

ASHLAND



TIDINGS.

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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LOCKS AND KEYS.

Locks are plenty as grains of sand

Under the sea and over the land;

Locks that are strong as strong can be—

But what is a lock without a key?

We hunt and hunt the whole house o'er

For the missing key that was in the door,

And no peace or comfort, I'll be bound,

Will come till the trust key is found.

This piece of steel, with its curious make,

We prize for the hidden treasure's sake,

And guard it well with a ring or clasp

To keep it out of the vandals' grasp.

Do you never think, O neighbor mine,

That our hearts have locks both strong and fine?

To guard the wealth that therein may be,

And some dear hand must hold the key?

A tender word in the hour of pain,

Will bring forth tears like the Summer rain;

Tears long pent up, like jewels bright,

Long hid from the glorious morning light.

And after the tears will come the calm,

The blessed rest, the healing balm;

And less and less will seem the woe

That other souls our sorrows know.

A loving kiss will prove a key

To the children's hearts so sweet and free,

And kind words scattered here and there

Are keys to the holy gates of prayer.

Apache Life.

Interesting Narrative of an Ex-Captive.

In 1857 a little boy of nine years, going to school near San Xavier, in Mexico...

was captured by the Apaches in open day...

and taken into Arizona a thousand miles northward...

One of the boys was murdered on the way...

another was subsequently sold to New Mexicans...

The little boy with whom we are concerned, Jose Maria Mendivil, remained, a captive with the Apaches in the Sierra Mogollon for seven years...

One day in May, 1864, he found himself in the vicinity of a detachment of American troops under Captain Thayer, in Arizona, and surrendered himself to the detachment. The soldiers were about to shoot him for an Apache...

when he was pointed and naked, and had a low and quiver of arrows. But he stooped down and wrote his name in the sand, whereupon all doubts of his being a captive vanished, and he was cared for as an unfortunate boy...

Soon after he came with Captain Quayle to the city, still unable to speak a word of English...

Captain Quayle died, but before dying he requested Dr. Wooster (who had been surgeon of the regiment to a detachment of which Jose the captive surrendered) to take care of the orphan, friendless boy until he could find his father...

Dr. Wooster induced him to learn the trade of ironing carriages, at which he worked faithfully for five years...

at the end of which time his father arrived at Los Angeles—where Jose had been working a few months—and father and son met, after a separation of nearly thirteen years...

Soon after the father died at Anaheim, and on his deathbed communicated to his son the state of his affairs, and placed him in possession of certain documents which gave to him an equitable claim to considerable estates in Sonora and Lower California...

The annexed is a description of the manners and customs of the Apaches, copied from manuscript notes of Dr. Wooster, who gathered his information from THE BOY'S NARRATIVE.

Nearly all the family and personal, and even tribal, quarrels among the Apaches originate in some way about a woman. All other disputes are settled by a present, or payment for damages—imaginary or real; but if the question is concerning a wife who is young and good looking, it is never decided except by bloodshed and then perhaps not for years...

The punishment of an unfaithful wife is to have her nose cut off, but this can be done only by her husband. If he happens to have no other wife, and to like her very much, he will not allow her to be mutilated, but will try to take revenge on her paramour. This leads to endless assassinations, for each family is bound to avenge the death of one of its members by killing some one, and this in turn must be avenged by the new sufferers, and so on, until the quarrel is sometimes settled by a talk and presents, but generally by the extinction of one of the families.

POLYGAMY. Is a source of constant trouble among the women, and of many violent quarrels, in which the husband takes no part. A woman will sit and cry and pout all day with jealousy, eat nothing herself, nor get anything for her husband. In such cases the husband's chief dependence is on his mother, if he has one—if not, on his nearest female relations. As to his preparing his own food, it is entirely out of the question if there is a woman in sight. If he should have no female relations he quarters himself on his best friend who has a wife, and brings his spoils of the chase and plunder taken from the enemy to the common stock of the family.

