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Farmers and Taxation.
(Continued from Journal.)

"Truth is the handmaid of Justice; Freedom is its child; Peace is its companion; Safety walks in its steps; Victory follows in its train. It is the brightest emanation of the Gospel; it is the great-est attribute of God. It is that center around which human interest and passions turn, and Justice, sitting on high, sees genius, and power, and wealth, and birth resolve around her throne, and punks out their orbiculate streaks of light and robes with shining and golden rays."

and carries orders and discipline into a world which, but for her, would be a wild waste of passions."—STONEY SMITH.

According to the census in 1880 there were more than 7,000,000 people in this country engaged in agricultural labor. More than one-half of the laboring men in the United States are employed upon farms. They toil and they spin. They rise with the lark, bear the heat and burden of the day, and sink to slumber long after curfew. It is their sweat that puts a surplus in the treasury, pays the dividends of railroad corporations, fills the coffers of banks, sustains public credit, and prevents national bankruptcy. All other interests in the country are organized compactly; they are a disorganized and bewildered mob, without leaders and without discipline.

At the close of the war between the states, the government realized an immense resource from an income tax. It was paid by the landholders, by the bankers, by the corporations. It was a tax founded upon justice, a tax upon capital and not upon labor, upon luxury and not upon necessity. Its whose net income amounted to more than \$200,000,000 paid a percentage upon that income in consideration of the protection he received from the laws. It lay upon the affluent, and was sufficient to pay all the extraordinary expenses of the government.

It was the last of the war taxes that should have been removed. The bankers paid it, and the bankers have been proof of this ever since 1861. Congress was swift to grant their prayer. It never hears the demand of the farmers. There is nothing more in a state of affairs that makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. The aggregation of capital is not a new thing. The King of Lydia possessed the power of taxation, and he used it so effectively that his name became a byword signifying vast wealth. Croesus exercised no more power than any Greek exercises in Texas to-day. Croesus was a tax-gatherer, just as the Missouri Pacific railroad is a tax-gatherer. Croesus could fix the price one of his subjects should pay for a bushel of salt and the Missouri Pacific railroad can say to a citizen of Tarrant county, Texas: "Your salt cost you ten cents per bushel more this month than last. It is the highest attribute of governments exercised by a creature of law."

The Missouri Pacific is not an exception. A laborer in Mississippi earns five dollars. He wants to buy with it a coat that will protect him from the September dews of that section. Prudence would say to him, buy your coat from him who will sell it to you cheapest. The lawyer he shall not do that, but must buy from a Philadelphia manufacturer, who will charge him the tax the Englishman must pay for the privilege of selling. What is that Philadelphia manufacturer but a tax-gatherer? What is that Mississippi laborer but his slave? Why should the government say to one of its citizens that he shall buy goods from another citizen and shall not seek the cheapest market in which to make his purchase?

But that is protection to American labor. The clothing manufacturer is protected, the iron-master is protected, the shoemaker is protected, the coal miner is protected, the hatter is protected, the spinner, the weaver is protected, and the grain grower, cotton-planter, the tobacco producer pay the protection. That is the whole story. How long will the farmers stand? That is the question of the hour.

We have in this country an enormous amount of frozen gold. When these are buried in the older states, and the gold is sent to the new states, it is sent to the new states, and by hard labor, he can put meat and bread in his stomach and thereby keep soul and body together. He is robbed right and left, it is true, by railroads on the one hand, by the tariff on the other, and by steady industry and the rise in the value of real estate he manages to get along. By-and-by all the public lands in the country will be absorbed. The older states will be overcrowded and will stalk like a specter through the land, discontent will take possession of that class which it is dangerous to arouse, and who once aroused can not be quieted without blood. Then Tarzator Caesar will be unforgotten.

Meanwhile it is the duty of the farmer to tax the farmer, and to tax the farmer to the end that the burden of government may be distributed. The tariff is the imp with the shoes of a wickedness on his feet and the coat of invulnerability on his back that is destroying him. Let him be deaf to every appeal for his vote except for a man who is a "free-trade crank" and who has registered the vote of disapproval against the infamous, odious tariff robbery. The value of farms in the state of Missouri is greater to-day than in 1860. Give us the Robert J. Walker, tax of 1860 and in five years the value of farms in Missouri will be double what it is now.

