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SHARED.

I said it in the meadow path-- I say it on the mountain stairs, The best things are mortal bath. Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe--the sky--the breeze-- The light without us and within-- Life, with its unlocked treasures-- God's riches--are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread For rest it yields unnumbered feet; Sweeter to me the wild rose red, Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness Ye welcomed me, O, solemn peaks! And me in every guest you bless Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way, That opens into worlds unknown, It will be life's delight to say, "Heaven is not Heaven for me alone."

Rich through thy brethren's poverty! Seem wealth thy hidden! I am blind Only in what they share with me. In what I share with all the rest.

The Old Man's Sunset Home.

"Your old chair is very much in the way, grandpa; I wish you would be content to sit somewhere else besides at this west window," said a dashing young lady, as she swept into the family sitting room. She had not been long home from a fashionable French school in the city, where her selfishness, at least, seemed to have developed fully as much as was desirable.

"I came here because the sunshine was so pleasant, Sophia. 'Pears to warm up my stiff, old limbs better than the fire. I'll give you the place if you want it, though."

"The window of your room is a west one; I ought to know, I think; it used to be mine."

"I know it is, Sophy, but it's kind of lonesome up there all alone. Guess I had better go back, though. Grandpa is always in the way now, I am afraid," he said sorrowfully, as he rose to leave.

"Where are you going, dear grandpa?" said a brown haired, sunny faced young lady, who had just now glided into the room; "have come on purpose to have a visit with you."

"I am going anywhere to be out of the way, Katy."

"Why, dearest grandfather, how can you talk so? No room is so cheerful and sacred in all the house as the one which your presence blesses. What have you been saying, Sophy?" she added, turning reproachfully toward her cousin.

"Nothing in the world worth making such a time about," said the young lady, sweeping hastily out of the room.

The seat by the window was resumed, and Kate drew a low rocking chair very near it.

"I have been leaning on this arm till it is all asleep," said the old man. "O! just see," and unfastening the white wristband, she chafed the thin arm and hand till the customary circulation was restored.

"Thank you, Katy, darling; it is well now. Grandpa's fingers used to be as young and quick as yours. Don't seem so, does it? I don't think your hands are quite as white as your cousin Sophy's, but they are a thousand times prettier, in my opinion."

"Mine have to work, you see," said Kate, laughing; "it would not do for the little folks to go hungry at home because sister was afraid cooking their dinner would brown her hands. George likes them just as well brown."

"He may well be thankful to get them any way. They are a treasure worth man's aspirations."

"Shall I read to you, grandpa--I see you have a new book open--or shall we talk? I must go home to-morrow, you know."

"To-morrow! I had forgotten that. O, I am so sorry, so sorry!" he said, very sadly.

"Don't read, Katy; talk, if I can only hear your voice one day longer. You are a ray of sunshine in this house, and you will be in any house you enter. May God bless my child!" he added solemnly. "I shall be pretty lonesome when you are gone, I know I shall. There won't be any one to talk to then. Old people love to talk, Katy. Martha is kind to me and makes my room as pleasant as she can, but household cares and company take up all her time, so she can't talk to her poor old father much. Her husband is away attending to his business all day, so I don't see much of him either; and I am sure John and Sophia think me always in the way. I don't want to be a burden to anybody, Katy," and a tear filled the mild, dim eye.

"No one could think so, dear grandfather. But I have seen all you mention in my long visit here, and now I have something to propose. Now, I have a favor to beg, a request to make, on which my heart is set, and I want an assurance that you will not say nay."

"If there is any favor I can do my Katy, she need not be afraid of any rays."

"Well, then, you know that in a few weeks I shall have a home of my own; not a grand establishment like this, but a neat, pleasant cottage, suitable to George's income. Now, what I wish to ask is, will you not make us happy by sharing that home with us? George wishes it as much as I, and I am sure you will be happy with us. The cottage is far more like the old homestead than this splendid mansion. It will only be

ten miles away; so you can ride over as often as you choose to see your daughter. Please say yes, grandpa."

