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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday. LEEDS & MERRITT.

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OFFICE: At the Ashland Drug Store.

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THE ASHLAND MILLS!

We will continue to purchase wheat at the highest market price. Flour, Feed, Etc., At Mill Price.

ASHLAND Livery, Sale & Feed STABLES, Main Street, Ashland.

I have constantly on hand the very best SADDLE HORSES, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.

HORSES BOARDED On reasonable terms, and given the best attention.

MARBLE!

ASHLAND MARBLE WORKS, J. H. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

Having again settled in this place and turned my entire attention to the Marble Business, I am prepared to fill all orders with neatness and dispatch.

J. M. McCall & Co., Main Street, Ashland.

NEW DEPARTURE.

The undersigned from and after April 18th, propose to sell only 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.

HEADQUARTERS!

For Staple and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Millinery, Dress Goods, Crockery, Glass and Tin Ware, Shawls, Wrappers, Cloaks, And, in fact, everything required for the trade of Southern and South-eastern Oregon.

IRON AND STEEL

A full assortment of For Blacksmiths' and General use. A Full Line of Ashland Woolen Goods!

The highest market prices paid for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Bacon, Lard. Come One and All.

J. M. McCall & Co.

THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFACTURING 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 Prompt Attention!

At Prices that Defy Competition.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

W. H. Atkinson, SECRETARY

THE MAIDEN AND HER LOVER.

Far, far away, beside the foam, A little maiden had her home, And princes wooed her, rich and gay, But still she lightly said them nay;

Her father oft would musing stand, And hold his little maiden's hand, And, pointing, cry, "From o'er the sea One day my wife will come to me;"

A lover came o'er seas one day, And stole her simple heart away; But when she saw her father's tears, And thought of all his after years,

She found her father sitting there, She wept and kissed his silver hair; She loved them both, she loved them so, Long, and long, and long ago.

The Spectre Pilot.

An old whaler-ship one afternoon raised her battered boom to catch the rays of the setting sun.

A thick glaze of ice covered her from keel to rail--from truck to deck. Even the ropes and sails were partially stiffened with it.

Her whole appearance showed the rough usage she had sustained among the does and storms of the Antarctic.

But little of her bulwarks on either side remained. They had been stove in and splintered in many places.

The paint on her sides was worn away; long streaks of rust extended above and below her fore, main and mizzen chains, and her hull was bruised and battered from bow to stern.

All these things gave to her an appearance that was almost unearthly, and which harmonized well with her name, the Flying Dutchman, painted on her stern.

But Captain Pearl refused to change the name. At last he succeeded in shipping a crew--many of whom were green hands--and the vessel sailed, the captain carrying with him his pretty niece, Mabel--a rosy, bright-eyed damsel of twenty, who was an orphan, and who had accompanied her uncle on a previous voyage.

Pearl had a doctor on board--a good looking young man of twenty-five, named George Lossing--who, the moment he saw Mabel and conversed with her, decided that she would make an excellent wife.

In fact, she was intelligent, so modest, and with all her charming vivacity, so plainly showed the "housewifery" faculty in her neat management of the cabin, and in a certain demureness of manner, that she charmed the young doctor.

In spite of her ominous name, the ship, although meeting with many narrow escapes in the Antarctic Ocean, and although frozen in the ice for months, had received excellent luck in the whaling line.

On this afternoon, in 1853, she was bound home, full of whale and seal oil, which would bring a rich harvest to Pearl (who was her owner as well as her captain), provided she reached her destined port of safety. Would she ever reach it?

This was the question often propounded by her crew. Some of them were of the opinion that she never would, on account of her name, and all felt uneasy on the subject.

On dark nights when the wind was howling around the craft, driving the ice before it, the watch would shrug their shoulders and peer through the gloom, as if every moment expecting to behold some spectral vessel flying past them or ranging alongside.

But the ship had now shaken off the last grinding mass of ice from her sides, and illimitable extent of clear water, glistening in the rays of the sickening sun, stretched before her.

Down in the cabin sat Mabel and the doctor, watching her red light coming through the window. The girl had just promised to be George's wife, and he held both of her hands in his.

Her smooth, round face looked so pretty when she said this that the young man could not help putting an arm about her waist and kissing her glowing cheek.

"That is a woman's theory," he said, smiling. "It is a true one," she answered. "Love can dispel every trouble--every pain!"

"Wait till the baby has the cramp, and see if it will dispel that!" came, at this moment, the bluff voice of Captain Pearl, as he suddenly descended the companion steps.

"Now, uncle, for shame! You have been listening!" cried Mabel, starting up in some confusion.

In due time the vessel arrived in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope. The face of some of the sailors then wore a solemn look.

It was in this locality that the fable phantom craft, the Flying Dutchman, was said to have been seen.