Dorothea's Love Story.

When Dorothea Dierstedt married Mrs. Wynand Lewis she was his junior by sixteen years. Yet five years after his marriage he gave her his character: "The most severe of critics, but a perfect wife." Great men, and small men too, do not usually take kindly to the criticism of a wife when they are assured of her love and have confidence in her judgment. A man on his return home from an assembly or club, where he has been listened to as an oracle and referred to as a leader, is not usually in a mood to be criticised even by his affectionate wife. That Mr. Dierstedt listened with meekness while his wife told him, after a great debate in the house of commons, what he ought to have said and left unsaid, indicates that she was a woman of exquisite tact, and that he loved her devotedly. She was a loved helpmeet, for their union of thirty-three years was one of unbroken harmony, confidence and affection. She believed in her husband, lived for him, studied his ways, views and wishes and served him with the zeal of an intelligent companion. The average husband is contented if his wife shows herself a good housekeeper, an attentive hostess, and a wise mother. But Dierstedt, not being an average man, made his wife his companion and treated her as his intellectual comrade. She became "the most severe of critics," because of her intense love and admiration. She was made a "perfect wife" by her husband placing her on an equality with himself. When he delivered his great speech in the free trade hall at Manchester, a speech which helped the return of the conservatives to power, she sat in a box immediately opposite the platform

and spoke. The interest of the audience on the platform was transferred from the speaker to the sympathetic face of the orator. He said then to the way which he had taken to time, he had his heart seeking her smile of approval. When the oration was finished she dove rapidly to the feet of her hosts in the embraces of her husband.

They were the carriage wheels of the day, and the carriage wheels of the day were the carriage wheels of the day. They were the carriage wheels of the day, and the carriage wheels of the day were the carriage wheels of the day. They were the carriage wheels of the day, and the carriage wheels of the day were the carriage wheels of the day.

A Military Romance.

Grange county, New York, has just had a wedding with enough romance about it for a novel. In 1862 the bridegroom, then a young man, though under engagement to the young lady whom he expected to marry, enlisted in the union army. His sweetheart made no effort to dissuade him from what he thought his duty, and with breaking heart she bade him adieu, and quietly buried herself in her home with her widowed mother, the only living member of her family besides herself. For a while all went well, and loving letters from his sweetheart cheered the gallant soldier, and tender words of hope from him made life endurable to her. After the battle of Chancellorsville his letters suddenly ceased. Letter after letter was written to him and his comrades, but all that could be learned was, that after the terrible battle, he was missing. His stricken sweetheart never abandoned hope, and lived on, "tender and true," hoping against hope for his return. After many patient years her faith has been rewarded, and she is now a happy bride. His narrative is, that sometime during the fight he was taken prisoner, and soon after he was sent to a Southern prison, where he suffered unceasing torture of mind for about a year. He finally escaped and reached the seacoast, where he conceived the idea of personating an English spy, and getting to England on a blockade runner. After that all is a blank. He learned afterward that he had been taken ill, and soon insane. On his arrival in England he was taken to an insane asylum by the captain of the blockade runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged, cured but penniless. He succeeded, by assistance of friends in the asylum, in securing a situation in a mercantile house, where he rapidly won the esteem of the principals, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was granted him, he came to Middleton and found his sweetheart, now a mature lady of forty-five, still faithful to his memory. They were quickly married and returned to England, where he proposes to remain for a term of years.

Joanna Miller.

What Joanna Miller has to say as to the writing to poetry, appears in the July Lippincott. "This year," he says, "I shall stop writing, and in a small way take up the law again, for a man who writes constantly cannot think much, and a man who does not think much ought not to have much to say. There is a disposition of selfishness and egotism in writing that is ruinous to all men. A man who makes a profession of writing poetry ought to be sorry that he lives long enough to make the best of length of poetry to make his bread, since few maintain others on it. Byron, Dante, Petrarch, pouring their soul's sorrows out upon the world, were hardly manly, I think. I, for one, would not permit myself to wait thus, even were it possible, for all the renown of this earth. Other immortal gods of song have selected war and celebrated a list of cruel battles through all the ages, sowing dragons' teeth in every sounding syllable. I would starve first. Alexander the Great mourning at Babylon because he could not make the Greek ivy grow on the ruins of that old lightning-riven tower might well be celebrated in song. But it is only now and then that we see things standing out like stars in the dark night of eminent men's actions like this. And so good, inspiring and inspired, most of necessity, the rare. And it is an unwise man that would make his bread entirely by it, much less bring up his family on it. And then with the bible, Shakespeare and the Brownings, the world is not greatly in need of more poetry, but it is greatly in need of more fruit, more dollars and more beautiful gardens."

