

BEDROCK DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
BY
J. M. SHEPHERD, H. C. SHEPHERD,
J. M. SHEPHERD & SON.
OFFICE IN THE
BEDROCK DEMOCRAT BUILDING.
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Bedrock Democrat.

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BAKER CITY, BAKER COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 30, 1875.

NO. 8.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square or less, one insertion, \$2.50
Each additional insertion, 1.00
One square three months, 6.00
Business Advertisements by the month—
Quarter column, \$8.00
Half column, 10.00
One column, 15.00
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.

CORRESPONDENCE from all portions of Eastern Oregon is solicited for the Democrat. All communications, to receive attention, must be accompanied by a responsible name. Personal communications will be charged as special advertisements.

S. M. PETTINGILL & 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 lowest rates.

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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. O. STERNES, T. C. HYDE, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Sternes & Hyde, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON.
L. O. STERNES 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, 1875.

ANDREW J. LAWRENCE, Attorney-at-Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS of the State.
Baker City, Sept. 1, 1873.

J. M. SHEPHERD, Attorney-at-Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

S. V. KNOX, Attorney at Law, (And Notary Public), WESTON, OREGON.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and Washington Territory.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO LAND Business, and Collections.

JOSEPH H. SHINN, Notary Public and Conveyancer,
Will attend to Conveyancing and making ABSTRACTS OF TITLE.
Baker City, Sept. 11, 1872.

E. W. REYNOLDS, NOTARY PUBLIC AND DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL.
Office with John Brattain, Three Doors South of BEDROCK DEMOCRAT office, on side of the Street.
Baker City, Sept. 3, 1873.

A. J. THREDO, M. A. M. D., M. A. Queen's University, Canada, M. D. Trinity University, 1854.
Physician, Surgeon, &c.
Office and Residence, at A. H. Brown's former residence, nearly opposite the Bedrock Democrat Office.
Baker City, Oregon, Nov. 10, 1874.

J. P. Atwood, M. D. (Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons New York and of the Medical Department of the Willamette University.)

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Terms cash, or no patronage solicited.
Office one door north of City Drug Store.
BAKER CITY, OREGON.

Railroad House, FLETCHER & STEVENSON, Prop's, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

WE WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the Public that we have purchased the Baker City Hotel, and refitted and furnished it in a style equal to that of any house in EASTERN OREGON.
Guests will find our accommodations to be of the highest order, and we will spare no pains to suit all who may give us a call.
FLETCHER & STEVENSON.
Baker City, May 25, 1875.

CORNER SALOON. ROSS & FLETCHER, Proprietors, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

WHERE the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars are kept. This Saloon has been entirely refitted and is now one of the neatest and most pleasant places of resort in the City. This Saloon is on the corner opposite to

VIRTUE'S BANK.
May 18th, 1875.

Chord & Manning, Carpenters and Joiners, BAKER CITY, OREGON.
Designs and Specifications Furnished. Estimates Made. Terms Liberal.
Baker City, June 15, 1875.

Bank Exchange. THE PROPRIETORS of this popular place of resort take pleasure in informing the public that

Charley Schellworth
now has charge of the Bar, where he deals nothing but the best of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars, and will be pleased to have his friends give him a call. This is a
Bit Saloon.
March 3, 1875.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, AT THE NEW STORE,
First door above the Express Office.

Ladies Fancy and Millinery Goods in Store, and Latest Styles ready by Express every Month, and for sale at most reasonable prices.

Dress Making
Done to Order, and at Short Notice by
MRS. L. J. HUSTON.
Baker City, April 18, 1874.

Western Hotel.
MAIN STREET, BAKER CITY.
REID & CONSTABLE, 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.

HOTEL RESTAURANT de FRANCE, JOSEPH MANAUDAS, Proprietor, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

THE PROPRIETOR HAS bought the Hotel Restaurant, next door to the Post Office, formerly kept by Sclord & Whitcomb, and has fitted the same up in the best style as a Hotel, on the French Restaurant style. He is prepared to accommodate the Public, and is determined to give entire satisfaction.
The House is open from five o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, during which time customers will be supplied with the best of everything to be had in the

MARKET.
Baker City, July 4, 1874.

Fred. A. Bohna's SALOON, AT THE OLD STAND OF Bamberger & Frank, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

FRED. A. BOHNA
Respectfully informs the citizens of Baker City and the Public generally, that he has purchased the interest of Bob. McCord in the above

SALOON,
Where will always be found the very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Also
One of the Finest and Best Billiard Tables

To be found in the City. "Fred" will be pleased at all times to have his friends give him a call.

