

OCHOCO REVIEW.

VOL. 3.

PRINEVILLE, CROOK COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

NO. 3.

OCHOCO REVIEW.

Published Every Saturday

J. A. DOUTHIT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year \$2.50
Six months 1.50
(Payable in advance)

Office—On Third, between C and D Sts.

STATE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY:

Governor SYLVESTER FISKE
Secretary of State GEO. W. BRIDGE
State Treasurer G. W. WEAR
State Printer FRANK BAKER
State P. O. Inspector R. M. PERRY
Judges Supreme Court W. E. LOUD
G. S. STRAHAN
United States Senators J. N. BOHRN
J. H. MICHELL
Congressman BISHOP HICKMAN
Judge Seventh District J. H. BIRD
Prosecuting Attorney W. B. ELLIS
Joint Board of C. M. CARTER
Joint Representatives W. L. WILSON
W. H. BROWN

County Official Directory:

County Judge W. S. A. JOHNS
Commissioners J. J. LORAN
G. W. ALLEN
County Clerk Z. M. BIRD
Sheriff J. N. WILKINSON
Treasurer W. W. HAYES
School Superintendent H. JOHNSON
Assessor W. B. McFARLAND
Surveyor C. A. GRAY
Coroner L. WOODS
Stock Inspector A. D. WELLS
J. P. Prineville Precinct M. H. BUCK

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Dalles and Prineville—Leaves Prineville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9 A. M.; arrives at Prineville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 P. M.

Prineville and Burns—Leaves Prineville Monday at 9 A. M.; arrives at Burns Saturday at 10 P. M.

Prineville and Camp Fork—Leaves Prineville Wednesday at 9 A. M.; arrives at Prineville Thursday at 9 P. M.

Prineville and Mitchell—Leaves Prineville Monday at 9 A. M.; arrives at Prineville Tuesday at 6 P. M.

Prineville and Silver Lake—Leaves Prineville Monday at 9 A. M.; arrives at Prineville Thursday at 9 P. M.

MEETING OF SOCIETIES.

Prineville Lodge No. 76 A. F. & A. M. meets on Saturday night before each full moon. J. M. Baldwin, Sec.

Ochoco Lodge No. 411 O. G. F. meets every Saturday night.

Ochoco Lodge No. 211 O. G. T. meets every Thursday night.

Ochoco Lodge A. O. U. W. No. 191 meets on the second and last Mondays of each month.

Prineville Fire Company No. 1 meets the first Monday evening of every month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. P. BELKNAP, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Office—First door north of Jackson House.

C. J. BEATTY,
DENTIST,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Office—First door north of Old Court House.

G. S. WRIGHT,
DENTAL SURGEON,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Office—Corner A and 3d streets.
Local anesthetic administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

W. S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Office—At crossing of planer ditch, on street leading to court house.

J. F. MOORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Office—Rooms back of Postoffice.

J. E. ATWATER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
THE DALLES, OREGON.
Office—Over French's Bank Second Street.

GEO. W. BARNES, R. F. NICHOLS,
BARNES & NICHOLS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Office—Review Building.

D. L. PATEE,
CONTRACTOR & BUILDER,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION!
We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to \$5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls can nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free.
Address: GEORGE STINSON & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

SPRING OPENING 1887.

One Price House

Having Just Opened a Very Large and Extensive Assortment of

New Spring Styles and Shades

DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS,

Clothing and Furnishing Goods,

Also a full and complete stock of

Hats, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and Groceries,

We guarantee to sell the same at decidedly low prices, and ask an inspection of our goods before purchasing.

AGENTS FOR

BUCKEYE MOWERS AND REAPERS,
SCHUTTLER WAGONS AND HACKS,
BARB WIRE.

CASH ADVANCED ON WOOL

Country orders solicited.

STEWART, PALMER & CO.

Uren & Childs,

GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS

PRINEVILLE, OREGON

FULL LINE OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Goods,
FANCY GOODS AND HARDWARE.

Our Stock is New, Fresh and Stylish.

Our Assortment is Full and Complete.

LOOK US OVER!

If we do not sell you goods we will make some one else sell you.

