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Quotations

Next Week.

IN ROME.

Interesting Sight in the Historic Old City—Sensational temple and monstrous statue—Ancient Rome no more interesting than Rome of To-day.

ROME, ITALY, Dec. 12, 1889.

Ed Review—it is sorely disappointing and disagreeable to the feeling to reach a country whose praises are always sung, "as Italian skies and Italian waters," to find the temperate climate and the heaviest woolsens are not to assure comfort. But such are the facts in this imperial city, and they prove especially disconcerting in viewing churches, galleries and museums. For though Rome, has been renowned in its day as the central city of the world, and the point to which all roads conveyed, are both lost to her in the course of events, yet her early prestige in the arts, she has retained to this day. I fancied in the course of my travels, that various cities had such an accumulation of skilled products, no city could present itself with superior merits or varied skill; but no one can visit this city and see the work of such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, Beni, Fizzian and a score more of nearly equal renown, without being impressed that the master products have been employed and retained for the beauty of this place. Hence my great surprise at entering the corridors of the Vatican, and failing to find any mode for heating, save with a small brazier, or on entering a church and finding such thrilling subjects wrapped in the coldest atmosphere.

But brooking discomforts, I entered the great Vatican, with its eleven thousand rooms and five thousand inhabitants, and surveyed all to which the public are admitted. It would seem as if the zeal of the world were engaged at depositing their greatest skill at the feet of the pope, and his palace abounds with original figures of marble and paintings. During jubilee year, the Vatican is particularly enriched by gifts from all the royal families of the globe, except the king of Italy. The power or influence of the pope may not be generally understood to be greater than that of any ruling government, but it is conceded he has more willing followers than any temporal monarch. Entrance to the Vatican is guarded by gaily decorated Swiss soldiers, and the general features about the palace are conducted after the usages of royalty.

The next important feature of this city is its churches, numbering three hundred and sixty, or one to each thousand of inhabitants. The world renowned St. Peter's leads for spaciousness and height of dome. The two arms composing the entrance forming an ellipsis, are composed of columns of four rows each, surrounded with 152 marble figures greater than life size. I cite these facts to prepare the mind for the extreme capacity of this structure, built in the fifteenth century. The central hall is 379 feet wide, 575 feet long and 140 feet in height, and presents an effect as only polished marble, alabaster, fine stucco and richest of gilding happily combined can do. Leading from the central hall are numerous large chapels wherein the general services are held. In addition to the fixed ornamentation, the church is replete with marble statuary of saints and popes, and it is worthy of note, that the bronze foot of St. Peter has been kissed so frequently by the faithful as to be in need of new toes. Many other churches, though not as extensive, are equally as beautified with mosaic biblical paintings and statuary. The Scala Santa, formed of 28 marble steps, is held in great veneration, because Christ ascended and descended there, and was removed from Jerusalem to this city. None but Catholics are permitted to ascend there, and they ascend on their knees, step by step, offering prayer at each advance, and

requiring about five minutes to reach the topmost. The martyr saints evidently were not permitted to rest in peace after their deaths, for numbers of the churches have parts of the bodies buried near their respective altars. The wealth invested in these numerous luxurious churches is another appalling item.

Additional galleries and museums with choicest of works are distributed over the city, and to specialize would demand volumes, but the colossal greatness of one of the statuary may be inferred when contemplating a well developed foot, seven feet in length, and the fore finger at three feet.

But no one has ever visited Rome and omitted mentioning the Colosseum or the Forum, and I shall not be the exception. The towering walls, its courses of arches, the field wherein the action took place, all aid to tell the story, wherefore the Colosseum was erected, and the Trajanic column, and adjoining temples, tell where the hot blood of the Romans was excited to murderous action. The palaces of the Caesars are but crumbling walls, and while we gaze with inexpressible admiration on Rome of old, we are forced to give expression of our admiration to new Rome. The new city is well built and elegantly ornamented with tasty fountains. No city of the world has so many obelisks, and marble being such a principal constituent in all ornamental decorations, it predominates with most pleasing effects.