Tears filled the old man's eyes again, but this time they were tears of pleasure. "My precious child, you don't know how much you are taking upon yourself. You don't know how much trouble an old man like me would be in a house."

"I do not know any such thing, I assure you; but I do know how much joy and comfort it would be to us, and what a real blessing your society would be, long days, when George's business calls him away from home. Indeed, I could not keep house without you, I am afraid; so we will understand that we have settled this point, will we not?"

"I shall be too happy to go any place on earth where you are Katy, even to a strange town. I know most all the old people about you there in Horton, and it will seem enough more like home than this place, which is as strange to me now as it was five years ago, when I first came here. But what will Martha say, Katy? Can you tell?"

"I have talked with her all about it, and she consents; on condition that you ride over often."

The kind-hearted girl did not care to tell the eagerness with which the proposal had been accepted, "only for the children's sake," it was clearly to be understood.

And so the arrangements were made, and the month quickly rolled away. The little cottage had received its simple furniture, and the best room in it was fitted up for grandpa; as nearly like the old familiar home as possible. The light buggy drove over to A-- and in a few hours afterward the old man was walking hand in hand with his darling Katy over the establishment, listening with keen delight to all the little details, and at last comfortably settled down in his easy chair, he talked with his new grandson over his present home and future prospects, till Katy called them to their tea. O, how sweet the simple board appeared with its snow-cloth and white tea-set; its light biscuit, fresh butter, stewed cherries and plain cake! The burnished silver and cut glass of the home he had just left never looked half so beautiful; and with a full heart he bowed his silvery head and asked God's blessing on their evening meal.

An old-time friend was asked to spend the evening, and a lively conversation was sustained till long after his customary hour for retiring. He seemed ten years younger when he took his place at breakfast next morning.

"Are we too early for you, sir?" said George, "I was afraid we were."

"Not a bit; I never sleep a wink after five o'clock. Early rising is all important to young people just setting out in life, and I am glad you have the habit."

When the meal was ended, the morning hymn was sung, and an earnest prayer for God's direction and protecting care through the day was offered; then the young physician started on his daily rounds.

"I give the little boy into your charge to-day, grandpa. Don't let Katy get lonely or work too hard scrubbing imaginary dirt off the wood-work," he added, with a smile at his wife's scrupulous neatness. "If the gardener should come, could you talk with him a little, and direct about the plan of the garden? Kate does not know much about such things, I believe."

"I should delight to do it," said the old man, a bright smile coming into his face at the idea of his possibly being of any service in the world again; "I was a master hand at making a garden in my day."

The day was warm and bright, and the old man spent most of it out of doors, superintending the Englishman's operations, who listened respectfully to all his suggestions, and obeyed them strictly. The day's work was most satisfactory on all sides; and when night came Katy's delicious tea was taken with a relish he had not known for many months, and his sleep was sound and sweet.

All Summer the garden was his pride and pleasure. The care of the beds was assumed by him, and the satisfaction with which he brought Katy the very earliest vegetables of the season, it made the household happy to witness. When George came home at sunset it was such a source of joy to have him and Katy walk around the beds, and admire the results of his skill and care. Then, too, the neighbors, as they passed loved to stop a little while, and leaning their folded arms against the paling, talk with the cheery old gentleman about his beautiful garden, and tell him what a "likely young man" his grandson was and how much the people loved and respected him.

In short, he had just the home he needed to make his old age peaceful and happy. Katy's infinite tact never allowed his mind time for gloom, or for feeding itself; but would ever, apparently without effort, start some pleasant train of thought, which should divert it from a melancholy channel. He was loved most deeply and tenderly, and treated with the respect and deference due to his years. The sweet country air, and the constant sunshine in his breast, made him grow young and hale again, and the sunset of his life was one long, gentle Summer twilight--Sun-beam.

