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L. P. Fisher



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TEA.

They may talk of their cocktails, their toddies and punches, their fancy mixed drinks and their spirits taken straight, their tankards of beer, and their jolly cold lunches, O'er which happy toppers till midnight de-bate;

They oft are enjoyed; yet a sad enervation Is hid in each glassful so sparkling and free; And I fall back at last on a better potation-- That genuine comfort, a hot cup of tea.

No more will I draid to the clink of the glasses, Those brain-stealing liquids, deceitfully bright; But fling them away for the cup that sur-pas-ses All others in taste without dazing the sight;

So here's to the tea-total men of all nations, May their hearts be as warm, and their fancies as free, From mixtures impure as this king of pota-tions, So fragrantly steaming--this pure cup of tea.

This dear cup of tea! what a help to the ladies! With gossip and sugar, a draught of de-light, At clubs and tea parties, where every dear maid sees Among the cup's dregs her appropriate knight. How it braces their nerves and awakes their fancies; 'Till husbands oft quail before feminine lances, Nor dream they were pointed by one cup of tea.

Then tempt me no more with your heart-burning liquor, So earnest to the taste and so bright to the eye; The social that drink it may feel his mind flicker, His pride slowly sink, and his ambition die, Down vendors, to hell with your black oc-cupation, No more of your soul-killing venom for me; I've broken your charm, and the blessed po-tation That comforts me now is a strong cup of tea.

The Road Agent. My route, which was the only road between the town of Ireton and Chester, lay for three miles through an almost unbroken wilderness. The track had been badly cut to pieces by recent rains, and my progress was much slower than was either safe or pleasant. Sunset found me still many miles from my destination, and I began to reflect on the probability of a night's lodging in the woods in no very comfortable frame of mind.

My horse stumbled so constantly in the increasing darkness that I was forced at length to allow him to pick his way at a slow walk. I had arrived at a particularly rough part of the road, and halted to make sure that no pitfall lay in the obscurity beyond, when a form sprang out of the bushes and stood beside me. It was a small, slightly-built man, clad in shabby garments, with a broad slouched hat concealing his face, and that he held a pistol in unpleasant proximity to my head.

"What do you want?" I asked, with what composure I could muster. "Your money," was the answer. "Fling it into the road and ride on."

The voice was singularly sweet for a man--a ruffian at that--and there was a tremor in it that belied his threatening air.

"The man is a coward," I said to myself, then aloud, "Suppose I refuse to comply with your very reasonable request, what then?"

"I shall blow your brains out," was the reply. "Throw me your money, and be quick about it."

I raised my hand from my side as if to comply with his demand; but instead of doing so I suddenly lifted my riding whip and brought it down upon the temple of my waylayer. The blow was a powerful one, and he rolled under my horse's feet without a sound.

Springing from my saddle to grapple with him, I found him prostrate and insensible, with the blood flowing copiously from an ugly wound in the forehead.

In the act of lifting his head upon my arm, his hat fell off, and a coil of luxuriant brown hair fell over my arm. Much astonished at this, I bent over the lifeless body and beheld a pale beautiful face, with small delicate features, whose expression, even in unconsciousness, was that of mingled sadness and despair. My assailant was a woman, young and bearing traces of refinement about her, despite her male attire.

After a little search I discovered the weapon with which she had threatened me. It was an old pistol broken and unloaded. With an impulse that I did not stop to question, I thrust it into my pocket. Then I examined the wound I had inflicted. It was a slight one, but would leave a life long scar upon her temple.

What should such a woman be doing in this desolate place? What crisis of misfortune had driven her to an act so dangerous and so unwomanly? There was no time to reflect on the matter, for she stirred slightly, and a faint moan of pain came through her pale lips.

With a sense of deep remorse for the violence I had done the poor girl, I bound up her wound with her handkerchief and slipped a good portion of the money I had about me into the pocket of her coat. I felt that her need must be desperate indeed.

After a moment her eyes opened and she gazed wildly around.

"What has happened?" she said, confusedly. "Where is my father?"

Then she gazed at me wonderingly. "Oh I remember," she cried, in a heartrending accent, "Oh, sir, if you know why I did it! Let me go to my father--pray, pray let me go!"

"You shall," said I, soothingly; "I will take you to him, for you are not able to walk alone. Poor child! it was a mistake, and I was very brutal. Say no more, but lean on me."

She obeyed in silence, and slinging my horse's bridle over my arm, I led her down the road until she paused before a miserable hut, whose latticed aspect and unlighted windows gave sorrowful evidence of the poverty of the inmates.

As I released her she suddenly seized my hand, and gazing up into my face appealingly, broke into a passion of tears.

