



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

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They have commenced receiving their New Spring Stock, and that every day will witness additions to the largest stock of

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Ever brought to this market. They desire to say to every reader of this paper, that if

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ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

W. H. ATKINSON, SECRETARY

The Fate of Pra Pre Cha.

Your readers will all have heard of the Siamese Ambassador on special duty to the Court of St. James, who has recently been so feted not only in England, but who was also received in private audience by the Emperor of Germany. This high functionary has lately returned to his native land, bringing with him the assurance of his government that England will not support the views of the Consul-Agent as to their dealings with what might be called their political offenders, and what has been the result of this deplorable success of the Chinese mission the following lines will show. This unfortunate nobleman, Pra Pre-cha, who ever since he returned from his wedding tour of eight days' duration, has been kept in custody in company with the worst galieners that ever a country like Siam can produce, chained with the heaviest chains on neck, arms and feet, has now finally, after eight months of immeasurable sufferings, had sentence passed on him, which is that he receive 100 lashes with the rattan and then be decapitated. The unhappy victim of Siamese family rivalry—once in the possession of his monarch's most intimate confidence—has during all the time of his trial been deprived of all means of defending himself against the dreadful accusation got up by his adversaries, through threatened and paid witnesses, all intercourse with his own family being strictly forbidden. Sentence having been passed—and though chained as formerly described—he was further put in an iron cage strong enough to resist the force of any wild beast, brought on board a small guboot, lying in readiness, and in the middle of the night down they went along the silent Menam past his own house, where, unconscious of what was happening, his young wife was, perhaps, teaching her little baby to pray for his unfortunate father from whom they had so long been separated, and whom they would now never see again. The news has just come from Pechim that he died like a man. For the Siamese law it suffices for any one to be a relation of a person convicted to be deprived of all rank, rights and possessions without trial or anything, and this can perhaps explain to civilized minds why the unfortunate members of the late Pra Pre-cha's family, his aged father and three brothers, are now imprisoned, chained and treated like murderers and plotters; that their wives with their innocent children have been made slaves to pound the rice of those, who in bringing their husbands and fathers to a fall will have the enjoyment of their possessions. And in a short time there will, in all likelihood, be no one left of a once flourishing family, whom every European in the place has known and loved as one of the most advanced and obliging among the Siamese noblemen. It is rumored that the Siamese ambassador will return again to Europe some day in the Spring to invest Her Majesty with the most exalted order of the white elephant. I will keep you informed of his departure for that purpose.

The Ute Settlement.

Negotiations with the Utes have been concluded. The formal agreement provides in the first paragraph on the part of the Indians that they will procure the surrender of those of their nation implicated in the murder of Agent Meeker and his employes, and in case they do not succeed in apprehending the parties, they will faithfully aid any officers of the United States directed to make arrests. The second paragraph cedes to the present Ute reservation in Colorado. One quarter section (160 acres) of agricultural lands and a like quantity of grazing land to be given to each head of a family, and one-half of this quantity to each female person, being set apart for the settlement of the Indians. The southern Utes agree to settle upon unoccupied agricultural lands of the La Plata river, in Colorado and New Mexico, or in that vicinity. The Uncompaghes go to Grand river, near the mouth of the Gunnison, in Colorado. The White river Utes will take the uplands on the Uintah reservation, Utah.

This agreement is entered into by the Ute chiefs, who promise to obtain the consent of their people to a cession of their reservation upon the following express conditions:

First—The Government to survey and patent to the Indians in severally the lands reserved for them, giving a fee simple title to each Indian so soon as the necessary laws are passed by Congress, this title to remain inalienable, and the lands not taxable for twenty-five years.

Second—That so soon as the consent of the several tribes of the Ute nation shall have been obtained to this agreement, the annuities heretofore provided for by Congress, amounting at this time to \$60,000, will be paid to the Indians in cash, and as much more will be added as Congress shall appropriate. This annuity is to be paid in cash at the request of the Indians, the President having discretion to pay them in cash or in stock, wagons, agricultural implements, etc. The latter are to be furnished sufficient for their reasonable wants; also such saw and grist mills as may be necessary to enable them to commence farming operations as soon as their settlement is effected. A commission will be appointed to superintend their settlement and attend to carrying out the agreement, and the money appropriated for this purpose shall be apportioned as follows: One-third to those who settle on the La Plata river, one-half to those on the Grand river, and one-sixth to those going to the Uintah reservation.

