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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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

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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday,

—BY—

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

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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
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Anywhere in town,
AT MILL PRICES.
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STABLES,
Main Street, : : Ashland.
I have constantly on hand the very best
SADDLE HORSES,
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And can furnish my customers with a tip-top turnout at any time.
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On reasonable terms, and given the best attention. Horses bought and sold and satisfaction guaranteed in all my transactions.
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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
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 Southeastern 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 price paid for
Wheat, Oats, Barley, Bacon, Lard.
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ASHLAND, April 10, 1880.

JAMES THORNTON, JACOB WAGNER,
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THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFAC'G CO.,
ARE NOW MAKING FROM
The Very Best
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OUR PATRONS
OLD AND NEW,
Are invited to send in their orders and are assured that they
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NOT IN VAIN.

I did not offer thee mine heart,
Nor did I ask, thou know'st, for thine.
I only said, "Until we part
Lend it, and I will lend thee mine."

And have we passed those hours in vain?
We met, we smiled, we smile, we sever.
Is it in vain that thus we twain
Have met, though thus we part forever?

In vain? Shall I ever forget your eyes
Or the love that died of despair in me?
For my love but lived in despair's despite,
Like a new-born babe that sees the light
For a moment, and smiles and dies,
And lives in its mother's memory.

"Face the Music."

A lusty ring of the door bell, followed by, "If that is anybody I owe, tell them I'm gone away, sick, dead, anything you please!"

Little Louise Griffin looked round in horror as these words fell upon her ears, as well as she might; for there sat her Aunt Clara, her feet resting upon a hassock, a basket of stockings fresh from the ironing table by her side, and a terrible frown upon her usually placid features.

Aunt Clara was a young widow of thirty, and since her husband's death had supported herself and two young children by that most forlorn and precarious of all occupations, keeping boarders. Of course she had been unfortunate. One boarder after another had stolen away without settling his bill, and the consequence was temporary embarrassment and almost despair on the part of the little hostess.

"Who was it, Kate?" inquired Aunt Clara, as the servant returned.

"The paper man, mum; says he'll call again on Saturday."

"You could have told him that he could have spared himself the trouble, for it's not likely that I shall have any more money then than now. I must go away from here or go crazy!" And poor Aunt Clara burst into a flood of tears, which seemed a little service in the comforting line, for they brought no relief whatever.

"What in the world is the matter, auntie, dear?" said her niece, drawing near and trying to soothe her.

"Matter! I owe the butcher for a month's meat, the grocer for two month's groceries, the gas man, the paper man, and my house rent has been due over a week."

"But why don't you see these people, and tell them how you are situated, instead of sending Kate to tell falsehoods?"

"Louise Griffin, you don't know what you are talking about. You don't know what it is to be alone in the world, struggling for subsistence; you don't know what it is to be cheated out of your hard-won earnings. I never thought I should come to this. I—"

"Ting-a ling-a-ling!" went the door bell again.

"Are you in now, Mrs. Beresford?" inquired the kind hearted servant girl, poking her head in at the door, as this fresh appeal was heard.

"In? No. For mercy's sake hide me somewhere! I have a great mind to crawl under the bed, just to get out of sight! Dear, dear. What shall I do now?"

Louise said no more, but turned away and nervously tapped on the window pane, wondering if her good-natured, even-tempered Aunt Clara had taken leave of her senses.

"Come away from the window, Louise! Are you crazy to stand there knocking in that style?" exclaimed the poor, tired woman, frantically.

"I don't owe anybody, auntie," replied Louise.

"But they may think it is I. I don't want them to know that there's a soul at home. O dear—O dear! This load is greater than I can bear!"

"It was Mr. Barlow, ma'am; says he'll call again this evening, and—"

"Why didn't you tell him that I shouldn't be home, or that I was sick in bed, or something, to—to have kept him out of sight until I should get things in order?"

