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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, Wheel Barrows, Plow-Stocks, etc., made and repaired at short notice.

BEST EASTERN STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

All orders left at my new shop, north of the bridge, will receive prompt and satisfactory attention.

THE ASHLAND MILLS! We will continue to purchase wheat.

The Highest Market Price, And will deliver Flour, Feed, Etc., Anywhere in town, AT MILL PRICES.

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.

McCall, Atkinson & Co., Ashland Oregon.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!! NEW PRICES!!!

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

General Merchandise!

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

Standard Goods! 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

HEADQUARTERS! For Staple and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Dress Goods, Crockery, Glass and Tin Ware, Shawls, Wrappers, Cloaks,

And, in fact, everything required for the trade of Southern and South-eastern 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.

McCALL, ATKINSON & CO., ASHLAND, APRIL 10, 1880.

JAMES THORNTON, JACOB WAGNER, W. H. ATKINSON, E. K. ANDERSON.

THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFACT'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 Prompt Attention! At Prices that Defy Competition.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

W. H. ATKINSON, SECRETARY

Fussing Children to Death.

Opposite is a young woman with a little child. An angelic child. This is no common creature, and it would be difficult to exaggerate her beauty.

At once all eyes were drawn to this sweetest of sweet things—a beautiful child. The first person to notice her is a pleasant-looking man, who sits with his wife in the seat next to the baby.

The baby, bless her heart! has now worked herself down again into her pretty attitude, and again kicks up the little red foot, making no answer to the stranger.

"Oh, no; not most two," the mother says solemnly; "two years old, Maud; say two years old." And then—Maud, say this and Maud, say that, is repeated over and over, the little victim being shown off and put through her paces without a moment's peace or rest, for so long that it makes one's ears and head ache.

It is a relief when the friend, man stretches out his arms to the baby, a gentle way, and she raises her eyes to his, and seeing yearning to there which a love of children often put into a man's eyes, and which even a very young baby knows how to read, straightway holds out her arms to him, and he lifts her over the back of the seat with that expression, wholly pleased and half surprised, becomes one who has received the highest of compliments—the confidence and preference of a little child.

For a few moments our dear baby was allowed to rest in this quiet man's arms, to play with his watch, to hunt through his pockets, to be let alone to do whatever she pleased. It was not long, however, before the mother began struggling in an ominous way with her traveling basket, and then, while baby was entirely quiet and happy, watching the reflection of the lamp on the bright watch, a large piece of what looked like pound cake was passed over to her by her mother.

It was hard to see her put her little white teeth into it, and to judge from this what the ordinary diet was likely to be; hard to glance from the beautiful peach-like cheek of the child to the sallow one of the young mother which, together with the fragile, broken American teeth, told the story of chronic dyspepsia and general debility. Is this what our blooming baby is coming to?

comes a man, and we think of the pound cake.

"Water," means the baby, and turns her flaming cheek toward her mother, stretching out her hand to her, "water." "Water is all gone; perhaps there'll be a boy round with water here by," says the mother. Tell the gentleman where you went with parper, Maud. Tell the gentleman where you are going, Maud.

Loss of the Tonquin.

Those who have wandered across the continent and doubled the cape with Washington Irving in his fascinating tale of "Astoria," will remember the details of the tragedy that terminated the career of the Tonquin, the supply ship sent out by John Jacob Astor, in fact, his grand fur trading scheme in the great northwest in 1811.

On the first of June the Tonquin sailed north, Alexander McKay, one of the partners, accompanying as supercargo. By the middle of the month she had reached Clayoquot Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver's island, and was anchored opposite the Indian town of Newetty. They were about to commence trade with Indians of Wicamsit's tribe for sea otter skins.

Most two," the baby answered promptly. "Oh, no; not most two," the mother says solemnly; "two years old, Maud; say two years old." And then—Maud, say this and Maud, say that, is repeated over and over, the little victim being shown off and put through her paces without a moment's peace or rest, for so long that it makes one's ears and head ache.

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The Mohongo.

Workmen are now engaged in taking the machinery out of the steamer Mohongo, which is lying alongside of Broadway wharf. The engines have already been removed, and they are now at work breaking up and removing the boilers, cylinders, flues, etc.

Sad Sequel of a Joke.

Who would think of unearthing a thread of romance in a scrap-bag? And yet a few days ago a busy housewife, putting together one of those treasured mosaics yelet a "quilt," overturned a shred of silk whereby hung a tale of no ordinary interest.

About twenty years ago St. Paul's Church in Louisville rejoiced in the possession of a pastor who was the idol of his congregation. During his ministrations he lost his wife, and consequently became an interesting widower. Among his most devoted admirers, though personally unknown to him, was a maiden lady of uncertain age, many peculiarities and independent circumstances. The fact of her intense admiration for a man to whom she had never spoken became known to many, and a party of young people laid plans for what proved to be a heartless hoax.

Never did a happy hearted girl set about the task of preparation with more delight than this trusting deceived woman. The greater part of her competency was expended in the purchase of bridal luxuries, a complete and elaborate outfit, from the heavy satin and costly lace of the wedding garment down through every item of elegant and dainty apparel. In the meantime, the minister, soon after entering upon his charge in Savannah, died in that city of yellow fever, and the authors of the cruel jest, satisfied with its success, dropped the matter. But nothing could shake the confidence of the expectant bride; her friends tried to reason her out of her infatuation; members of the church visited her and endeavored to prove how impossible it was her hopes could be fulfilled.

The Birth of a King.

