

# ASHLAND



# TIDINGS.

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

VOL V--NO 5.

ASHLAND OREGON FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

## ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday.

LEEDS & MERRITT.

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

Job Printing. Of all descriptions done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Billheads, Letterheads, Posters, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

Terms of Subscription: One copy, one year, \$2 50; six months, \$1 50; three months, \$1 00; Club rates, five copies for \$1 25; terms in advance.

Terms of Advertising: Local notices per line, \$1 00; Regular advertisements inserted upon liberal terms.

### PROFESSIONAL.

DR. J. H. CHITWOOD, ASHLAND, OREGON. OFFICE: At the Ashland Drug Store.

JAMES R. NEIL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Jacksonville, Oregon.

J. W. HAMAKAR, NOTARY PUBLIC, Linkville, Lake Co., Oregon. OFFICE: In Post Office building, Special attention given to conveying.

M. L. MC CALL, SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, Ashland, Oregon. Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice.

DR. W. B. ROYAL, 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.

DR. E. J. BOYD, DENTIST, Linkville, Oregon. Office and residence, south side of Main street.

DR. J. M. TAYLOR, DENTIST SURGEON, Main street, Ashland, Oregon. OFFICE: In second story of Masonic Hall. Office hours, from 8 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 6 P. M.

Wagon Manufactory. W. W. Kentnor, Prop'r, MAIN STREET, ASHLAND.

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. W. W. KENTNOR.

Jacob Wagner, E. K. Anderson, W. H. Atkinson. THE ASHLAND MILLS!

We will continue to purchase wheat. --A T-- 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, BEGGIES 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. H. F. PHILLIPS.

J. M. McCall, W. H. Atkinson, W. A. Withers. 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 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

### Arkansas William.

There are dozens of men in Michigan who will remember meeting Arkansas William, the Great Gulch terror in Julesburg, Col., Denver, Laraine, and other places in that Territory a dozen years ago. He was a shooter, a slasher, an Indian killer, a Government scout, a cleaner out of mining camps, a tornado when he struck a town, and a double jointed son of dynamite generally. All this he told us and sought to impress it on our minds, and it came to pass by and by that whenever he crowded we all cackled. We'd have bet all the horses in the First Cavalry against an Indian dog that Arkansas William was a match for any four tribes of Indians on the plains, and we'd have backed him against all the other terrors, tarantulas, wild cats, Rocky Mountain lions, and howling bears between Omaha and Frisco. True, we never saw him shoot, nor cut, nor slash, nor knock down, nor drag out, but it must be him because he said it was. It was an impressive sight to see him stalking around with a rifle, two revolvers and a Bowie strapped to him, and heavens! how he could yell! It was enough to make every mule at the post tremble to hear Arkansas utter his war-whoop--the same one he uttered, he told us, when he rode down 200 Pawnees and scattered them to the four winds. How many of us who bought his tin types at \$2 apiece will never be known, but he was more eager to sell them than take the war-path. When the Michigans left Colorado, William was hankering to lay in a Winter supply of 250 scalps, seven barrels of gore and a barnful of ears and noses, and his wild war-whoops followed the regiment for more than two miles.

The other day something was heard to drop in the Black Hills, and Arkansas William, the Great Gulch terror, walked in upon a mining camp, and in thunder tones asked what kind of a graveyard they had there. When they tremblingly answered that they had none at all, and that all the men were in the best of health, the terror mounted a barrel, flapped his arms and cried out: "No graveyard here! No place in which to lay my victims! Whoop! I am the Great Gulch terror! I'm the gigantic graveyard starter of the Big West! I'll be both hands behind me and fight you whole town!"

They tried to coax him not to. They even offered him fifteen cents to go away and leave them alone. Indeed, they offered to write him a variety play, in which he, as the hero, should kill 155 men inside of an hour and a half, but he would not go. Arkansas William could not be bought for gold, and had fame enough.