FINE LINE OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

All orders by mail promptly filled at prices that CANNOT BE BEAT.

Sole agents in Crook County for

Ashland Woolen Mill Goods

AGENTS FOR THE

MITCHELL WAGON

AND

CANTON CLIPPER PLOW.

Farmers and Taxation.

(Savoyed in Courier Journal.)
"Give me the avowed, the erect,
the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may
return the blow."—*Conning*.

In my humble judgment, what is known as a tariff for protection is the most intricate, exquisite and insidious engine of oppression that human ingenuity ever conceived. It begins with a lie, and all argument in support of it is an apology; it appeals to the greed of capital, and is sustained by the cordialities of the tariff ring. I have gigantic railroad monopolies, we have the Standard Oil Company, we have the Cotton Oil Trust, the Cattle Trust, the Rubber Trust; we have Phil. Armour, with his grip on all the grain, cattle, hogs and their products in the land; but the tariff anaconda, the father of all this brood of iniquities, is greater than all of them, reaches out farther than all of them, and snatches things "a-comin' an' a-gwine."

The tariff ring is made up of hundreds of discolored and antagonistic interests, but it sticks together. It is one tremendous arch of which paternal government is the key-stone. Remove one section of the arch and the whole structure falls.

When in 1861, after an era of free trade, the protective system was adopted, even Horace Greeley apologized for it. Mr. Morrill, now a senator, then chairman of the house Ways and Means committee, having the matter in charge, said it was a war measure, just as the greenback forced loan was, and as soon as the war ceased we would abandon the protective policy.

With the exception of Pig-iron Kelley there are few people in this country who advocate the protective theory from disinterested motives. John Sherman was a free-trader less than a dozen years ago, so was Garfield. Senator Allison was also a free-trader when he was in the house of representatives. The *Chicago Tribune* is a free-trade paper, and if men acted from conviction and not interest, the Morrill tariff bill of the last congress would receive the indorsement of a majority of the republicans in congress. But the tariff ring is cemented together by selfish interests. Take the Lounty off iron and coal and Sam Randall would be a free-trader, take it off lumber and salt and Michigan would be a free-trade state, take it off sugar and Louisiana would send a free-trade delegation to congress, take it off wool and Ohio would send Frank Hurd back to congress, take it off textile fabric and all New England would be full of howling free-traders. The whole structure is a perfect mosaic of interests banded together to exclude trade from our shores, leaving the home market to certain favored persons, and all of it is done in the name of protection to American labor.

Everybody favors protection to American labor, but the sort of protection would give it would be to let it go into the markets of the world and buy where it can buy cheapest and sell where it can sell highest. That is the sort of protection American labor wants and farm labor wants it more than any other.

The beneficiaries of protection are the capitalists engaged in manufacturing. They have long purses and command some able men to advocate their theory. As soon as the merchants of Boston and New York begin to long for the world for a market, the tariff devil rushes down to Virginia and Alabama, and says to the people of those states: "Fall down and worship me, and I will endow you with the earth and the fatness thereof. See how rich I have made Pennsylvania by aiding her in robbing you; now, go down likewise by robbing Texas and Mississippi." Virginia seems to have got on her old marrow bones and licked the cloven foot, but Alabama is erect as yet, thank God. This monster even tried to seduce old Kentucky, whose chastity has rivaled Diana's, but the grand old commonwealth cares more for political rectitude than for hemp.

The tariff crowd have a cry of wolf. They talk of a whisky ring, and cry aloud for free whisky and free tobacco, while demanding taxed blankets, taxed boots and shoes, taxed clothing and hats, taxed iron and everything into the manufacture of which iron enters, and taxed necessities generally. Let the farmers say by their votes whether or not they want free whisky rather than free blankets.

The Puddled Sea.

(Bowling Green States.)

In the year 1865, immediately after "the late unpleasantness," G. D. Worley was a mere boy upon his mother's farm, on which was located the famous Allen Springs.

