

Bedrock Democrat.

VOL. 4. BAKER CITY, BAKER COUNTY, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1873. NO. 8.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square or less, one insertion, 10 cents; Each additional insertion, 5 cents; One square three months, \$1.00; Business Advertisements by the Quarter, \$3.00; Half column, \$5.00; One column, \$10.00; Ten per cent. additional on advertisements to which a special position is guaranteed; The space of one inch, up and down the column, constitutes a square; N. B.—All debts due this office are payable in Coin, unless otherwise expressly agreed.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for the BEDROCK DEMOCRAT, in the above cities, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates. n34f

JOB WORK.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of JOB WORK on short notice and at reasonable rates. N. B.—All Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

RELIGIOUS.—The Rev. Mr. Newton, of the M. E. Church, South, will preach at the following times and places: 1st Sunday in each month, at Eagle Creek, at 11 A. M., and Saturday night previous; night at Gem City; Monday night following, Main Powder River, at Mr. Sanders'; Saturday night and 2d Sunday at Wingville; Tuesday night following, North Powder, at Biggs' school house; Wednesday at Wolf creek; Thursday night, Uniontown; Friday night, Iowa school house; Saturday night and 3d Sunday, 11 A. M., Russell's school house; night, La Grande; Tuesday night after, Liberty school house; Wednesday night, Forest Cove, Dixie school house; Thursday night, Indian Valley; Saturday night and 4th Sunday at 11 A. M., Dry creek schoolhouse; night, Summerville; Monday night following, Uniontown; Tuesday night, Big creek.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. A. J. Joelyn will fill appointments as follows, until further notice: 1st Sunday each month at Union, at 11 A. M., The Cove, at 3 P. M.; 2d Sunday Summerville morning and evening, 3d Sunday, Cove at 11 A. M.; Union 3 P. M.; 4th Sunday, Pocatolas at 11 A. M.; James' School House at 3 P. M., and Baker City at 3 P. M.; Monday evening following, Rye Valley; Tuesday and Wednesday evening, Mormon Basin; Thursday evening at Eldorado.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. G. W. Clancy, of the Baptist Church at Wingville, will preach at the District School House, in Baker City, the second Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock, A. M.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. O. STERNS, T. C. HYDE, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Sterns & Hyde, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

L. O. STERNS will attend the Courts of the Fifth Judicial District, and of Idaho and Washington Territories. Water Rights and Mining Litigation a SPECIALTY. Collections promptly attended to. June 18, 1873.n6y

LAWRENCE & DUGAN,

Attorneys at Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS of the State. Mr. Lawrence, the resident partner, will attend to the business in Baker and Union Counties. n50y

I. D. HAINES,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Baker City, Oregon. n14f

LAW.

R. A. PIERCE,

BAKER, OREGON. Advances made on good mortgages, bonds, notes and accounts, left for collection, when desired. n14f

J. M. SHEPHERD,

Attorney at Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

JAS. H. SLATER,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Will practice in the Courts of the Fifth Judicial District. Particular attention paid to Collections. April 2, 1873.-n47y.

JOSEPH H. SHINN,

Notary Public AND Conveyancer, Will attend to Conveyancing and making ABSTRACTS OF TITLE. Baker City, Sept. 11, 1872. n184f

Dr. E. P. Tierney,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BAKER CITY, OREGON, RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITIZENS of Eastern Oregon that he has located in Baker City, and gives strict attention to his Profession. Office at J. W. Wisdom's Drug Store. Residence at the end of the street north of the Catholic Church. Baker City, Nov. 5, 1872.-n264f.

T. N. Snow, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, BAKER CITY, OREGON. OFFICE—At the City Drug Store. MEDICAL EXAMINER For the New York Life Insurance Co. n184f

J. P. Atwood, M. D.

(Graduate of the Medical Department of the Willamette University.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, n23 Baker City, Oregon. n14f

DR. D. D. STEPHENSON,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITIZENS of Baker City and vicinity that he will soon be with them again prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work, in the most substantial manner. Baker City, March 12, 1873.n444f.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLARD & VAN SCHUYVER, 89 Front and 40 First street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Liquors.—Also, Doors, Windows, and Blinds For Sale. A. P. Hotaling & Co. Sole Agents for the J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon Whisky, And Importers of Fine Wines and Liquors, 431 Jackson Street, San Francisco, AND 25 FRONT STREET, PORTLAND, n464f Oregon.

