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ASHLAND TIDINGS.

VOL. XV. ASHLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1890. NO. 1.

ASHLAND TIDINGS

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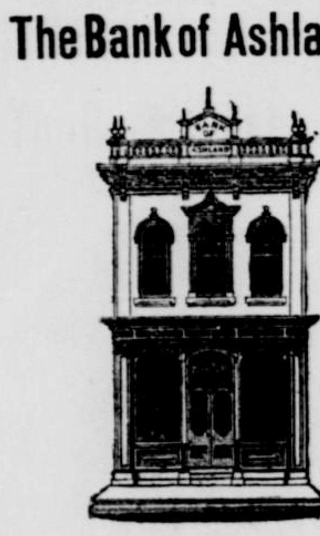

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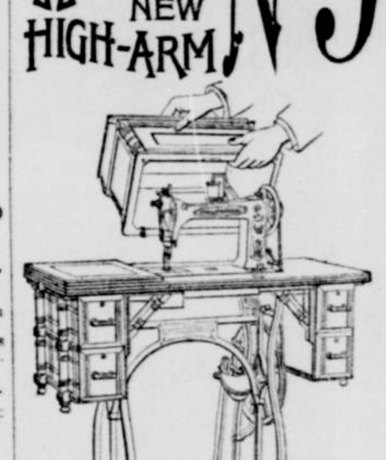

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A VISION OF THE OLD AND NEW,

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

'Twas in the slumber of the night—
That solemn time, that mystic state—
When, from its loftiest signal height,
My soul o'erlooked the realm of Fate,
And read the writing on the wall,
That prophesies of things to be,
And heard strange voices rise and fall
Like murmurs from a distant sea.

The world below me throbbed and rolled
In all its glory, pride and shame;
Its lust for power, its greed for gold,
Its flitting lights that men call fame,—
And from their long and deep repose,
In memory and page sublime,
The ancient races round me rose
Like phantoms from the tombs of Time.

I saw the Alpine torrents press
To Tiber with their snow-white foam,
And prowling in the wilderness
The wolf that suckled infant Rome;
But wilder than the mountain flood
That plunged upon its downward way,
And fiercer than the she-wolf's brood,
The soul of man went forth to slay.

Kingdoms to quick existence sprang,
Each thirsting for another's gore,
The din of wars incessant rang,
And signs of hate each forehead wore.
All nations bore the mark of Cain,
And only knew the law of might;
They lived and strove for selfish gain
And perished like the dreams of night.

* * * * * * *

I woke; and slept, and dreamed once more,
And, from a continent's white crest,
I heard two oceans seeth and roar,
Along vast lands by nature blest;
All races mingled at my feet,
With noise and strange confusion rife,
And Old World projects—incomplete—
Seemed maddened with a new-found life.

The thirst for human blood had waned;
But boldly seated on the throne,
The grasping god of Mammon reigned,
And claimed Earth's product for his own.
He gathered all that toilers made,
To fill his vaults with wealth untold;
The sunlight, water, air and shade
Paid tribute to his greed for gold.

He humbly paid his vows to God,
While agents gathered rents and dues;
He ruled the nation with a rod,
And bribed the pulpit with the pews;
Yet, over all, the regal form
Of Freedom towered, unseen by him,
And eagles poised above the storm
That draped the far horizon's rim.
At length, the distant thunder spoke
In deep and threatening accents; then
The long roll of the earthquake woke
From sleep a hundred million men.

* * * * * * *

I woke; and slept, and dreamed again:
A softened glory filled the air,
The morning flooded land and main,
And peace was brooding everywhere;
From sea to sea the song was known
That only God's own children know,
Whose notes, by angel voices sown,
Took root two thousand years ago.

No more the wandering feet had need
Of priestly guides to Paradise,
And banished was the iron creed
That measured God by man's device;
No more the high cardinal dome
Was reared to tell His honors by,
For Christ was throned in every home,
And shone from every human eye.