Well, when they realized that he wanted blood, and must have it, a weazen-faced, flat-chested, thin-waisted man from Cass county, Michigan, who weighed about 120 pounds, offered him self for a sacrifice. He had never fought anything on anybody, and he was so tame and humble that the men used to wipe the grease off their knives on his brick-colored hair after the close of a meal. He crawled out of his tent and said he'd as soon fight as not. He had just received a letter from home to the effect that his wife had run off with a blonde tin peddler, and now he didn't care to live longer.

"Him! He! That man! That toothpick! Why, I'll make hash of him in a second!" roared Arkansas William, as he caught sight of his victim. Yes, he would do that very thing, and that would start a graveyard. He threw down his rifle, put off his revolvers and crowded for blood! The little man didn't crow any, but he lunged out a wicked big knife, drew a hair across the edge of it, and said he'd do the best he could. The terror crowed again, and told how many men he had killed, but the weazen-faced man cut another hair with his knife. The terror finally offered to let him off on account of his consumptive look, but he wouldn't be let off. He wanted to die then and there. He wanted to go up the trail, and come down to the attack on the run. This was his best hold, and the way he had always fought. All he wanted was a fight to the death, and he didn't care how he got it. Arkansas William started up the trail, but halted and returned and said:

"Boy, I'm the Great Gulch Terror, and I've put 198 white men and over 600 Indians under the soil. But I'm no monster. Something in your face touches my heart. I'll give you just one more chance to draw out and live on."

The Cass county man wouldn't take it. He didn't want to live since his wife went back on him, and moreover, he was mad for the first time in his life, and wanted to see how he would act in a fight. "Very well--get ready to die!" yelled the terror, as he backed up the trail. He was backing and spitting on his bowie-knife, and getting an awful look on his face when last seen. The miners waited for the rush, and expected every minute to hear his yells, but they came not. Three--five--ten minutes slipped away, and then they investigated. Arkansas William was nowhere to be found, but they saw a man

a mile away heading for Deadwood, and making the earth ache as he passed over it.--Detroit Free Press.

### A Nihilist Newspaper.

The Will of the People is the title of the organ of the Nihilists in Russia. It appears in the most extraordinary way in unexpected corners, and when least looked for. They say that it is constantly to be found on the toilet table of statesmen and generals. The manner in which this curious organ is printed is described at length by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. The office is a "boomy, miserable room at the top of a house in a poor locality. On the door is an announcement of some fabulous trade. The room is occupied by a poor wretch, formerly a student; it is wretchedly furnished. The bed occupies pretty nearly the entire room. Everything is mean and squalid. The owner of the apartment is editor, compositor, reporter, printer and publisher. Under the mattress of the miserable bed the type is hidden. Thence, when occasion offers, it is transferred to the multitudinous pockets of his great coat. He goes out into the streets with a diminutive note book, lings about public buildings, glares at people in authority, whom he would kill if a glance could murder, writes his "leaders" in a secluded corner of a park, and rolls each page into a pill to be swallowed on the approach of a policeman. As soon as the work is finished he steals home, locks and barricades the door, gets out his type and sets up the press, which he afterwards prints in a primitive manner, and distributes through the streets, and in cafes, and by all other means known only to conspirators. This account of the difficult, dangerous and painful duty which that poor patient scribe performs under the direction of an inexorable committee, from whom he receives hideous help, may or may not be in accordance with truth; but there remains the undeniable fact that under the very nose of the terrible third section, despite all the vigilance of the police, a sheet is printed, published and circulated, and no man can put his hand upon those who thus contribute to the literature of revolution.

### Fifty Years Hence.

The amazing changes which have occurred on Manhattan Island within the last half century, and which the late lecture of Mr. William E. Dodge has brought before the public, suggests an inquiry as to whether the next half century has in store changes equally great. It is to be noted that Mr. Dodge himself, now a man of seventy-five years--an age which seldom takes too rosy a view of the future--declares his belief that the growth of this metropolis and of the nation will be as great during fifty years to come as it has been during the time whose changes he has witnessed. The changes effected by the introduction to general use of coal, steam, gas, and a thousand mechanical contrivances may have no parallel, and the story he tells of having crossed an old stone bridge at Canal street, that he might take a path through the meadows to carry packages to Greenwich village, a point near what is now Eighth avenue and Fourth street, may be more strange than any that will be told at the end of the next fifty years, but that the substantial growth of New York will be as rapid during the next half century as it has been in the last, Mr. Dodge believes, and probably with wholly satisfactory reasons. The consideration of such prospective development suggests a future for our city and for the nation which is too wonderful for comprehension. If fifty years hence the changes have occurred which Mr. Dodge predicts, the supremacy of our Republic among the nations, and of the metropolis among the world's commercial cities will be unquestionable, unless changes are effected in the old world, which there is now no foundation for predicting.--N. Y. Mail.