Among the Apaches the son never refuses obedience to the mother, and the mother on her part is never done toiling for her son. If he should have many wives she always gives him something to eat every day, which she has prepared for him expressly. She is always doing him some little service as a constant memento of her care over him. She makes him buckskins of deerskin, or sandals of rawhide; or she presents him a foxskin jacket in winter, and even carries wood to his already abundant fire. The father

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

When a brave concludes to marry,

either a first or any subsequent wife,

the manner of his courtship is the same.

He makes no effort to become agreeable to his intended bride—indeed, rarely if ever notices her, or speaks to her, except in answer to questions she may put to him. He pays more attention, however, to her male relations, particularly her brothers, if she has any. Finally, if he becomes satisfied that a declaration will not be rejected, then the whole affair is accomplished in a few hours, and generally in this fashion. At night he takes the presents intended for the girl's parents, who alone are entitled to receive any—and places them near the lodge in which she resides. If the presents are horses, they have their trappings also, and are tied with manate near the lodge; if a cow is to be given, a single straw, or a cow's horn, which signifies the intention, is tied to the lodge. If the presents are accepted, which almost always happens, the girl goes in the morning and builds a new lodge or hut for herself and husband, and puts the straw into it for their bed. If the man is rich, there is some ceremony about the marriage; if poor, very little or none. When the parties are of consequence, one of the orators of the tribe is employed by the bridegroom to place a speech to the bride's family for him. The orator stands at a distance of several yards and in his best style makes the declaration for his principal. In this he dilates on his great qualities—his courage, his skill in hunting, or anything in which he is distinguished. The orator confines himself strictly to the truth in his speech, and promises that his principal will maintain and defend his bride; but at the same time informs her family that he may at some other time take an other wife, and even may become tired of her and send her home—all of which are the necessary incidents of Apache married life. He also tells them that while she should remain his only wife, he would be faithful to her, and should expect fidelity, obedience and service from her.

When he returned from hunting, foray or play he wanted his food prepared as soon as possible, and he should expect her always to have a store of food on hand so that he might never want. On his part he would bring her game and spoils of the enemy whenever he could.

After the speech making, during which Indians about the camp usually rise up on their elbows and listen, all then go to sleep. The next morning the girl—sometimes assisted by her companions—builds a new lodge to commence married life in. Her relations make presents to the parents or family of the husband, and this is all that generally is done.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

The obedience and attention of the son to the mother is one of the prominent characteristics of Apache customs. Sometimes an Indian is gone a long time, perhaps from being pursued by enemies, or taken prisoner, or from being hurt by wild beasts in the mountains; but whatever happens to him, if when on his way home, he kills any game, no matter how great his hunger, he takes it to his mother. If he has a wife and children it is all the same—he passes them by to his mother's lodge and gives her the game.

Great affection is shown by Apaches among themselves, particularly among their women. If one returns from a visit of many days to a neighboring band, they all gather around her—men, women and children. The women laugh and pat her shoulder, and put their arms around her, offer her food, carrying her in a thousand ways, and showing evidence of unbounded gladness at her return. In fact, they are really childish in the expression of their emotions; they will repeatedly pronounce the name of the returned one in endearing tones, as a little child would its mother's. This caressing is universal toward the children. They also often express sympathy or pity in their acts, although they have no word for them, except one that means unlucky or poor, or bad, which by varying tones is made equivalent to pity. As for example, if an Indian is left sick by his relations for a long time, or without food and water, within his reach, and an acquaintance passes him in such a condition, he makes use of an expression equivalent to "poor fellow," and perhaps says that such neglect will bring bad luck on his family, or on the whole band, and that that is not the way one of his family would like him to treat them.

IN THEIR ANGER.

They are without restraint and spare nothing, and are even very destructive of their own property. I have seen an Indian draw his knife and cut a deep gash in a pet horse for merely whisking his tail in his eyes while trying to keep off the flies, and have seen a favorite child struck a blow that would leave it senseless for minutes, merely for not obeying a command instantly. In these respects they are more like brutes than rational beings. They very rarely express any regret for past deeds, and become very angry if taunted with some act of stupid anger. As a natural consequence of their brutal tempers, their women are often beaten and ill treated

but sometimes a wife will not only resist, she will strike back and become the aggressor. I saw an amusing instance of this, which those who witnessed it will not probably ever forget.