No longer did the beast control
And make the spirit desolate;
No more the poor man's struggling soul
Sank down before the wheel of Fate;
And pestilence could not draw near,
Nor war and crime be felt or seen—
As flames, that lap the withered spear,
Expire before the living green.

And all of this shall come to pass—
For God is Love, and Love shall reign,
Though nations first dissolve like grass
Before the fire that sweeps the plain;
And men shall cease to lift their gaze
To seek Him in the far-off blue,
But live the Truth their lips now praise
And in their lives His life renew.

There yet shall rise beneath the sky,
Unvexed by narrow greed for pelf,
A race whose practice shall deny
The heartless creed—"Each for himself."
There is no halt or compromise
Between the ways all life has trod—
'Tis downward, with the brute that dies,
Or upward, with the sons of God.

—The Housekeeper, Jan., 1889.

J. B. Loughran, ex-mayor of North Des Moins, Iowa, said recently: "I have just recovered from a severe attack of la grippe. I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm to my breast. These remedies were just the thing in my case. My child had croup some years ago, and we used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with perfect success, since then we have never been without these medicines in our house. I had a cousin who was a printer and was employed in a job office in this city, where they were printing circulars for Chamberlain. He had a deep-seated cold and a terrible cough, and while setting up the copy he made up his mind to buy a bottle. It cured his cough and that was the first time I ever knew anything of Chamberlain's remedies. I have been strongly in their favor ever since. My own experience and that of my family convinces me that these remedies are the best in the world. That may be strong language but that is what I think." For sale by Chitwood Bros.

A New York physician suggests a good method for putting a quietus on cigarette smoking by boys. His scheme is to have a law passed making it an offense for any boy under 16 to smoke on the public streets. Then if school teachers and parents do their duty the boy will have no place where he can indulge the vice. There is no question that the general use of cigarettes by young boys is affecting the stamina of the rising generation, and laws should be passed by all the states to prohibit it. There are enough causes of undue precocity in this country without adding to them this vice, which affects the heart, stomach and nerves and hopelessly weakens the lad before he has gained maturity.—[Chronicle.

Dress shirts from 50c. up at Blount's.

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Absolutely Pure.
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A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

About forty years ago, writes Charles Ellis in the Salt Lake *Tribune*, the event occurred that I am about to relate. The principal one will strike the reader, perhaps as impossible, and yet it is a fact vouched for by at least two living witnesses.

I had been knocking about the Oregon country for several years, trading here and there with whites and reds and looking for the place I could pitch my tent for a permanent residence.

There were a great many immigrants coming into the country over the Oregon trail, and they had to make a long detour down the Snake river to reach a ford. I conceived an idea that if I could put a ferry on the river at the point where the trail struck it I could make money faster than even old Charon did carrying souls across the Styx.

I was young, full of health and energy, and set out at once to execute my scheme. With horses, men and materials I set out, and in due time was at work constructing the first flatboat that was seen on the upper waters of the Snake. The work did not progress as fast as I had anticipated and I gegan to get weary of "sow belly" and "corn dodgers" and felt my mouth water for a fresh bite of some sort. The salmon were running, but the water was too deep where we had located to admit of our killing them. I knew of a famous place, where the Indians gathered every year to

CATCH AND CURE SALMON

For their annual supply. I was not as well known among the Indians at that time as I was thirty years later, and hence did not venture alone among them. But some distance below me, on the opposite bank, was an old post of the Hudson Bay Company. It was a palisaded storehouse and dwelling where several men were always to be found and I knew that I could find there a man to accompany me to the Indian's salmon rips. So I left my men one day, rode down to the ford, crossed to the post and made my errand known. There were present a Scotchman, a half-breed Indian and a Kanaka. The Kanaka was well acquainted with the Indians all about and could talk in their language with ease. We consulted upon the matter and it was concluded that the Kanaka should pack a pony with blankets and other things that the Indians might want and he and I should go up. We made the journey without mishap of any kind and reached the camp about noon of the next day. We dismounted, fastened our horses in the brush far enough away to hide them and moved carelessly down among the reds. We both carried revolvers and in addition I had a carbine. We were both dressed in the regular Hudson Bay Company suits—broad brimmed hat, blue shirt, green pants and buff coat. I was stout and as red of face as a beef-fed Englishman and it was my resemblance to the latter that saved my life.