"He asked, ma'am, if you were quite well, and how Nell and Josey were; he said he would come in a few minutes if the children were at home; he appeared kinder sorrowful like when he went away, ma'am."

"No doubt of it," replied Mrs. Beresford. "Folks are apt to be sorrowful when they can't collect the money due them. He'll look kind of angry by night—mark my words!"

Again the bell resounded through the house.

"Is this kind of thing to be kept up all day? Are we to have nothing else from morning till night?" exclaimed the thoroughly exasperated woman.

This time Kate didn't ask what message she should convey, but returned with this intelligence—

"The gas man. I told him you was out, and he said please to tell you that he hated to leave such a message, but it is the company's orders that if you don't send up the amount of your bill to-morrow at 12 o'clock, they will come and cut off the gas."

"Ask him if he couldn't kill two birds with one stone, and cut off my head at the same time."

"Aunt Clara, I believe you are stark, raving mad," sobbed Louise.

Just then, little six-year-old Nell burst into the room, and, with a merry laugh and shout, held out a letter, saying—

"Oh, mamma, a man gave me this to give to you! Which man does you think it was? Guess now, mamma Clara."

"One of my creditors, probably."

"Oh, no, mamma, it wasn't him—it was our dear Mr. Barlow, and he kissed me ever so long; he said he had been to call, and you was out; and I told him my mamma wasn't out; that bad men came around every single day asking for money—"

"Nellie Beresford, did you tell Mr. Barlow that? What did he say?" And Mrs. Beresford was as pale as a ghost.

"This is what he done, mamma. He put his hand this way on his chin—" and the little one imitated the gentleman as he stroked his whiskers—"I thought so;" and then he kissed me again, and gave me this to buy a hoop with," holding up a five dollar note.

Mrs. Beresford tried to reprove the child, but she broke down, threw herself on the bed, and buried her face in the pillow.

"I had rather any other man in the world should have known of this than Mr. Barlow, he is so particular about honor. O dear, dear! How can I ever look him in the face again?"

* * * * * * *

"Come in here a minute, won't you auntie," said Louise, as Mrs. Beresford entered the front parlor after dinner. "Here is a friend who wants to see you."

The next moment Mrs. Beresford found herself face to face with her landlord, Louise leaving them alone together.

"Mr. Barlow," said Aunt Clara, with a sob in her voice, "I am exceedingly mortified that you should have to call again for your money; but the truth is, I am in trouble; I shall be compelled to ask for a few days more grace."

"Have you finished?" inquired the elegant-looking gentleman. "Because if you have, I should like to speak. I did not call here to talk about house rent. I have been trying for the last three months to muster up courage enough to ask you to be my wife; but your manner has been discouraging. I ask you this question now. If you think you ever can love me, say so; and if not, act like a sensible little woman, and tell me all your troubles; let me be a friend to you, if I may not occupy the position my heart craves."

What do you think her answer was? As true as you live, a flood of tears! And the next thing she knew a pair of arms were thrown lovingly about her, her head was pressed close to his shirt-front, and it looked very much as if the little widow had found the rest for which she sighed.

The gas wasn't turned off the next day, but every boarder was out of that establishment before the next Sabbath, and—well, Mrs. George Barlow sits by my side, and on her knee crows a baby just four months old to-day, and his name is George Barlow, Jr.

Moral—it is best to "face the music" under all circumstances.

A Dark Seance

"Great aches from little toe corns grow," and the most momentous affairs sometimes hang upon insignificant circumstances. For illustration, the other night a small boy got into the closet where the meter was kept, in a large Market street lodging house, and, as an inevitable result, accidentally turned off the gas. This occurred at 10:30 P. M., and the consequences were various.

On the first floor a dignified citizen and church member was reading Platt's refutation of Ingersoll to his children, and swore like a pirate when the total eclipse set in.

On the second floor a lot of amateur vocalists were practicing in the hope of being rung into the Tobin troupe chorus one of these days. The whole lot naturally supposed that heaven had stricken them with blindness for their persistence in making other people wretched, and so straightway fell upon their knees and began to pray, as if prayer could do anything for a San Francisco amateur.