How to Fight Polygamy.

A lady makes a suggestion entitled to consideration. She thinks the discussion of polygamy in the National Congress would be disgraceful to the country. Her remedy is to so direct the tide of immigration flowing to our shores that in a little while a powerful anti-polygamy party would be formed in Utah. She would have the expenses of intelligent emigrants paid to Utah; she would place the Mormons in the minority; she would establish able Gentile newspapers; and she would send there eloquent lecturers, not forgetting to include among the latter several strong minded sisters. "Have the battle," she says, "fought out in Utah, and then bring Utah into the Union as a State quietly, as if polygamy had never been thought of.—The Progress.

Poor Children in Large Cities.

The shocking discoveries made recently at the Shepherd's Fold, in New York City, have had a tendency to direct public attention to the condition of poor children generally in all large cities. Nothing is truer than that the sins of parents are visited upon their offspring. Dissolute and worthless men and women bring into the world helpless beings for whose welfare there is no provision, and whose heritage is shame and misery. Neglected and despised, they grow up to throng the avenues of crime. Accustomed to squalor at the outset, the very comforts to which they are naturally entitled become so many prizes to lure them on the road to vice and destruction. It would seem that philanthropists could devote themselves to no task more noble than that of rescuing these disconsolate waifs of humanity, and placing them in a way to achieve their own futures. Organized societies assume to perform the work in a measure, but auxiliary operations are necessary, as events constantly prove. If it is worth while to devote millions of dollars annually to the spiritual welfare of heathens in foreign lands, it is certainly in keeping with Christ's teachings and with the elevated humanity of the age, to be equally liberal toward the tender victims of misfortune in our midst. A single child, snatched from the slums of a great city, and trained up to pure womanhood, or to strong and brilliant manhood, would outweigh all the schemes of visionary benevolence that were ever invented. It is a disgrace that men and women, by their improvidence and vice, doom their own children to careers of misery, but it is an equal disgrace that society permits it to be done. In the latter case the duty that devolves is neglected, not so much from intention as from ignorance of the facts. The abodes of vice and destitution are not cheerful to even mentally contemplate, and by general custom are shunned by those so fortunate as to dwell elsewhere. It is necessary, however, that they should be occasionally remembered, and that the philanthropist should be reminded of the field they perpetually afford for his labors.—S. F. Chronicle.

Troubles of the Chinese Emperor.

The Emperor of China is just now in a serious difficulty. Young though he is, he has already to maintain some seventy women of his establishment in various capacities, and like every other gentleman who has ladies under his protection, the duty devolves upon him of clothing them. This would be a comparatively easy task were the seventy fair ones of a reasonable turn of mind. But, unhappily for the peace of the brother of the sun and moon, their extravagance is pronounced to be beyond all bounds. Two hundred and fifty thousand taels, which is more than one-half of the land tax of the empire, were expended last year in silk, satin, gauze, velvet, red and gilt paper, and pearls. It is said that one dress, which is in the possession of an empress, was covered last year with seed pearls, worked in so peculiar a fashion as to have cost a fabulous sum. With respect to this robe there is trouble ahead. The empress is aged, though the dress is new. If she dies, according to custom, it must be burned, supposing it to be in her possession at the time of her demise. She refuses to part with it, and the idea of this wastefulness, coupled with the prospect of increased extravagance in the coming year, troubles the owner of the vermilion pencil exceedingly.

"Iron Mountain's Going to Boom."

A man was accosted on Broadway by a bootblack, the other night, who wanted a quarter to secure a night's lodging. "If you'll give it to me I'll give you a point on stocks," added the bright youth. Much amused the man gave him the money. "Now," says the boy, "when you go down to Wall street in the morning you buy Iron Mountain; buy lots of it; it's going up." "Why, how do you know anything about Iron Mountain?" asked the astonished man. The boy mentioned the name of a prominent operator and said: "I blacked his boots to-day and while I was doing it he said to a friend as was with him, 'Iron Mountain's going to boom,' says he. That's how I know it." The man took his point to the street, bought the stock, and made 20 per cent. on his investment in the advance which, surely enough, took place.