### A Female Lawsuit.

A novel law-suit at New Brunswick, N. J., has ended in a verdict of \$20 for Miss Voorhis, a dressmaker engaged by Mrs. Beecham to make her a silk and cashmere dress last Easter. Mrs. Beecham supplied the material, but after the dresses were made, charged her dressmaker with stealing some of the cloth. This Miss Voorhis denied, and left the house in a huff. Mrs. Beecham entered her back, however, some days later, and forced her to sign papers, throwing in her work on the dresses and twenty-two yards of carpet besides. The Beechams got the carpet, but a jury has now given Miss Voorhis her valuation of it in cash. The trial was rendered interesting, not only by the presence of dressmakers who decided that no cloth had been stolen in the cutting of the dresses, but also by a carpenter, introduced by Mrs. Beecham, who essayed to settle the question with a tape line and two-foot rule. Perhaps a further action for slander might tend to make Mrs. Beecham more cautious in future. It is proper, says the New Orleans Picayune, to make a few felime remarks on the death of a favorite cat!

### Hydrophobic Horrors

Another death from a dog bite occurred on last Saturday night at Frankford. The victim was a lady, seventy years of age, named Ann Schwartz, residing at No. 4,528 Penn street. Mrs. Schwartz and her husband and two daughters, who have families of their own, resided at the time of the fatal bite, at 4,547 Worth street. The family had had for six years a pet dog, a cross between a black-and-tan terrier and a spitzler, which they had raised from a pup. On the 26th day of last December the dog hurt one of his paws, and the old lady undertook to bandage the wound. While doing so the beast turned upon her and drove his teeth into the little finger of her left hand to the bone. The animal was killed at once, and Mrs. Schwartz went to the nearest drug store, where a liniment was applied and in a few days the wound had healed without leaving a noticeable scar, and the event was forgotten.

On Saturday, April 3, Mrs. Schwartz experienced a pricking sensation in the bitten finger, followed by an aching of the entire left arm. This she attributed to the fact that on the Friday night previous she had taken two of her grandchildren to an entertainment at Old Fellows' Hall and held them both on her arms for a considerable time. She became generally unwell, and on Sunday morning whispered to one of her daughters, while lying in bed, "I can't bear the sight of water," and it was noticed that the slightest draught of air, even from a passing object, took away her breath.

These things alarmed the family, and brought to their mind the old lady's encounter with the dog three months before. Without hinting their suspicions, on Monday night they sent for Doctor Robert R. Burns, of Frankford. He prescribed for inflammation of the lungs and neuralgia, and everybody felt a relief; but late on Tuesday night, one of her sons-in-law observed a very slight spasm.

The next day the doctor appeared again, and after an examination of the patient, expressed his fears of hydrophobia, and on Thursday declared she was affected with that dreadful disease, and prescribed medicine to reduce the force of the spasms. Her condition grew considerably worse, however. During the nights she was wild and raving, but in the daytime was quiet from exhaustion. She had the customary parched throat and mouth, and the same aversion to liquids, particularly water.

Being a woman of remarkable nerve, she fought against the disease herself and endeavored to force water down her throat to allay thirst. The effort to bring a glass of beer to her mouth invariably failed, but by main strength she would steep her fingers in the liquid and then pass them over her lips. The snapping system developed but once, and then she attempted to bite the hand of one of her attendants.

