



Jacksonville Post



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THE NEW CLUB

Letter from Rev. Johnston explaining his views and suggesting a free for all reading room.

Jacksonville, Nov. 23, 1910.

Dear Sir:

In a sermon which I preached on Sunday night, I made some remarks with regard to the "Home Life of today," and, as there were a good many young men present, I would be thankful if you would enable me, through your paper, to correct an impression that has got abroad, (viz) that I am opposed to the proposed establishing of a young men's club. So far from being opposed, I am heartily in sympathy with any movement that has for its purpose the welfare of young men who come to earn a living in our town and are deprived of home comforts. How many such men have we got? With perhaps two or three exceptions, every young man in this town is blessed with a comfortable, well-equipped home, the sacredness, happiness and unity of the life of which ought to be the object of his tenderest solicitations. Mr. Editor, it is a painful sight to see young men loafing round our streets who have a hearth and home of their own and a father and mother whose ears are always gladdened by the sound of their returning footsteps. When we read of Abraham Lincoln, lying on his chest on the floor trying to study law by the unsteady light of the dying embers on the hearth, or David Livingstone sitting up till dawn in his overalls studying medicine, and frequently starting to a new day's work without putting his head on his pillow we may truly say we live in degenerate days.

There is a want in this town and I would be thankful if you would permit me to mention it. We are sadly in need of a general reading room, open to all without any distinction of sect or party, comfortably furnished, neatly kept and properly warmed. I do not mean a library so much as a room where the leading newspapers and magazines are kept, where a man can go and read and smoke his pipe, and perhaps chat if his conversation does not interfere with anybody else. This undertaking is a big one but might easily be accomplished if some of the public men of the town would donate a lot for the purpose in a central position. A neat and artistic building could be put up and its up-keep provided

for, but if we have to start off with the initial expense of from \$500 to \$1000 for a site, I am afraid the project will be killed.

I understand the Native Daughters are desiring to establish a museum or art gallery, the young men desire a club. Can we not all meet on common ground and accomplish together what we can not do singly? Apologizing for using so much of your time and space, I remain yours truly,
Chas H. Johnston.

Every Body Needs

A good salve and Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve is the best. It is a creamy snow white ointment guaranteed for all skin diseases. 25c sold everywhere, or any bowel trouble Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain acts like magic, relieves almost instantly. Also good for all external pains. Sold by City Drug Store.

Oregon Sidelights.

Crook county contains one of the largest bodies of irrigable land in the west, said to be 350,000 acres.

No woman in the town of Madras should have to get out and saw her own wood this winter, with two machines running, as perhaps she may have had to do in the past.

The past three weeks has seen wonderful progress on the railroad grading between Madras and Redmond. The next three weeks will see much more, reports the Redmond Hub.

The carpenters have nearly completed the work of rebuilding the mill town of Wendling that was destroyed by fire last summer. The last touches are being put on some 40 new residences, reports the Eugene Guard.

One thing is certain. With all the wet votes and home rule laws in the state, Hermiston will remain dry, says the Herald. We have a section in our city charter which we believe will effectively keep them out for all time.

Cottage Grove's postal receipts are increasing rapidly, says the Leader. Ten thousand dollars business for the fiscal year ending June 30 next will give us free postal delivery. And the prospects are that the receipts will reach that figure.

Ducks are a scarce article on the bay this fall from all reports, says the Nehalem Enterprise. The large bands that have made hunting so popular on this bay during the past are no more, and in all probability will never be seen again.

As a result of being turned down by Justice of the Peace T. M. McKinney, a negro and a white girl from Pendleton,

were scouring Walla Walla Thursday night in search of some one to marry them, and at a late hour they did not seem to have been successful.

Nehalem Enterprise: Mr. Bash arrived last week from San Francisco to locate permanently in this valley. His wife and family preceded him. The house is nearly finished on their farm which will enable them to move in with their household goods within a few days time. The acquisition of more people for this valley is one of the most important phases in its development and should be encouraged whenever possible by those in a position to bring their influence to bear upon the matter. Don't be ashamed of our little Nehalem valley where ever you may go.—Journal.