Though tender in years, Worley could plainly see and realize the lamentable condition in which the war had left his home. He was, therefore, constantly haunted by the idea that he could work wonders toward retrieving their losses by the freeing of slaves, etc., if he was turned loose in the world. So thoroughly was he imbued with this idea that one day he quietly stole away, and started he knew not where. After a short tramp, he found himself in Bowling Green, but, finding nothing he could do, he drifted down into Mexico, believing firmly that there his fortune awaited him.

But while here he did not forget his old Kentucky home and the dear ones he had left behind. He wrote home explaining why he had left, and that he hoped soon to return, bountifully blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, that his mother, brother and sister might be well cared for, but the letter never reached its destination.

Young Worley worked on, practicing rigid economy, for he had built many air castles about how he intended dividing his wealth when he returned home.

Some time had elapsed, his mother had never answered his letters, and he concluded he would write again. The second letter, though, like the first, was mislaid, and never reached the heart-broken mother of young Worley. She believed firmly that her boy had been foully dealt with, and so strong was circumstantial evidence that the terrible deed was laid at the door of a neighbor, but not having sufficient evidence to convict him he was never brought before the courts.

Worley could hear nothing from his mother, and believed beyond doubt that she was dead. He therefore lost all his former pride about returning home with much wealth and asking his mother's forgiveness, and at the first opportunity presenting itself, he joined the United States army and went West, where he remained five years. Returning after that time, he went to St. Louis and embarked in the railroad business. Here he fell hopelessly, helplessly and wrecklessly in love with a rare and radiant little blonde, and wooed and won her. He continued his work in this line until he became very proficient in his business. So much so, in fact, that his services were sought after by several railroad corporations. He, however, accepted the position of General Superintendent of the Hot Springs and Malvern Railroad company, which position he holds at present.

Sunday night last the names of G. D. Worley, wife and son, were registered at the Morehead House, in this city. It was the same G. D. Worley that passed through this city twenty-two years ago, a bare-

footed boy of about seventeen or eighteen years of age. He is now a fine-looking man, was handsomely dressed, and his wife and son, who is now thirteen years of age, looked the perfect picture of health and happiness. He was carrying them with him back to the home of his youth, explaining to them how his dear old mother formerly looked and acted in her life time. It was his intention, he said, to buy the old homestead and keep it as a memento of departed ones. They approached the scene; how changed it appeared to Worley, as he viewed here and there a few familiar spots. He dismounted and knocked at the door of the house in which he had left his aged mother nearly a quarter of a century since, wondering the while what strange face would soon confront him. Imagine his surprise, his unbounded happiness, as the tottering form of the mother he had believed to be dead for these many years, stood before him. The scene that followed is easier imagined than described. They embraced and wept for a time. Then the wife and son were introduced; the story of his departure and his adventures for the past twenty-two years was told; the fattened calf was killed and a feast was soon prepared; neighbors from far and near were invited to it—among them was the man who had been suspected of the murder of young Worley many years since, and who, up to that time, had not been allowed under the roof of the aged Mrs. Worley.

The happiness that was witnessed on this occasion was truly remarkable.

Mr. Worley is now in the city, or two here prepared to spend her last days on the farm whom she says "once I but now is found."

Market for Beef Cattle.

(Rural Spirit.)

During the past several months the price of beef here has been above the Chicago market, quality considered. This has resulted from two causes: First, owing to a short grass crop last year in most of our range districts cattle were thin in the fall; second, the past winter was unusually severe. These two circumstances, operating together, made a shortage, and owners of cattle in beef condition were able to keep up the price. But a change for these reasons is most likely to occur, and from the present outlook the time is about arrived. The result of short grass prevented the marketing of many cattle last fall. The result of the short grass and hard winter combined has resulted in our growers not having any more cattle than were needed here. It is quite clear now that there will be a surplus, which would not have been if the usual fall and winter shipments could have been made eastward.

To this condition of things it is affirmed that the valleys west of the Cascades have not sold as many stock cattle to the range-men as was anticipated, and as a consequence the valley market will be largely supplied by this valley's cattle. From this standpoint it is clear that the range cattle will have to be marketed east of the Rocky mountains.

He Earned His Money.

(New York Sun.)

"It's one hundred dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree."

Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money.

"Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went for acquittal."