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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday,

—BY—

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

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

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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.

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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.
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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,
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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 desire 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 Southeastern 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,
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THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFAC'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

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

Signor Antonio, many times und oft
In der Rialto you haf abused me
Abound my moneys, und said dot
I took more inderest in a year
Den der brincipal vas come to!
Still have I borne all dose mit
A patient shrug.
For, vat you call it? sufferance?—
Vas der badge of all our tribe;
You call me bad names—
Misbeliever, cut-trod, son uv a gun,
Cheep Shon, and so on.
Vell, den, it now appeared
Dot you need my helup!
You come to me und you said,
Mister Shylock, old poy, I vould
Like to borrow dree dousand dollars
Till next Saturday! you said so?
You, dot haf booted me
Two, dree, six, several times,
Und spurned me from from threshold
Like a tog! Moneys is your suit den?
By goodness, you haf more sheek
As a book agent! Should I not said:
Haf a tog money?
Do a son uv a gun
Keep a pank agount?
Didn't it been an impossibility
Dot a cur should lend you
Dree dousand dollars? Or,
Shall I bend low, und in a bondsman's key,
Mit bated breath und vhispered humbleness
Said this:
Fair sur, you spit on me on Vednesday last,
You spurned me on Thursday,
On Friday you told me to vipe off
Mine shin off;
Aunder dime you called me
Old stick-in-der-mud;
Und, now, for dose dings
I lend you—a five cent nickle
Und took a mortgage
On your old pald head! Don't it?

Romance of Roaring Camp.

She was a little thing, says the Louisville Herald, with large, luminous eyes, that, lighting up her features, rendered positively attractive a face that would otherwise be passed in a crowd without a second glance, and a wealth of coal black hair, neatly arranged, except a heavy lock that, by its own weight, had escaped from its fastenings. She seemed half frightened at her position, and her dark cheeks and forehead flushed to the roots of her hair as she stepped into the little room where the 'Squire sat dispensing justice. She seemed not over sixteen, and modesty was apparent in her attitude as she stood with her folded hands awaiting the commencement of further proceedings.

Her companion was a grizzled, awkward looking man, apparently fifty years of age, with an ugly scar stretching from the inner point of his left eye across his cheek to nearly the point of his chin, describing an arc, which had left a wide track bare of an otherwise luxuriant growth of gray whiskers. Hair matted and growing low down on his forehead, together with the distortion of his eye, occasioned by the scar, gave his countenance a sinister leer positively repulsive.

The ill assorted pair stood for a moment while his Honor disposed of some papers before him, the man fumbling a worn out felt hat, while the girl nervously twisted her fingers. As the Justice turned toward them expectantly, the man stepped to the desk, and leaning toward his Honor, said in a confidential, husky whisper:

"'Squire, you marry people, I suppose?"

The official nodded,

"Well, I reckon I can give you a little job this morning."

"Who are the parties?"

"This little gal here, an' me."

His honor pushed back his chair, put on his spectacles and deliberately surveyed the man from head to foot. His inspection finished, he turned to the girl, whose blushes, under his earnest, inquiring gaze, chased each other over neck, cheeks and forehead, until she was one glow of burning color.

"See here, my man," said the 'squire," come into my room for a moment. Take a seat, miss."

Leading the way to the inner room, his honor closed the door, and turned fiercely upon his companion. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you old scoundrel, to come here expecting me to marry you to a child like that!"

