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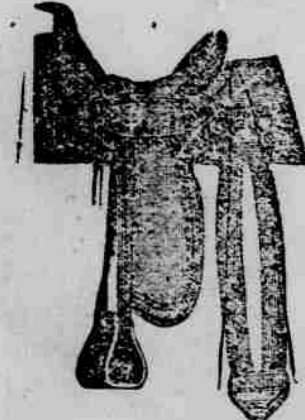
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LEAVING ITALY.

Luxuries of Italian Life—Sunny France
an Earthly Paradise—The Frivolous
French and Their Gambling.

PARIS, FRANCE, Dec. 20, 1889.
ED. REVIEW:—Since my previous letter from the imperial city, I have traversed a very extensive area, and shall premise having visited an earthly paradise, if mind and taste can conceive one.

My stay at Rome was somewhat shortened by the penetrating cold from which there seemed no means of escape, either indoors or outdoors, but my stay at Florence was equally as disagreeable, and the hotel proprietors were prepared to aver the oldest inhabitant's statement.

Florence is beautifully located in a dale on the river Arno, and surrounded by low hills from which an excellent view of its nestled position is to be had, with its cathedral dome towering above all else, except nature's domes. The city is renowned for the works of art produced, and show windows make an excellent exhibit of modern statuary. But its Pitti and Uffozzi galleries are its world renowned attractions. In the latter gallery an octagonal chamber known as the Tribune, contains the most valuable collection of paintings and statuary in existence, and displays such masterpieces as the "Venus of the Medicis," a remnant of the skill of Grecian times, then the "Arrotino," a statue found in Rome during the 16th century; and referring to paintings, I can but allude to the artistic taste of Titian's "Venus," or Michael Angelo's "Holy Family." It needs but a glance of even an untrained eye to appreciate such perfection in art, and the few named cannot convey a correct idea of the extent of walls replete with the accumulation of centuries.

I must repeat what I stated in a previous letter, my surprise, that a talented people as the Italians, having failed to develop measures of great practical utility. The air is at all times full of musical sounds from the violin, mandolin, or guitar, frequently accompanied with vocal talent, either proving a degree of culture beyond what often is offered on the American stage; their system of agriculture, produces a more varied and productive amount than I have seen elsewhere; their frugality and mode of living in their native country bears but little resemblance to their squallid quarters, often seen in our American cities; the general order of manhood is graceful and dignified; withal they employ a little brazier in their homes; and a galvanized iron tank filled with hot water in their passenger cars to overcome a winter's cold.

The last city I visited in Italy was Genoa, prettily situated, and possessing a very large statue commemorating the discovery of the new world by Christopher Columbus.

The railroad leading from Florence via Pisa and thence to Genoa, follows the sea shore, and is undoubtedly as expensive a railroad as ever constructed, for in this part of a day's ride we passed through 96 tunnels, some of them miles in length. We now enter the famous Riviera, known as sunny France, and beautified by such cities as Mentone, Monaco, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes and many others. The shore line has numerous indentures on which these beautiful cities are located, and a picture of one will suffice for all. They consist of the villas of the rich who can afford to escape the rigors of the more northern winters; surrounded by groves of oranges laden with ripening fruit, and as tasty to the eye as a well laden Christmas tree. Then immense hotels complete in details of grandeur and comfort, lovely driveways, music halls and such attractions as the demands of wealth require. But nature herself eclipses all artificial means produced. Here on this midwinter day lies the Mediterranean as placid as a summer lake; and the air is fragrant with the odor of

roses now in bloom; the palms are bending with their loads of ripening dates, and the whole atmosphere breathes the fragrance of spring months under a clear sky and temperature of 65 degrees. This renowned spot is recognized as having no superior on the globe. Here in the Riviera, is the well known principality of Monaco one mile square, controlled by a prince maintaining 82 soldiers, police, firemen and the general municipal routine of larger places. The cities of Monaco and Monte Carlo, are the principal cities of the principality, and the latter is by no means an insignificant place judged by the numbers of people who daily gather to play roulette.