Moore-McCarthy.

Last Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. D. McCarthy, 595 North Main street, occurred the marriage of Miss Anna Lowry McCarthy and Frank M. Moore, Rev. Robt. McLean, of Grants Pass, an old friend of the family, officiating.

The bride is an Ashland girl, a graduate of the Southern Oregon Normal, and has many friends who admire her for eminent qualities of mind and heart. The groom is a most worthy young man, the son of Mrs. S. J. Evans of this city, and grew up to manhood in this vicinity. He is a druggist, in charge of the Robinson pharmacy at Jacksonville, where the young couple will reside. The marriage was a quiet home affair, in the presence of a few relatives and friends. A wedding lunch followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Moore left for the county seat, the wedding trip being trip being made in an automobile.

Monday evening, previous to the ceremony the membership of the Mapafe Club surprised the prospective bride by tendering her a prenuptial shower at the residence of Miss Francis Mulit on Mechanic street. The shower was of the "miscellaneous" variety, the bride having received many gifts from a host of friends among whom she was very popular, especially in the younger social set.—Ashland Tidings.

Blind

Mrs. Ellie Tiler, Ravenna, Tex., writes: I was blind as a bat. I used Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve and it acted like a charm. It cut the scum off my eyes and restored my sight. It is all you claim and worth its weight in gold. 25c a tube.

PORTLAND LETTER.

Development League meets Nov. 28-30---Oregon apples win at Spokane-Highway Association formed.

Portland, Or. Nov. 22 (Special)—Men of national prominence will speak at the convention of the Oregon Development League, to be held at Salem Nov. 28, 29 and 30. Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific Railway, is one of the leading speakers and he will tell of the exploitation work the Northern Pacific is doing in Oregon's behalf and will suggest methods whereby the fullest possible benefit can be secured to this state.

Advertising and publicity men who stand in the front rank in their work in America are on the program and the brightest stars in community promotion on the Coast are scheduled for addresses. Frank E. Morrison, secretary of Success Magazine and one of the foremost magazine men in the United States is coming all the way from New York to speak to the Oregon leaguers.

There are many other speakers whose ideas will prove of great value. To hear them will be well worth a trip to Salem from the most remote part of the state and all who can possibly arrange their affairs to attend the convention should do so. Splendid hospitality is offered by the Salem Board of Trade. This includes auto trips about the Capital City and the nearby country, visits to the state institutions and a big banquet on the night of the last day, Wednesday, Nov. 30.

Oregon apples have accomplished a signal victory by capturing the sweepstakes prize at the recent National Apple Show at Spokane. A carload of Hood River Spitzenbergs, exhibited by C. H. Sproat, took the \$1,000 award and gold medal banner over apples exhibited by practically every fruit growing section of the Northwest. This is the second year that Oregon apples have won first honors at Spokane, last year Rogue River taking the sweepstakes. Apples from the Rogue River district also took first prize at the Canadian National Apple Show recently held at Vancouver, B. C.

W. O. Minor, of Heppner, is one of the state's most useful citizens. He has bred a famous herd of Shorthorn cattle that are the delight of livestock experts. Mr. Minor has sent seven head of his cattle to the International Exhibition at Chicago where they will be exhibited and later sold. This is the only exhibit Oregon will make in what is claimed to be the greatest livestock show in the world. What Oregon needs is more Minors rather than more professional men.

The Oregon Highway Association has been formed by good roads advocates for the purpose of building a main thoroughfare from north to south across the state, becoming part of the main highway along the Coast from Canada to Mexico. Monday, December 12, has been fixed as the date of the state good roads convention, when all interested in the work will meet in Portland to formulate good roads bills to present to the next Legislature.