"Now don,t get hot, 'squire. I know I ain't much to look at. I've been told that since I was a kid, and this beauty spot," touching the scar, "ain't an improvement. An' it is all along o' this scar that this 'ere circumstance has come about. This was the way of it: You see, what with being so awkward and ugly, and all of that, I ain't been the best man in the world. I never harmed anybody, but I generally kept pretty full, and if I got ahead any, why it all went in a few days for liquor; and so I traveled around, and was never anything but a vagabond. Well, last spring I struck the camp, an' saw men making money, and after a big drunk found myself without a cent. This ain't no place for a man when he's dead, and hopped short. I worked two month in the Little Pittsburg, an' never got drunk once, and then I took my money and laid in a two months' grubs stake, an' went up South Evans an' took up a claim. There's where I first met Kitty out there. Her father had the next claim to mine, an' she kept house for him an' we got neighborly-like. When I got broke I was down forty feet an' the hole looked good, an' then I went at it again. All that time I didn't drink a drop. The second day after I went back to the hole Kitty's father sickened, and in three days he was dead. Me an' two or three others did all we could for the girl, an' there wasn't many of us up there then an' we was all poor, and she had no money to get away with. So I just moved my grub over to her cabin, an' I told her that it she would do my cookin' and I struck it, I'd share even with her. She couldn't do anything else, poor thing; an' so I went on working, an' in a month I got it. Of course I felt good, an' if I had been broke it would have been all right. But I had a couple of dollars an' I came to town, an' when the money was all gone I was too drunk to go to that little gal, and because I knew she'd come over to my cabin to call me to supper, I thought I'd go down the shaft and sleep it off. But a drunken man can't calculate, you know, an' if I'd let the rope down an' fastened it, I went to slide down the rope an' touched the bucket, which was on the edge of the hole, an' it came down on my face an' left this scar. I don't know how I got down the rope, but I know that when I got down I couldn't get up, an' I laid there without knowin' nothing and when I come to it was mornin' an' there was that little girl's face lookin' down the shaft. I thought it was an angel, an' kinder swooned off again, an' the next thing I knew some one was tyin' the rope around under my arms, an' blessed if it wasn't that little gal. When she got through she just climbed up the rope and hoisted me herself. I don't know how she did it, but she got me out and nussed me, an' now I'm well. I sold my hole yesterday an' got enough to keep us both comfortable, and I've got used to her, an' don't know how to get along without her, an' so we want to get married, an' that's the long and short of it."

"But there's such a difference in your ages."

"Not so much, 'squire," said the man, with a movement of his eye that would have been a wink had a wink been possible. "She's twenty-five and I'm fifty-two—the same figures, you know."

"But is the girl entirely willing?"

"You can ask her," and as the old man spoke the door opened and the girl, who had become impatient at the long conference, walked in.

"There's nothing wrong about this, judge," she broke out; "I'm turning twenty-five, an' my own mistress, an' Jim is the kindest, best man in the world, an' I love him, an' though he don't say much, I know he loves me, an' we've got $20,000, and we're goin' to get married, unless," and here she broke down with a sob, "he changes his mind."

"I'll never change my mind, Kitty," said the old man, drawing her toward him.

In a few minutes man and wife went out of the office, and the 'squire, with a gratified smile, pocketed the best fee he had received for a month.

Improvement of Western Live Stock.

The rapid development of the West has given a wonderful impetus to certain branches of industry, such as mining, building of railroads, etc., but to none more than the raising of stock. The vast prairies of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, covered as they are with nutritious grasses, and capable of affording pasturage to many millions of sheep and cattle, thus reducing the expense of keeping for the greatest portion of the year to that of herding, have attracted thousands of men in all degrees of financial standing, from the man of meagre means up to the millionaire, into live stock raising, until now the broad acres of the new West are everywhere pressed by the hoofs of vast herds, and from points which, but a few years ago, were unknown and unexplored, come long trains laden with the fruits of the stock-raiser's labor.

At the outset it was of course necessary to utilize such grades of sheep and cattle as came to hand the most readily and could be got for the least expenditure of money. But, as in the rapid progress of civilization in the West, new communities speedily take on the character of older settlements, improvement in all matters pertaining to that civilization must, of necessity, keep pace therewith.

As a result, we find cattle and sheep men from the farthest limit of the grazing district inquiring for, and purchasing in large numbers, animals of superior breed and excellence, in order that they may build up their herds and come into market with superior stock, and thus realize greater profits for time and money expended, and already there is a noticeable improvement in the sheep and cattle coming from the far West.

From our Western exchanges, as also from private advices, we learn of continual and rapid improvement in live stock, especially in cattle, and we can confidently say to breeders of thoroughbred stock that the West will henceforth afford them a good market—one in which fair prices can be certainly expected, although we do not expect to see fancy prices obtained from purchasers, whose chief aim is to get animals which will add the most largely to their profits, and is not to get animals with the longest and strongest pedigree and but little else to recommend them.—American Stockman.