As we entered the camp the Indians were gathered about a hole from which there rose a cloud of steam. They lifted carefully out a salmon that must have weighed fifty pounds. When it was opened I never saw a dish that tempted me so much. I was very hungry, wanted salmon, had come many miles for salmon, and here it was, cooked as only the reds can cook them; I saw those people eat the salmon, all the while casting

SUSPICIOUS AND SURLY GLANCES

At me, and I got none of it. At that time I could not understand their language, and hence, not knowing what they said, I manifested no concern. After they had eaten their fish they began to quiz the Kanaka, whom they knew, about me. They were very anxious to know if I was an American. The Kanaka had heard enough to excite his fears for my safety, and assured them that I was an Englishman, and belonged to the Hudson Bay Company; that I had come to their camp to buy salmom. They paid no attention to the proposition to trade, and seemed to be growing ferocious toward me. They wanted to get my carbine, and not to show any fear of them, I let them have it, and they began shooting at marks and kept on until I saw they were bent upon using all my ammunition, when I took the gun and moved away. As soon as he could the Kanaka came to me and said with no apparent concern:

"These devils think you are an American. A party of Americans killed one of their number recently, and they want blood. You must slip out of sight quietly, get your horse and put as great a distance between you and this camp as possible before night. I will stay here and keep them quiet if I can until you are away, and then I will follow. Wait for me on the high bluff overhanging the river. If I get out all right I will join you there after dark."

You can imagine that I no longer thought about salmon, for I had never been in such close quarters before, and in fact that is the only time when my life was in danger among Indians. I slid away and disappeared, found my horse all right, and stood not upon the order of going, but went at once as if something worse than Banquo's ghost were behind me. Reaching the bluff I had a view of the country for miles around, and saw that I was not pursued. As the sun went down I saw far away in the direction of the camp a rider with a pack horse in tow, and concluded that the Kanaka had got away. I watched as long as I could see for the redskins. About 10 o'clock the Kanaka reached me. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we concluded that it would be

SAFER TO RIDE ON

Than to take the chances of a visit from the Snakes outside of the post. It was midnight when we rode in, and I was weary enough to lie down and fall asleep without eating, though I had gone without food for twenty-four hours. At daylight I was awakened by the furious rattling of wagons, and the noisy shouts of men calling at the gate. It was a portion of a train. It had been ambushed by the Indians we had visited, and broken up. Some of the wagons had been captured with their occupants, and cattle and horses had been stolen. Those who had escaped were wild with terror and begged us to send a force back to look for their friends. There were only four men in the post. I had six across the river, and sent for them. Then I asked the immigrants how many of them would go. Out of twenty men there were only three who would go back to face the Indians and find their friends. Nine of us started. We rode the trail back to the very spot where the horses had been fastened in the bush above the camp at the salmon rips. There was found evidences of a struggle. Two or three wagons had been burned. Here and there was the body of a dead white, several of the company having been

KILLED AND SCALPED.

The camp was deserted, and not a sign was to be seen of the existence of a redskin in the neighborhood. They had taken the horses and cattle with them and had stripped the clothes from the dead. We buried the bodies and returned to the post. I sent the half-breed to find the Indians and tell them that if they brought in the horses and cattle nothing would be done, but if they did not I would have the soldiers after them and would kill every one. The immigrants went on into the Willamette valley. The Indians in about a month brought to the post every one of the horses and cattle they had stolen, and they were sent on with the next train through, in charge of a lad who had a close call and a narrow escape.

