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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

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Great Semi-Annual CLEARANCE SALE!

Summer Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Straw Hats, &c., &c., &c.

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and run the thing for all there is in it this Spring and Summer. A full and complete line of Ladies' Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Etc., Etc.

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Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Flannels, Hosiery, Etc. OVER and UNDERWEAR. - CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Office and Sales Rooms in Masonic Building, W. H. ATKINSON, Secretary and General Manager.

"BROTHER JONATHAN."

Brief Account of the Loss of this Steamship Twenty-one Years Ago off Crescent City.

Twenty-one years ago the steamship Brother Jonathan, which was then plying between San Francisco and Portland, ran on a smoken rock off Crescent City, California, and was lost.

As it is known that an immense amount of treasure was on board, repeated, and thus far fruitless, attempts have been made from time to time to discover the precise location of the lost steamship.

All efforts, however, made with that object in view have proved abortive.

In the last issue of the Crescent City (Cal.) Record the following paragraph is observed:

"Captain Gee came up from San Francisco about ten days since and has been making his family very strange that so much searching has been done without having located the wreck."

"Wherever she is, she undoubtedly remains in the condition in which she went down, not having broken up, as no evidences of such a fate have ever come ashore. Nothing but her lights and upper works ever reached the beach, and that was soon after the wreck. The ship has a large lot of railroad iron on board, and no doubt now lies in some covey of the ocean, still containing the bones of many of the ill-fated passengers, thus far escaping the vigilance of all the seekers for the wealth contained within her."

Now that the circumstance of the loss of the Brother Jonathan has been recalled by the above paragraph, a brief account of this fearful ocean horror, cannot fail to be read with interest even at this remote date.

The steamship Brother Jonathan was lost on the 30th of July, 1865, while on the voyage from San Francisco to Portland, in a heavy sea, by striking upon a sunken rock, bearing about west, northwest from Crescent City, California.

As near as it is possible to locate the scene of the wreck, it was from eight to ten miles from land.

She was a vessel of about 1200 tons burden, and had on board when lost, as near as it can be ascertained, 140 passengers and fifty other persons being officers and crew, and about 500 tons of freight.

She left San Francisco bound for Portland, July 28th, and experienced very heavy weather all the way up the coast. On July 30th, about 2 o'clock P. M. she was a little to the northward of Crescent City, and passed at 12 M. the steamship Sierra Nevada, bound down the coast.

The sea was at the time so boisterous and the wind blowing so heavy from the northwest that it was determined by Capt. DeWolf, who was in command of the Brother Jonathan, to turn back and lie at Crescent City until the storm had somewhat abated its violence.

There was an immediate attempt made to get the life-boats cleared from the sinking ship. The first boat cleared and cut off and got away in safety with nineteen persons on board. These were all the persons saved from the steamer out of 190. Several of the other boats were gotten into the water and loaded with passengers, but were stove to pieces against the vessel by the force of the sea running along side.

None of the principal officers ever left the deck of the steamer, but when the life-boats had been lost, and all means of escape cut off, they were seen with the passengers then remaining on board standing on the aft deck of the vessel, until she sunk beneath the waves. She took the final plunge within forty-five minutes after first striking the rock.

During several succeeding days bodies were drifting ashore all of which had life preservers secured to them. Many were recognized and taken possession of by

THY DECKER MURDER CASE.

"Justice" Reply to the Article in the Yreka "Union" of July 8th.

Editor TIDINGS:—In the Yreka Union of the 8th inst. appeared a lengthy article, evidently prepared by Allen's Attorney, in justification of Allen for the murder of Decker, and denouncing my former article in your columns as a "shapeless vilification and libel," also denouncing all Oregonians who were present during that trial in behalf of the state as "liars" and the "Scum of Oregon."

In the first place, there was no "ignorance of the facts" in preparing my former article and with the exception of one single mistake, made on information, no errors of fact. That the writer of the Union article does not represent the truth, every one here acquainted with all the circumstances and the parties, will know.

There is a peculiar case of boycotting now pending trial in New York, the result of which will be awaited with some degree of interest. The complainant is an undertaker who died coffins at lower prices than those fixed by the Undertakers' association of that city.

Another phase of the case might be an inquiry as to whether the wholesale dealers are not themselves liable for refusing to sell their goods in the regular course of business to a customer because of the deflection of a trade union.

Joe Pike, an eastern Oregon blacksmith who recently returned from a visit to his old home in Nebraska, tells a tour of what he saw there in the way of wood. He says: I saw a candle driven three quarters of its length through a two-inch plank. Wonderful to say it was found burning brightly. It is supposed that friction caused by passing through the plank lighted it.

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AN INTERESTING BOYCOTT.

