



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

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## ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday.  
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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.

**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,  
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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**McCall, Atkinson & Co.,**  
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**NEW FIRM!**

**NEW GOODS!!  
NEW PRICES!!!**

We are now receiving our New Fall and Winter 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.

### 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, October 1, 1880.

JAMES THORNTON, JACOB WAGNER,  
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## 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

### THE PHILOSOPHER.

See! this is my philosopher,  
The wisest one I know,  
Don't look with level glance,  
Look rather froward-ly,  
This with level eyes uplifted  
In such a childish way,  
With chubby, dimpled fingers  
"And is he wise?" you say.

Aye, very wise. Remember  
His years are only three,  
And he has learned a language  
With strange facility.  
Nay, two-for, softly tripping,  
There talks on Marie's ear  
The tongue of France re-echoed  
In baby accents clear.

Has he not learned to reason  
With queer, incisive skill?  
Is not his question pure?  
Your older wisdom still?  
And can you banish fairly  
The ghost he question wakes,  
Or ever heed the silence  
It is a man query asks?

Learned, too, to balance safely  
The body's tottering shaft,  
To pull it down so softly  
With philosophic care,  
And to stand so sure enfolded  
The finger's slender grasp,  
That, unthought, gathers, unthought  
With undeciphered grasp!

Has he not learned to weep?  
For his gentle, home-taught rite,  
O, ye children, thank him for it,  
For, trusting prayers at night,  
Learn'd, too, the sweet lesson,  
That words there need be  
To comfort hearts in trouble  
With love's mute sympathy?

Tell me of wondrous scholars,  
From Plato, countless through,  
To Tyndal's prophetic wisdom,  
And Darwin's story new,  
I'll stand by baby Robbie  
For fearless study won,  
Alto his hands are they,  
His hair like sunlight span.

### Almost Parted.

Betty sighed. Now why she should sigh at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all more exasperating, because John had just generously put into her little shapely hand a brand new ten-dollar bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker." "Now what is it?"

Betty, who had just begun to change the right into a merry little laugh, ripping all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and with a small jerk, no ways conciliating, sent out the words, "You needn't insinuate that I'm always troubling me!"

"I didn't insinuate--who's talking of insinuating?" cried John, incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation. "It's you yourself that's forever insinuating, and all that, and then to put it on me, it's abominable!"

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess--that's all," cried Betty, with two big, red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little, erect figure up to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you! Oh, now you can, of course!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John, in great excitement, drawing nearer to the small creature he called "Betty," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation--"I can't endure anything."

"And if you bear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh, and tossed her head again.

And here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two who but a year before had promised to love and protect and help each other through life.

gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty dashed across the room, first tossing the ten-dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears--the first she had shed during her married life.

"How could he have done it--oh, what have I said--oh, John, John!"

The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed-cup that very morning; how he laughed when she tried to put it between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair, he took her in his great arms and held her up just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself. And the "bits" that he said in his tender way--why, they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work, singing for very gladness of spirit. And now!

Betty stifled her fingers hard into her rosy ears to shut out the bird's chirping. "If he knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays--nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst feature each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen said, "Betty!" and heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her, uninvited.

Betty sprang up, choked back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself, and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village twelve months previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as house-cleaning, dress-making and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of news gatherer, at one and the same time pretty effectually.

She always called her by her first name, though Betty idly resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently, and vow a thousand times that the "old maid" should walk.

But she never had--and now, scenting dimly, like a carrier after a prey, that trouble might have come to the pretty little white house, the mischief-maker had come to do her work, it devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying?" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz covered rocking-chair, with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy--but la! I wouldn't mind--I know 'taint your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this? John and she not to live happily! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so soon--a story in everybody's mouth!

With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. Sc Miss Simmons, failing in that was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin', so you can't blame me, if things don't go easy with you, I'm sure!"

"You tell folks so?" repeated Betty, vaguely, and standing quite still. "What I don't understand."

arms, and folded her to his heart right before the old maid and all.

"Oh," said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight, and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And, now that you have learned all that you can," said John, turning round to her, still holding Betty; "why--you may go!"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

"Betty," said John, some half hour afterward, "what was that sigh for? I don't care now, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten in your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't."

Betty smiled, and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bedroom, she presently returned with a bundle, rolled up in a clean towel.

This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after tomorrow is your birthday."

"So 'tis!" said John. "Gracious! has it come around so soon?"