There was an Apache brave who had a number of wives, and was in the habit of beating them, both from an evil temper and also as an amusement. Now, it happened he had just taken another wife, who was not only young and handsome, but very strong. When I say strong as applied to one of their women, it requires some explanation. The girls, like the boys among them, are brought up the best way they know how to make them vigorous and

CAPABLE OF BEARING ANY AMOUNT OF FATIGUE

And enduring any hardships. They are made to bear the limbs and boughs from trees and break sticks for the purpose of making the arms strong. Some of the boughs of trees they break off, it would seem to a white man, would almost require the strength of a grizzly bear to break. The young wife I speak of had never been beaten until one day when the Indian, her husband, being in an ill humor, struck her several severe blows. She seemed somewhat surprised, but turned to him perfectly coolly and said: "Ah! you are joking to-day. You don't mean that in earnest, of course?" "Yes I do," said the Indian. "What?" said she, "do you say you are in earnest, really?" "Yes," said he, "and I'm going to show you I am." He just lifted his arm to strike her, when, quicker than I can tell it, she seized him by both ears and the hair, threw him on the ground as one would a child, and, with her hands raised high, beat it upon the hard ground until he, almost senseless, begged her for his life. She at length relented, but the Indian never beat a wife again, and his other wives were rejoiced in heart at his just punishment.

A SPEEDY ACCOUCHMENT.

Women belonging to the white civilized races could scarcely realize the hardship and physical vigor of the Apache women. I recollect something that happened one day under my own observation, which will illustrate this better than anything I can tell. A young Apache friend of mine had killed some game, and three or four of us went to help him eat it and have a feast. He had a very handsome young wife, to whom he had been married about a year. Of course she cooked and prepared the food for us, and when it was ready we all sat down and ate as much as we could, for it was very good. I cannot tell exactly the time we were eating and talking, but it was not less than half an hour more than an hour. When we were about done the young wife came along, dressed up in all her finest clothing and ornaments, and seemed so much pleased and happy about something that we could not avoid noticing it, and her husband particularly. He asked what it was that made her so gay and happy. She laughed, and said, "No matter what it was," and for some time refused any explanation; but at length, her husband becoming very much irritated at her silence, she told him, if he must know, he would find out by walking down to the spring in the thicket. We all went down, and there, on a bed of moss, wrapped up in the finest skins, was a beautiful new born child, dressed in its first deer skin, and even had its face painted. Its mother had certainly not been gone from us an hour, and when she returned was as lively, strong and blooming as if nothing unusual had happened.

Bad women are rarely known among these Indians, and if there may be some they make nothing by it, and are generally shunned by the men, though not by the women. Specific diseases are unknown among them.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

When I was a captive among the Apaches I was often very glad I was not a girl, for a girl, whether captive or not, has to work all the time, and is whipped or struck for the least trifling cause, while boys are very rarely beaten. During the first two years of my captivity among them I heard them often sneer and speak scornfully of the worthlessness of any boy that would let himself be struck without resenting it and fighting; but after I had been with them two years; it was well known that I would have killed any one who should strike me on the first occasion. I had no care about living and no fear of death, as I might have now, living with civilized people. This was not because I was wretched or tired of life, for generally I fared as well as any boy of my age, but contempt of death is always taught to the boys. Every day we were told to avoid it in every possible way, because it was considered a great disgrace to be killed either through carelessness or cowardice; but to be afraid of death simply because it is the end of life was considered worse than any conceivable meanness.

A man was seen going about the hill last night, carrying a lantern in the left hand, and peering around corners. "What are you looking for?" inquired a policeman, with an eye to black bags. "Looking for a gas-lamp," said the man. They told me there were several in this region, but I'm blessed if I can find any."

Weather report—Thunder.

Winning a Wife.