To students and lovers of art, this most prove one of the most interesting fields, for it affords at the present a field for study as Athens did of old. LEO FRIED.

To Sorrow and Shame.

The Philadelphia Times addresses some pretty plain talk to American heiresses who contract marriages with foreign princes and nobles with the sole view to securing a position in foreign society. The fact that it is money against a title deprives such unions of the sentiment which makes the true marriage honorable. The woman accepts a certain suitor because he has a title, and the man takes the woman because she has money. In most cases it is bargain and sale of the most degrading character. Of these proceedings the Times says: They prostitute woman to the level of the pork or mule market, and stamp upon her the indelible mark of the vulgarian. The prostitution of American womanhood to the glitter of foreign titles has become so dishonoring to true womanhood that the home of every American girl should have the plainest warning against the madness of this shameless traffic. No consideration of delicacy should conceal the painful truth from American womanhood, and American girls should be taught from the mother's lap, from honest society, from the press, from the pulpit, indeed from every surrounding, that neither at home nor abroad is there any true nobility but that of merit, and that the now accepted vocation of the American vulgarian leads only to shame and sorrow.

A Kentucky gentleman who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of congress about an office under the new administration was asked yesterday by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very bibulous.

"Bibulous!" said the Kentuckian. "Bibulous! I don't reckon you could find a dozen bibles in the whole state!"—Washington Post.

Young Hopeful—Say, pa, you must be a pretty strong man.

Father—Tolerably so, my son; tolerably so. What makes you think so?

Young Hopeful—Cause Uncle John said he went out with you the other night, and you could carry the biggest load of any man he ever saw without showing it.—American Commercial Traveler.

HOW WE RECAPTURED BILL.

A Story Founded on Facts.

(Written for the Review by O. F. F.)

"Yes, sonny, I reckon I've led a purty rough life, and seen some purty tough times. But, my boy, there's two things I can say—that I've never drunk a drop of whi sky nor turned anybody away hungry. No, come to think on it, I don't believe I ever refused to give even a dog somethin' to eat; and I believe when I go up yonder, I'll find these things set on the credit side of the Lord's account with me, and I think they'll kinder help to balance things in my favor—sorter make the roughness, and wildness, and wickedness a little lighter, don't you? For, don't the good book say that charity covers up a heap of sins?"

"What was the greatest adventure I ever experienced? Well, now, let's see. Well, I don't know but the time I recaptured Bill from Injuns was about as venturesome as anything I ever undertook, leastways, it seemed that way to me then, for mind you, I wasn't anything but a kid, you might say."

"You want to hear about it? Well, you're a good one for makin' a feller spin yarns. Just go down cellar and fetch up a basket of apples and a pitcher of cider, for this is quite a long story, and, say, you might call Gussie; I 'spect she'd like to hear it too."

"Then, now, I guess we're all settled. But you might put another log on the fire to make it blaze up and look cheery like, for it's a bitter cold night outside."

"I tell you, it was pretty tough times for us then. You see, we had sold out everything and started across the plains from Iowa."

"My father had a big family, and though he was honest and the best man in the world, I've heard mother say he was not a very good manager. And so, when everything was sold and the debts paid, there wasn't much left after fixin' up the teams and wagons to start across the plains to Oregon."

"We had two wagons and eight oxen—four to each wagon—and our old family horse, Bill, which came as near bein' human as any horse ever was, I reckon; anyway, he was treated like one by us."

"We had a dreadful time crossin' the plains. It was scor-hin' hot and water scarce; and at last cholera broke out. Father just worked and helped everybody in the long train of immigrants, until at last, worn out with nursin' and settin' up of night, he took down himself, and in a few days he died. Then in three or four hours after little Nell died too. She was the purtiest one of the family, and everybody in the train loved her. We all petted her and were awful proud of her bright ways and golden curls. But father, he just about worshiped her."

"I'll never forget that awful, dreadful time, never! I can see it all to-night as plain as if I was back there now. They dug a grave by the side of a bunch of cottonwoods and laid 'em down together—little Nell in father's arms, and her long hair fallin' over his breast."