Captain Pearl's crew predicted that now the ship's "bad luck" would commence, on account of that unfortunate name on her stern.

As if to verify this prediction, one of the men fell from the foreyard and was badly hurt. Another, soon after, was taken so ill that it was feared he would die. True, the young doctor cured him in a few hours, but his shipmates insisted that there was a bad look in his eyes--that he was not at all the "same person" as before.

On that very day, at night, a boat, in which the carpenter had been at work repairing the cabin window shutter, was left towing astern.

The captain's pipe, as he leaned from the window smoking, dropped into the boat. He got into the latter to pick it up, when the pin to which the warp was fastened, and which was somewhat worn, gave way as he drifted off in the darkness.

His absence was not discovered till hours after, when a fruitless search was made for him in the darkness.

Just before daylight, however, a boat with a man in it, was dimly seen approaching from the direction of the land, which was not a league distant, off the weather-beam.

But the crew were mistaken in their suppositions. It proved to be the captain. As he sculled the boat under the stern of the ship, when she was close to it, instead of alongside, it was noticed that he had a roll of canvas, which had been in the light craft, spread out so as to cover nearly all thwart.

After he had sent forward the men, who were staring over the rail at him, some of them apparently surprised, if not disappointed, that their superstitious prediction of his loss was not fulfilled, he stated that his boat had drifted ashore, where he had remained to watch for his ship to wear round, ere attempting to reach her.

A fortnight later, when fifteen miles south of Table bay, and not far from land, the ship was struck by a terrible gale.

A thin, sulphurous sort of haze partially obscured the full moon, the dim rays of which, together with the phosphorus of the sea and the vessel's lanterns, threw a strange, ghastly light over her sails and deck.

Almost upon her beam ends, with every timber cracking and groaning, away she went under shortened canvas, driven with fearful velocity towards the white breakers and the rocks, now not fifty fathoms ahead.

Pale and gloomy stood the men, for it seemed as if no human power could save the craft from being dashed upon the rocks.

There was scarcely one among the foremost hands who did not believe that their impending doom was owing to the unlucky name the vessel bore.

Aft stood George Lossing, the young doctor, with one arm supporting the trembling, affrighted Mabel, who clung closely to him. "On, George! we are lost!" she said. "Back!" cried Captain Pearl. "No boat can live in this sea!"

continued, in a voice that cut through the gale like the shriek of a steam whistle.

"It is the 'Flying Dutchman' himself!" cried one of the old Portuguese sailors.

"A pull on the weather braces!" repeated the apparition, "Jump for your lives!"

There was magnetism in the voice, and the men now obeyed in spite of their fears.

The course of the ship was thus slightly changed.

The weird pilot, after a few more orders, took the helm himself; and, finally, to the surprise of all, guided the vessel into a sheltered bay, among towering rocks, where she was safely anchored.

He then disappeared over the stern, and was never again seen by the awe-stricken crew."

On the next day, the gale having abated, the captain--cashed Cape Town, which was not far distant.

The appearance of the spectral visitor had not seemed to alarm either him or his officers; neither had it troubled Mabel or the doctor.

The truth of the matter was this. When the captain went ashore on the night he drifted from the ship, he found one of the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape on the beach. This person informed him that he was a fugitive; that he had been a landroost--a sort of sheriff--of a district some miles away, but that for liberating a negro slave from a cruel master, his house had been attacked by a mob, and he had been obliged to fly for his life.

Besides his money, which was in notes, he had brought away with him in a bag the only things he could carry--the only valuables, in fact, that he possessed worth caring for. These were some old-fashioned Dutch clothes, which had belonged to one of his ancestors, and some articles of modern attire.

He begged Captain Pearl to take him aboard his ship and conceal him. He would rather the crew should not know he was aboard, as there might be those among them to inform against him when the vessel reached Cape Town, where he hoped to find a German craft, in which he could take passage for his native land.

The captain complied with his request, hiding him in the boat by throwing the canvas over the hatch.

Subsequently the fugitive was got through the cabin window into the cabin, though not without being seen by Mabel, the doctor and the officers, who, however, promised to keep the secret.

On the night of the storm the land-drost, hearing of the vessel's danger, declared he would save her, as he was acquainted with every nook and corner of that coast, having once been a pilot there, and knew of a safe bay where the craft could anchor.

In order that the crew might not guess the truth when he should appear before them, he hit upon a ruse of donning his ancestor's (ancient Dutch garments; for, having heard of their superstitious fears about the name of the ship, he doubted not the crew would, on seeing him thus attired, mistake him for the veritable "Flying Dutchman" in person.

After saving the vessel, the passenger by means of a dangling rope, descended from the stern rail to the cabin window, through which he was helped by the captain into the cabin.

On arriving at Cape Town, Pearl contrived at night to convey him secretly in a boat to the shore, and on the next day he took passage aboard a homeward bound German craft in the harbor.

