

ASHLAND



TIDINGS.

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

VOL IV--NO 11.

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\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

L. P. Fisher

L. P. FISHER
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The Highest Market Price,
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AT MILL PRICES.
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Livery, Sale & Feed STABLES,

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I have constantly on hand the very best
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And can furnish my customers with a tip-top turnout at any time.
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NEW GOODS!!
NEW PRICES!!!

We are now receiving our New Spring Stock, and everyday will bring additions to the largest stock of

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

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Sold at the Lowest Market Prices, will do it, we propose to do the largest business this season, ever done in Ashland; and we can positively make it to the advantage of every one to call upon us and test the truth of our assertions. We will spare no pains to fully maintain the reputation of the House, As the acknowledged

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Flannels, Blankets, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Clothing, always on hand and for sale at lowest prices.

The highest market prices paid for

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ASHLAND, April 10, 1880.

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The Very Best

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Are invited to send in their orders and are assured that they

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A Brakeman at Church.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be painted above the doors of a "Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:
"I went to church yesterday."
"Yes?" I said, with that interesting infection that asks for more. "And what church do you attend?"
"Which do you guess?" he asked.
"Some union mission church," I hazarded.
"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular, and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on connections. Good enough, but I don't like it."
"Episcopal," I guessed.
"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars, and \$2 extra for a seat, fast time and only stops at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a Receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."
"Universalist?" I suggested.
"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor don't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I do know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.
"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there are no stop-over tickets allowed; you go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers," I said.
"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time and no train d' spatcher. All trains an wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of a go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but don't like the line. Don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where the road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they did, he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?" I said.
"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too. Directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant class of passengers."
"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.
"Now you're shouting!" he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and eighty all the time. Lively

Snow Bound.

Were you ever snow bound? Did you ever look out upon a world of great white drifts rearing their walls upon every side, and realize that you were as helpless a prisoner as the poor little linnet beating its heart out against the gilded wire of its pretty sun-lighted cage? Did you ever sit for days and weeks staring into the glaring eyes of an only companion until you hovered over the dying embers of your last fuel, and not a beaten track in the neighborhood? Did you ever feel that gnawing at the stomach which proclaims the regey of Prince Starvation, and yet know that between you and a morsel of bread, or even the nearest help, lay a waste as trackless as the ocean, as solitary as a desert, and as treacherous as quicksand? Well, if you have not, despair has not tugged at your heart-strings as it has at mine, and you can have no adequate realization of what it is to be snow bound.

Twice in my experience as a miner in California I have been bound in by impassable barriers of snow on the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. The first time I was thus imprisoned I had but a single companion. We had been mining in an isolated but rich gulch where we had constructed a rude cabin. We knew at that time nothing of the great snow storms that sometimes clothe the rocky fastnesses of the grand old Sierra with robes of spotless white; or at any rate, had no idea that the snow would where our cabin was situated, so we had neglected to lay in a supply of provisions or fuel, believing that at any time we could replenish our stock at the "camp," which was but a few miles away. And up to this time we were able to procure wood from the scattering pine trees on the mountain sides, but to our astonishment one morning on rising we found at least two feet of snow which had fallen during the night and was still falling. It continued to come down all day long, a never ending fall of feathery, deicy flakes, and when we rose next morning we found our little window darkened. The snow was so deep that it was entirely covered. We managed to make a hole through the corner of the roof of our cabin, when down came a wagon load of snow and in came a flood of light. We succeeded in shoveling away the snow from the roof and out of our cabin, but the snow kept coming down all day, and on the arrival of the next day were again in darkness, and again we toiled for light. During this day the storm abated, but the snow had fallen to a depth of more than ten feet, and we were prisoners.

Here for day after day, until three weary weeks had dragged their slow length along, we were compelled to stay. Although we had carefully husbanded our means, we had burned up every scrap of furniture in our cabin except the long boards on the bottom of our bunks. Even the chinking and clapping of the inside of our cabin, and the handles of our shovels and tools were consumed.