There are 383 theatres in the United States, and more building.

Churches are building at the same rate. The devil is working hard to keep pace with the times. You take this either way. It is a regular double header, as it were.

Hidden Treasures of Arizona.

At several points in Yavapai county, during the past sixteen years, some wonderfully rich gold quartz has been picked up. The finders, in every instance, made diligent search to discover the veins from which the float was supposed to come, and failed, in every instance, to find the hidden bonanza. We append a few notable cases which occurred in the neighborhood of Prescott and the country adjacent:

In 1864, William Rice was hunting in the country between Whipple and Lynx creek. His camp was out of meat, and Willard was determined to bring back some venison. He wounded a mule over that rough country, stumbled and fell, spaining his ankle. In attempting to rise, his hand rested on what proved to be a piece of the richest kind of gold quartz. He looked carefully, but found no ledge. He carried the specimen to camp, where it created much excitement, and, although the whole of Lynx Creek turned out in the hunt, the vein remains undiscovered to this day.

In the Fall of 1872 Pete Reed, Charley Hall and others discovered on Turkey creek several large specimens of honeycombed quartz, literally filled with the yellow treasure. The boys were lured, and thought they had "struck it" sure, but long and careful prospecting failed to unearth the vein, and it has not been found yet.

During the Bradshaw excitement of 1871, some parties brought into that camp about twenty pounds of the richest quartz ever found in Yavapai county. It was worth over \$100,000 per ton. The finders were the lions of the camp. Experts, merchants, saloon keepers, every one courted their acquaintance. It was considered a rare distinction to take a drink—at your own expense—with one of them. Merchants offered them credit, barkeepers cheerfully "hung up" the drinks, and mining speculators advanced them some ready cash. After a while they returned to the scene of the discovery, on Humbug creek, and although they hunted faithfully for nearly two months they did not find the ledge.

In 1866 a prospector in the country between Groom creek and the Hassayampa, came across a piece of gold quartz which was half gold. He took it to the Chase mill, then owned by Noyes & Curtis, and several parties searched a long time to find the mine, but they only had their labor for their pains—the mine was never found. In every instance mentioned it is the opinion of experienced prospectors that the veins from which the ore came have been covered up by a slide from the adjacent hills, or by the natural decomposition of the veins themselves, and that the richest gold ledges in Yavapai yet remain undiscovered.—Arizona Democrat.

An Old Bible.

It was in 1850 that I met, in Mobile Ala., the owner of this book—Dr. J. R. Witherspoon, grandson of President Witherspoon, one of the signers of the declaration of independence. The doctor was an educated gentleman, and urged me, if I ever came in the region of Greensboro, Ala., to be sure to call on him, and he would show me his wonderful Bible. I was not slow to accept his invitation, and rode on horseback some dozen miles out of my way to see the greatest wonder of the age, of this kind of book.

I found the venerable doctor living elegantly on broad acres, and with the slaves about him, for he did not seem to think there was anything in his Bible against slavery, though his grandfather signed the declaration that "all men are created equal." The book was soon brought out from a careful keeping, and sure enough, though I had seen for years the great Van-Ess library, with Bibles having a chain attached that once held them to a pulpit, and the Bible of Philip Melancton with his autograph, I had never seen any such Bible as this!

I took it in my hand with awe, for it was written in the days of King Alfred, and by a monk of Cornwall, England, who worked at it forty years—almost a lifetime—and was evidently on the finest parchment, little inferior to satin. How such a finish could be put upon the skin of any beast in the days so long ago, when the binding of the book was in oak boards, tied with buckskin thongs, was a mystery and almost a contradiction.

But more wonderful yet was the writing within. The pages were all ruled with great accuracy and written as uniformly in the lines as print, which was not then invented, for some 500 years lay between that old monk and Faust and Gutenberg. The style was German text hand, and was an abbreviation from the Vulgate of Jerome made in the fourth century. But more wonderful yet was the writing within. The pages were all ruled with great accuracy and written as uniformly in the lines as print, which was not then invented, for some 500 years lay between that old monk and Faust and Gutenberg. The style was German text hand, and was an abbreviation from the Vulgate of Jerome made in the fourth century.