S. J. M'CORMICK,

Importer and Dealer in Books, Stationary, Toys, Music and NEWSPAPERS, FRANKLIN BOOK-STORE AND SANTA CLAUS' Headquarters, Fire-proof Brick Building, 105 Front street, Portland, n17 Oregon. DR. J. R. CARDWELL, Dentist, DENTAL ROOMS, No. 89, First street, Portland, Oregon. The late and improved styles of work at reduced rates. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth. n294f

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE, Odd Fellows' Building. Residence, corner of Main and Park streets, Portland, Oregon. Special attention to diseases of the Eye and Ear. n29

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Western Hotel.

MAIN STREET, BAKER CITY. REID & FLETCHER, Prop'r. THIS HOUSE has been enlarged and refitted, and is now the best Hotel on the Umatilla and Idaho stage route. Stages leave this House for above and below, and also for Clark's Creek Eldorado, Gem City and Sparta. Connected with the Hotel will be found a first class SALOON! Liquors, Wines and Cigars of the best quality. Phelan's Improved Billiard Tables all in good order. N. B.—Those indebted to either the Hotel or Saloon are requested to appear at the Captain's office and settle. n5334f.

GEORGE SALLY, PROPRIETOR.

OF THE Bank Exchange, West Side of Main Street, Baker City, Oregon. THIS SALOON IS SUPPLIED WITH the very best of BRANDIES, WHISKYS, WINES, CIGARS, &c., &c. The Proprietor of this New Establishment will be pleased to see his Friends and the Public give him a call, and he will try to make them feel at HOME. Baker City, June 12, 1872.-n55334f

C. JACOBS,

Wholesale Dealer IN WINES and LIQUORS AND Manufacturer of the Celebrated Jacobs' Whisky, AT Boise City, Idaho. HE DISTILLS HIS WHISKY FROM the very best of Corn and Rye. It is Pure and Unadulterated; and he can sell it at a price that will make it an object for Dealers in Eastern Oregon To give him a Trial. n134f

NEW BARBER SHOP.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS LEAVE to inform the citizens of Baker City and vicinity, that he has opened a BARBER SHOP in Baker City, in the Baker City Restaurant building, where he hopes to receive a share of patronage. He professes to understand his business, and is satisfied he can give satisfaction. Shaving 25 cents, Hair Cutting 50. n514f R. E. BAUER.

\$5 to \$20

Per day! Agents wanted All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address, G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. n3119y

STONE MASONS & STONE CUTTERS

WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL PAY the Best of Wages for 10 or 12 Stone Masons. Work will last about three months. ROBERTS & NELSON. Baker City, April 28, 1873.n514f

New Drug Store.

H. N. MCKINNEY, Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street, BAKER CITY, OREGON, Would respectfully inform the public that he has recently received a well selected and fresh Stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Perfumeries, Patent Medicines, Soaps, Wines, Brandies, Whiskies and Cordials, For Medicinal purposes. Family Medicines carefully prepared. Prescriptions accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night. Give us a call. n5 DRUG STORE! Two doors North of Western Hotel, BAKER CITY, OREGON. J. W. WISDOM TAKES PLEASURE IN informing the citizens of Baker County that he has a large, new and fresh assortment of— Drugs and Medicines, Oils, Paints, Wines, And Liquors, For medicinal Purposes. Groceries, Cigars Tobacco, Stationery, Toilet and Fancy Articles; YANKEE NOTIONS, AND And a general variety of Goods of that class. Prescriptions prepared at all hours. City and country trade solicited. n147f

T. HENDERSON

BAKER CITY, OREGON, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Harness, Collars, Hobbles, WHIPS, SADDLERY, Etc., Etc., Etc. Prices reasonable. Repairing done at short notice. n174f

BLACKSMITHING

F. W. BUNNELL TAKES PLEASURE IN INFORMING the Citizens of Baker City, and Public in general, that he is now running the Blacksmith Shop Lately owned and run by James Stewart. He is prepared to do all kinds of work in the Blacksmithing line as well as it can be done at any shop in Eastern Oregon, and at moderate prices. He pays particular attention to HORSESHOEING, and is satisfied that he can give satisfaction with his work. Call and try me. F. W. BUNNELL. Baker City, Jan. 22, 1873.n384f