King Alfonso made his first appearance in public at 3:45 A. M. on the 28th of November, 1858, on a gold platter and without any trappings of purple and fine linen. Such, at least, was the testimony furnished to the czar by Prince Michael Galitzyn, the Russian Ambassador at the Court of Queen Isabella. His Excellency wrote as follows: "On the 28th of November, 1858, I was awakened suddenly in the morning at 3 o'clock by a royal halberdier, who brought me an invitation to betake myself without delay to the royal palace, in order to be present at the delivery of Her Majesty the Queen. Within half an hour I entered Her Majesty's private cabinet, where I found numerous grandees and ministers already assembled. A few minutes later the doors of the cabinet were thrown open, and the King consort, Don Francisco d'Assisi, entered the room, bearing upon a golden salver the newborn infant, Don Alfonso, stark naked. Thus all present were enabled to assure themselves that an heir to the throne had really come into the world."—Paris Figaro.

Burial of the Dead.

Nearly all the nations and tribes of men bury their dead lying and extended from east to west. Some, however, bury them sitting, and some lay their dead north and south. The Bongos, a people in Central Africa, bury men with the face to the north, and women with the face to the south. If one of the Wanganyweri, in Africa, happens to die abroad he is buried facing his native village. The custom of laying the body east and west is due originally to solar symbolism and the head is turned to the east or the west according as the dead are thought of in connection with the sunrise, the reputed home of deity; or with the sunset, the reputed region of the dead.

A Yankee in Boston has invented a machine which will make 30,000 paper boxes a day. Two pounds two ounces was the weight of a perfectly-formed child born in Auburn, Me., a few days ago.

An Astonished Sexton.

A gentleman while attending church one evening found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them off the floor. Calling the attention of the sexton to the fact, the latter said, with some perplexity: "Yes, we have a good many complaints of cold feet from others; but I don't understand the reason why we can't keep the church warm—we surely have fire enough."

"Have you any means of ventilation?"

"No, sir." "Are there no windows open?" "None whatever." "How, then, can you expect the air to come in here if it can't get out some where?" "There was no response—the man was nonplussed. "Did you ever try to blow into a bottle?" continued the sexton. "No, sir." "Do you think if you did, that you could force any more air into a bottle by blowing than was in it before?" "He couldn't say. Never had thought of it."

"Well," continued the gentleman, "you would soon find, if you tried, that it was impossible, and neither can you force air into this church through a register if you don't open a window or some other orifice." "But," the sexton demurred, "opening a window would let in the cold air, wouldn't it?" "You just try it," was the response. "Raise some of the windows of the leeward side of the church and see what will happen."

It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose halfway to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.

"A Tramp Abroad."

Beyond a doubt the new book from the pen of Mark Twain is his masterpiece. It is lively in tone, and instructive from beginning to end. This extract from his experiences in the Swiss mountains, after being out in a soaking rain, is so pleasantly told that we make an extract: "We stripped and went to bed, and sent our clothes down to be baked. All the horde of soaked tourists did the same. That chaos of clothing got mixed in the kitchen, and there was consequence. I did not get the same drawers I sent down when our things came at 6:15; I got a pair on a new plan. They were merely a pair of long, white ruffled-cuffed sleeves, hitched together at the top with a narrow band, and they did not quite come down to my knees. They were twenty people, and disconnected at that. The man must have been an idiot who got himself up that way to rough it in the Swiss mountains. The shirt they brought me was shorter than the drawers, and hadn't any sleeves to it—at least, it hadn't anything more than what Mr. Darwin would call "rudimentary" sleeves. These had edging around them, but the bosom was ridiculously plain. The knit silk under-shirt they brought me was on a new plan, and was really a sensible thing; it opened behind, and had pockets in it to put the shoulder blades in; they did not seem to fit mine. They gave my hobnail coat to somebody else, and sent me an ulster suitable for a giraffe. I had to buy my collar on, because there was no button behind on the foolish little shirt. When I went to dinner a long stranger recognized his ulster as soon as he saw the tail of it following me in, but nobody claimed my shirt and drawers, though I described them as well as I was able. I gave them to the chambermaid that night when I went to bed, and she probably found the owner, for my things were on a chair beside my door in the morning."

The Zuyder Zee.

The Zuyder Zee, being the result of an inundation, is really only about 10 feet deep, save where the channels have been deepened, so that when pumping shall have been completed the land will be quite Dutch and perfectly level. The most curious feature of this will be perhaps that there are certain islands now, such as Marken, Urk and Schoekland, the inhabitants of which will not have much to do with the mainlanders, and after 400 years of history are somewhat proud of their insular position; but the day is coming, slow and sure, like the sword of Damocles, when their boats will be superfluous, and they will find their dikes unnecessary, and their night watchers can turn in comfortably, instead of pacing long hours in stormy nights, waiting to give the signal that the dike has burst and their island deluged.—Good Words.

Faetious tram-car rider: "What! Is this old Noah's Ark fallin'?" Second faetious ditto: "No. Just room for th' donkey. Step in!"

Facetious tram-car rider.

"What! Is this old Noah's Ark fallin'?" Second faetious ditto: "No. Just room for th' donkey. Step in!"

"What! Is this old Noah's Ark fallin'?" Second faetious ditto: "No. Just room for th' donkey. Step in!"

"What! Is this old Noah's Ark fallin'?" Second faetious ditto: "No. Just room for th' donkey. Step in!"

"What! Is this old Noah's Ark fallin'?" Second faetious ditto: "No. Just room for th' donkey. Step in!"

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