On the third floor a gentleman was mixing a hot scotch for his sick wife, and in the darkness drank the result by mistake, giving her syrup of squills instead.

On the fourth a woman was hunting a tom cat from under the bed with a broomstick. The animal took advantage of the obscuration to scalp the woman's nose and smash the transom into forty thousand flinders in going out.

On the fifth floor a Second Adventist, author of the thrilling tract, "Always Ready," imagined the world was coming to an end, and began to blow a police whistle and yell "Murder!" with all his might.

In fact, the only boarder in the house who wasn't rendered furious by the incident was a young lady, whose "stiddy company" had previously turned the light down to a point where its total extinction became a matter of profound indifference. Naturally the uproar and excitement that followed resembled a nominating convention on a small scale; but as the small boy turned the gas on again a few minutes later, and as a consequence the landlord and a tipsy stockbroker were found suffocated in their beds the next morning, the matter was smoothed over and treated as a joke by general consent.

Wellington attributed his success to the fact that he knew the value of minutes.

History of Zero.

"Zero, on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty, hence nothing. In the expression 90° Fahr., the abbreviation Fahr, a Prussian merchant of Dantzee, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and, when he was only 19 years old, in the remarkably cold Winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a cold equal to the coldest day that year. As that day was the coldest that the oldest inhabitant could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either artificial or natural. He called that degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or a rude weather glass, with a scale graduated up from the zero to the boiling point, which he numbered 215, and the freezing point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of a volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero; and expanded 180th on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that this arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the two extremes of temperature than "from Dan to Beersheba" represented the boundaries of Palestine. But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been largely adopted, with its inconvenient scale; and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to science. Then habit made people cling to the established scale, as habit makes people cling to their old system of cumbrous fractional money.

Our nation began to use Fahrenheit's thermometer about the middle of the last century, or not far from the time when old Style was exchanged for New Style in the writing of dates.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England and America. Russia and Germany use Reaumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is marked 80° above freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100° from freezing point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained, when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is 100° or 1,000° from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made it one of his many improvements after the public adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.

The Planets.

A correspondent of the Providence Journal, in speaking of Jupiter as a morning star, and his approach toward his perihelion, speculates on his supposed action on the sun, in producing sun spots and other disturbances, and the effect of these again on the earth. If, he says, the planet Neptune was discovered, or supposed to exist on account of certain perturbacions in the movements of Uranus, and if the erratic movements of Mercury reveal the presence of planets within his orbit, why should not the near approach of Jupiter to the sun stir up a commotion in his fiery elements? The sun is still diversified with spots, and the planet is near enough to perihelion to make his influence felt. Astronomers have been wise prophets thus far, as to the influence of the commencement of the sun spot cycle. Tornadoes and cyclones of extreme severity have born witness to abnormal conditions of the atmosphere, and a wave of intense heat, such as has not occurred for a quarter of a century at this season of the year, has confirmed the exactness of previous observations. We must still expect the usual storms, waves of heat and auroral displays that follow the maximum of sun-spots; we have yet to learn whether the coincident perihelia of the four great planets will increase and prolong the elemental warfare. This is one of the most interesting problems of the day, as well as one of the most practical and important. It will not meet with a hasty solution, for the period of observation extends to the year 1835. Herschel, the great astronomer, said that "sun-spots influenced the price of corn." This assertion is easily understood, for heat, drouth and storms exert a mighty influence on harvests, and if these are lessened the value of what remains is increased. Students of astronomy will, therefore, regard with especial interest the movements of Jupiter in the morning sky, while they ponder upon the mysterious links that unites in one harmonious whole the members of the solar family.

Soup should be swallowed whole.

Skin Grafting.

