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BEST EASTERN STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

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

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We will continue to purchase wheat - AT - The Highest Market Price, And will deliver Flour, Feed, Etc., Anywhere in town, AT MILL PRICES.

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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.

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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

tandard 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

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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

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THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFACT'G CO., ARE NOW MAKING FROM

The Very Best

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BLANKETS,

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OUR PATRONS!

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

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At Prices that Defy Competition.

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MOTHER'S WAY.

Oh, within our little cottage, As the shadows gently fall, While the sunlight touches softly One sweet face upon the wall...

The Music Lesson.

I am powerful fond of music. When I was only knee high to a grass hopper I used to follow all the hand-organs that came into the place.

Brother Jones lives next door and belongs to our church. He has taken it into his head to buy a pianer for his girl Sarah Maria.

She has been taking lessons on the pianer from the observatory, and a great professor comes here and plays till I am almost carried away.

One night I sat at my winder listening; all at once I thought I'd go in and hear all I could. I went right in.

He smiled and gave Sarah Maria a very knowing look. I asked him to favor me with some music.

Thereupon he commenced singing about "dreaming he lived in marble halls." Then he looked straight at Sarah Maria, and kept saying "that he loved her, that he loved her just the same."

Sarah Maria asked me if I liked that. I said, "Oh, yes! It was splendid!"

I thanked him politely, and told him to keep right on, and when I was tired I'd tell him to stop.

"What have you done to me, Professor?" "How do you like it?" says he. "I guess I would like it when I get used to it."

I felt kinder played out, so I thought I'd go down into the dining-room and see Brother and Sister Jones.

of such works, without buying a paper to read them. But such taste some folks have. There sat Sister Jones looking at her lord and master (as I've heard some folks say), taking it all in the law and gospel.

Everything Brother Jones says, Sister Jones will swear by. I think its wicked to place such trust in poor human nature. I remonstrated to her at once.

"Well," said she, "Sister Scott, when a woman has got a nice likely man she oughter to look up to him and please him. You know, the man is the head of the woman."

The deacon likes to go down the harbor with his class, and the girls like to have him spend his money on them buying them ice cream and sods, and such-like fooleries, and I don't like it.

But I must finish about Sarah Maria's pianer. I went in again the other night. The door was open and I went right up stairs. I opened the parlor door and stood looking at the professor giving Maria a lesson.

All at once he dropped his head, and a loud noise, as if a bunch of fire-crackers had went off, sounded. I was kinder scart, and said - "O, my!"

"Some people don't know their place." I guess he was mad with Sarah Maria, for he ketches up his hat and said: "I don't mean to endure this any longer," and went out.

Sarah Maria felt kinder bad, too, for the tears came into her purty eyes. I told her to keep a stiff upper lip, and not to be bullied by her teacher.

At last I got so lonesome that I asked the deacon to buy one of them lying newspapers, for I should go off the handle if I couldn't hear nothing, even if it wasn't true.

Professor William Augustus Rydal to Sarah Maria Jones. And at last I began to see through the last lesson I saw the Professor give to Sarah Maria.

Well, my story is done, and here I am, a diving martyr to music.

American and English Tastes.

Yankee Doodle sneers at the past, and contemns to John Bull, believes only in the active, go-ahead present, which must open out into a glorious triumphant future.

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A Big Mistake.

Recently a church had a new minister. He is a nice sociable gentleman, but being from a distant State of course he was unacquainted with our people; therefore it happened that during his pastoral calls he made several ludicrous blunders.

"It was a sad bereavement, was it not, Mrs. Haddon?" "Yes," faltered the widow. "Totally unexpected?"

"Oh, yes; I never dreamed of it." "He died in the barn, I suppose." "Oh, no; in the house."

"He was always capable of feeding himself, sir." "Very intelligent he must have been. Died hard, didn't he?" "He did."

"Whoever told you so didn't speak the truth," said she haughtily. "James died naturally."

"Well, I have been misinformed, then. How old was he?" "Thirty-five."

"Never, sir—never again will I see as good a one as he is." "Oh, yes, you will. He had the leaves bad, you know."

"Why, I recollect I saw him one day with you on his back, and I distinctly recollect that he had the leaves, and he walked as if he had the spring-heat."

"A cork leg? remarkable! But really now, did he not have a dangerous trick of suddenly stopping and kicking a wagon all to pieces?"

"Never; he was not a madman, sir." "Probably not. There were some good points in him."

"The way in which he carried his ears, for example." "Nobody else ever noticed that particular merit," she said, with asperity.

"How long did it take him to go a mile?" "Fifteen minutes."

"What I most admired about him was the beautiful waggle of his tail." The widow sat down and cried.

Opera of the Plains.

The man or woman who has not witnessed the rendition of the Opera of the Plains, cannot have a thorough appreciation of the wonderful expression and power of music.

The train now encamps. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about of various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it.

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A Self-Made Man.

All these stories about self-made men and the amount of property that they have succeeded in accumulating are getting to be rather monotonous.

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Capturing Turkoman Women.

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One Woman.

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