Blacksmithing.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Baker County, and the Public generally, that he has opened A BLACKSMITH SHOP In the wagon shop of Frank Schlund, where he is prepared to do all work in the Blacksmithing line as cheap and as well as it can be done at any other shop in Baker City. Give me a call and try my work. W. J. COLDELLE. Baker City, Jan. 27, 1873.n384f

Mitchell Wagons

FOR SALE, Enquire at the Wagon Shop of F. SCHLUND. Baker City, June 4, 1873.-n44f

BAKER CITY ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM OF THE BAKER City Academy will open on the 9th of September, 1873, in the NEW BUILDING, under the supervision of S. P. BARRETT, A. M., Late of Dalles City, Oregon. The Directors feel warranted in saying that our School will fully retain its present high reputation under the management of PROF. BARRETT, and they assure the Public that no expense or pains will be spared to make it a first Class Institution. Mr. Barrett will be assisted by Mrs. BARRETT, as PRECEPTRESS. Terms: Primary Department, per Quarter, \$10 00 Preparatory and Academic, " 15 00 Latin, Extra, 3 50 French, Extra, 6 00 Tuition invariably in ADVANCE. A. H. BROWN, President. Wm. F. McCrary, Sec'y. n174f

WANTED.

We will give energetic Men and Women Business that will Pay from \$4 to \$8 per day; can be pursued in your own neighborhood, and strictly honorable. Particulars free, or samples that will enable you to go to word at once, will be sent on receipt of two three cent stamps. Address, J. LATHAM & CO., 32 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. n484f

From Arthur's Home Magazine. JOHN JONES'S NEW LEAF.

It was a dreary kitchen—the walls were dirty and smoking, the breakfast disher stood on the table in the middle of the floor, the cooking stove was open, with kettles and pans on it, and cold ashes on its hearth, its sooty plates awry, a pot of dishwater standing on top of the stove, and the broom and poker and tongs lay just where the little riders had left them when they were called to prepare for school. Johnny had gone off crying, and his whine could even then be heard coming up the hollow, in the direction of the school house. The milk had not been strained, and the flies were buzzing about it as they sat on the edges of two brimming pails, sipping and rubbing their hands together in a satisfied way. The baby was teething, and cross, and the one pair of hands that could have brought order out of this disorder were busy trying to soothe it.

Is it any wonder that tears were in the mother's eyes, as she cuddled her baby to her bosom, and walked across the floor trying to still its cries? "Oh, dear, what a life!—what a life!" said she; "I try to be patient, and make the best of it, but it does seem so hard." Just as the babe was growing quiet, and its little blue hands had fallen listlessly upon its bosom, a shadow fell across the doorway, and the husband entered, saying, "Jane, can you tell me what the children did with the hatchet yesterday?"

It was out at the rock, behind Johnny's wagon, last night," said she, speaking low, and gently laying the baby down in a bed that had not been made up yet. "Seems to me you're a good while gettin' your chores done; you hav'n't the knack of getting along like Mrs. Leavodyke—her work is done up long ago, and she's busy in the garden. Tell you, she's a nice garden, don't look much like our'n; you don't put the time on our'n that she does in her'n."

"Oh, John," said the little woman, slipping back her sleeves and tying on a big apron, and trying to keep her face turned away to hide the gathering tears, "with four little children, and the baby sick, and the three cows to milk and calves to feed, and hands to cook for, and all the other work to do, I only wonder that I get half my chores done in a whole day."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how it is," said he; "my mother had ten living children and she managed to get along first rate, and do all our own weaving, besides taking in weaving for the neighbors. You have more room than she had, and you don't have to carry water forty rods, like she did—here it is, right at the foot of the hill; and you never have to cut your own firewood, unless it is in the midst of harvest, and I think you shouldn't complain. If there is anything I hate to hear, it is a growling, whining wife. Now, I have to be out of doors all the time, no matter how the sun shines, or how cold the wind blows, while you are in the shade and comfortable—if you only knew it. Ah! you have an easy time of it, you women, if you only knew it; so, cheer up. I married you for a helpmate, don't you know. The girls will be big enough in three years to help you, and then you can take times easier, and maybe by that time the bottom farm will be paid for, and we'll be able to ride in a carriage, like the Leavodykes do."

"How long since you brought in this water?" said he, as he took a drink from the tin dipper, and finding it not fresh, he squirted it out coolly right on the floor among some pans that had slipped down off a shelf. As he took the hatchet, and started out to the wagon to fix the hay rigging on it, he said, "Jane, if you can as well as not, s'posin' you have some of them new beans that grow in that fur lot for dinner."