The wonderful degree of perfection to which the science of surgery has attained in the United States within the past year, and the practical benefits which daily result from the experiments made in our hospitals, are attracting the attention of scientific circles throughout the world. One of the latest and most unique operations which has been suddenly called into general use is that of skin grafting. Although a number of successful cases are on record in which French surgeons have performed this operation, there has been little confidence felt in the method until recently. The furore caused by an account of such an operation, published in the Herald a few days ago, proves how little is known about skin grafting by the public. But by far the most astonishing of all experimenss has been tried, proved, and is now included in the regular treatment of Bellevue Hospital by the House Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Girdnor, who has actually succeeded in keeping a patient alive in a dead man's skin. Learning that Dr. Girdner has made exceptional advances in this branch of surgery, a Herald reporter called at Bellvue Hospital yesterday, and obtained an interview on the subject.

"I have been experimenting a year on the operation of skin grafting and have obtained some very flattering results," he said; "I had several patients in my wards who had chronic ulcers of the leg which no ordinary treatment could cure. I read one day of the grafting experiment performed by a French surgeon, and, fearing that one of the patients would die, decided as a last resource to graft skin on the surface of the ulcers. The patient on whom I proposed to perform the operation refused to allow any skin to be cut from his arms or body for the purpose, claiming that the pain was too great. I determinod to try the skin of a corpse, as it would have been unjust to have expected any of the other patients to make the sacrifice to save the man who refused to suffer himself. I cut a piece of skin from a patient who had died in the wards a few hours before, first taking care to inquire whether the cause of the death was due to a poisonous disease or not. I then cut the cuticle into small pieces, which I laid on the granulated surface of the ulcers, and bandaged the leg up very firmly. In three days the gratt began to show signs of life, a perfect union having taken place, and in a week a splendid skin, smooth and elastic, had grown over the ulcerated part, making a complete cure, and leaving no scar behind. Since that time I have treated upwards of fifty cases with invariable success. I have grafted the skin of an Irishman on a negro, and I have grafted the skin of a negro on an Irishman with ease. In both cases the skin lost its original color and changed its hue to suit the wearer. The great value in skin grafting is to prevent ugly scars. When a man's face is burned the elastic portion of the skin is destroyed, and in healing it contracts, twisting the countenance out of shape in a hideous manner. A new skin given to the patient heals the affected part in several days and leaves a mark which is hardly noticeable."—N. Y. Herald, June 12th.

Tired Women.

All through the country one meets with tired, careworn women who seem to have entirely lost health, hope and ambition. They are forced in the position of drudges, and, too often, meet with no sympathy from their husbands, who sneer at the idea of woman's work being so burdensome when they remember their own laborious tasks. But sneering does not lessen the labor of the wives to whom kitchen, pantry, milk room, dining room, suggest drudgery. The man has a constant change of scene with all the excitment incident thereto. He goes from breakfast to the plow, the harrow, and the constantly varying duties of the farm. His meals are prepared for him, and after supper he can enjoy his pipe in peace, his work over for the day. But with his wife it is different. Early in the morning she rises to kindle the fire, dress the children, cook breakfast, wash the dishes, send the children to school, get the dinner, wash the dishes—and if there is a moment to spare between dinner and supper, to spend it in sewing—get supper, wash the dishes, put the children to bed—and if a momont more offers, to sew, besides taking care of the morning and evening milk, churning and working butter, and a hundred things that must be done every day, in exactly the same way and order. She has no time for pleasure. She does not attend any lodge or society meeting; she visits a neighbor but very seldom, "she's so busy;" she does not walk out after tea to meet a friend to drive away care by social converse; her duties vex her till bedtime, when, anxious and careworn, it's long ere she can sleep, or if she can, the teething baby or the sick child demands her care; and she may spend half the night in quieting it to be roused from a troubled sleep all too soon, to re-commence the weary routine. Is it any wonder that farmers' wives so often leave the scene of their thankless toil for the insane asylum?

If you would make a thief honest, trust him.

European Aristocracy.