Frequent trains from the other cities of the coast bring each day thousands to the gaming tables, and ladies are as much interested, and engage in playing as are men. The losses are enormous, but the allurements overcome the judgment of nearly every visitor. I witnessed the gain of 12,000 francs within a few minutes, but I also witnessed the loss of 35,000 francs within a quarter of an hour. Hundreds are engaged at playing but rarely ever is a word uttered. Every body interested with card and pencil recording the events and endeavoring to deduce a system to avoid repeating the follies of their previous trials. Many are the stories told of ruined fortunes, suicides and the efforts submitted to close these gaming rooms, but the best proof of their popularity and acceptability is the increased rooms and extensions being added at the present.

The beauty of this limited district with its balmy air, extends to Marseilles, from there the climate suddenly changes, and to-day in this city, gloomy is the sky and damp the atmosphere, and one can hardly realize that in a distance of 20 hour's ride such radical changes could prevail.

LEO FRIED.

He Forgot His Native Tongue.

(S. F. Examiner.)
In the early days of California a Chinese boy came to San Francisco. For some reason he divorced himself from all associations with his countrymen, assumed the garb and habits of an American and learned the painter's trade. He took the name of Joseph Allman and settled himself in San Leandro, where he pursued his calling and was generally respected. Many years afterwards his old father came to this coast and hunted up his son. Then there occurred a scene believed to be unique in the history of the country. The son was compelled to converse with his father through an interpreter. By reason of lack of association with people who spoke Chinese, Allman had entirely forgotten his native tongue and his father had not been long enough in the land to pick up any English.

After a time Allman sought to take out citizenship papers. Then he found that he was a man without a country. On account of his race and color he was prohibited from becoming an American, and as he lost the language of his parents he could not claim China as the country of his home yearnings. Repeated efforts to become a citizen of the United States have resulted in failure. Allman is a soft spoken man, a good house painter and has an American's liking for a fast horse.

Conscience Smote the Mockers.

(Chicago Tribune.)
A ripple of derisive laughter greeted the fair advocate of woman's rights as she boldly predicted the coming of the day when woman would be man's equal politically, from Maine to California. Her eyes flashed. She stepped to the front of the platform and exclaimed in a ringing voice:
"It moves you to mirth, does it? Think you we shall go on forever committing our interests in your hands? To what trust confided to you by the women of this country have you ever proved faithful? How many men in this hall are at this moment carrying letters handed to them by their wives weeks ago to be mailed?"
And 67 men in the audience shrunk down into their seats, and tried to look comfortable.

HOW WE RECAPTURED BILL.

A Story Founded on Facts.

(Written for the Review by OWENS.)

"Masters went to work and chinked up the cabin (the only good thing I ever heard of his doing). One and the little ones fixed up the fence, I found an old shovel and spade, and with the old plow and Bill and the snags we managed to dig up about half of the ten-acre lot. The store keeper at W. let us have seed on trust, and soon we had the finest garden you ever set eyes upon.

"When the 'truck' was ready for market, Mr. Judkins lent me the front wheels of his wagon, for which I made a box, and every Saturday I drove Bill down to town and on to the mines, stoppin' in front of every cabin door yellin', 'mice, fresh vegetables to sell!' And, by gorry, didn't they go after 'em 'ere ingers, and peraties, and cabbages, and things! Why, they went off like hot cakes. And, Jeems' rivers! weren't I a happy boy when Bill's head was turned towards home with the cart loaded with provisions and clothes for mother and the children. I don't reckon a king was ever much prouder. I just felt kinder warm and kind, and forgivin' towards everybody, even old Masters, that I could never feel quite right towards him for takin' my father's place, though I think I might have got over that feelin' if he'd been a different sort of man. Anyhow, I never forgot him when I went to the store after sellin' the garden stuff. He really seemed to be tryin' to do better for a while, but it didn't last long.

"One Sunday mornin' he lit his pipe and stepped out of the house as if to take his mornin' stroll, and that was the last we ever saw of him; not the last we ever heard, though, by a good deal, for when I went to town the next Saturday the store keeper presented a bill of twenty dollars for goods that Masters had got and left for me to settle. Although it took quite a time and lots of hard work to pay that twenty dollars, we, or at least I, felt that we could well afford to pay it, for we were rid of a bad ruffage. Mother never opened her mouth to mention his name again, though I always thought she felt relieved of a great burden. It was her way never to growl and complain over what couldn't be helped, and I 'sposed she felt like bein' as how she'd gone and married him it was her duty to stay by him for 'better or worse' as she'd promised to.