The Panic of '73.

It is just six years this month since the panic, as it has been called, or properly, the financial reaction and depression, began in this city, and soon extended throughout the country. In September, 1873, Jay Cooke & Co. were the first bricks that tumbled down, and many other bricks, all over the land, followed straightway. Six years ago the Stock Exchange was closed, confidence was nearly paralyzed, credit sorely crippled, and the whole republic was in commercial distress. The first thought was that confidence would be restored, and that business would revive in a few months at furthest. But the exact contrary proved true. The second year was worse than the first, the third worse than the second. Failures everywhere increased; prices declined more and more; general dullness augmented; the despondency of merchants, bankers, manufacturers, agriculturists, steadily deepened; even real estate, always regarded as the basis of value, was stagnant, it could not be sold at half price; its largest owners suffered from poverty. It seemed as if the monetary trouble would never end. The country had never had such an experience. All talk and all predictions of better times proved empty. Hopes were excited only to be disappointed; the trade of the land languished in spite of every effort to restore it; many people had well-nigh come to the conclusion that prosperity would never return. The Republicans looked to the resumption of specie payments for relief. The Democrats asserted that resumption was impossible. Resumption came, however, and business has been mending ever since. The contrast between September, 1873, and September, 1879, is very marked. It is more than obvious; it is conspicuous at all points. Every sort of trade is reviving. The metropolis reflects all cities and towns. To-day the business quarters here are thriving. The down-town streets and wharves are crowded with boxes, packages; with drays, carts and trucks. The hotels are full, exports are enormous, money is active, new buildings are going up, houses are in demand, immigrants are coming in, manufactories that have been closed for years have resumed active operations, the republic has unquestionably entered upon a new era of prosperity, the long-looked for, constantly-deferred better times have actually come at last; the United States stands forth as one of the most favored and thriving countries on the face of the globe. Every American citizen is encouraged and in good spirits, unless it be the Democrat who feels that his party shall be beaten by the ripeness and success of the entire land in the face of all his lugubrious prophecies.--New York Times.

The Royal Wedding.

Preparations have already commenced for the dresses to be worn at the King of Spain's wedding. His bride-elect is to have two trousseaux--one made in Paris, the other at Vienna. The most superb fabrics are to be used for this event. First, several new velvets, with brown pume, blue and violet grounds, embroidered with flowers, particularly pinks of bright colors mixed with gold threads; then there are shot satins of most original coloring, such as vert de gris and silver, salamander and copper, flame and celadon blue, which last, in close proximity, show a most extraordinary pink-blue shade. The wedding toilets now in hand are composed of three colors and of three materials. For example, a seal brown satin skirt; a tunic, draped, of Carmelite armure, the hem of the tunic turned up with brown satin embroidered with a quantity of gilliflowers in shades varying from the deepest orange to the palest gold. Seal-brown plush coat, with large satin collar, embroidered with gilliflowers; satin cuffs similarly embellished. Another wedding dress is of moss green velvet and salamander cashmere, the trimming of being brocade of the shade of green known as autumn leaves; a third is the tunic draped with ruby and old gold ribbons, the casquin of old gold velvet embellished with ruby velvet. The Lyons manufacturers are copying damasks of the sixteenth century, such as the wives of the Doges of Venice wore, and several evening dresses will be made of them, combined of satin, for the Spanish wedding festivities, the satin, being principally used for the narrow tabliers.

Deceptive.

Farming in Nevada is almost as uncertain as mining. The soil in many parts of the State is very "spotty," and the division lines between the best and the worst are often only a few inches wide. The Humboldt meadows around Lovelock's contain some of the richest lands in the world, and also some of the worst, and the strangest part is that no one can tell anything about it by comparing it with land anywhere else. There is very handsome black ground which looks as if it would produce anything, but which is so full of saltpetre and black alkali that nothing will grow on it. Water which stands on it a few hours gets the color of a very dark beer.--Reno Gazette.