With the completion of the Panama Canal, believes Secretary Williamson of the State Board of Horticulture, will come the opening of much wider markets for Oregon apples. He thinks the people of Europe can be supplied direct from Portland and that the demand there for this highly prized fruit will be strong.

EARLY DAYS

In Southern Oregon, by James H. Twogood.

(Continued from last week)

It was about 1859 that another great mining excitement broke out, away up north in the Frazer river country. It fairly set people crazy. They flocked up there by thousands, by steamer from Frisco, and by the California and Oregon stage route. The stages were loaded to the guards every trip. At Grave creek house, a dinner station 40 miles north of Jacksonville, we used to cater to 10 or 12 passengers every day.

Alex Rossi, a pioneer of Boise, came to California in the early days. He was a natural born mechanic and good surveyor. He drifted north in 1853, crossing over the Siskiyou mountain. At the foot of the mountain he found a town called Ashland. It was here I think, that a Mr. Thomas, a big, jolly,

200-pound German, built the first flouring mill in Rogue river valley. He was an old friend of John Krall, a well-known pioneer of Boise. Mr. Rossi went to work for Mr. Thomas and stayed until October 1, 1855. Then he again drifted north and came down to the Grave creek house, stayed all night with us and started for Salem.

In the meantime the Indians in the Rogue river valley, under Chiefs Joe and Sam had been committing depredations, robbing and killing white men. About October 3 the citizens of Jacksonville commenced to talk of the matter of retaliation. About October 8 they raised a company of volunteers and started for the Indian headquarters at Table Rock, near Fort Lane, which was established by General Joe Lane during the Indian war of 1853. This volunteer company was under command of my good friend, Major Lupton.

They attacked the Indians Sunday morning, October 9. Quite a number of the whites were wounded, and Major Lupton was shot through with an arrow that proved fatal. Hon. John Hatley, one of our most honored pioneers of this city, helped extract the arrow. That fight gave the Indians a start and the whole tribe came rushing down Rogue river, killing and burning everything before them. They caught me with a pack train down at Galice creek and I did not get home for three days, but that is another long story for the future. Suffice to say, this precipitated the biggest Indian war ever known on the Pacific coast, reaching from California on the south to British possessions on the north and where Idaho now stands on the east. When Mr. Rossi reached Salem we had a full-fledged Indian war on our hands. Here he met Governor George L. Curry, who insisted upon mustering him into the service. As war had been declared, he was assigned to the quartermaster's department as clerk and remained in the office until the close of the war in June, 1856, when all the Rogue river and Umpuqua Indians were gathered up and transported to the Siletz Indian reservation in the Willamette valley, where they were placed under command of Lieutenant U. S. Grant.

Again Mr. Rossi started north, landing in Oregon City, the head of navigation on the Willamette river. Here he took a view of the great Willamette falls. After a few days' study he concluded he would harness a little of the surplus energy that was going to waste and build a foundry, as there was none at that time north of San Francisco. He did so, and Len Richardson, now clerk of the supreme court of Idaho, went to work for him learning how to make patterns.

Man builds up, but frequently in a few hours the elements of fire and water destroy the accumulations of a lifetime. It was in the spring of 1861 there came the most disastrous flood ever known on the Pacific coast. I well remember traveling down the Sacramento river in the fall of 1862 seeing large, fine ranches entirely devoid of all signs of habitation. Houses, fences, barns and everything had been swept away down the river out through the Golden Gate into the Pacific ocean, leaving the ranches all covered with debris.

It was in 1862 that gold was first discovered in north Idaho, Florence, Orofino and several other camps were opened. After the flood Mr. Rossi took a view of the field and then and there came to the conclusion that he was "busted," and would have to begin life all over again. Knowing that the mines were the last resort for getting a new start, he accordingly, with Richardson and Albert H. Robie, from French prairie, packed their blankets, got a grub stake and hiked for Florence. At that time there were no public conveyances west of Utah except the steamer from Portland up the Columbia river. This route avoided the worst road west of the Mississippi through the Cascade mountains.