"I understand you," I said. "No one shall ever know what has occurred to-night from my lips. No wrong has been done, except through my violence and I hope that you will forgive me. Now go to your father."

Waving my hand in farewell, I sprang upon my horse and rode away. Cautious inquiry in the next town elicited the fact that the old but I had seen was occupied by an old man named Windsor and his daughter named Julia. They had come from the East three years previous and had evidently seen better days. Even now, miserably poor as they are, they preserved a dainty, aristocratic appearance, so that their neighbors knew little about them and cared less. How they lived my informant could not guess. The father had been in feeble health for a long time, yet the daughter, a fragile delicate girl, had found the means to support him.

I had learned one of those "meas," and I went away from the town with a deeper respect for Julia Windsor than I had ever felt for a woman.

Two years later found me permanently established in New York. I had nearly forgotten my adventure with the road agent, and should have forgotten it altogether had it not been for the old pistol, which I still retained.

One evening, during a reception at the house of a friend, I observed among the guests a lady whose face seemed strangely familiar to me. Where I had met her before I could not remember; but there was something in her appearance that I recognized by heart rather than mind.

On inquiring who she was, I learned that she had lately returned from the West with her father, who had experienced severe reverses of fortune some years ago, but had recently regained his property. Her name they told me was Miss Lee.

I had never known anyone of the name but I certainly knew her. While I was puzzling myself for a solution of the mystery, one of the heavy barrels which covered her forehead fell aside, and I saw a small red scar upon her temple. Then I knew her--it was my would-be-robber, Miss Lee or Julia Windsor; I could not be mistaken in her identity.

As my eye readily imagined I was not long in seeking an introduction to her. If, on her part, she recognized me, she entertained her composure admirably. A small red spot rising in her cheek and fading instantly was the only sign of anxiety that I could detect.

If I had thought her beautiful in her ugly male attire two years before, I found her doubly so now. The expression of care and grief had passed out of her face, but it had left its traces in her soft eye and the tremendous outline of her mouth. An air of quiet thoughtfulness--the repose of a soul heavily chastened with sorrow--had a supreme charm for me.

I had not been sitting near her ten minutes before it became painfully apparent to me that my solitary life was a cold and selfish one. This beautiful girl had lived and suffered for another. If her experience had been a sad one, it had likewise been noble. Somehow my adventure with her that memorable night seemed to give me a right to her regard. Perhaps it was because I had never forgotten her, and that the simple memory of had kept her always close to me.

Be that as it may, when I left her that night it was in an unhappy frame of mind. Emotions had been aroused in me that would not be put to sleep again. For the first time in my life I knew what love meant--love for a large-hearted noble woman.

I had hoped that I had secured the means of a familiar intercourse with Miss Lee, by which I might be enabled to enlarge my acquaintance with her. But I soon found that I was mistaken. Converse with her I might, but never freely. Enter her house when and so often as I chose, but her sympathy not at all. She seemed to hold me at a distance. With all my efforts I could not even establish a cool friendship between us.

Did she remember me, then? I had hate me for my knowledge of that one dark event in her past history? It seemed so, indeed. Yet she was blind. I could not see that I loved her? Or was it because, while sacrificing herself for her father's sake, I had inflicted the wound whose scar she would carry to the grave? Either way, I was supremely unhappy.

Six months elapsed before I summoned up the courage to put her feel-

ings toward me to the test. One afternoon I entered her presence firmly resolved to declare my love to her and abide the result. I could not be more wretched than I was, and my love might at least teach her to respect me. She was alone when I entered. Something in my face must have alarmed her, for she arose hastily, and I would have left the room had I not called her back.

"Julia Windsor," I said, calmly, "will you hear me?"

"That is not my name," she faltered, turning very white.

"No; but it was your name that night, in the far West, when you pointed a pistol at my head and demanded my money. Do you remember that night?"

She made no reply for a moment, but stood with her face averted. Then she suddenly turned and confronted me with a gesture of contempt.

"Yes, I do remember," she answered, passionately. "Am I likely to forget it while this, inflicted by your hands, remains?" She pushed back her hair and laid her finger upon the scar upon her temple. "You struck me down, but to pay me for my wound you left your money in my pocket. It saved my father's life--for that I thank you. But you may cancel all. Go tell the world what you know. Wake the tongue of slander against me. Say that once upon a time I lived in abject poverty, under an assumed name, and that to succor a perishing father I robbed passengers upon the road in male attire. I do not fear you."

"You need fear nothing," I answered, quietly, "except that I shall love you too much for your noble sacrifice."

"Love me?" she echoed, "looking at me suddenly, with filling eyes. "I thought that you despised me for my unwomanly action."