From Sunday until Friday night she did not sleep a wink, for which reason an injection was administered from which she obtained some rest. Notwithstanding these applications she still had violent spasmodic intervals, and as a last resort the physicians resolved to inject morphia. Before this could be done, she died (on Saturday night at 20 minutes past 9 o'clock), in a peaceful condition, which had lasted some hours. Mrs. Schwartz was a native of Staffordshire, England, and came to this country in 1855.

### The Arctic Expedition.

The project of taking the north pole by seige is now fairly under way. Captain Howgate's plan has been approved by the government and the captain has begun the erection of an arctic house on a vacant lot in Washington which is to be used in carrying out that plan. After its completion it will be taken to pieces and shipped with the first installment of explorers northward, where it will be put up on the west coast of Smith's sound, about 80 degrees north latitude. A permanent depot of supplies will be established there and thence expeditions toward the pole will be sent out by boat and sledge. The expedition will be ready to sail about the middle of May, and after landing the men and supplies will return and make another trip next year, the colonists in the meantime working out the problem of their expedition as best they may. It is anticipated that by this means the men will become acclimated and familiar with their work, and way by slow degrees accomplish the task which has so long baffled, yet ever fascinaed, arctic explorers. If persistence, courage, skill, scientific appliances, and unstinted liberality can wrest from those high latitudes the supreme secret which still eludes the search of man, it will yet be learned. The Jeannette, the vessel equipped by James Gordon Bennett, is now in the polar regions engaged in the same investigation which the government explorers will soon undertake.--Rochester Herald.

### Cave Dwellers.

The time has long passed since cavern could be regarded with any feelings of superstition. For a very slight acquaintance with the science of geology must make the most inveterate mystery worshipper among us quickly cognizant of the laws to which they owe their origin. But many of these caverns are revealing to us histories which are far more wonderful than fairy tales. We allude to the so called bone caves, which in this and other countries are furnishing geologists and the scientific world generally with materials from which they can in somewhat form a history of pre-historic times. Ever since the discovery of the remains of an exact species of rhinoceros in a cave at Orreton, near Plymouth, have scientific men turned their attention to caverns and their contents, as to books from which they could learn much of the life which prevailed upon the globe in distant ages. This discovery was quickly followed by others. The celebrated Kirkdale cave in Yorkshire--stumbled upon by accident--was cleared of the debris with which it was choked up, and yielded results of a high scientific value. Here remains of the elephant, mammoth and other animals were recognized. Most of these bore the marks of teeth, and the occurrence of the bones of the hyena in greater numbers than those of any other animal, pointed to the inference that this cave had formed the den of successive races of these animals. This hypothesis was strengthened by a comparison of gnawed bones with those taken from hyenas in confinement at the Zoological Gardens, London, with which they were found to correspond in a remarkable manner. The question how the remains of the larger animals were dragged to these, their last resting places, was readily accounted for by the known habit which prevails among the lower creation of seeking some secluded spot at the approach of death. The fact, too, of the remains of man having been found has given rise to no end of controversies, into which we have no disposition to enter. The gradual growth of the stalagmite upon the floor of the cave, founded upon calculations of its increase within recent years, has on one side been quoted as a kind of undeviating timekeeper by which to gauge the period which has elapsed since the deposit first began. When we consider how this material is formed, how the water, percolating through the soil above, becomes charged with carbonic dioxide which enables it to hold in solution the lime, which it again gives up in the form of stalagmite, on exposure to the air, when we reflect how atmospheric change, rain fall, and a hundred other influences must affect these chemical changes--we must acknowledge that any calculations founded upon the thickness of calcareous deposition must necessarily be subject to error.--Chamber's Journal.

### A Sunday in Texas.

The following narrative, says the Little Rock Gazette, was told us confidentially by a slanderer: A Texas minister arose before a large audience, took his text and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church. "Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me; in fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a big piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head. "I think, parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon. The minister raised a tumbler of water and was in the act of applying his lips when the glass fell, shattered by a shot. "This is an inuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate this matter. Is there another preacher in the house?" "Yes," said a man throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field. "Got on an extra?" "Yes." "Unlimber!" The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and drawing one from his belt started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more life like, inasmuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and placing an ear and the nostril and a half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked, "He that hath ears to hear, let him believe himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption. Somebody writes to the Woman's Journal protesting against hats that are turned up, so as to look jaunty, and says that he went to a funeral the other day and found his attention distracted from the services by the jaunty millinery worn by the ladies present. There is no occasion too solemn to divert a man's mind from staring at bonnets, is there?--Boston Transcript. Better be upright and want, than wicked and have superabundance.

