that soap and water will not

repair. But I don't know of any law to

compel me to stay there while the work

of renovation is going on, and if it is

just the same to all concerned, I think

I'll employ that time with some business

in the village. Get your boots, Alice,

and let me be off. Think how terrible

it would be if I should be too late."

"Well, if you will, I suppose you

must," said Alice. "And I consider it

ungrateful to turn from blessings offered;

but remember I warned you, and I wash

my hands from all results."

She left the room for the boots, and in

a short time Janet was bearing them to-

ward the village.

Alice had not overrated the toil and

pain of the way; and Janet felt herself

sadly in want of the revivifying influence

of soap and water before she had braved

the depths of the prescribed shop. But

she did not mind it a bit, and wiped her

hot face with vigor and good nature, as

she paused a moment at the door before

entering to execute her commission.

The cobbler was very busy, of course,

and she had to wait a while before she

could get to the window where she stood

awaiting her turn, and not quite so

good natured, before the cobbler, who

was severely itching away on an en-

losed leather strap. Was the boot

done? Of course not. Did a cobbler

ever keep his word? Never! And this

was no foe in the fold. "He was very

sorry, but a gentleman had offered to

pay him well if he would mend the

strap right off! He was a poor man

and he knew that the young lady would

not be hard on him for trying to make

an honest penny. Just wait a few sec-

onds and the shoe would be done in a

twinkle."

Janet's good nature did not increase

as she listened to the tale; in fact she

felt downright cross and was strongly

inclined to tell the noble votary of Cris-

pin that he had reckoned entirely with-

out his host. But upon second thought

she was convinced that this wouldn't

hurt the boot, but she would make her

a good deal warmer and very wisely

forebare.

The cobbler offered her a rickety

stool. She eyed it suspiciously and

turned to the door, but the hot street

and blazing sun were even less attractive,

and accepting the stool as the lesser

evil, she gathered up her skirts, placed

the stool against the opposite wall and

seated herself upon it, to philosophize

and steal what she could of the cobbler's

trade, while he finished the job.

Alice had not traduced the place in

her denunciations. It was both dirty

and hot; and the odor of old leather that

permeated it was far from refreshing.

The "twinkle," according to actual meas-

urement, passed several times, but still

the cobbler stitched grimly on; and

Janet was just debating whether to go

sick, when a small

agitated man, who

was striving in

an ocean of old boots

and spines. The attempt

before she had dis-

strong arms lifted

and herself

to the door.

"Who! As if you don't care"

that wonderful Clarence Crane,

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talking for the last month. I met Ellen

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