Our meat had been gone more than a week, and we had now at last eaten the remainder of our beans and were entirely destitute. What to do we did not know. We were growing hungry, and the cold seemed to affect us more than it had before. We had heard of snow-shoes, but had never seen any, and had no idea how they were made or operated. It had snowed every day a little, so as to keep the snow soft on top, and it was impossible to walk through it, or in any way change our location and situation.

We could see nothing before us but death, either from cold or from starvation. We each looked upon the other with suspicion. Each thought that the other would take his life if he could do so without taking his own. This was our horrible condition, when suddenly the hole above our heads was darkened, and we heard a voice say:
"Is there anybody down there?"
A shout of joy and surprise was the response.
"Who are you and how did you get here?" we asked.
"I am Thompson, 'Snowshoe Thompson.' I came here on snowshoes," he answered.
"Help us out, we are starving."
In another minute Thompson was in our midst. He gave us some cheese and crackers, which we eagerly devoured. He asked us if we had any tools out of which he could make us each a pair of snowshoes. We had burned the handles of all our tools, except a hand saw and drawing knife. He took these, however, and out of the long boards which shaped the bottom of our bunk soon compassed for us each a pair of snowshoes. They were about twelve feet long and four inches wide, and they were shaped so as to turn up at the front end, somewhat like a sleigh runner; pieces of leather were tacked across the centre, into which the traveler's feet are slipped.

After you learn how to travel with snow shoes you will find that the process of locomotion is similar to that of skating on ice with skates. Under the supervision and instruction of "Old Snow Shoes," we got into the harness and started to make the trip to the "camp." In your first experience with snow shoes, take my advice and go to work humbly, with your mind made up

A soldier who served in the swamps of South Carolina during the war tells the following story: Among the officers whom I remember well at Morris Island was Colonel Sewell, of New York, a most excellent officer and an accomplished engineer. Colonel Sewell was engaged on the Swamp Angel, and being very energetic himself he was not afraid to enter the swamps. His surprise can be imagined when one day one of his lieutenants whom he had ordered to take 20 men and enter the swamp said he could not do it.
"And why, sir, can't you do it?" cried the energetic Sewell.
"The mud is too deep, Colonel," replied the lieutenant.
"You can at least try, sir," said Sewell.
The lieutenant did so, and in an hour returned, his men covered with mud from head to foot.
"Here, now," cried Sewell on seeing them, "what brings you back?"
"Colonel, the mud is over my hands' head. I can't do it."
"Oh! but you can make a requisition for anything that is necessary for the safe passage of the swamp, and I will give it to you, but you must go through it."
The lieutenant did make a requisition in writing, which was as follows:
"I want twenty men, eighteen feet long to cross over a swamp fifteen feet deep."
The joke was a good one, but Sewell, who was terribly in earnest, could not just appreciate it, and he promptly arrested the lieutenant for disrespect to his superior officer. Another lieutenant was detailed and he went into the swamp, felled the timber and accomplished what his unfortunate predecessor had failed to do. Colonel Sewell built his battery with the aid of wheelbarrows and sand and the remains of it still stand as a monument to his energy and skill as an engineer.

Oleomargarine vs. Butter.
The war between oleomargarine and butter men at the East has its amusing as well as serious side. A public discussion of the relative merits of the two articles of food was held at a farmer's club in New York recently, in which the advocates of their favorite very highly, and produced figures to show that immense quantities of it are in use in lieu of butter. It was claimed that oleomargarine had driven rancid butter from many households, that it possessed no injurious ingredients, but was simple and pure, and differed very little from dairy butter. As between a mixture of untainted oil and tallow on one side and rancid butter on the other, the economical boarding-house keepers seem to have wisely chosen the former, one firm declaring that they had sold 220,000 pounds of oleomargarine during one week. The same firm stated that their manufactory turned out 40,000 pounds daily, of which quantity 15,000 pounds was for home use. This gives some idea of the extent to which this peculiar dairy fraud has come into use at the East.