### "To Rent."

Yesterday morning a card of "To Rent" was mailed to a house on Brush street. It was a large card, and the printing was plain. A bold line at the bottom said that the people should inquire next door, and pretty soon the calls commenced. The first man who came began: "Is the house next door to rent?" "Yes." "Then it is not for sale?" "No, sir." "Isn't, eh? I thought it was for sale," he said as he went away. The next man stood looking at the card full five minutes, and then called next door and said: "I suppose that house is empty, isn't it?" "Yes." "Then it is to rent?" "Yes." "How long has it been to rent?" "Only one day." "How long will it be to rent?" "Can't tell." "Well, if I can't find out anything about it here, I'll go to the owner. I suppose he's in Europe, isn't he?" "No; he's in New York." "Ah! that's always the way. Well, if I conclude to take the house I'll call around again." The third was a lady. She looked in to the empty house and then called next door and said: "I see that you have a house to rent?" "Yes." "Will it be painted this Spring?" "Yes." "Was the last family very respectable?" "Yes." "Has it ever been a boarding house?" "No." "It has a cellar and hot and cold water?" "Yes." "Well, we have had some thoughts of moving this Spring. I don't much think we shall, but if we do, and this house is to rent when we get ready, I'll look through it." The fourth caller was also a lady. She looked in at all the windows, entered the back yard and called next door and asked: "Can you tell me if this darling little house is to rent?" "It is." "It is the sweetest little place in all Detroit, and I know that a family would be happy in it. It reminded me of a romantic little house in the outskirts of Paris. How much is the rent?" "Eighteen dollars per month." "Eighteen dollars! That's highway robbery! Why, it's a squatty little pigpen, no sun, no air, and as gloomy as a prison--You must be crazy! Do you think war times have come again? That is all I want to know. I didn't care about changing anyhow, but being out for a walk and seeing the card up I thought I might as well inquire."

### The Czarina's Conversion.

The conversion of the Empress of Russia to the National Church of Russia is a well known fact of the past. Her devotion to its pomp and splendid mysteries, first as a believer, then as a bigot, last as fanatic, is one of the strangest incidents in the annals of modern royalty. Weak and sickly from childhood, the Empress was not a woman notoriously been fond of pleasure, sentiments more tender than esteem and friendship. So a chill settled down upon their married life, and turned at last into positive dislike. The Empress learned to live for two objects only, her eldest son and the church. Frequently confined for weeks to her apartment, tired of the world, grown old before her time, the Empress sought consolation in the love of the Czarwitsch Nicholas and in the contemplation of the images placed in every niche of her room. The Grand Almoner of the court, M. Bajanoff, exercised over the penitent an influence which none of his predecessors had enjoyed. The more the Emperor abandoned himself to his inclinations and tastes, the more rapidly and surely grew the influence of M. Bajanoff. He found a congenial ally in the Countess Antonia Biondoff, who helped him in guiding the Empress almost to madness. In the Spring of 1855 the Czarwitsch Nicholas died, and his mother became more and more the prey of melancholy, mental depression and bigotry. Bajanoff and the Countess never left her. They excited her to fever heat against all that did not belong to the orthodox church. Catholics and Protestants became equally abominable to her, and the marriage of a boy from which she never recovered. The Czar does not fail to appreciate the sad isolation in which his continual absence leaves the Czarina. He reproaches himself for his conduct openly to his associates, and bitterly curses the fate which bound him to one which he considers his superior in all Christian virtues, but whom he can never love, and in whose society he cannot be happy. It is employment that makes the people happy remarked the great Daniel Webster. It is holding office, as the New Orleans Picayune, that makes them too jolly for anything.