



# Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XII. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867. NO. 25

**BUSINESS NOTICES**

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Photographic Artist,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

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**Photographs,**  
**Cartes de Visite**  
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**Pictures Reduced**  
**ON ENLARGED TO LIFE SIZE.**

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**FAMILY GROCERY STORE.**

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**DR. A. B. OVERBECK'S**  
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In the Overbeck Hospital,  
WARM, COLD & SHOWER BATHS,  
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**OSBORN & SESSIONS,**  
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**I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge**  
No. 10, holds its regular  
meetings on every Saturday  
evening at the Odd Fellows  
Hall.

**WARREN LODGE NO. 10. A. F. & A. M.**  
HOLD their regular communications  
on the Wednesday evening of every  
week at the hall in Jackson, Ore., at  
8 o'clock.

**BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS**  
**NOTICE.**—Having disposed of our  
business we are now prepared to give our  
attention to our Leather and Findings business.  
On hand—Shoes from France, Gait & Kid,  
Dress, and other goods, all of the best quality.  
J. H. H. & S. F. V. & S. J. B. & S.  
New York, Paris, San Francisco.  
Address: HEIN & BRAY, San Francisco,  
416 Battery Street.

**MY EARLY COURTSHIP.**  
BY CHARLES W. SIMON.

That's the woman, sir. Behold with  
what dexterity she wields a slipper.  
Spare the rod and spoil the child. No  
that's slipper is a rod by any means—  
oh, dear, no! But this I will say, there  
is no child in the world more obedient  
than mine. And it's all her doing  
—all!—besides, her's and the slipper's;  
and my opinion is there's nothing  
like a slipper for bringing up a child  
in the way he should go, and imparting  
the difference between right and  
wrong. The child yells now, but when  
he is older he will go down on his knees  
and thank his mother for rattling that  
slipper over his anatomy so dexterously.

I had no idea that she was such a  
woman when I married her, Lord bless  
you, no! When our first was born I  
watched and waited some what anxiously,  
but it turned out all right at last.  
He got in some mischief one day—stole  
some jam, upset the milkpan, or something  
—when off came my wife's slippers,  
and he got his hide tanned most  
beautifully. It made me young again;  
reminded me of my own childhood, and I  
nurse you it was the happiest moment  
of my life.

"S'ow, will you take something?  
It's not hot, is it?" Well, no; when I  
first saw that woman I had no more  
idea of my marrying her than I have of  
flying. She always said she hated me,  
and I thought she did, but I know her  
now. If I hadn't been such a thick-  
headed chap, I would have known bet-  
ter then, for whenever I came near her  
she blushed like a rose and looked so  
beautifully pretty that she almost  
drove me to distraction. I asked her  
to have me for her own, but she  
laughed and said it might be for  
some; I went home that night a pretty  
miserable man, I can tell you.

The snow was mighty deep that  
winter, and the sleighing first rate.  
Jack Babson, an old steam of mine,  
came and asked me to make one in the  
high side to an adjoining village;  
there were a dance, and a good time  
generally with the girls. I readily com-  
plied. It was a beautiful night, the  
moon shone brightly.

It was none of your new fangled  
slipshod, but one of the real old fash-  
ioned sort. We had a fine sleigh,  
filled full of straw, then packed in a  
dozen girls, with a young fellow and  
his wife between each to keep them  
warm. All of us were in high spirits  
and we danced over the frozen ground,  
our horses' hoofs keeping time to the  
jingle of bells, and every song, and I  
think there never was a happier party  
in the world.

There was one exception, however,  
and that was Suky—Suky's the  
woman you just now say, plying the slip-  
per. Somehow or other I was placed  
next to Suky, and she was cross and  
peevish in the extreme. I tried to  
make myself agreeable, but it was no  
use, she was as unpolite as a snapping  
turtle.

"I wish you wouldn't crowd so," she  
said, "you make me feel uncomfortable."  
Now, I couldn't move an inch with-  
out offending some one or the other,  
and I told her so. She only roared at  
this, making her look ten times prettier  
than ever, calling me a great hulking  
war and real man.