An Aberdeen pundit has found out what makes the Tower of Pisa lean. He says it is the want of good food in Pisa.

that you are to get the worst of it.

To the best of my recollection, at my first essay I felt much as I should suppose a toad would feel on stilts. After a series of evolutions that would puzzle a professional acrobat, I got fairly under way. I can give you no idea of the exhilaration produced by a wild, frenzied rush through the air, as it were, upon snow shoes. I started down a slight slope of the mountain with no ambition to outrun the wind, or "Professor Snow Shoes" either, I can assure you.

It was glorious, so I thought, as I sailed along at moderate speed, with no effort except to try to guide the machine with the aid of a long slim pole, which "Snow Shoes" had loaned me, but when I commenced going down a steep side of the mountain and shot forward like an arrow from the strong bow of an archer, it was no longer so glorious.

The velocity with which I traveled was marvelous. I was unable to clearly distinguish objects which I passed. An occasional pine tree shot past me with a zip like a cannon ball and made my brain whirl.

Down I went faster and faster. I shot across a table land or level space at a speed somewhat abated, then I started up a slope of the mountains, then I came to a steep place, and then my snow shoes stopped, but I went on head foremost into the snow bank so deep that my feet seemed to be the only part of my person I was able to move. Indeed, I was so deeply buried in the snow that only my feet stuck out. I couldn't breathe or move, so tight was I wedged in. I exerted every effort, but it was utterly in vain, and I realized that death would ensue in a very few moments. I tried to call for help, but could not produce a sound. When all hope had vanished, and I felt my brain reeling, some one began to tug at my feet, and in another moment I was brought to light again. "Old Snow Shoes" had followed me and got to me just in time to save my life for the second time. One hour later we were all safe in camp.—S. F. Balletta.

Masculine and Feminine Morals.

I could never understand the opposite systems of weights and measures which have been established for gauging morality among men and women. The strictest among us allow that a young man should sow his wild oats. But who ever admitted the same necessity in the case of girls? We say that man should have his amusements—his clubs, cigars, horse races, flirtations and liquorings; but suppose our women and girls came to us reeking of tobacco? Suppose they addicted themselves openly to nips of grog and absinthe when their spirits were low? Supposing they sat down to quiet rubbers of whist or cards, gambling away their household money, just to while off dull hours? We demand so much excellence of our women that the worst of them are still better than the average man. I have known some women who were social outcasts, and who, in point of heart, conduct and general moral rectitude, might have furnished stuff for the making of very upright gentlemen indeed. They had fallen once, it is true, but what a fearful penalty they had to pay for that one slip, while, by comparison, the kindred penalties of men are so slight. If a young man gets mixed up in some disgraceful entanglement, breaks a heart, and throws a young girl upon the streets after having ruined her life, people say of him, compassionately, by and by: "He was so young when he did it, and now he has turned over a new leaf." But if an inexperienced girl, a mere child of sixteen or seventeen, comes to harm through a moment's weakness, born of too much love and over confidence in her betrayer, who ever thinks of pleading her youth as an excuse? Who ever urges, seriously, that a girl "has turned over a new leaf?"

Gypsies.

Gypsies are found in every European country, along the northern coast of Africa, and over the greater part of Asia and over the greater part of Asia and North America. The European gypsies have been estimated at about 700,000; in Asiatic Turkey there are 67,000; in Egypt one alone of the three chief tribes in that country is reckoned at 16,000. The date of their first appearance in European history is uncertain. The usually accepted time is the beginning of the fifteenth century, but there are various allusions, running as far back as the ninth century, to a strange wandering people, who were probably the gypsies. The first unmistakable appearance was in the year 1417. Late in that year there came to Lunenburg a band of 300 wanderers, black as Tartars. At their head rode a "Duke" and "Count," splendidly dressed; next came a motley crew afoot; and women and children brought up the rear in wagons. From that time onward European annals are full of accounts of gypsies, who came in bands nobody knew from where; but it is certain that they spread over Europe from the east to the west.