Stock Prospects on the North Pacific.

For many years the difficulty of reaching a market for our stock was so great that the stockmen here could not complete with the growers on the other side of the stocky mountains. Discouraged, they paid but little attention to the grading up of their herds. Things have changed. The stock range on the other side has, in a great measure, given out. Railroad connection has brought us within reach of a constant market and in competition with breeders who had the advantage of transportation for many years, and who had learned the advantages of improvement. Stimulated by the advantages of transportation and not at all content to be behind in improvement, it is now observable that things in the future are not to be as in the past. There is much evidence of improvement; so much that within a very short time we expect to be able to show the fact that the North Pacific will produce beef and mutton that will command the top price in any of the Eastern markets. This is by no means all. It is considered by all that the North Pacific can not only raise the best quality of horses, but that they can be grown cheaper here than in almost any other locality. We have three advantages, namely: climate, food, and health, and if our breeders will hang on to their foundation stock and be willing to introduce improved stock as fast as possible, there need be no fear. Farming does not pay, and the only way out is to go to breeding in earnest and for a purpose.

An Assured Name.

Manager (to supernumerary)—I am going to give you a small part in the new play; do you wish your real name on the bill, or will you use an assumed name?
Snp.—I guess I will use an assumed name.
M.—Very good; what shall it be?
S.—Signor Verticelli.
M.—That's a high-sounding name; why do you use Verticelli?
Got it out of a cook-book, did you?
S.—Yes, and I use it because I am a sape, you know.

A Streetful of H.E.

The other forenoon a colored man was pushing up Beamin street in hot haste when he met a colored woman coming down the street at a leisurely pace with countenance all serene.

"Hi, you!" he called out in a friendly way.
"Go on, you!" she answered in a friendly way.
"Oh, you'll have all time to tell me 'go on' when that pink an' blue dress is over your shoulders, I wouldn't have been 'fraid of you!"

"You didn't? Didn't I spunk you for three months? Didn't I buy dat ring an' dat bracelet an' dem gloves an' dat parasol? Didn't we squeeze hand's an' kiss each other? Didn't you 'gree to marry me?"

"Nolter, sah! You is 'tiredly mistaken in de woman."
"What? Ain't you Molly?"
"No, sah."
"An' you don't lib with your sister?"
"No, sah."
"An' you don't know me?"
"No, sah. Let me pass, sah! Dis conduct on your part am wery anony'in, an my husband will wait on you, sah, dis afternoon."

An Important Min.

The trial of a man for murder had just commenced in a Dakota court when the attorney for the defense arose and said:
"If the court please, we have no fear as to the outcome of this trial. In the testimony we shall prove that the murder was committed four miles out of town at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We shall also establish the fact that there was a circus in town that day."
"Hold on," said the judge, excitedly, "you say there was a circus in town?"
"Yes, sir, the Anti-European Conglomeration showed that day."
"Yes, I've seen it—two rings, a spotted grave digging hyena and several lady bare-back riders. You say the man was killed about 2 o'clock?"
"Yes, your honor."
"Just the time of the ring parade?"
"The same time."
"While the elephant and double-humped camels were going around?"
"Yes, sir."
The prisoner is discharged. Trying to prove that a man was four miles away from town on such an occasion is looked upon as a marvellous prosecution by this court, the optimistic gentleman who was found dead without doubt committed suicide when he realized that he was in that kind of a position himself.

Galy the Store Gone Up.

An insurance examiner and adjuster, who was called upon to investigate a loss in Pittsburgh, inquired of the policy-holder:
"Where were you when the alarm was given?"
"I was asleep in my bed."
"Did any one wake you up?"
"Well, my clock comes and pounds on der door and says our store was gone oop."
"What did you do?"
"I goes down town to telegraph to Boston to see if my insurance company was gone oop."