Jefferson Davis is threatened with blindness, and both he and his wife have been much broken in health since the recent death of their son.

A Famous Matador.

Frascuelo, whom all Spain has applauded for ten years, whom the prettiest women of all the Spanish provinces have in turn called Frascuelito, has now just died of a horn thrust naturally received in the exercise of his profession. Frascuelo, among Spaniards, was a hero. During his lifetime he was the curiosity above all others that his countrymen showed to strangers and he was proud of his distinction. He was born at Andalusa, and at the age of ten years went to work in the slaughter houses of Seville, where all the matadors begin their career, these slaughter houses being for them a sort of academy. At 18 he was engaged in the famous company of El Tato, who also died of a horn thrust. At first he was a simple chalo—that is to say he was charged with the duty of exciting the bull by shaking a fiery red handkerchief, or cloth, before his eyes. Then he was promoted to the position of banderillero. The mission of the banderillero is to plant little javelins in the shoulders of the animal. At this dangerous game Frascuelo was wonderfully expert. When the bull rushed at him with lowered head, he stepped lightly between the animal's horns and bounded clean over him, planting his bankerillos while in the air. Or he would simply await the attack, leaning on a long pole. When the animal rushed at him he would leap over him, using the pole for support. The bull might break the pole, but Frescuello would be sure to land on his feet some five paces from his former position, and then solemnly salute the spectators. It was by a unanimous vote that he was raised to the dignity af primo spada.

On day at St. Sebastian his chief, Lagartijo, was wounded and was unable to continue the fight. The crowd called for Frascuelo to take his place. Frascuelo picked up the sword, ran at the bull and classically planted the weapon in the back of the animal's neck. After that day he killed over three hundred bulls in the same manner, and was often wounded. The crowd worshipped him, not only for his skill and courage, but also for the singular richness of his costumes. He thought nothing of spending $4,000 for an equipment, and, like a pretty woman who changes her dress for every ball, he never wore the same costume twice. Frascuelo leaves a considerable fortune, and his heirs, moreover, will find in his desks an immense collection of love letters, locks of hair, faded boquets—in fine, a collection the like of which is not possessed by any living man, not excepting even the most applauded of tenors.

A Local Editor's Dream

Once upon a time a local editor dreamed that he was dead and in another world. He approached a city before him and knocked for admittance, but no one answered his summons. The gate remained closed against him. Then he cried aloud for an entrance, but the only response was scores of heads appearing above the wall on the other side of the gate. At sight of him the owners of the heads set up a dismal howl and one of them cried: "Why didn't you notice that big egg I gave you?" At this horrid and most unexpected interrogation, the poor local turned in the direction of the voice to learn its owner, when another voice shrieked: "Where's that piece you were going to write about my soda fountain?" and close upon this was the awful demand: "Why did you write a piece about old Tomlinson's hens, and never speak of my new gate?" Whatever answer he was going to frame to this appeal was cut short by the astonishing query: "Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?" The miserable man turned to flee, when he was rooted to the ground by these terrible demands: "Why did you put my marriage among the deaths?" He was on the point of saying the foreman did it, when a shrill voice madly cried: "You spoilt the sale of my horse by publishing that runaway!" and another: "If I catch you alone I'll lick you for what you said about me when I was before the police court." "Another?" "Why didn't you show up the school question when I told you to?" And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically exclaiming: "This is the brute that botched my poetry and made me ridiculous!" Whereupon hundreds of voices screamed: "Where is my article? Give me back my article!" And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, perspiring at every pore and screaming for help.—Stamford Advocate.

Opium.

Opium, beside doing much to wreck the frame, rot the mind as either tobacco or alcohol, is infinitely more to be dreaded than they, for its approaches are so gentle and seductive, its use is attended with so little inconvenience—in short, it is so eminently polite and respectable a demon—that we do not realize its proximity until it has us or our loved ones in its clutches. The enemy that is open and above board in his methods of work, the devil with his horns and tail and cloven hoofs uncovered, is almost a friend in comparison with the mild-mannered Mephistopheles

Sign for a bath house—You can't make silk purse out of a souse here.