The following story of the marriage of Liszt, the pianist, is, if true, certainly very remarkable and romantic. It is as follows:

Liszt was at Prague in the Autumn of 1846. The day after his arrival a stranger called upon him and represented himself as a brother artist in distress, having expended all his means in an unsuccessful lawsuit, and solicited aid to enable him to return to Nuremberg, his place of residence. Liszt gave him a hearty reception, and opened his desk to get some money, but found he possessed only three ducats.

"You see," said the generous artist, "that I am as poor as yourself. However, I have credit, and can coin more money with my piano. I have here a miniature given me by the Emperor of Austria; the painting is of very little value, but the diamonds are fine; take it, sell the diamonds and keep the money."

The stranger refused the rich gift, but Liszt compelled him to take it, and he carried it to a jeweler, who, suspecting from his miserable appearance that he had stolen it, had him arrested and thrown into prison. The stranger sent for his generous benefactor, who immediately called upon the jeweler and told him that the man was innocent and that he had given him the diamonds.

"But who are you?" inquired the jeweler.

"My name is Liszt," he replied.

"I know of no financier of that name," said the jeweler.

"Very possible," said Liszt.

"But do you know that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins?"

"So much the better for him to whom I gave them."

"But you must be very rich to make such presents?"

"My sole fortune consists of three ducats," said Liszt.

"Then you are a fool," said the jeweler.

"No," said Liszt; I have only to move the ends of my fingers to get as much money as I want."

"Then you are a sorcerer," said the jeweler.

"I will show you the kind of sorcery that I employ," said Liszt.

Seeing a piano in the back parlor of the jeweler's shop, the eccentric artist sat down to it, and began to improvise a ravishing air. A beautiful young lady made her appearance, and at the close of the performance exclaimed, " Bravo, Liszt! "

"You know him, then," said the jeweler to his daughter.

"I have never seen him before," she said, but there is no one in the world but Liszt who can produce such sounds from the piano."

The jeweler was satisfied, the stranger was released and relieved, the report of Liszt being in the city flew, and he was waited upon and feied by the nobles, who besought him to give a concert in their city. The jeweler, seeing the homage that was paid to the man of genius, was ambitious of forming an alliance with him, and said to him:

"How do you find my daughter?"

"Adorable!" was the reply.

"What do you think of marriage?" continued the jeweler.

"Well enough to try it," said Liszt.

"What do you say to a dowry of three millions of francs?" he was next asked.

"I will accept of it," was the reply, "and I thank you, too."

"Well, my daughter likes you and you like her," said the jeweler. "The dowry is ready. Will you be my son-in-law?"

"Gladly," replied Liszt, and the marriage was celebrated the week following.

A Sawmill Hand.

A Puget Sound man called upon a Helena lumber firm yesterday.

"Want a sawyer?" he enquired.

"Guess not."

"Not to-day, I believe."

"It's to-day or never," said the man; "tomorrow somebody else will hire me."

"No vacancy just at present," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Want testimonials? Here they are."

The man held up both hands. From one was missing parts of three fingers and from the other a thumb.

"Them's my credentials," he remarked, proud of the showing.

"Looks like you had been in the business."

"A veteran, sir. I've sawed in Maine, Michigan and Port Madison, on the Sound, opposite Seattle, where four hundred men work."

He fumbled his finger stumps and added:

"Plenty of these little accidents over there. If you'll believe a story I'll tell you. The head sawyer in those Sound mills has to put up his fingers to let the men on the carriage know whether to turn the screw for one-inch, two-inch, three-inch or four-inch boards. Well, sir, in the mill I was in they didn't have a man except myself with fingers enough to saw a four-inch board."

The man got a job.

A Kentucky man was hit in the leg by a bullet while on his knees in prayer, and Peck's Sun says: "Such a thing might not occur again in a thousand years in Kentucky."