One must have a tremendous voice to kill two birds with one's tone.

The Sealing Process at Salt Lake City.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal writes: After we got through we saw Joseph F. Smith sitting at a table recording the names of those who were candidates for marriage. He wrote the names in a book, (the existence of which marriage register this truthful apostle has since denied, so that a polygamous marriage might not be found out) and then he wrote the two names on a slip of paper, to be taken into the sealing room for the officiating priest, so that he might know whom he was marrying. After having given this slip of paper to the priest (Daniel Wells) we knelt at a little wooden altar, (they were all alike in the Endowment House.) He then asks the man if he is willing to take the woman to wife, and the woman if she is willing to take him for a husband. They both having answered yes, he tells the man that he must look to God, but the woman must look to her husband as her God, for if he lives his religion the spirit of God will be in him, and she must therefore yield him unquestioning obedience, for he is as a god unto her, and then concludes by saying that he having authority from on high to bind and loose here upon earth, and whatsoever he binds here shall be bound in heaven, seals the man and woman for time and all eternity. He then tells the man and woman to kiss each other across the altar, the man kneeling on the north side and the woman on the south, and so it is finished. Sometimes they have witnesses, sometimes not; if they think any trouble may arise from a marriage, or that the woman is inclined to be a little perverse, they have no witnesses, neither do they give marriage certificates, and if occasion requires it, and it is to shield any of their polygamous brethren from being found out, they will positively swear that they did not perform any marriage at all, so that the women in this church have but a very poor outlook for being considered honorable wives. When the marriage ceremony was over we came out of the "sealing room," and I crossed "Heaven" into the ladies' dressing room, where, after having dressed and my husband having paid the fees, we took our departure, together with that of the "Holy Spirit." It was 3:30 P. M. when we left, I having gone there at 8 o'clock in the morning. You can probably imagine how fatigued one feels after listening patiently all the time to their incessant talking. Certainly at the end of the time one feels like taking in nourishment rather than listening to the prompting of the "Holy Spirit."

One Cause of Suicides.

The New York Mail gives five causes of the increase in suicides, and of those five, all are insignificant except one--the increase in wholesale gambling. To that, more than to any other cause, is due the fact that so many take their own lives. We are a nation of reckless speculators in everything. We gamble on all, and it is not gambling at faro or with the dice-box that is the worst feature. We have a fault worse than those, worse in its nature and much worse in its consequence--gambling in stocks. There is the prolific cause of ruin and suicide; there is the class of wild and criminal speculation that drives men to a disgraceful and cowardly death. It has lured many a poor victim to his awful end, and it still cries, like some horrid monster, for more human blood. It has its victims in all ranks and conditions of life, low-born and high born, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, men and women. In this mad, wild, wicked race for wealth are thousands floating, and of these many sink beneath the wave never to rise again. The cemeteries have many of its poor, deluded victims, and are daily receiving more. Can a practice which produces such fearful results be productive of any good for a state? Can it aid in its prosperity or help to lighten its distress? Rather, does it not darken the sunny days and render more black the blackest of nights?

The Acceptable Juror.

Council (in New Bedford)--Do you know anything of the case? "No." "Ever read of it?" "No." "What! Never?" "No." (Applause.) "Have you formed any opinion as to this case?" "No." "Any opinion about anything?" "No." "Never have opinions?" "No." "What! Never?" "No." (Applause.) "Ever heard Pinafore?" "No." (Groans.) Remarks: "No wonder he didn't do it. Sold." "No sympathy with anything pertaining to the public interest?" "No." "No information, no knowledge, no taste for reading, no desire to know what's going on in the world?" "None whatever." "Good. You'll do for a jurymen. You are accepted."

The "Plizen-Clean" Woman.