"The Hallelujah Lassies"

The advance guard of "the army of salvation" struck New York last week, and immediately on landing held a religious meeting for the benefit of the immigrants at Castle Garden. This party consists of seven women and one man and comes from England, where the "salvation lads and lassies" have created quite a stir in some of the cities. They wear a peculiar uniform and red bands around their hats bearing in gilt the inscription: "The Salvation Army." They also have a silk banner with a red ground, blue border, and "in one corner" the American flag. In the center is a yellow ground representing the sun, on which is inscribed the legend: "Blood and Fire—N. Y. No. 1."

This singular body of religious workers have no regular preachers and no ecclesiastical standing. They march through the streets singing, and when they get a crowd together, stop and talk, each telling his or her experience. The converts are expected to join the band and take part in the exercises. Their work, of course, will be confined to the densely crowded sections of the cities and the classes which do not enjoy or care for the regular services in the churches. There is plenty of evangelical work for them to do, plenty of material to work upon, and it is such as to put their system to a severe test. It may be that the "hallelujah lassies" will sometimes be a little too boisterous and too familiar with sacred names and things to suit the tastes and feelings of the fastidious, but it must be remembered that they are not working for the benefit of the fastidious. People with refined and cultivated tastes will go where those tastes can be gratified, where they can hear eloquent or logical addresses and the musical compositions of the masters. But what of the thousand who by poverty or degraded tastes, or habits of vice, or criminal practices, are the outcasts of society and of the churches? There is no use of going to such people with the methods and appeals which are effectual with the more highly favored classes. It is not necessary to be vulgar, irreverent or frivolous of speech, but the addresses must be couched in simple language, if not in their vernacular, and a certain offhand, informal style will suit them the better and will be more effectual. It is not to be expected that the "salvation army" will make its recruits over into refined and cultivated men and women. In manners they may still be rude, and in habits unclean, but a point will be gained if those who have known no moral restraint and have had no pure and worthy rule by which to square their consciences, shall be placed under bonds to recognize and improve their higher natures by only a few degrees.

Every religious movement which teaches men and women to restrain their passions, to lead pure and temperate lives, and to hold themselves accountable to a higher law, contributes to the peace and improvement of society. There will doubtless be excesses in connection with the "salvation army" movement in New York. Rough and vicious men will profess suddenly to be converted and their zeal concealing their sincerity may lead them into absurd, fanatical and disorderly proceedings. Without wise and experienced leaders there must be more or less fanaticism, and if any success should follow the work of the strangers it would be wise for the churches to look after the converts.—Richard Herald.

Add as You are Able.

A venerable and distinguished bishop once advised a body of ministers as follows: "Owe no man more than you are able to pay; and permit no man to owe you more than you are able to lose." A rational application of this advice would divert the credit system of many, if not of all its objectionable features. Consistent with the first part of the exhortation, young men—and elder ones as well—are admonished to be content with a gradual addition to their property of any kind. If one has not money enough to spare, let him confine himself to the necessities of life. After a while he can easily venture on another part; and, after waiting and earning, on another and another, and another, either paying as he goes, or surely avoiding heavy indebtedness. Do not attempt too much at once. Do what you can afford this time, and put off the other things to another time. Don't try to build to much and too fast. Don't buy at once all the furniture you would like to see in your house. Improve and increase your implements and stock by degrees. A little that is paid for is far better than much you owe for. Debt, bankruptcy and distress come often from burdening the present for the sake of the future. It is easier to pay little debts every now and then, than to pay a large debt at one time. All who have tried them know that large debts are costly and unpleasant things.

A Milwaukee man advertised for a woman to elope with him, and among a hundred and six letters he received, the most urgent was from his own wife. An Indiana man, who is an applicant for divorce, alleges among other things, that his wife, although well knowing him to be a Democrat, refused to let him read Democratic papers in his house.