I only laughed, but to pacify her I  
got out, put a foot on each of the hind  
runners, slung to the back of the sled  
like grim death, and rode that way.  
It was desperately cold, but I would  
rather die than complain, especially as  
I was suffering for Suky's sake.

Arriving at the tavern where we  
were to have the dance and supper, I  
found one of my feet frostbitten. I  
mentioned it to Jack Ballston, and he  
brought him out to tell anybody. He  
promised not to, and I went to the kitch-  
en to rub my foot with snow.  
But bless you, it was soon known  
that Albern Allerton's foot was frost-  
bitten—I am Albern Allerton—and all  
the girls and young fellows came crowd-  
ing into the room to offer assistance.  
"Come girls," I said, "we came here  
for a frolic, and it will be hard if we  
don't have one. So you just go up  
stairs and have a dance, I'll join you in  
a few minutes." Now, when I said  
that, I had no idea of doing so, but I  
didn't want to spoil their fun. All said  
they couldn't think of such a thing;  
but, after a little pressing, they went  
away and I soon heard the merry pat-  
ter of their feet on the door above.

**And the Young Lady Goes to Bed.**  
Fanny Downing thus explains the  
mysterious process, by which a young  
lady prepares for bed:  
"Dismiss Mandy, her foster sister  
and maid, Miss Preston performed the  
task of disrobing for the night, with-  
out other assistance than that of her  
own nimble fingers. First, the little  
lace collar and ribbon were removed  
from the neck, and the bright marine  
dress laid aside; next, the snowy skirts  
were lifted over the head, then a spring  
touched in front of the rounded waist,  
with a clicking and metallic  
sound, down came the wide expanse  
of ermine, while Miss Charley stop-  
ped out of its steel circle, considerably  
collapsed, but all the prettier. A  
somewhat similar mechanical operation  
was repeated, and numerous springs  
and curls were set in motion, and then  
with a stretch upward of the plump,  
white arms and a long-drawn sigh of  
relief, off came the little French "rail-  
road" corset, and the dimpled should-  
ers of the wearer rose in unrestricted  
freedom. The snowy night-gown was  
now slipped over the head, and its deli-  
cious folds daintily adjusted to the  
throat and wrists. Next the mirror  
was visited, and charming little waves  
made at the bright tress it reflected,  
and then setting the brush, the girl  
proceeded to apply to her glossy  
locks until they shone like satin.  
Thence to the washstand, where tooth,  
white as coconut meat, was rubbed  
until they gleamed whiter, and the rosy  
face dipped in the gilded basin of  
pure water until it glowed with renew-  
ed crimson. And then drawing a low  
seat close to the fire, the young girl  
laid out pretty feet lightly on her knee,  
and began to undress the tiny toes  
that encased it, and in a few moments  
both little feet were bare in their child-  
like beauty, and were propped down  
on the hot bricks of the hearth, while a  
careful measurement was made as to  
the relative length of the big toe and  
the next to it, for on this important  
difference depends the most delicate  
question as to which of the two shall rule  
in the future married life of the pres-  
ent—it having been decreed by mys-  
terious and immutable signs, that  
should the big toe be the longer, the  
forthcoming lord of the lady will be  
in store for herself, and her only mas-  
ter will be her own sweet will. In the  
present instance, both of the soft, pink  
toes were of such sameness of length  
that the inference was sufficiently clear  
that destiny decreed the married life  
of Miss Charley Preston should be a  
state of equal rights. The young lady  
sat still and amused herself by doing  
a little prospecting in the way of gaz-  
ing down into the coals glowing before  
her, and then taking her Billie from its  
stand, she read the lesson appointed  
for the evening, then knee and sup-  
per evening prayers. A puff of frag-  
rant breath from a pair of rosy lips,  
and out went the candle, leaving the  
room lighted only by the fire's firelight.  
Then unbolting the door, that Mandy,  
who slept in her young mistress's room,  
might gain access when it should  
please her to leave the delights of the  
kitchen, the young girl turned back  
the soft blankets and snowy sheets of  
her bed, made the impress of her round  
face in its downy depths, laid her  
innocent head upon the tastefully  
trimmed pillow and went to her happy  
dreams.