Ladies Who Sell Their Pictures.

Beautiful actresses are glad to advertise themselves by their photographs, and ladies of doubtful reputation, they say, are delighted to see their pictures exhibited in showcases and windows. It seems, however, from the story of a New York photographer. that many society women are more careful and businesslike in disposing of the counterfeit presentment of their charms, and that many beautiful creatures adored in the charmed circle of fashion owe their finery to the sale of their photographs. The way that this strange custom was started was not by the enterprise of a picturemaker, but by accident. A beautiful lady was sitting for a photograph, with the conventional pleasant expression turned on her pretty eyes and mouth, when the photographer said innocently: "Mrs. X., you should have been an actress, for twenty men have been here begging me to sell them your photograph; I could have gotten a dollar apiece for them." "Could you?" said the lady, serenely, without disturbing her pleasant expression; "then take a hundred and pay me twenty-five cents apiece." Which he did: and the job panned out so well that as soon as another acknowledged beauty came he made the same remark about her—"You should have be an actress," etc., etc.

The remark never failed to lead to a similar speculation. Here is what he says about his lovely picture models: "There are hundreds of women who would willingly pose for me on the same basis, but out of the lot there are only a comparative few whose pictures really will sell. Yet, no matter how ugly a woman is, you can't tell, much less persuades her, of this fact; and you can imagine the annoyance I have to get rid of the undesirable ones. My best excuse is a stagnant market. I explain that business is dull, and that people are not buying pictures now as they used to. Then they lasso me on another tack. They insist on being photographed for nothing, and on my keeping the negatives until business brisks up, when they'll arrange about price. The women made popular by flirtation are well known to men about town by reputation, and all snobs not in the best society buy their pictures to make believe that they know these fashionable ladies of the ton. Every one whom they honor with a passing flirtation, therefore, wants a picture of them. You know how it is. You see a lady's portrait on a man's table. 'Aha! a new girl, eh, Jack?' Jack winks, or drops a sly word, and his vanity, is satisfied. Why, I've seen men coolly write an autograph on the back of a picture they've just bought, and carry it off to exhibit as a gift from a new 'mash.' To these kinds of purchasers society pictures sell on account of the identity of the sisters. The general public buoys them for their pictorial value. Then again the rivalry among the originals is very great. It's like making collections of New Year's cards. Each tries to sell more pictures than the other, and so sends a great many customers to us. One of my sisters has a cunning way of pushing business which beats the deck. One of my customers—a glorious beautiful widow—has the best dodge of them all. She takes home a hundred of her photographs, and when a gentleman calls the maid happens to be looking at one of them.

"'What is that, Susan?' asks the caller,

"'A photograph of Missis,' says Susan. 'Ain't it just too lovely?'

"'Rather,' replies the caller, and then he gives Susan a dollar for it.

"Another cute trick in the business is to keep a pile of pictures on the parlor table, and tell the gentlemen that they are for sale for the benefit of a charitable institution."

This photograph man is a "horrid wretch," even if he tells the truth.

A Hundred-Dollar Bill.

We have a story with a moral for our numerous subscribers who are in the habit of carrying $100 in their pockets. A Hartford gentleman had a roll to that amount when he went to his butcher's Saturday. Monday he called on him and said he must have dropped the roll in his shop. Butcher said a man he knew by sight came in just after the gentleman was gone Saturday night, and after paying for his meat, stooped down, picked up a roll, said he had dropped his money, and walked off. Next Saturday this man returned, and was told about the other man's loss. He at once sent him a check for the amount, and said he was in a neighboring town the week before, and was paid $100 just as the train was leaving, so he thrust it, as he supposed, into his vest pocket. When he was at the market he missed it, and looking down saw the roll on the floor, which he put into his pocket again. A week after, while feeling in his coat which he had worn during the week, he found another roll in one of the pockets. He at once posted to the butcher's to find if any one had lost the sum. He was to have been arrested the following Monday, and would have had hard work to prove his innocence of the theft.—Ex.