The mines in southern Oregon seemed to be mostly worked out in 1862. There were no more Indian wars, no excitement, people got restless, as times were dull and they felt they must be doing something. It was Marion Moore and company, I think, that concluded that Florence and such mines were not good enough for them, and so they rigged up pack trains and started east in quest of gold. Coming up Snake river to the Boise, they followed this stream until they came to a creek which flowed in from the north. They packed up that some 15 or 20 miles and came to the place where Idaho City now stands and discovered gold in what they thought was paying quantities. They called the place the basin country, owing to its peculiar formation. It proved to be the best diggings ever struck on the Pacific slope, and there has since been millions of dollars taken

from that small gold field. It was in the spring of 1863 that news of the gold discovery in the basin country reached Jacksonville, causing a great excitement there, and a stampede toward Idaho began. Some of the best and most prominent citizens of Oregon, finding this a most delightful climate, camped here. Many of that early company have crossed the river, but a few are left today and still make this their home.

In the spring of 1863 the Idaho mining excitement ran high in California, Oregon and the east. People flocked in by the thousands—a conglomerated mass of humanity of all nations and professions of the civilized world—and quite a number of soldiers from the sunny south, who tried to dominate the camp and run things their own way, but it did not last. People coming from the west could take steamers from Portland and land at Umatilla all right but here their troubles began. Many young men came up there without any visible means of support, but with them it seemed a ground hog case. It was rustle, for gold they must have. A few young men would chip in and get a cayuse to pack their blankets and grub and lead the pony and walk into the basin, a distance of 285 miles. Young, healthy, husky boys, sleeping with one would do the most good. He employed pair of blankets on the wet ground, subsisting on a pone of bread baked in a frying pan, a slice of bacon and a cup of coffee, walking 40 miles a day, were the pink of perfection and good health. They are different today. They come into Boise on a Pullman and have to rest for a week. People are never more healthy than when they have to camp out and rough it. The appendix is something I never heard of until I came to Boise. It seems to be quite a popular fad here now.

(Continued Next Week)

A Good Position

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railway telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute of Portland, Ore., operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of R. R. and Wireless Officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details.

The Boss has a fine line of fresh candies, fruit and nuts.

A HARD STRUGGLE

Many a Jacksonville Citizen Finds the Struggle Hard

With a back constantly aching, With distressing urinary disorders, Daily existence is but a struggle. No need to keep it up. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. Jacksonville people endorse this claim:

Jesse Frzeman, living at the Sterling, Mine, Jacksonville, Oregon, says: "I actually believe that Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life. I suffered from kidney disease for a long time before I realized what it was. I thought at first the symptoms would pass away, but instead they increased in severity until I was suffering untold agony. I was treated by physicians and used many remedies but obtained no relief. My worst troubles were pains in my back and limbs and irregularity of the kidney secretions. I was unable to rest or sleep well on account of the pains and was stiff and lame at times as to be unable to get about. At one time I was laid up for several weeks and unable to work. I finally learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and as they were so highly recommended, I procured a box at the City Drug Store and began using them. This remedy seemed to be just what I required, for in less than two weeks the beneficial results were apparent. I continued using the remedy, improved steadily and by the time I had used seven boxes I was better than I had been for years. I am now absolutely free from any symptoms of kidney trouble and give the credit to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Pleanty more proof like this from Jacksonville people. Call at The City Drug Store and ask what customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Thanksgiving DELICACIES

Monopole Seeded Raisins, 1 lb. pkgs. Monopole Currants, 1 lb. pkgs.
Thompson's Seedless Sultana Raisins (bleached) in bulk
London Layer Raisins, bulk. Tea Garden Mincemeat
Candied Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel, etc.
Pressed Figs in 1 lb. pkgs.
Eastern Cranberries,
Sweet Potatoes

All the Above Are New Crop and Strictly Fresh Goods

Ulrich Brothers,

Staple and Fancy Groceries