Gen. Butler's Coat.

If anything besides failure to capture Massachusetts can aggravate Gen. Butler, it must be the story that he wears a coat of buffalo skin. After expending some hundreds of dollars for an outer garment of sleek fur, the temper of the usually imperturbable statesman of Essex must be somewhat ruffled to have the reporters tell the world that he is going about the country with what looks like a buffalo robe thrown about his shoulders.

Gen. Butler brought his famous coat to New York when he came to argue the case against the Elevated Railways. When the driver of a Broadway stage saw him swinging a heavy stick at the corner of Bleeker street yesterday afternoon, he must have taken him for a monster bear which had wandered down from the Adirondack region, or else have supposed from the appearance of his ambiguous optics that he was shaking his club at another man. He certainly was too frightened or bewildered to rejoin up, and a crowd of gamins were tickled to see the old man vainly trying to catch the stage. But roughly usage has given the General a hide as tough as that of a rhinoceros, and he is quite as indifferent to the jeers of news boys as perhaps he may be to the gossip of the press, and who knows but that he secretly enjoys the story of the spoons, and may chuckle to think that some newspaper scribblers are such fools that they cannot tell a beaver from a buffalo skin! That great coat in which he wraps his body is, after all, but the mate to that comfortable garment of a sense of luxurious ease and self-complacency in which his inner consciousness is encased, perfectly secure from the tannits of the scolding world.--N. Y. World.

Trying to Annul a Marriage.

Mr. Edward P. Miller, a member of the Stock Exchange of this city, has brought suit in the Chancery Court at Louisville, Ky., to have the marriage of Mrs. Kate C. Miller to his deceased step-brother, George C. Miller, declared null and void, and to recover that portion of the dead man's estate now held by the widow. Before her marriage Mrs. Miller was Miss Kate Creel. She possessed great beauty and attractiveness, and was one of the belles of Louisville. George C. Miller was a former resident of St. Louis, and a member of the lottery firm of Murray, Miller & Co. He had been but a short time in Louisville when he met Miss Creel, and became deeply attached to her. He left the Galt House, where he had been stopping, and took rooms at the Waverly, where Miss Creel lived. Mr. Miller paid the young lady marked attention, and it is said, made her several offers of marriage. He had, however, an unfortunate habit of drinking to excess, and on this account Miss Creel refused his offers. Finally he gave evidence of having reformed, and in February last it was announced that Miss Creel had yielded to his suit. The couple were married on the 23d of the month by the Rev. L. P. Tschefeldy, Rector of Grace Church. The marriage was a happy one for a time, but Mr. Miller's appetite for liquor soon overcame his resolves, and he again became a drinking man. Four months after the marriage Mr. Miller died. Edward P. Miller, his step-brother, went to Louisville, and he and Mrs. Miller agreed upon an equal division of the large estate of the deceased. The agreement was ratified by the court and the widow, as administratrix, distributed the estate in accordance with the judgment of the court. Mrs. Miller spent the Summer at Long Branch, where she suffered for two months from injuries received in a runaway accident. At the close of the season she returned to Louisville and has since lived a quiet life in the Galt House. About a week ago Edward P. Miller and his mother went to Louisville. He sought counsel and suddenly brought suit in the Chancery Court to recover the entire estate of Geo. C. Miller, and for that purpose, to have marriage of the deceased annulled. In his petition, Mr. Miller declares that the marriage of George C. Miller and Kate C. Creel was a fraud and a mockery, because his step-brother was, at the time of the ceremony and had been for two years before, "a lunatic, a person of unsound mind, and a victim of the mental disease known as dipsomania," in which condition he remained until his death. He was, therefore, the plaintiff alleges, unable to enter into a valid contract of marriage. The petition also sets forth that the defendant, as the pretended widow of Geo. C. Miller, came into possession of a large amount of the latter's personal estate, all of which she now wrongfully holds. The right of the plaintiff to bring the action is based on the fact that all claims against the estate by the rightful heir have been assigned to him. He therefore prays that the marriage be annulled, Mrs. Miller's letters of administration be revoked, and that he be adjudged to be entitled to the whole of Geo. C. Miller's estate.

Mrs. Miller's answer is a general denial. The marriage, she asserts, was not a fraud and a mockery, and her husband was not troubled with dipsomania or any other mental disease; to make him incapable of contracting a valid marriage. The proceedings of the Court by which she was made administratrix of the estate, and the fact that it was distributed in accordance with the court's judgment are cited, and Mrs. Miller pleads these as a bar to the plaintiff's cause. The trial of the case promises to be of great interest, and will be closely watched by the many friends of both plaintiff and defendant in this city and Louisville.--N. Y. Times.

Magnificent Tresses.