"And you, dear hubby," said Betty, shaking out before his eyes a pretty affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing gown--"this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for oh! I didn't want you to know!"

John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again, he said, perplexedly, while a small pucker or bewilderment settled between his eyes:

"But I don't see, Betty, what this thing," laying one finger on the gown, "had to do with the sigh."

"That," said Betty, and she broke into a merry laugh that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes, that for a moment she couldn't finish.

"Oh, John, I was worrying so over those buttons; but they were the best I could do then. And I only bought 'em yesterday--two whole dozen. And when you put that ten-dollar bill in my hand, I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I hadn't waited buying them till to-day."

John caught up the little woman, dressing gown and all. I don't think they have quarreled again, at least I never heard of it.

### Witchcraft.

It was believed that myriads of demons--who, not only multiplied among themselves, but were daily increased by the souls of wicked men, still-born children, and all who died a violent death--filled the whole earth, exciting whirl winds and tempests when they met in great numbers, destroying the beauties of nature and the works of men's hands.

They were often drawn in at the mouth and nostrils, and tormented those they thus entered with pains and diseases. All these demons were for a stated period at the command of any mortal who would sign away his soul to the Prince of Darkness; and all that the witch or wizard desired them to do was, with the exception of any good action, swiftly performed. General meetings, or "Sabbaths," as they were called, took place at the will of Satan, and were always named for Friday night, or rather Saturday morning immediately after midnight, the place generally chosen for assembling being one where four roads met, or in the neighborhood of a lake.

Upon the spot selected nothing, it was said, could ever grow again, the earth being burned and rendered sterile by the feet of the demons. All witches and wizards who failed to attend these meetings were lashed, by order of Satan, with a whip made of serpents and scorpions. Broomsticks were supposed to be the steeds of French and British witches, but in Italy and Spain the devil himself, in the shape of a goat, was thought to carry them on his back from one place to another. No witch, when going to a Sabbath, could leave her home by a door or window; her own practicable exit was thought to be by key hole or chimney, and during her absence an inferior demon was said to take her form and lie in her bed, feigning illness. The votaries of the Black Art once assembled, the ceremony first performed was to kiss the devil, who took the form of a goat for the occasion. This was followed by an examination of those present, to see if they were stamped with the devil's mark, and those who were not received it from the master of the ceremonies, as also a nickname, their own cognomen, because bestowed in holy baptism, never being pronounced by his Satanic majesty.

Then they would sing and dance furiously, till some one anxious to join them arrived, when they would be silent till the new-comer denied his salvation, kissed the devil, spat upon the Bible, and swore obedience to Satan in all things. These forms of imitation were followed by more dancing and singing. Those who had not been mischievous enough were fogged with thorns and scorpions by their master. A multitude of foats danced for their amusement, and for reward were promised a feast of unbaptized babes, and the meeting ended with a banquet of viands too disgusting to enumerate. When the cock crew they all disappeared, and their Sabbath was at an end.

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### Curious Stories About Animals.

A frog four inches long and one inch in breadth, was found in the throat of a kingrail shot at New City. It was alive when drawn from the dead bird.

A dog in Haverhill, Mass., met the newsboy every morning at the gate and took his master's paper. When the subscription was stopped and the boy attempted to pass the house, the dog threw the boy down, and seizing a copy, took it to his home.

Fourteen catfish were caught by Fred Walker, of Salt Lake, and he left them in the kitchen apparently dead. Four days afterward they were as stiff and cold as icicles. In the middle of the night the family were alarmed by strange noises in the kitchen, and a large fish was found flopping around fearfully.

Liege was a mastiff that was the favorite of his owner, Dr. Van Tuij, of Dayton, Ohio. One day he tackled a large yellow dog. With ears torn and bleeding and smothering with defeat, he ran through the house and jumped a fence into an adjoining yard where another dog was quartered. They held some sort of a council and half a minute later they both cleared the fence, and ran into the street, and there while Liege looked on, his friend gave the yellow dog a wholesome defeat.

Suicides by animals are not uncommon. An old colic in Cathness, troubled with the infirmities of age, including deafness and the loss of teeth, committed suicide by drowning. A Newfoundland dog had his feelings hurt by being scolded. Soon after he was found alive, but with his head partly submerged in a ditch. He was dragged out but he refused to eat or drink, and not long after he was found in the same ditch dead. Captive birds sometimes poison themselves, apparently preferring death to confinement. The American stag or deer commits suicide sometimes when seized or attacked by the glutton, by precipitating itself against trees or rocks.