Stock Raising in Colorado

It is carried on, as must be generally supposed, from Texas to a region considerably north of the Union Pacific Railway, and great herds pass from the Lone Star State through Kansas, and up to the great iron roads running east and west. In New Mexico, Southern Colorado, the Arkansas and its tributaries—the Fountain, the St. Charles, the Muddy, the Cucharas, the Huerfano and others—in the great parks over across the range, and over the plains in Colorado, Nebraska and Wyoming, the herds roam and the rancheros ride. Between Denver and Julesburg, on the Union Pacific Railroad, lies the immense range of the late Mr. Ayllife, one side of which was fifty miles in length. He is said to have begun fifteen years ago with a capital of one hundred dollars, and his estate is valued at \$1,500,000. It was interesting and instructive to hear how one of his friends accounted for his unusual success: "Some people try to attend to several things, or to do more than one kind of business, but he only thought of one thing for those fifteen years, and that one thing was cattle. And attending only to that, and working at it and thinking about it all the time, he came to understand it perfectly well, and to have perfect judgment about making the most of stock."

A dissertation on the cattle herds of the Great West would occupy a large volume, and those who have chosen other parts of this domain than Southern Colorado are doubtless competent to give a reason for the faith that is in them," and amply support the wisdom of their choice of location. To us this same Southern Colorado seems to present, on the whole, the greatest advantages. It is traversed by railroads, and accessible from all sides, and the climate is most salubrious, and so mild in winter that the stock can remain on the range throughout the year. Other things being equal, there are many men who highly prize the grand, ever-present spectacle and genuine companionship of "the everlasting hills." No doubt in other regions land can be had more cheaply, and sometimes occupied without fee or reward, but there are sure to be counterbalancing advantages.

Above a certain latitude, and notably in Wyoming, great losses have occurred from severe winters, and not very far to the north the "Lo family (as the noble red man—"Lo" the poor Indian"—is called on the plains) come in to disturb and molest. All admirers and advocates of these hyperborean regions have ample opportunities to rise and explain, be on the pleasant task, reclining under the shadow of the Sierra Mojada, of singing the eulogues of the valleys of the San Carlos and the Huerfano, for it is "not that we love Cesar less, but Rome more."

We have said that water was the prime requisite, and the banks of streams are consequently first sought. Government land is divided into 640 acres (a mile each way), and quarter sections of 160 acres. What more simple and easy, we hear some one ask, than to take up four quarter sections in a line along the stream, and while we only own, strictly speaking, a quarter of a mile in width, to occupy, without let or hindrance, away back to the divide (ridge between that valley and the next), being sure that no one will have either the motive or the will to dispute with us the possession of this arid area? Nothing, certainly, except that a number of able bodied citizens besides yourself have not only conceived this same idea, but acted promptly on it, and that, in consequence, the supply of water frontage may be found inadequate to meet the demand, and its market value consequently and proportionately increases. There are always, however, ranchmen willing to sell for one reason or another, and no one need despair of obtaining a good location at a fair rate, with the improvements ready made. Then he can buy his stock, mainly, if he be wise, on the spot and in the neighborhood, for, with the great improvement now taking place in breeds, it is no longer desirable to buy largely in Texas. Then come his "cow-boys," or herdsmen, not Mexicans, as in old times, but generally stalwart Americans, quick of hand and deliberate of speech. They are provided with swift and sure-footed horses, generally, in these days, of the broncho type—a mixture of the American horse and the mustang.

It may now fairly be asked, where else in the world, and in what other known way, can a man sit down and see his possessions increase before his eyes with so little exertion involved on his part? With the dawn the cattle are all grazing. Thin and gray enough the grass looks to the inexperienced eye, but the ranchero well knows the tufts of buffalo and gramma growth, gauges the value of this feed as compared, in the matter of nutriment, with the richest greensward of apparently more fertile regions, and remembers that it grows twice a year. Then, with the utmost regularity, and some time before noon, the whole herd—the splendid bulls, the pumpsteers, the red and white and roan and mottled cows—take their accustomed trail, and seek the water with unerring certainty.—Harpers Magazine.

The American twenty dollar gold piece has succeeded the English sovereign as the gold standard of the world.