"Not long after this an awful calamity befell us; old Bill disappeared. How or when or where he went we didn't know. But he was gone; and no mistake. He was gone as slick and clean as if he'd been taken up in a balloon. We couldn't track him or any person or thing that took him. We had left him contentedly grazing within a hundred steps of the house when we went to bed one summer night, and when we got up in the mornin' he was gone.

"You youngsters who have so many luxuries and so many animals and things to love and work for you wouldn't think much of losin' one horse; especially a little yellow pony like old Bill; but, I tell you, though old Bill wouldn't have brought us a very big pile of dollars if we had been forced to sell him, all the same, he was worth more to us than the most beautiful Arab steed his master; for, besides lovin' him like a feller-bein' who had been through all the ups and downs (mostly downs) of poverty and misfortune with us, and a sharin' our bread and butter (minus the butter mostly) you might say he had helped to earn our bread and butter.

"But he was gone, and mother said she 'sposed it was a dispensation of Providence, and we'd better dry our eyes and make up our minds to get along without him. You don't know what you can do till you have to."
"We just worked, and toiled, and

and contrived every way to make a livin'; and I rather guess the Lord helped some; and so we managed to get along. Everybody was powerful good to us ever since Masters left. This man would lend us a team to plow with, and another would come and help us cut and haul wood for the winter, and so on. The next summer in marketin' time a man lent us a pony to pack our vegetables to town, and we were powerful go every other day instead of once a week as we used to. So things run along for nigh on to a year, when one day as I was goin' into W. I passed a band of Injuns who was camped right at the crossin' of our road with the road a leadin' down into the Deschutes country.

"I wouldn't deny that I felt a little mite sorry, for I'd herd rumors a goin' that the Snakes, or Bannocks, were on the war path, and that these Injuns, the Shoshones, were all a goin' down, there to jine 'em. But I put on a brave face and just matched right through their camp, hollerin' 'eliam, six!' (how do you do) to all that condescended to look at me. They did not return my salute, however, and I turned my attention to their band of ponies that was feedin' near by.

"Jeems' rivers! 'By gorry ghosts!' cried I, and stood stark still. There, not fifty yards away, staked by a long rope to a willow, was old Bill, our Bill.

"'Tickle markoke cuitan?' (want to buy horse) said an Injun, comin' towards me.

"This brought me to my senses. 'Wake' (no) said I, and I moved on.

"But all day long I could not get the thoughts of old Bill out of my head; and by the time I had sold my vegetables and got started for home, I'd made up my mind to get him; how, I didn't know. But Bill should be ours again, or something terrible would happen to keep me from gettin' him, or leas'twise tryin' to get him.

"The Injuns had moved camp, but their fires was still alive as I came home that evenin', and I 'lowed they hadn't gone far. Injuns' naturally lazy, and they don't get up in the mornin' and travel in the cool of the day like the whites.

"When I got home I didn't say nothin' about Bill, nor Injuns, nor nothin'. You see I thought I'd not say nothin', and then I didn't get him they wouldn't be disappointed.

"When it got dark, I could see the smoke of their camp fires over across the divide, and I knew they wasn't much farther away than when I passed 'em in the mornin', I mean farther from our house, for their road lay quarterin' across the country, and now their camp though farther from W. was not much farther from our house than they was that mornin', only in a different direction.

"I went into the house and said, says I, 'Mother, I promised to go back to town to-night on a little business. I'll be home sometime in the night and then I'll tell you all about it.'

"All right, John,' answered my mother. 'I can trust you anywhere, I guess. I'm never afraid you'll do anything you'd be ashamed to tell your mother, John.'

"There, now, Fred, wasn't that about the right kind of a mother to have? No boy could go very far wrong with them kind of words a ringin' in his ears, could he?

"Well, I kissed her good-bye and started out, not for W., but for that Injun camp.

"'Afoot? Why, yes, of course! You don't 'spose I wanted to be bothered with a horse, do you? I knew I had to be awful, powerful careful and cautious. It's no foolin' business to get prowin' 'round a Injun camp after night, specially when they ain't friendly disposed."
(Concluded Next Week.)

Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia Press, and an intimate friend of Blaine, does not think the secretary will be a presidential candidate in 1892.