Ten days after my escape from the camp I was sitting in my shanty on the bank of the Snake and looking lazily out over the sagebrush plains that stretched away over the edge of the world and formed the horizan line. It was intensely hot, and we were "laying off" in the middle of the day. Presently my eye caught on to an object on the plain away down the river. It was so far away that I could not make out what it was. It appeared to be a man, but its actions were inhuman. It was erect and moving like a drunken man at times. Again, it would tumble and disappear for minutes. I sat there in the door watching that object until I became satisfied that it was a drunken man, and as I had no use for such an animal I made no effort to aid it in reaching my quarters. After a time however the object came in. A boy about 16 years of age staggered to the door and sank in a heap on a bench. He was

THE WORST LOOKING OBJECT

I ever saw. His clothing, only shirt and pants, were torn into shreds, and his hands, face and hair were covered with a coating of dried blood and sand. His eyes were sunken and wild, his mouth agape and his tongue so swollen that speech was almost impossible. I saw at once that it was not a drunk and helped the lad inside. He was suffering from thirst and I gave him a small drink of water. He was literally starved and I gave him some bread saying that as soon as he had rested a little we could clean him up and get some clothes on him. I got water and soap and a shirt and set about helping him to get his torn shirt off. As I took it by the colar and began to pull the boy uttered a cry of pain and said:

"Mister, I've got an arrow into me."

I thought the poor fellow was "luny" from his fast, for there was no arrow about him, but I thought it best to encourage his hallucination, and said:

"Yes, that's all right, and we'll just get it out with the shirt."

So I pulled again, and again he screamed with pain.

"Where is the arrow, may lad?"

"Here, Mister, it's broke off."

I laid him down on the bench, and, raising his shirt, found that an arrow had entered his body in the back to the left of the spine and come out three or four inches to the left of the navel. The stone head had dropped off, but the ligature that had fastened it to the shaft was hanging through the hole made by the arrowhead. It had healed over, partially. From his back about two inches of the broken shaft protruded. I was no doctor, but here was a case that admitted of no delay. That stick must come out. I tried to pull it out, but the boy became wild with pain. I assured him that it must come if he wanted to live, and I made him work it with his own hand, helping him as I could, until at last we got it out. I nursed the poor fellow until he got well enough to talk and then asked for his story. He was one of the company whose train had been broken up at the Indian camp of which have written. They had reached the river at the close of the day and camped in the bush. Having eaten supper they smoked and chatted and finally turned in and were soon sound asleep, having seen no Indians for several days and being unconscious of the danger that was growing momentarily greater all about them.

The Indians, it appears, had discovered the approach of the train and at once laid their plans to capture it. When the immigrants were asleep and their solitary watchman stood in the shadows cast by the big round moon and no sound to break the silence save the grinding of the teeth of such of the cattle as were chewing the cud, with

A WHOOP AND A BOUND

The reds were in their midst. The cattle and horses were stampeded and an attack made upon the occupants of the wagons. Some of the whites sprang out with their rifles in their hands and began a vigorous fight for the lives of the party. They succeeded in driving the reds off, and then put their teams in motion, leaving such as had been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the Indians behind them. They boy who told the story said he and his brother, sister, father and mother, the entire family, were asleep in one wagon. When the tumult began all left the wagon but this lad, thinking to escape under cover of the bush. He had been too much overcome by fear to move, he said, and did not know what had become of his family. He lay trembling in the wagon, when an Indian pulled aside the covering and saw him. The Indian began to climb in and he jumped from the other end and ran for the river. The bank was covered with bushes, and as he was breaking through them somebody struck him on the back, and he fell and knew nothing more for, he did not know how long. When he became conscious he listened for sounds of his friends. The moon had set and it was dark. He heard the river and dragged himself to it, drank and followed it down stream, knowing the train was moving in that direction.

"Was the arrow broken when you discovered it in you?"

"Yes. I suppose I must have fallen on my back, or tumbled over in some way, and broken it off."

"Did you try to pull it out?"