"Then you wronged me deeply," I returned, approaching and taking her hand. "My remembrance of that night is full of admiration and respect. Since I have learned to know you intimately I have learned to love you--how truly, I have no words to say."

"But I threatened you with a pistol," she answered, demurely.

"It was harmless," I returned, smiling. "I kept it--I have it at home now."

"Do you remember the handkerchief with which you bound my head?" she asked slyly. "More faithful to the spirit of that night than you, I have always kept it near me. I have it now."

"Julia," said I, earnestly, "answer me truly, why?"

"Because," she returned, lifting her soft eyes to mine, "I loved you from that hour. When I saw you again my love took new strength, and though I felt that you despised me, it remained unshaken, as it shall to my dying hour."

"My darling," I said, stooping to kiss her upturned face, "on that night you robbed me of more than my purse. You made wholly yours my heart, my life, my future happiness."

The Use of Lemons. The lemon is the native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over 90 feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, although we rarely employ any of it except its fruit, that is, the lemon itself. And every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water, this is the shortest way, or cut it into slices and let it soak in cold water, or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable in sickness--in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers; it is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be mixed with water and sugar and used as a drink. Lemon juice is the best antiscorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. A physician suggests rubbing the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chillsains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally, the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with it, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids.--Boston Gazette.

A Philadelphia barber refused to color Bob Ingersoll's mustache, on the plea that it never should be said of him "that he died an Infidel."

They don't know how to make it in St. Louis. The way to put life into a walking match between newspaper reporters is to put a bloody tragedy at the other end of it and give the word an hour before the time of going to press.

An Old School Housewife.

Mrs. Orrin Payne, who was born in Montague in 1790, was the oldest of nine children--six boys and three girls. Verily she has lived a busy life. She says she can't remember when she did not have to work. When 19 she taught one term of school, receiving five shillings per week and boarding round, always having bread and milk for supper, wearing a checked tow gown, the cloth for which she had spun herself.

For the twelve succeeding years she kept her father's house, all her brothers (the youngest four and the oldest nineteen, living at home.) Besides providing for the table, doing the washing and all the like duties of the household, she spun all the linen and wove and made the clothes for the whole family. The maner of living then was a boiled pot every day for dinner, served cold for breakfast, bread crumbled by the housekeeper, or pudding and milk for supper--pies only Thanksgiving and election days. During this time she frequently went out sewing for a day (15 hours), and when they stopped the clock to prolong the time, often 18 hours, at 12 cents per day. One day she spun 16 yards shirting.

In 1842 she married Orrin Payne. Nathan Cheney remarked that she would make a man of anybody and a good store customer for him. Mr. Payne was three years her senior. He died in 1873. Her married life has been marked by the same industry as her maidenhood. The first four years they raised flax and made it into cloth afterward, when it was superseded by cotton. She has always had a loom and made woven cloth, carpets, etc. She took in 100 pounds per year to make into cloth "40 halves." She made about 106 yards of frocking a year, at 8 cents per yard. She furnished the material for the uniform of a well known non-commissioned military company that hailed from her neighborhood. Some years she has woven 500 yards of carpeting. Her first carpet was for Moses Bardwell; the price of weaving 100 cents per yard.

She has made all her own bedquilts and great numbers for other people; always exhibited bedquilts, stockings, socks and stocking-yarn, at the Franklin fairs, so long as the society has existed, and always received premiums. She had the care of a considerable dairy; made butter and cheese; boarded the district school-ma'ms two terms a year for twenty consecutive years, besides occasionally taking other boarders. She says that her present boarder, Locke Payne, is the only one from whom she has heard complaint, and like Oliver Twist, "found famit with his victuals and asked for more." She kept paupers when they were knocked off to the lowest bidder. Old Granny Sinclair, 103 years at 75 cents per week; Betsy Allen, two years at \$1; Hannah Coon, three years; Olive Cary, two years; Granny Ellis, two years, at \$1; and never had one able to do her own washing.

Within six years she has woven 100 yards of carpeting and done considerable spinning. Until within six years since she has never been disabled by an accident, she has never hired help in the house to the cost of \$10. After Mr. Payne had got his farm paid for, she began to save in her own name, and accumulated a considerable sum of money.

The neighbors of her early life--the bold yeomanry of Dry Hill--have all passed away. Antipus Stewart went away and hung himself; two large families of Bartletts; Darius, Daniel and Libeous Payne; Uncle Bill Greene; Martin and Elijah Goodnow; Tom and John Hurd, have all passed away. The school has degenerated from forty to ten scholars. The old farms and houses are occupied by foreigners and transient inhabitants, and Dry Hill seems to be destined to become what it was apparently designed for--a link to hold the world together, and grow wood and timber upon.--Turner's Falls Reporter.