The feeling which gives rise at home in British circles to contempt of those of a different social stratum is apt to be intensified when directed toward foreigners. A young lady of my acquaintance, bearing a family name well known in the English aristocracy, while sitting at a table d'hote dinner in Switzerland, next to a party of English tourists, heard one of the ladies, who had read her name on the hotel register, referring to herself, ask her companion, "Is the Honorable Miss ---- of London?" "No," was the reply, in a pointedly contemptuous tone, "she's only an American," knowing and intending that her remark would be overheard by the lady herself. To give greater sting to the gratuitous impertinence, another added: "You know no American goes in good society in London." Comment is unnecessary on this species of cultivated vulgarity in high life, which is first and worthy cousin to the women-beating of the lower classes. But how is it with ourselves? British colonists carry their home traits wherever they settle. In America these have been modified by new conditions of climate and the interblending of the ideas and manners of other European immigrants. Out of these combinations fresh types of men are rapidly forming, whose ideal effigies begin to appear on our social horizon. How far they may be better or worse than the European types remains to be seen. Wherever intellectual traits are strongly marked, manners become correspondingly emphasized. This intensity of local or individual convictions is a powerful factor in human life and history, and none the less energetically operative if, as is too often the case, it regards all advantages as the culmination of its own innate virtues and the reward of an appreciating Providence in the pursuit of its special interests and pleasures. The early Grecian states, particularly the Athens of Pericles, and the Italian despotisms and republics of the middle ages, were conspicuous examples of the concentrated self-interest and a selfish pride of local existence. Every man in them, not a citizen born, was considered either as a slave, active enemy, or an unsympathetic alien. But the intense self-assertion of the dominating caste was always a reservoir of strength, which nourished the growth of the city for which its tyrants or its citizens zealously wrought and fought. Their patriotism was genuine of its kind, albeit more one-sided and narrower than that which took its place after the rival communities were consolidated into broader nationalities. But its spirit has now degenerated into mere pride of family names and ties of caste, and is no longer a political force swayed for the domination of a petty state which was identified with the existence of a ruling class. Instead modern times have developed varied systems of social tyranny, based on petty sentiments and aims, seclusive and exclusive in principle, and ruled by individuals whose horizon of aspirations is bounded by their own hearthstones. What is now called aristocratic society is an outgrowth of the older and broader civic ambitions, toned down to the modern standards of life. It shapes itself into multiform castes founded on the one-sided, strictly personal ambitions which have supplanted the larger, if in practice less humane, idealisms of the older epochs of civilization, gradually deteriorating in aim from the city or association to the family now settling more and more on the mere individual by sheer force of the Democratic drift of ideas. Family name and distinction, however, still continue to be in England the chief keystones of its strong arch of caste. Each individual member cherishes himself as an integral portion of the social structure he represents. In consequence, there is formed a certain unity of manners and tone of speech in high life which corresponds to its homogeneity of aims, and any pressure brought to bear on one part of the system is felt and resisted by the whole.—N. Y. Times.

The True Gentleman.

Any one who wishes to may become a gentleman. He will not form a habit of telling smutty or vulgar stories. He will be careful not to offend persons; will keep his face clean. He will never litt his voice in a small room when talking to men as if he were in a field driving oxen. He will never be loud-mouthed or overbearing to his inferiors. He will not speak so as to pain or wound the heart of any person under him. He will never speak of superior family connections or give those whom he is with to understand that he is of more consequence than they. He will never pry into the private affairs of any other person or meddle himself with the affairs another person should attend to. He will be above the petty suspicions born of ignorance, and proof of bad breeding. He will never try to bully or beat his way or assume a superiority that it is entirely lost the moment it is boasted of. He is never obsequious, but prompt, polite, discreet and courteous to all with whom he comes in contact. He will never quarrel with a servant or use profane language to any one. The gentleman always has his friends even under adverse circumstances because he deserves them. The success of a true gentleman is always lasting.