Romance of Buzzard's Roost.

Buzzard's Roost is a modest little town within the shadow of Mount Shasta. No high ambitions disturb the even tenor of its ways. Morning, noon and night for years it has pursued its invariable course and few things happen to ruffle the surface of its kindly gossip regular toil or unbroken monotony. Cherished among them as the Father of the Buzzards, the patriarch of the village, few would have believed, several weeks ago, that the oldest inhabitant would be the one to powerfully agitate its placid existence. For years he had kindly dispensed hospitality and good cheer, at the only hotel in town, and for years he had been looked upon as a steadfast exemplar of single blessedness, though there was a tradition that he had been a married man in the dim past. But a new era has dawned upon the Roost. Hostlers cease their kindly administrations to the equine, sheepherds allow their flocks to stray, chambermaids neglect their daily avocation. "Boots" has hung up his brush for a holiday, all business is suspended to join in the general festivity and rejoicing incident to the accession of a mistress to the district. In answer to a thousand surmises rumor gives the following legend of the love of the bride and groom. The patriarch of Buzzard's Roost was long since. It was not that there were none to keep him company when ennuied with the world's care. No; his manorial rights extended far and wide in and around the "Roost's" classic limits and hundreds there were to do him reverence. The Wintry snows of some seventy Winters had passed over his head, leaving no other sign than their color, for his heart was young, his spirits gay; no voice was louder in cautions over the luckless wight who was muled for drinks at the village inn while playing "seven-up" or "pedro;" none more active in the daily concerns of life. But with all these attentions he missed the soft blandishments that only a woman can give. Nursing this idea from day to day from month to month he heard of the Matrimonial News and its mission. Upon procuring a copy and perusing its characteristic advertisements a definite plan was formed, and he accordingly answered one modestly setting forth the charms of mind and body of a Boston widow who sought an elderly gentleman for a helpmeet. Answer followed answer and he was charmed with the evidence of culture and refinement exhibited in her letters, and upon receiving her picture was in no wise disappointed in the presentation of a stately brunette, apparently somewhere in the thirties. But with a wariness consequent upon so many years' observation of the sex, he delayed the momentous question. At last 1880 rolled in and leap year resumed its quadrantal sway and the lady, tired of love's dalliance, proposed that a wedding ceremony be fit climax to their acquaintance. With wise forethought, acting upon the suggestion, she packed her trunk and started for California, arriving at Redding about two weeks ago, where the happy groom met her, the knot was tied and Buzzard's Roost now rejoices in a Boston bride.

Advice to Marrying Men.

It would be extravagant to pretend that all young marriageable girls are angels, but there are angels among marriageable girls. This is not even exceptional, and odd as it may appear, less exceptional in Paris than elsewhere. The well bred young girls of Paris are admirably well bred, they are almost too much so. Their mothers so refine their intellectual and moral culture that they make up a creature so delicate that it cannot bear the touch of an ordinary mortal without being wounded and withering. This exquisite kind of education naturally attracts the marrying man; it seems to him a strong guarantee of conjugal prosperity and security. He watches for this fine game, carries her off and sleeps in peace. Far be it from us to disturb such tranquility; we simply observe the man who seeks to transplant one of these choice plants from the maternal bosom to the soil of marriage ought to be a highly distinguished horticulturist. In a coarse soil and unskilled hands the rarest plants are the ones that turn out most badly. Some fade and die, others degenerate and return wildly to a savage state. Consequently, the fool cannot be too strongly urged to marry a fool; that would be the easiest, the most humane and the honest way.

The carrying of government freight on the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers is getting to be one of the cheapest things in the world. At the late bidding for the transportation of freight on the above rivers, the Peck line and the Powers line of steamers put in the lowest bids ever known. The former bid 10 cents for the carrying of 100 pounds 100 miles on the Missouri river and 20 cents on the Yellowstone. The Powers' bids were 9-10 cents on the Missouri and 25 cents on the Yellowstone—two of the lowest bids by at least \$50,000 ever made.

The telephone is only about two years old, but some of the jokes about it sound as though they were ragged when the pyramids were young.