"Yes. But mister, you don't know what it is to get an arrow out of you when you're all alone, and as near dead as I was!"

"How did you live?"

"Well, mister, I thought all the time of my folks and pulled myself together and worked along a little at a time, hoping I'd strike their trail, but I never did, and I saw nothing living till I come opposite your shanty and saw men there. Then I kept myself alive somehow and went on till I made the ford, and crossed and started up for your place."

"Have you had nothing to eat?"

"Only rosebuds and pigeon berries and water."

"Well, my brave lad, you've had a close call, but you will come out all right, and you can remain with me or join the next train and go on to the Willamette."

"Mister, you've been very good to me and I won't forget it. I'd be glad to stay with you, but I want to know about my folks, and as soon as I can travel I'll go on."

I had no heart to tell the poor boy that we had buried his "folks" where they fell, but thought it best that he should know the worst. There was a bare chance that some of them had escaped, but we had learned from the survivors

THE NAMES OF THE MISSING,

And this boy's family were among the latter. He bore his grief manfully and grew stronger daily until at last a train come up and he joined it, taking the horses and cattle that had been returned by the Indians with him, although he begged me to keep a portion of them to pay me for the care I had bestowed upon him. That, however, was out of the question.

I have seen him several times since, and he is a prosperous farmer on the Willamette. But he has not forgotten the pull he made for life on the banks of the Snake river in his youth. I have heard of many a narrow escape in conflicts with the red ruffians who made the overland trails so long a terror, but never one that showed more pluck than did this lad who fought death and starvation nine days with an Indian arrow clear through his body. I attribute his success in part to the dryness of the climate and the fact that he could get nothing to eat that would encourage fever. But even with those advantages his determination to live was as sublime a bit of heroism as can be found among the histories of life-and-death struggles on the mountain lands.

For the benefit of the general public I wish to say: "I know from personal experience, in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, in my family for my children that it is an absolute preventative and a positive cure for croup if given according to the directions. I make this statement hoping that some one may be benefited by knowing my experience in the use of this valuable remedy."—F. S. ROHRBAUCH, merchant, Botna, Shelby Co., Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Chitwood Bros.

The Age of the Cigarette.

The report of the secretary of the treasury shows that for the year ending June 30,1889, there were placed on the market for consumption in the United States 2,151,515,360 cigarettes. The increased production of cigarettes over the previous year was 288,789,260. The increased production of cigars was 52,648,990. These figures rise entirely beyond the comprehension of the average mind but the relative increase of cigarettes over cigars shows that the consumption of the former article is growing out of all proportion.

The cigarette is in itself an inportation from the countries of the tropics. The time was when the smoking of cigarettes in temperate lands was confined to the European college students, who rolled up a bit of scented tobacco in a wisp of rice paper. It has been left for the people of the United States to develop a national habit, a practice which was hitherto confined to the Spanish and Italian and still darker races of the countries near the equator.

The field of the cigarette is still wider than that of the cigar. Many men who will not indulge in the old-fashioned pipe will smoke a cigar, and many buy cigars who really do not belong to the class addicted to smoking them, but the field of the cigarette is growing still wider. It includes thousands of boys of ten years, and hence many states have made it a crime to sell to minors cigars or cigarettes. Millions of boys are being initiated in the use of tobacco by means of the cigarette. The cigarette has operated as a powerful stimulus in increasing the consumption of the weed. And it is operating to widen the use of tobacco among American women. For the seductive cigarette is now found between the lips of many an American girl. These facts are of importance to think about.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for children teething for over fifty years with perfect success. It relieves the little sufferer at once, produces natural, quiet sleep by freeing the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste, sooths the child, softens the gums, allays pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

To Revise the Faith

The question of revision has been staved off for a time longer, though the preponderance of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church lately in session at Saratoga were in favor of the same. Before the adjournment of the assembly a committee was appointed, consisting of nineteen ministers and ten elders, which is to go ahead with the doctrinal changes, and report to the general assembly in 1891. This committee is to meet not later than October 31st, this year, and is instructed to dilligently pursue its work, in order that it may report promptly at the meeting of the general assembly in 1891. The committee was instructed that they shall not propose any alterations or amendments that will in any way impair the integrity of the reformed or Calvinistic doctrine taught in the confession of faith.