"Well, I'll try," said she, hopelessly, as she slipped her shoes off so she might step softly and with more comfort. All we working women know what a task it is to put a disordered kitchen into neatness, especially when little children have been about. First she strained the milk, saving out a quart, with which to mix bread, for the yeast was set the night before, and had been bubbling two hours; she mixed it and set it in the warm sunshine, then started a fire and made feed of skim milk and meal, for the noisy, frolicsome calves that ran in the door yard. Then she swept and picked up playthings after the children, hung up their coats and aprons, and set their old shoes away, and moved their sleds and wagons and hoops from about the doors.

While the dishwater was heating she hurried upstairs and made the beds, then washed the dishes, and went down cellar and skimmed the milk. There was cream enough for a churning, and the churn was scalded, and then left with a pail of cold water standing in it, so as to be fresh and ready. By this time the baby woke and cried, and the tired little mother was compelled to sit down and take him in her sheltering arms. In half an hour or so he was ready

to sit down on the floor on a quilt, and she left him long enough to carry three or four pails of the skimmed milk to the pigs—two pailsful at a time, and she went on the run. She always fed the pigs; when she asked her husband once to carry the milk to the pen, on his way out to work, he said, "That belongs to a woman's work; a man whose name is out for commissioner shouldn't be asked to slop the pigs, that's a little too steep."

It was no trifling job to feed those pigs; the pen had been made out of some old house logs, and the opening through which the pails had to be lifted before they could be emptied was so high up that it just came even with her neck, and was only wide enough to admit the pail with the bail lying down. Twice, when she was dressed up clean, had the unsteadily poised pail tipped back and poured the contents upon her, from her neck even down to her little feet, drenched as by a waterspout.

Withal the little mother was quite patient, and almost every day could her untrained voice be heard, even down to the lower field and the school-house, singing: "A charge to keep I have, or, "God moves in a mysterious way."

But before another year a change came. The strong, hard man, her husband, was stricken down with typhoid fever, and for long, weary weeks he lay balancing between life and death. His recovery was very slow, and his confinement irksome; no prison walls could have been gloomier than were the home walls that held him prisoner. Day after day the ceaseless patter of his wife's patient little feet fell upon his ear; he could hear them upstairs and down, now here, now there, her voice always kind and tender, her hand ever ready to minister to her dear ones, her words full of consolation, and love, and cheer.

John Jones was not wholly unimpressible; slowly the scales fell from his eyes, the light came, and he was as one born into a higher and a better life. He drew his bony hand across his eyes, often the sobs made him catch his breath suspiciously, and he marvelled much that he had walked beside this little woman for years and not known that he was married with an "angel unaware." His voice grew softer, tender, his great talony hands touched her forehead and her hair lovingly, as would a woman's—touched her as though he was afraid she would fade away into a white mist.

Weeks afterwards, when he was able to ride out, the old whimsical buggy that had done good service in days of his church-going parents, was made comfortable by a soft woolen blanket and an armful of sweet smelling goat straw. John didn't tell where he was going, but he looked wise, and his mouth had a perky look about the corners that seemed to say: "Just let me alone; I know what I'm about!"

It was evening when he came home. He was still wise as when he went away. His cup of hot tea was waiting, and his toast, and the tender little pullet fried nice and brown. He seemed really happy—jolly. He trotted the baby on his foot that night, and he called his wife "Jenny," as in the days when he won her, and he let Johnny play horse with his boots, and there was such a contented, rich man expression on his face that his wife couldn't help wondering what had made such a change in him.

The next morning the crazy old rig was called out again, and the soft blanket spread in it and John Jones took the lines in his emaciated hands and drove off in the same direction as he did the day before.

When he returned, he was accompanied by a broad shouldered, good looking German girl, whom he introduced to his wife as "our girl."

She looked with amazement upon "our girl," and then stared at John. He soon explained things to her satisfaction. "The upshot of the matter is, Jane, that I've abused you long enough; the Lord helping me, I'll never see you make a drudge of yourself again. It's a burning shame for any great lord like me to expect a frail little body like you to be man, and boy, and dog, and wife, and mother, and nigger, and me a saving and a hoarding up money and means to leave to the Lord only knows who. I beg your pardon, Jane; and now you'll tell this girl, Barbara Groetz, how you want things done, and let her take your stid, and you'll live hereafter like a human man's wife ought to."