Cleanliness an excellent acquirement. It is so great an acquirement that one does not wonder that the sentence "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" was popularly supposed, for an indefinite period, to be a quotation from the Bible. Cleanliness is the chief distinction between the tramp and many millionaires who could not claim even this advantage over the tramp. But the sentence, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," cannot be found in the Bible, nevertheless. You cannot have too much Godliness, too much temperance, too much discretion, too much wisdom, but you can have too much neatness. There have been overmen men. We have met one or two in our time. They always get up in the night to eat, and are enemies of sleep as they are of dirt. But they are not so numerous nor pestiferous as the overmen woman.

Who has not met the overmen woman? We do not need to describe her. But we will. Revenge is sweet. She makes her husband exchange his boots for slippers on the door step, no matter how low the thermometer or barometer, the poor fellow must doff his boots in the porch. Is he wet? He must stay on the stoop till he has done drooping. Consumption? What is that compared with a soiled carpet? The small boy, what a life he leads with such a mother. Followed about by a dust pan and brush, and a scolding voice (the hypermen woman is always cross) all of childhood's days, he early runs to a club room or beer saloon where he can see a little rubbish and find the luxury of dirt. We once knew a lady of this character who, when lightning providentially struck her house and killed a servant, swept up the evidencing dirt the shock had dislodged, before the coroner could be called.

These "plizen-clean" women always hate to have company. "Guests are so dirty, you know." The parlor is kept dark and unused from year to year. The carpet would fade and dust would accrue. We once knew a woman who refused to open her parlor for the wedding of her daughter. "The street is too dusty," she said. She is dust now. They opened the parlor for the funeral, and one almost wonders that she did not turn over in her coffin.

The overmen woman cleans house twice a year. Twice a year the uncomfortable husband and children are made doubly uncomfortable. The weakness of the flesh alone deters her from house-cleaning every moon. The overmen woman delights to make people uncomfortable. She is thin, dyspeptic, has nerves, is troubled with dirt on the brain. Dirt on the brain is very wearing on the constitution, and the hypermen woman nearly always dies young. If she did not, nearly all her household would. Her husband always has another chance. This is a dispensation of Providence. We write with some feeling on this subject, although, thank God, we have only seen the overmen woman afar off. But we have seen the lives of good men embittered, we have seen boys driven to ruin, and girls imbued with such a hatred of cleanliness that they have become very slatterns, by overmen wives and mothers.

Ah, mothers, do not mind a cluttered floor, a little gravel or sand on the carpet, a finger mark on wall paper or mirror. The day may come when a little dirt spread by baby feet or laid on by busy busy fingers would be the gladdest sight in the world.

A Prodigy.

There are many persons who, if we are to place full credence in their biographers, must have been extraordinary marvels of precocity and cleverness. Annie Maria Schurman, for example, who was the boast of Germany, was one of this description. At the age of six, and without instruction, she cut in paper the most delicate figures; at eight she learned in a few days to paint flowers, which, it should be added, were highly esteemed; and two years later it cost her only five hours' application to learn the art of embroidering with elegance. Her talents for higher attainments, we are told, did not develop themselves till she was twelve years of age, when they were discovered in the following manner:

Her brothers were studying in the apartment where she sat, and it was noticed that whenever their memories failed in the recital of their lessons, the little girl prompted them without any previous knowledge of their tasks except what she had gained from hearing the boys con them over. In her education she made extraordinary progress, and is said to have perfectly understood the German, Low Dutch, French, English, Latin, Greek, Italian, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic and Ethiopian languages. Her knowledge of science and her skill in music, painting and sculpture were also extraordinary, and her talent for modeling was shown by the wax portrait she contrived to make of herself with the aid of a mirror. When it is added that her letters were not only valuable for the elegance of their style, but for the beauty of the written characters, which caused the said epistles to be preserved as cabinet curiosities, we may judge what a prodigy of cleverness was foreshadowed by the talents she displayed as a child.--Chambers' Journal.