[Portland Telegram.]

There is a peculiar case of boycotting now pending trial in New York, the result of which will be awaited with some degree of interest.

The steamer Brother Jonathan had been rebuilt only four years before she was lost, and was considered a staunch vessel, fully supplied with boats and all other equipments required by law.

All efforts, however, made with that object in view have proved abortive.

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OTHERWISE INJURING OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY.

of taking things that did not belong to him.

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PHOENIX.

A lunatic in Buffalo is afflicted with the hallucination that he is a baseball umpire.

"I'm sorry I wasn't at your father's funeral, Miss Mollie." "Faith, and you didn't miss much. It was very quiet. Beer at the wake and only one band at the cemetery. You know father always detested any ceremony like."

"Why do they call a drinking place a bar?" asked Rollo. "Because," said Rollo's Uncle George, "water is scarce and everything else is handy."

"Will your brother probably ever come out here?" "No, I think not. He has never been west of the Alleghany mountains." "Is that so? What is his business?" "Writing descriptive articles of the West for Eastern publications."

"Mrs. Spiggott—"Oh, Mr. Brilliant, can you give me some epitaph for poor dear Fido?" "Grace (sotto voce)—"Charlie, die of fits." "Charlie Brilliant, '85—'Ah, after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." "How will that do?" "And yet that boy lost his degree—[Harvard Lampoon.]

"Jeff Davis declares there is no such thing as the 'lost cause,' that it is not lost. Of course it isn't. It is only in the same fix as the Irish sailor's dipper. 'Captain,' said he, 'is anything lost when you know where it is?' "No, Pat." "Well, then, the dipper is in the sea." [Chicago News.]

"Two of a kind—Where are you going?" she said as her husband started to go out at the end of the first act. "Oh, no place much," he replied, nonchalantly; "I notice the curtain has taken a drop and I thought a little of doing the same thing myself." Her objections were overruled.—[Tid Bits.]

He was experienced. Young Smallwage—"I desire to purchase a ring for my fiancée." "Obliging dealer—"Yes, how long have you been engaged?" "Young S.—"Nearly three years, sir." "Obliging dealer to clerk—"Ah, yes; James, show this young man some of those imitation garnets."—[Rambler.]

Dr. Dio Lewis, who died recently in America, was the author, among other books, of "Weak Lungs and How to Make Them Strong" and "Chaste With Young Women." After mastering the principles of the first work, it may not be imprudent to go on to the practice of the second.—[London Globe.]

The Rev. Beecher says: "Our air, our public sentiment and our institutions will soon cure the Anarchists." Mr. Beecher is right if this construction is put on his words—"Our public sentiment, hang them; our institutions, the gallows; our air, the material for them to dance on.—[Omaha Herald.]

In giving his opinion on the Darwinian theory John Ruskin observed recently: "When I see a bugkin I thank heaven, that made her cheerful as well as graceful, and envy neither the science nor sentiment of my Darwinian friend, who sees in her only a cross between a dodo and a dandy-long-legs."—[New York Graphic.]

"We should retaliate, sir—retaliate on Canada for this outrage, sir; this outrage of seizing our fishing vessels" he exclaimed, as he waved his umbrella around his head. "War is a dreadful thing," said one of the group. "Who's talking about war?" "Then how would you retaliate?" "Why, sir, induce their capitalists to invest in American railroad securities and bankrupt the Dominion inside of five years."—[Wall Street News.]

It was in a bank in a Nebraska town. A farmer slapped down \$80 on the counter and proudly remarked, "There's the last dollar I owe on my farm and I am now entitled to a deed." "You must feel good," observed a Boston man who was in the bank on business. "I do." "And you will now go ahead with better spirit?" "I will now take the deed and go over to the loan office and mortgage the darn land for what I can and skip," was the feeble reply.—[Wall Street News.]

A Deaconer filled with whiskey was hotly pursued by a Ward Politician and a Commercial Embassador, but made its escape and took refuge in the pocket of a Prohibitionist, thinking that in such an asylum it would be safe from harm. But after a short nap the Deaconer woke up as empty as a gas pipe and went away in a starving condition. Moral: This fable teaches that a fortress is not necessarily impregnable just because the supervising engineer pronounces it so.—[Life.]

A peddler, who had a load of Connecticut clocks, was selling them from house to house in Kentucky last month, and as he only asked \$2 down and was willing to pay the buyer fifty years in which to pay the other \$3, an Eastern drummer asked him how it was that he could give such long time. "Oh, that's all right," was the reply, "the profit on the first payment is \$1.50, and the fifty years' time is simply a gully to make 'em believe that they have beaten me out of \$3.—[Wall Street News.]