A Washington correspondent of the San Francisco Post, in a recent letter to that paper, speaks of Mrs. Murat Halstead, wife of the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, in this wise: Mrs. Halstead is owner of the most remarkable tresses in the land. Her hair, fine silky and of pure spun gold color, ripples from her head to the floor, and shaken loose it forms a mantle about her heavier than Lady Godiva's. Uncoiled once at a Parisian hairdresser's, the proprietor shrieked wildly and summoned every one to come near and see the remarkable chevelure of the American lady. "Never, never," he said, as he spread his fingers, beat the air, and hovered about the glorious locks, "had eyes seen the like, or even the agents who go off to Brittany and the peasant districts to buy hair, seen such a wonder as this." Her daughter, now a guest at the White House, does not possess the same length and luxuriance of hair as her mother, but in color and fineness it is identical with hers.

They have a very sad affair at West Point. A lady at the Cadets told her mamma that all the cadets wear white pants, whereupon a man said, "So do their sisters, their cousins and their aunts," and he had to be shot through the heart.

When.

When you see a boy disobedient and disrespectful to his parents, mean to his brothers and sisters, cruel to animals and given to lying just for the fun of it, it is not always a sure sign that he is going into business with the devil, but a pretty safe one.

When you see an old bachelor, who ought to be squaring up his accounts and getting ready for a funeral entertainment, railing at womankind, you may conclude that it is a sort of sour apple revenge for some of the vigorous kickings he received in the days of auld lang syne.

When you see a maiden advanced in years turning up her nasal ornament at the lords of creation you may conclude she has given up all hopes of capturing a lord for her own use.

When you see a politician particularly anxious to shake hands with everybody he meets, you may conclude that he wants to be elected to some office.

When you see a man sneaking around saying unkind things about everybody else, you may conclude that he is mad because everybody else is not as mean as he is.

When you see married people particularly conspicuous in their endearment in public, you may conclude that there would be room for a four-year-old elephant between them when they are at home.

When you see an old sinner put on new robes and play the role of saint you need not conclude that the devil is going out of business.

When you see the various Christian denominations quit pegging away at each other and uniting in the battle against the devil, you conclude that that distinguished individual won't have as soft a thing as he now has.

When you see a man bat his eyes, smack his lips and look wise, it is not positive evidence that he is a lineal descendant of Solomon.

When you see a man croaking and growling and grumbling at everything around him it is not benevolent to wish that a vacant place in his family cemetery was filled, but it is natural.

Icebergs.

If a person upon looking out of the window, should say--as he might at this hour--"What large icicles are forming on the eaves of the barn!" one could pretty well tell what the weather is, and has been. What are icicles? Perhaps some of you would answer: "They are sticks of ice, long--long enough for canes sometimes--usually more or less ridged and rough, tapering down to a pretty sharp point--everybody knows what icicles are!" How are they formed? Some say they grow, but do they grow as children do, or even corn or apples? Do they grow on the outside or the inside? How does an icicle start? But to answer this question, is the weather freezing or thawing when these freezing sticks of ice begin to form? Freezing, of course; but there must be water running down the roof and off at the eaves, to begin with. Icicles form then after a thaw, when the weather sets in cold and the temperature is below freezing. As the drops of water arrive at the edge of the eaves, or "the jumping off place," they become so cold that they cannot jump but become solid. Along come some more drops, and spread out over those that have gone before and have frozen stiff, and become a thin film of ice, but the tendency to run down causes the stick of forming ice to lengthen out towards the ground by the water running down and freezing at the end. The water keeps coming down and as it strikes the ice of the icicle it runs along, a film freezing all the time. Thus it increases in size and length by the constant freezing of layers of water on the outside. If the temperature is just a little below freezing point the icicle will be longer and more slender than when the change of weather is sudden and the cold is severe, they will then be quite short and stubbed. Some children are very fond of eating these cold hard sticks, but they are not good.--American Agriculturist.

Great Britain has two thousand yachts, with a tonnage of 92,000 tons, whose prime cost was at least \$18,400,000 and assuming a fourth of them to be in commission during the Summer months, the sum expended on their maintenance would, at a rough estimate, amount to near \$3,750,000. (The money spent on yacht building and repairs is some \$750,000, and 5,000 men--112 the number of the British naval force--are employed.)

The other day a young man from the rural districts came to town with a load of wood and a pair of oxen, and in the course of his wandering he came across a fire hydrant that had been opened to clean out the pipes. He stared at the gushing water in dead silence for a moment, and then gave the alarm by shrieking, "Gosh all hemlock! Here's a hitching post sprung a leak worse than a sugar maple!"

The commissioners of lunacy had to pass upon a very sad case the other day. It was that of a stockbroker, who had conceived a singular infatuation for his own wife. The oldest members of the two boards say they never heard of a similar case before. Whether are we drifting?

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