People going to Jacksonville will find Plymale's coach awaiting every train at Medford. Ask for the best coach—Plymale s x

INDIAN DEPREDATION CLAIMS.

Oregon Indian Depredations of 1853.

[Delayed letter from Hon. B. F. Dowell.]

The depredation claims of the Rogue River Indians in 1853, have an eventful history. In 1850 they made a treaty with Governor Joseph Lane, and promised him to pay all damages these Indians did to the whites. At the Table Rock treaty the 10th of September,1853, General Lane reminded Joe and Sam of their promise to him. They immediately agreed to provide in the treaty to pay fifteen thousand dollars damages for property destroyed by the Indians during this war, and for a commissioner to be appointed to investigate, and allow these claims. George K. Ambrose, A. C. Gibbs and L. F. Grover were duly appointed according to the treaty, and they assessed the damages of the whites upward of $43,000 and the pro rata of each claimant was 34 77-100 cents on the dollar. Many did not receive this pitiful sum of money, among the members were five of my clients; Martin Angle, Samuel Grubb, A. C. Fordyce and Charles Williams of Jackson county, and Edith M. Nickell, of Josephine County, Oregon. In 1872 the balance of the appropriation of the $15,000 that has not been drawn from the treasury was turned illegally back into the treasury, and it took several attorneys, including myself, upward of ten years to get in placed back, by an order of Secretary Fairchilds, to the credit of the claimants. Then on a careful examination the Commissioner of Indian Affairs also the secretary, and auditor of the treasury failed to find the original report of the commissioners and the second auditor refused to pass any claim until this report was proved or an amendment act of Congress was procured. About three weeks ago I studied up how I could make some kind of secondary proof to get the money, and in reflection I remembered receiving a letter from Senator DeSmith, a printed public document, of the second session of the 38, I searched the document room and found it. I took it to the second auditor and all of said claims were allowed and the secretary of the treasury signed the warrants for all of them except the Charles Williams claim. Those allowed are small, only amounting to $324 32-100, but the drafts will be sent for the Jackson Co. claims to E. B. Myer, administrator, to Ashland in two or three days more, and the other to J. R. Nickell, the son and administrator of the original claimant to Crescent City, California. All such claims can now be collected without delay. I shall stay here until the greater part of all Indian depredation claims are paid. First come, first served, is now my motto, and the departments say they will as far as possible follow this rule. Mr. Nickell, several years ago commenced the investigation of the claims of Capt. Lawrence Hall's company of Oregon volunteers in the Cayuse war against the citizens of the territory of Oregon in 1847 and 1848, and the letters of Mr. Nickell, with a resolution of the senate introduced by him was forwarded for report to Wm. E. Burbeiner, acting advocate at Fort Vancouver, Territory of Washington. Capt. Burbeiner made an elaborate report after taking the affidavits of Col. Thomas R. Cornelias and other comrades, made a full report to the secretary of war, and the secretary of war has reported the same to the senate. It was referred to the committee on pensions, and a day or two ago the committee appointed a sub-committee to examine Mr. Nickell's service Indian pension bill giving the Indian war veterans the same pensions as those engaged in the Mexican war. It gives every soldier who served three months or more in any Indian war $8 per month when the soldier is 62 years old or upwards.

I think the committee will soon make a favoruble report on Mr. Mitchell's bill.