FRED. A. BOHNA.
Baker City, Jan. 20, 1875.

PAP LEVINS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS, Tobacco & Cigars, TOGETHER WITH A General Assortment

Of all articles in his line, which he is selling at LOWEST PRICES, for the Ready Pay.
His house is located on Main Street, nearly opposite the Bank Block, Baker City, Oregon.
Baker City, Nov. 11, 1874.

LIVERY STABLE MESSRS. KILBURN & PERKINS

Respectfully inform the Citizens of Baker City and County, and the Public generally, that they have purchased the

Livery Stable
Formerly kept by John Epfinger, and that they are prepared to furnish customers with the best of

Single or Double Turn-outs,
Either night or day, with or without drivers, at the very lowest rates. First class Saddle Horses on hand. Horses boarded and the best of care bestowed. We keep nothing but the best of Stock and Buggies.
Our stable is at the upper end of Main Street, Baker City, Oregon.
Come and see us, Everybody, and we will do our best to please you.
KILBURN & PERKINS.
February 10, 1874.

LIVERY STABLE GRIER & KELLOGG

Having completed their New Stable, have now the finest and best regulated Livery Stable

In Eastern Oregon,
Where they will carry on the Livery Business in all its branches.

STOCK BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Baker City, Nov. 13, 1872.

For Sale.
AN EIGHT-MEDIUM cylinder Press, in good running order. Can take from 600 to 800 impressions per hour. Six fonts of type, all new except one which has been in use about two years. Suitable for a business man, an amateur or printer. Will be sold at cost. Enquire at Bedrock Democrat office.

March 10th 1875.

Corner Drug Store, J. W. WISDOM, Proprietor, Corner Main Street and Valley Avenue Southwest Side, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND a Full Assortment of all kinds of Goods, consisting in part of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, and BRUSHES, and

WINES & LIQUORS
For Medicinal Purposes.

TOILET ARTICLES
Of Every Description.

Prescriptions prepared at all Hours. City and Country Trade Solicited.
Best Brands, of Family Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., constantly on Hand, at the Lowest Prices.
Baker City, Oct. 7, 1874.

Dr. C. J. Taft.

Having permanently located in BAKER CITY,

offers his professional services to the citizens of Baker and vicinity, and will give special attention to Surgery and diseases of Women and Children.
Office—First door south of Western Hotel.
RESIDENCE—First building west of Catholic Church.
May 12 1875.

T. N. Snow, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, South Mountain, Idaho.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
For the New York Life Insurance Co.

Auction House, BAKER CITY, LEVENS & SMALL, Auctioneers.

Regular Sale Day, EVERY SATURDAY.
Sales made in every portion of the County.
March 17th, 1875.

J. B. GARDNER, For Sale.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, ESTABLISHED IN BAKER CITY IN 1867, Keeps constantly on hand a well assorted Stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,
and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business.

Waltham and Elgin Watches at Factory prices.

Blacksmithing.

THE undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of work entrusted to his care in his line, and all work warranted to give satisfaction. I employ none but the best of hands in my shop.

Horse-shoeing.
I have a good Horse Shoer in my Shop, who understands the horses foot in all its different shapes, and will shoe to fit the horse. Our work in this line is warranted as good as the best.

Wagon Making and Repairing
In all the various branches done in connection with this shop by Geo. J. Bowman.

Plows
Manufactured and Repaired.

In fact everything in my line made and repaired at reasonable prices.
Thankful for past patronage I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

S. A. GAINES.
May 10, 1875.

Buy Your Lumber at the Old, Reliable

Ebel's Old Mill. WE HAVE REFITTED THE

Mill and make the best Lumber in the country, at prices to suit the times.
Any bills left at our Mill receive as prompt attention in the future as in the past. We saw everything from a Lath to the Heaviest Timbers.

Clear and seasoned Lumber always on hand.
Bills left with J. W. Wisdom will receive immediate attention. By strict attention to business, we hope to receive our share of public patronage.
An unlimited amount of Grain taken in exchange for Lumber.
ELLIOTT & VAN PATTEN.
March 1 1874.