A writer in Chambers' Journal tells of a game cock who was seemingly beloved by several hens. He was boss of the poultry yard, but one morning he found more than his match and was terribly bruised. His particular hens went one by one, and then all together, him, looking upon him with all the contempt they could display. They pecked at him, and at length his favorite went straight to him and nearly ruined his eyesight. An old brown hen then went to the rescue, and standing before the prostrate bird, sheltered him with her wings. Some weeks afterward the game cock died. The old brown hen soon afterward died on the spot where the cock lay buried. The writer thinks it is proof that hens love

### He Won the Bet.

Soon after two o'clock yesterday the sash in the fourth story of a business house on Woodward avenue was raised and a man's head and shoulders appeared in sight. Next he thrust out his arm, and pedestrians saw a small rope in his hand. Twenty men halted in less than a minute. A plank was lying at the bottom and the general line of reasoning was that the plank was to be drawn up through the window.

"You'll break the glass if you try it," shouted one of the fast-growing group. "That cord isn't stout enough," yelled a third.

"Why don't they carry it up by way of the front stairs?" demanded a man of the flourished his gold-headed cane and seemed much put out.

The cord came part way down and stopped. Some ten different persons volunteered the information of "more yet," and presently it was lowered so that one of the crowd could grasp it. He pulled down and the man above pulled up, and four or five men seized the plank and brought it to the rope.

"Lower away!" yelled the man at the rope.

"Pull down on it!" cried a dozen voices.

The man above let out more rope and waved his hand.

"He wants it over that hitching post," screamed a boy, and it was carried there.

"No, he wants it fast to the lamp-post," shouted a man, and it was carried there.

"Let that rope alone!" yelled the man. Six men had hold of the plank, ready to boost on it, and three more had hold of the rope.

"Do you want the plank?" asked one.

"No."

"Do you want the hitching post?"

"No."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want you to let that rope alone. I had a bet of the square that it was long enough to touch the walk, and I've won 'em. What's the row down there?--somebody dropped dead?"

The plank was hurled away, crowds upon crowds indulged in as toes were trodden upon, and in fifteen seconds the crowd had melted away to a squint-eyed boy and an organ grinder. (Detroit Free Press.)

### "Invisible Fire."

An English gentleman discovered that the fame of electricity as a curative power had penetrated Persia.

While tarrying at Shiraz, on business connected with the overland telegraph, he was visited by a Persian noble. Having received a paralytic stroke in his left shoulder and arm, the nobleman came to inquire if the Englishman's invisible fire (electricity) would not cure him.

He had heard that there were magicians in England, who cured all diseases by the aid of this fire. The Englishman, having moderated the Persian's expectation by remarking that the statement was an exaggeration, accompanied him to the office of the telegraph.

A powerful battery had just been prepared, and the officer in charge readily consented to operate upon the paralyzed arm. To the two poles of the battery a copper wire was attached, and at the extremity of each wire a dampened sponge. The Persian was instructed to tightly grasp one of the sponges in the paralyzed arm. Timidly complying, he was astonished to feel no sensation.

"Wait a moment," said the Englishman, clapping the other sponge on the man's shoulder. With a leap and a yell, he bounded out of the room, amid the uproarious laughter of the officials.

All Shiraz was excited, the next day, at the shock the nobleman had received. Though it effected a partial cure, the frightened man refused to submit to a second application of the "invisible fire." One shock was sufficient, for he declared, all the stars of the heavens were visible to him at that awful moment.

He would visit the office and look with awe at the "fire" machines. Mournfully shaking his head, he would depart without uttering a word.

Another Persian, whose curiosity conquered his fear, while examining the telegraph, touched one of the terminals of the machine. As he felt no sensation, he laid his hand on the other terminal. A sudden yell and a backward jump was the result.

The man told his companions in an awe-struck tone, that he had been bitten by the geni of the machine. The Englishman attempted to explain the operation, but his words did not disturb, in the least, the Persian's credulity.

The man who treats a crowd and tries to unwind the saloon keeper turned up in Baltimore the other day, but didn't succeed. He waited about paying until the saloon keeper began to look nervous, and then laid down a \$20 bill. The saloon keeper said, "I have no change."

"Neither have we," answered the customer, reaching for the money. "No you don't," said the saloon keeper, tearing the greenback in two, "you take one half and I'll take the other, and you come around and pay me in the morning, and I will return it, and you can easily paste it to the other piece again." The other fellow came around the next morning and put up like a little man.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.

Printers' ink makes no blots.