The Senate had the dependent pension bill under consideration a few days ago, and Mr. Mitchell made a short speech in behalf of his Indian service bill, and several other senators made favorable remarks on pensioning those who survive who had been in any of the Indian wars. But the committee had reported the bill pensioning the soldiers in the late war who were unable to support themselves, and the Senate voted down a motion to add an amendment extending its provisions to those who had been engaged in Indian wars, on the ground that they were not germane to each other and the latter had not been considered by the pension committee or the commissioner of pensions, and both of them had thoroughly considered the dependent service bill; also, the country well understood the latter, but not the former. Pension bills are now the most popular measures before congress. The committee is at liberty to report a pension bill, public or private, at any time.

Congress has just commenced doing business in earnest. The senate now meeting at 10 o'clock, and the committee at 9:30 o'clock. It is high time to commence on the tariff and the general appropriation bill. The committee on rivers and harbors of the House for a month has been in session more than half the time the House has been in session. The committee hope to get through next week, and to report to the House.

The general Indian depredation bill of Mr. Hermann has been reported from the senate, and it is now on the docket for consideration. It is in good shape, and it is likely to be taken up soon, its friends intend to have it set for a certain day. I am of the opinion it will pass both houses this session.

The World Enriched.

The facilities of the present day for the production of everything that will conduce to the material welfare and comfort of mankind are almost unlimited and when Syrup of Figs was first produced the world was enriched with the only perfect laxative known, as it is the only remedy which is truly pleasing and refreshing to the taste and prompt and effectual to cleanse the system gently in the Spring time or, in fact, at any time and the better it is known the more popular it becomes.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Chitwood Bros.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.
As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.

DISTANT SIRUS.

The Tremendous Space Between the Star and Earth.

[Chamber's Journal.]

It is difficult to conceive that this beautiful star is a globe much larger than our sun, yet it is a fact that Sirus is a sun many times more mighty than our own. That splendid star, which even in our most powerful telescopes appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emiting so enormous a quantity light and heat that, were it to take the place of our sun, every creature on this earth would be consumed by its burning rays.

Sirus shining with far greater luster than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all "fixed" stars, but recent investigation on the distances of the stars has shown that the nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, a star belonging to the southern latitudes, though it is probable that Sirus is about fourth on the list in order of distance. For, though there are about fifteen or twenty stars whose distance has been conjectured, the astronomer knows that in reality all of them save three or four lie at distances too great to be measured by any instruments we have at present.

Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest star at 22,000,000,000,000 miles, and it is certain that the distance of Sirus is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri, most likely about five times; so that we are probably not far from the truth if we set the distance of Sirus at about 100,000,000,000,000 of miles! What a vast distance is this which separates us from the bright star; words and figures of themselves fail to convey to our minds any adequate idea of its true character.

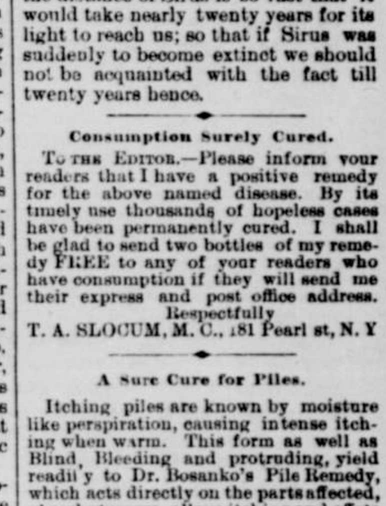
To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances: It is calculated that the ball from an Armstrong 100-pounder quits the gun with the speed of about 400 yards per second. Now, if this velosity could be kept up it would require no less than 100,000,000 years before the ball could reach Sirus. Again, take the swiftest form of velocity of which we have any knowledge, light, which travels 200,000 miles per second, or about 12,000,000 miles per minute, yet the distance of Sirus is so vast that it would take nearly twenty years for its light to reach us; so that if Sirus was suddenly to become extinct we should not be acquainted with the fact till twenty years hence.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st, N. Y

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Itching piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding and protruding, yield readily to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50 cts, druggists or mail. Treatise free. Dr. Bosanko, Piqua, O. For sale by T. K. Bolton.



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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.
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