The Logan (Ill.) Gazette relates the  
following story: "A quaker widower,  
tired of single blessedness, hunted up  
a second wife. He took her to his  
home, and there flew on with its azure  
wings—they indulged in bright dreams.  
And sometimes in those dreams they  
would imagine that the word white was  
stricken from the Constitution, and  
start from their slumbers in an ecstasy  
of joy. And thus the passive Austria  
receded before the stern breath of Win-  
ter, and when the Spring-time came,  
gentle Anna, and with it hyacinths  
and bird songs, and into the household  
of our Quaker a bigger baby. A baby  
with the word 'white' stricken out.

A mild and a woman are always in  
want of "waterfalls."

**STANLEY FERRY.**  
This is Stanley Ferry,  
Here we met and parted—  
Meeting we were merry,  
Parting, broken-hearted.  
She came—the water away;  
I kissed her—she was gone;  
Unchanged at all, from day to day  
The river is flowing on.

**PLIGHTED.**  
Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty!  
Mild, all mine, and the love, not duty;  
Love given willingly, full and free,  
Leave for love's sake—as mine—take,  
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,  
But Love, the master, goes in and out  
Of his goodly chambers with song and  
about,  
Just as he please—just as he please.

**A Pound Lob Portrait—The Fe-  
male Lobbyist at Washington.**  
"Bessie Barr," the lively and gossip-  
ing Washington correspondent of the  
New York Tribune, gives the following  
run and jink like one of a celebrated in-  
male lobbyist, widely known at the cap-  
itol of the nation. He says: "To this  
city came from St. Louis a lady whose  
robust figure was without womanhood,  
and attracted the gaze of the sternest  
and most uncompromising of the legis-  
lators by its voluptuous appearance.  
Her face was strongly marked, yet  
beautiful, except to those who admire  
women for a lack of intelligent expres-  
sion, or a doll-like pliancy of features.  
Her chin protruded firmly, and was  
sweetly dimpled, while above it peered  
two cherry lips. Her nose was  
exquisitely turned to the most ex-  
travagantly fine compromise between  
sensuality and staid womanlike abnega-  
tion of worldliness. Her cheeks, round  
and plump, were always covered with  
the fresh pink blush of health, and her  
check bones were just prominent  
enough to dimple them bewitchingly.  
Her eyes, unmounted by brows as  
closely penciled and delicately arched  
as any artist could desire, were twink-  
ling and laughing brilliant, sharp and  
piercing colors, luscious hazel brown  
in color, and they spoke volumes of  
seductive personal charm, or repelled with  
the adamant imperiousness of an  
ironclad. She weighed about one  
hundred and sixty pounds, and dressed  
in a close-fitting blouse, and many  
were the members to be found looking  
in the sunlight of her delicious smile.  
Black silk was the material of the  
haque, corded, luted, fringed, ruffled,  
and thingamabobbed with a confusing  
profusion of jet pendants and bangles,  
which rattled and jiggled, as with the  
starchiness of a queen, she walked  
through the corridors of the Capitol,  
commanding the admiration, and suc-  
cessfully demanding obsequious service  
of all with whom she came in contact.  
Her voice was like the warbling of the  
morning lark, or solemnly plaintive  
like the song of the dying swan, and  
she was an expert elocutionist, under-  
standing to perfection the gestu-  
lation of an orator, or the overpowering  
and persuasive soothing lullaby pat-  
terns of a mother's hand. Her accom-  
paniment of a clearing whistling, in-  
cluding little snort. She was seen in the  
use of Jewels, jet week rings, chains,  
and diamonds enough to add an air of  
reckless plenitude to her regal pres-  
ence. Don't like the anti-top?"

Drive your cattle up, on the ice if you  
want cowslips in the winter.

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