By the time his speech was made, the poor weak fellow was blubbering like a whale. Poor little surprised wife? She flew to his neck and laid her head on his bosom and cried like a baby, as she said: "John Jones! you old darling!" "No, not a bit of a darling; just an old bear, a regular old heathen, to sacrifice the best little woman under the sun, inch by inch, this way that's been going on for years and years," snuffled he, as he fumbled over her face in an aimless, loving way.

Then "our girl," Barbara, went into Jane Jones' harness, and it fitted her to a fraction. "Now we've turned over a new leaf,

go and dress up, Jenny, bles' you!" said the new convert.

So, with the memory of lang syne warming her heart, Jane unearthed her wedding dress in the afternoon, and put it on with a pretty old fashioned collar, and brushed out her nut brown hair that once upon a time curled beautifully. Perhaps she felt foolish and girlish and out of her sphere, but she looked sweet enough to make up for all discrepancies.

She sat sewing, putting a new band on Ruby's white skirt, when the children came home from school. Her back was toward the door. Tom came to a dead halt as he stepped on the sill, and then ran round to the lean-to to find his mother. No mother there, but the smiling, pinky faced German girl, who was paring potatoes to bake for supper.

Tom bawled out: "Is mother dead? Oh, I want my mother!" and circled round the house and peeped in shyly with wet eyes.

Was that lady in a soft gray merino dress, wearing an embroidered collar and gold ear-drops, his mother? That pretty woman! Surely it was, for Nettie was feeling of her face, and was sparkling all over and saying: "Is this you, mother? Why where have you been?"

"Oh, ma!" said Tom, holding her round the neck as though he thought she might fly away the next minute; "why where did you go, and when did you come back?"

Poor little ones, how proud they were of the household drudge in her new and beautiful transformation!

But this is not all. Before the first cold blast of winter came, steps were taken to save and lighten the labors of the feminine portion of the farmer's household. An addition was built to the house, new siding was put on and painted white. New windows were added, and green blinds, and spouting, and a big cistern close to the kitchen door, and a wide, long, roomy porch. Closets were put in all the rooms. The old verminy bedssteads split up and used for kindling; new chairs were bought, including a new socking and a sewing chair for mother; a new sewing machine, that was a love of a friend; the dooryard was paved in, and the calves and colts kept where they belonged; and evergreen trees, and flowering shrubbery and rose bushes, made beautiful the new yard. An easy chain pump took the place of the old moss covered bucket that held as much as a churn. It was packed off to the barn to put clover seed in, and the heavy windlass was borne away forever from the little arms that had tugged at its ponderous weight with a sick weariness many and many a year. The big well rope made a nice swing out under the oaks for Tom and Bell and chubby Harry.

Now that the no longer enslaved mother has leisure to mingle with her growing children as teacher, and companion, and friend, they grow more lovable and intelligent, and they cling to her like vines. They see so much in her to admire and emulate.

And John Jones? That spell of fever was the Aaron's rod that smote the rock of his soul and opened it for the outgushing of love, and sympathy, and charity, and all the virtues and charms and graces of the human heart; and to-day, growing broader, and ruddier, and riper, and better, there lives no happier farmer than dear old renovated John Jones.

LATE NEWS.

ROCHESTER, June 22.—An incendiary fire occurred at Mount Morris, Livingston county, this morning, which destroyed all the brick stores between the American Hotel and Phelps' house. Loss estimated at \$80,000.

DETROIT, June 22.—Extensive forest fires are reported in various parts of Northern Michigan, and a repetition of the disaster of October, 1871, is feared. A shower might avert the danger.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 22.—An extensive fire is raging in the forests on Fishkill mountains. It has already traveled nearly five miles and burned thousands of cords of wood.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., June 22.—Since Saturday afternoon a fearful fire has been raging in the northern part of the county, about 12 miles from here, in the vicinity of Melborton, a mining town.

DETROIT, June 22.—The Huron Salt and Lumber Company's works in Salesburg were entirely destroyed by fire at midnight. Loss \$125,000.

CINCINNATI, June 22.—The extensive lard oil and candle factory of C. Harkness & Co. was burned. Loss, \$90,000, insurance, \$75,000.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, Pa., June 22.—A large tannery was burned last night. Loss, \$20,000.

Some parts of the country between Walla Walla and Colville are said to present a veritable scene of desolation, owing to the ravages of the crickets.

Several fine strawberry fields on the Columbia river are under water, and large quantities of the fruit destroyed.