

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY FOR SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Every Eden, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine. I have sold large quantities of your Sarsaparilla...

From Mrs. Jane B. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Haverhill, Mass. My daughter, aged ten, had an eruption, which was very troublesome...

From Dr. Robt. Searin, Houston St., N. Y. I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse...

From Mrs. J. F. Johnston, Esq., Takemans, Ohio. For twelve years I had the terrible Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians...

From Dr. Henry Moore, M. P. F., of Newcastle, C. W. I have used your Sarsaparilla in my family for several months, and for purifying the blood...

From Mrs. H. H. Searin, Esq., of the able editor of the Times. Only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead...

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From the well-known and well-celebrated Dr. Jacob M. H. H. Searin, Esq., of the able editor of the Times. Only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead...

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Oregon Sentinel

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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867.

NO. 22

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Peter Britt, Photographic Artist, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Ambrotypes, Photographs, Cartes de Visite, Pictures Reduced OR ENLARGED TO LIFE SIZE.

PIONEER FAMILY GROCERY STORE, FIRST DOOR SOUTH OF GLENN, DRUM & CO., and opposite the Post Office.

CHARLES W. SAVAGE, N. B. Market Price paid for Produce. Jacksonville, March 1, 1867.

VOLNEY COLVIG, NOTARY PUBLIC, CANYONVILLE, OREGON.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK, Physician & Surgeon, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

E. H. GREENMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Corner of California and Fifth Streets, Jacksonville, Ogn.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK'S BATH ROOMS, In the Overbeck Hospital, WARM, COLD & SHOWER BATHS, SUNDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS.

CONGRESS AT ITS LAST SESSION. Having passed a BANKRUPT LAW, it is now within the power of every man that is hopelessly in debt...

Mitchell, Dolph & Smith, Attorneys-at-Law, Portland, Oregon.

CANYONVILLE HOTEL, MAIN STREET, CANYONVILLE OREGON, D. C. McCLELLAN, Prop'r.

SPECIAL NOTICES. I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge No. 10, holds its regular meetings on every Saturday evening...

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M. HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evenings...

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS. NOTICE.—Having disposed of our Factory, we are now prepared to give our whole attention to our Leather and Finding business...

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN.

WRITTEN BY A WOMAN. A man is like to—stay, To what he's unlike who can say?

When he is pleased, I am squeezed. When he's not, I am teazed. And I can never tell where to find him.

He is like a gay lark, But a false-hearted spark, Whose feathers are scarcely worth picking!

But when he is vexed, Confused and perplexed, Deceitful and vicious, Base, false, and malicious,

In short, to a wife, He is like a case knife, To cut up a cake or a cheese,

Like a moose, like a goose, Like a mule, like a fool; Like a lane, like a vine; Like a leaf, like a brief,

INDIAN TRIBES OF OREGON. In the sub-report of Mr. Nesmith accompanying the report of the Congressional Committee on the condition of the Indian tribes of the United States...

THE SHIP OF DEATH. Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the curse-laden ship with her crew of ghastly corpses...

On the 2d of April, the people of Ron's Yee, in one of the Shetland Isles, were startled at seeing a ghastly wreck of a ship drifting into the harbor.

Ten men, of whom the Captain was one, lay stiffened corpses on the deck; thirty-five lay helplessly sick, some dying...

The survivors could not bear to sink the bodies of their comrades in the sea, but kept them so that when the last man died the fated ship that had been their common home should be their common tomb.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again revive.

A PROLIFIC WOMAN.—Mrs. Waters, wife of Mr. James Waters, living in Bonne Femme Bottom, below Burlington, in Boone county, Missouri...

Billus says "man's inhumanity to man" may "make countless thousands mourn," but thinks that man's humanity to woman "makes countless thousands" more—anything else.

RAILROAD.

The Unionist says: "Some parties in Lane county and in the Klamath Lake country, are now talking about the practicability of diverting the Oregon Central Railroad from the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and taking it over the Cascade mountains...

This scheme is no doubt the proposition of some one more deeply interested in the value of a small property of his own, than in the welfare either of the country at large or of the future owners of the proposed railroad.

On this route, the entire way from the Willamette valley to California lies through a rich and cultivated country. The valleys of the Umpqua and Rogue River, are in no respect inferior to an equal area of the best portion of the Willamette valley.

The principal need of a railroad through this country is to form a direct and speedy communication with San Francisco, which is, and ever will be, the Queen city of the commerce of the West.

Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the curse-laden ship with her crew of ghastly corpses, no more thrilling story of the sea has been related than that of the whale ship Diana...

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Ten men, of whom the Captain was one, lay stiffened corpses on the deck; thirty-five lay helplessly sick, some dying; two retained sufficient strength to creep aloft...

The survivors could not bear to sink the bodies of their comrades in the sea, but kept them so that when the last man died the fated ship that had been their common home should be their common tomb.

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CRITIQUE ON THE OPERA.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, of which nature—the opera—severally partakes, being of that species; says a Mississippi editor.

The opera is a thing which is never enjoyed unless it is heard. It is none of those promiscuous musical arrangements which is never understood unless it is duly appreciated.

The orchestra struck up like four hundred tom cats in a back alley, and a brindle cur dog chained to the garden palings on a sweet moonlight night in April...

AN ANXIOUS BEDROOM.—A fellow out West recently went into the County Clerk's office to get a marriage certificate. One was made out for him in the regular form...

THE GILVESTON ADVERTISER mentions the death of Mr. Christian W. Rhea, caused by the bite of a spider. Mr. Rhea was engaged in the lumber business, and was bringing a cargo of logs to Galveston...

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-alays?" "Oh, I is a carp'n'er and jiner." "He! I guess yer is. What department does yer perform?" "What department? Why, I does de circulating work."

A forlorn case of the male persuasion, gets off the following poetical effusion: "When Sallie's arms her dog imprison, I always wish my neck was hisen; how often would I stop and turn, to get a pat from a hand like hers; and when she kisses Towser's nose, O don't I wish that I were those."

It is dreadful to hear of a child only a month old, taking to the bottle!

A BLACK BEAUTY.

A young lady is exciting public curiosity, to a great extent, in Paris. She is from five to six and twenty years old; her complexion is of a warm golden tint, like Florentine bronze.

She is always attired in a black dress, made high, and ending at the neck in a row of large coral beads, of a blood red color, and at her wrists with bracelets of the same material and hue.

From beneath her cap, a sort of beaver or Scotch bonnet—black also, and encircled with a row of coral beads,—flow long and thick tresses, excessively black, with a bluish tinge.

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