"The next day we traveled on—went on and left there."

"After that it was distressin' times for mother and us children. Four of the oxen died and the Injuns stole two more, so when we got to W—, the first white settlement west of the Rockies, we only had one wagon two oxen, half load, and old Bill left; and we had no provision at all, and mother a widow with six children all under fourteen years old. But the folks west of the Rockies were 'all white and no dirt' in those days, and they were all powerful kind to us; and gave me and Club (his name was Columbus but we called him 'Club' for short) all the odd jobs we could do, and paid us well for it. Mother done washin' for the miners. We sold the two oxen to a man who said he wanted to fatten them for beef—think of eatin' them two faithful old oxen that had helped us across the plains!

And takin' things altogether, we were gettin' along 'bout as well as could be expected until old Masters cast his evil shadow over us."

"He came shinin' around 'bout us young'ns and a talkin' as big as if he owned the whole creation. And the upshot of the whole business was that mother married him."

"You must excuse me, for when I get to thinkin' of old Masters, my dander rises so that I ain't myself for a little while."

"Well, would you believe that in less than a month that old fellow came home one evenin' with a big black bottle stickin' out of his pocket, and before mornin' he was as drunk as an old sot. Mother, she cried and took on, and when he got sober he swore he would do better, but didn't. Instead of doin' better he did worse and worse, till there wasn't a cent in the house, and the old heathen would steal every dime the miners paid mother for washin', and at last he forced Club and me to give up every cent we could earn. It all went to refill that nasty old black bottle with vile, pisen stuff."

"At last the man who owned the cabin where we lived came 'round and ordered us to leave. He told Masters, in no very polite words, that he didn't mind helpin' a wider and little orphan young'ns, but he didn't propose to help an old drunken beggar like him. He said mother to leave Masters, and said if she would she might stay in the cabin. But she wouldn't, so there was nothin' to do but make preparations to get out of the house before the ten days notice was up."

"What to do now we couldn't tell, and I studied and worried over the matter a good deal; bein' the oldest, I naturally felt a sort of responsibility for the rest of 'em."

"Finally I said to mother one evening: 'Mother, let's try farmin'.'"

"'Try what?' cried mother."

"'Try farmin',' said I."

"'What in this world is the boy thinkin' about?'"

"'I know, mother, it looks like blue times to try farmin' without anything to work with. But Judkins has a ranch about ten miles from here, and he says if Club and me is a mind to try he'll let us move out there and go ahead; and I've been a thinkin', mother, that we might dig up a piece of ground and raise a garden. I think I can rig up a cart or a sled or somethin' and hitch Bill to it and peddle vegetables to the miners, and you could keep on washin' for 'em just the same. Club could ride Bill down after the clothes and take 'em back the same way, while I worked the ranch. And, mother, said I, noddin' my head toward Masters, who lay in a drunken sleep on a pallet on the floor, it would be further away from—you know what.'"

"That's so, John," said mother, softly. Then after sittin' and studin' awhile, she came and sat down by me and puttin' her arms 'round my neck, she said kinder low and choked up, 'John, she said, 'you're the greatest comfort in the world. We'll try it.'"

"It was a bright day, early in springtime, when we moved out to the ranch. I went ahead leadin' old Bill, with the little girls and some bundles on his back, and the rest of 'em walkin', mother and all the rest carryin' a bundle or two."

"I expect we felt some like those poor Irish folks you was readin' about the other day, Fred. But there weren't a complaint heard from any of 'em. Mother was the chiefest, pluckiest woman that ever was, and she kept a cheerkin' us up with her little jokes and funny stories."

"There was a purty good cabin on the ranch and about ten acres of land had been plowed that had just an excuse of a fence around it. The first thing that Club and me did was to fix up a sort of shed out of some old logs and boards for old Bill to stand under of nights. He didn't need a pasture, for he never went further than he could hear us call him, and as there was plenty of grass right up to the door he did purty well."

(Continued Next Week)