Not by Chance. Perhaps in some isolated instances a man may become wealthy through a series of circumstances very much resembling "luck," but as a rule, those who would enjoy success must work hard for it. Twenty clerks in a store, twenty apprentices in a ship yard, twenty young men in a village--all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the apprentices will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; and one of the apprentices will become a master builder, one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch--but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky? There is rarely any luck about it. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all travel along in this road.

Beer drinkers will resort to Beersheba Springs, Tenn., hereafter, under the impression that they can get Beersheba there.

Hurrying to Port.

Three more vessels of the whaling fleet arrived from the Arctic yesterday afternoon, viz: the bark Abraham Barker, Captain Smith, and Hunter, Captain Homan, and the brig Hidalgo, Captain Williams. Captain George A. Smith, of the Abraham Barker, reports that in all his Arctic experience he never encountered such severe weather as they had in that ocean the present season. He saw nothing of the Jeanette, although he spoke the Sea Breeze after that vessel saw her, and was told by Captain Barnes that the steamer had gone north among the loose and pack ice. Captain Smith is of the opinion that a great error has been committed in sending such an expedition out in a vessel like the Jeanette, with not power enough to work off a lee shore in a gale of wind. It was certainly to be hoped that her expedition would be successful. They encountered a great deal of ice in the Strait as they came out--something unusual--and the voyage down the coast was an extremely tempestuous one. Sunday morning the wind, which had been blowing from the southward and eastward, got around into the northwest, and blew a gale. Captain Homan, of the Hunter, said that he was within 40 miles of Wrangel Land early in October. He saw no sign of the Jeannette. If she was in the situation described by Captain Barnes when he last saw her, he thought she might have got into the pack, and if so, it was highly problematical when she succeeds in getting out. Captain Homan thought it would have been to the ultimate advantage of Captain De Long if he had spoken to the Sea Breeze and availed himself of the experience of her commander and other whaling captains in the fleet. Captain Homan is the captain who, a few years since, struck and captured a large bow head in the Arctic, in which was found a harpoon belonging to a ship that had been whaling off the coast of Greenland four years previous. In fact he had on his vessel a boat steerer who was on the ship Ansell Gibbs at the time the whale was struck, and recollected the circumstance of his escape after the boat was fastened--a fact which shows that speaking the Northwest passage is no new thing with the whale family. Captain Williams reports a severe season in the Arctic, and a very rough passage down from Fox Island. Nov. 8th and 9th he had a severe gale of wind, which blew from nearly every point of the compass within twelve hours, during which the Hidalgo lost her lower foretopmast, and fore and mainsails, the wind blowing them clean out of the bolt ropes.--S. F. Call.

Connecticut Country Towns. A correspondent of the Troy Times has been visiting a town in Connecticut and writes: The editor has shown me over the place, and as we came to the end of No. 5 of the five streets, the conundrum of it all grew too much for me to hold. "Will you just explain this riddle of a burgh?" I cried. "I look at it. There are 1,500 people, alive--at least measurably alive--good for three meals a day, and now, all in sound houses with spacious gardens or lawns--and the lawns kept up, too--and generally a barn and stable; and every house, and barn and stable, and fence and punny, and hoe handle painted so white it makes you ache to look at it. Now meals, and houses, and repairs, and lawns, and horse feed, and tons of white paint, cost money. And the butcher and the baker and the mechanics are paid, too--otherwise they couldn't afford white paint, and would die of shame. Connecticut is full of these sleepy towns, and they all pay their way. Now, how do they do it? These folks can't all be retired wooden nutmeg merchants, and they can't sit and make money by looking at each other, any more than kept-in-school boys can get rich by swapping jackknives. They don't seem to toil nor spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory never had three coats of white paint on his front pailings like one of these. Once more, how the mischief do they do it?" Here I leaned back against a post to get the lucid explanation. "There was a slight pause instead. "Well, I don't know myself," said the editor. "Let's ask the statesman and find out." The statesman stood on the Bacon House porch as we came home, and we asked him, and traced our brains for the rush of information to come. The statesman stopped a minute, and let the question soak slowly through his short Roman curls; then a luminous theory rose, gleamed and died in his deliberate gray eye, and then lifting the antique cane known as his head, and looking even more like the twelve Caesars than usual, "I don't--quite--know--myself," said the statesman.

"Jennie, what makes you such a bad girl?" "Well, mamma, God sent you just the best children He could find and if they don't suit you I can't help it."

A well-dressed little child, lost by some negligent nursemaid, was the center of a sympathetic crowd of gentlemen. Questions poured in upon the child from all sides, but with no effect. At last a gentleman asked, "Where were you going to, my little dear?" "Nuss," blubbered the infant, "sed ise to go to heben."