A son of the Green Isle stood on the highway looking on a comrade who was lying helpless through drink. The day was hot, and as the Irishman wiped his forehead, he said sadly: "Ah, my boy, I wish I had just half of your disease."

Motions of the Stars.

Now with regard to the motion of stars. It is sometimes asked whether they are rushing way off into space, or approaching us with great velocity. It is certain that the stars are not approaching us or receding at a speed that would affect their brightness. Although they travel many miles in every second, it appears to be but slowly, for it takes some of them 36,000 years to travel around their own little orbit. But how are we to know if these stars are approaching us or not? This is determined by a calculation of the waves of light, the colors shown by the spectrum clearly donating the motion of the source of light to which it is applied. I believe this will prove a source of fertile research, and enable us to reconcile the drifting stars and tell whether they are approaching us or drifting farther off. By this means we shall be able to map out the whole architecture of the heavens and the configuration of the planetary system.

The stereopticon then showed a large number of views of the Milky Way, which the lecturer explained at length. He drew attention to the fact that the Milky Way, which is an aggregation of relatively small stars forming a sort of stream, and extending itself among the more scattered and larger stars, was strewn with the same wealth of stars, not only of the ninth and tenth magnitudes, which would not be surprising, but of stars of the nineteenth and twentieth magnitudes. He also pointed out on the maps vast solitudes in space in which there gleamed not a single bright spot, and he expressed a hope that before long it might be possible to recognize the architecture of the heavens and the laws according to which the stars were arranged. "We may be able to reach higher and higher orders than those now known," he said, "but we have no reason for believing that we can reach the limits of our system, or bound with a telescope the galaxies that lie outside our system. It is not that I would narrow the universe, but on the contrary carry our investigations as far as possible into space. I would recognize yet higher order of stars, and systems of systems, and so on absolutely without end. Here, then, we have lost ourselves in the contemplation of space, we have lost ourselves in the contemplation of time, and now we lose ourselves in the infinite variety and complexity of the stars."

Plagiarism.

The Chicago plagiarist, Rev. Dr. Loring, it is a comfort to know, felt sore over the exposure of his theft of the Rev. Dr. Parker's sermon, and wrote a long letter to the latter on the subject. His explanation is the best, perhaps, that could be made under the circumstances, but it will convince no one that there was not an intentional appropriation of another's thoughts, arrangement, illustrations and even language. The fact that a portion of the Loring discourse was original does not clear the Chicago clergyman for stealing the rest. Nor will the fact that he has an unusually retentive memory.

Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, whose brain and heart production was thus ruthlessly appropriated, writes a kind but firm and manly reply. "The memory," he says, "which could recollect the sermon, could surely recollect its author's name, otherwise it is, indeed, an extraordinary memory." But in closing Dr. Parker, with good sense, says: "I hold that ministers are quite at liberty to make use of each others sermons, and that a very slight acknowledgement of indebtedness may often be quite enough to cover even a large obligation, but I must say that to publish another man's sermons as my own is no part of my Christian liberty."

The above is a deserved rebuke of a very grave offense considering the profession of the offender, and the punishment which has followed the plagiarism should be a warning to professional men engaged in literary work. The habit of plagiarizing is common at college. Many a student has won undeserved praise by appropriating to himself the thoughts and language of others; but students are so often caught at it that it is a wonder the vicious practice is not thoroughly broken up before a man can get settled down in a profession.

The Wicked Deacon.

In a flourishing young city of Michigan lives a worthy man who has had the misfortune to be a widower three times, and is now living with his fourth wife, who has two boys by a former marriage. These have been taught to call the step father "pa." While entertaining company at tea a few evenings since, an aggravated case of divorce became the topic of conversation. A lady expressed herself emphatically against divorces, quoting several passages of Scripture, and concluding with this: "And St. Paul says he that putteth away his wife commits a grevious sin." At this, the eldest boy, having duly filled his stomach, suddenly took in the whole subject by saying, "Why, pa has put away three or four on 'em, and he's a deacon, too!" That will do for Michigan.

When you give a child a bat it will be likely to give you a bawl.