"SENATE" SALOON,

V. Pfeifferberger, Proprietor, Opposite Pap Levins on Front Street, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS and all other kinds of drinks, kept constantly on hand, and the choicest treat for the innocent amusements of Pedestrianism, Pictorial reading &c., in Baker City.

FOR HER SAKE.

"Miss Cameron?"

Louise Cameron, lazily looking out of a bow window upon a garden flaming with autumn tints and sunset glow, lifted a pair of soft, dark eyes to Mrs. Tollman's face. It was an anxious face just at that moment, and being usually full of placid content, the anxiety was very apparent to Louise. So after her first careless glance, she straightened her low chair and said quietly, yet with every appearance of interest:

"What's the matter?"
An awkward pause followed that question. Mrs. Tollman adged under the inquiring glance of the dark eyes, cleared her throat twice, and finally said with nervous emphasis: "John Furber?"

Miss Cameron's face seemed to freeze. It was a very beautiful face, with pride for a leading expression. Sweetness lurked in the finely shaped mouth, and intellect beamed from the radiant dark eye, but pride shadowed all. It carried the small head gracefully erect, it swept the folds of the rich dresses with a regal motion, it touched the small patrician hands and was evident in the well modulated tones of the refined voice.

"There!" Mrs. Tollman said despairingly. "I've made you mad already, and haven't said anything."

"I am not mad!" Louise answered, and there certainly lurked a smile in her mouth at the good woman's consternation. "But you have not told me yet told me what troubles you."

"It's—it's—John, Miss Cameron, and—" then rapidly, as if her words were forced by a fear of her own inability to finish her self-appointed task, she hurried on. "He's my nephew, Miss, as you know, though his father is a rich man, very rich, and John is above his mother's place in her life. She's dead, and John was spoiled somewhere between the year she died and two years ago. I don't know where but he took to bad ways. He was brought up an idler upon his father's money, and from idleness to drinking, gambling, and bad ways is an easy road. His father is a hard man and he thrust him out near a year ago. Disinherited him! He came here, for I love him. I've nothing else to love: husband and children in the graveyard, so I love John."

There was a piteous pleading in the woman's face, but Louise's face was blank, save for an air of polite interest.
"He was most desperate when he came here, but I coaxed him up a little. But—oh, Miss Cameron, you know what I want to say. You are beautiful, rich—a lady far above me in education and position, and only boarding here for country quiet. I've no right to find fault, but—don't flirt with John. He is in trouble, despondent, disinherited, and he's falling in love with you as fast as he can. I believe, if you play with him, he will kill himself body and soul."

Fairly out of breath with her own earnest utterance, Mrs. Tollman paused, looking pleadingly into Louise Cameron's face. The expression of polite interest never wavered as the young lady said:
"If I understand you aright, you wish me to ignore your nephew. It is not easy, as he is in your house; so I had better leave it."

"Goodness!" cried the widow, aghast at this interpretation of her words. "I never meant that! Where could you find another boarding place near here?"
"I can return to the city."

"I've put my foot in it; John will never forgive me!" said Mrs. Tollman, disconsolately. But there was no sympathy in Louise's face, and she turned away at last perplexed, and more anxious than ever.

And Louise, sinking back in her chair again, looked at the sunset clouds and variegated foliage, and thought perhaps it was time to return to the city. She had come to Scranford, weary with a round of fashionable life, tired of dancing, flattery, and she found rest and quiet under Mrs. Tollman's motherly care. She was richer far than the landlady had any idea of; but she had no near relatives, hiring a second cousin to keep her lovely home, and play propriety. Society constituted itself her amateur guardian, and lying back in her cushioned chair, in the sunset glow, she wondered idly what society would say about John Furber.

It would grant him a rare perfection of many beauty of face and form, and forgive the evident traces of dissipation, if it was known he was the son of a rich man, educated at college, idle by profession. But in what holy horror it would turn away with uplifted hands when it was known that he was disinherited, with no home but a room in the house of a widowed aunt, eking out her narrow income by taking boarders. It would smile at his biting sarcasms, his brilliant conversation, his cynical sneers, if he was reinstated in his father's favor, but how rude these would be in a poor man!

Louise, from thinking of societies' opinion, quite unconsciously glided into considering her own. This dark browed man had made a fair portion of her summer pleasure for three months, had been her cavalier in many country walks, drives and sails, had quoted poetry under shade trees, sung in a superb baritone upon murmuring waters, looked into her eyes on a moonlit porch, and whispered delicately worded flattery. No more than many another man had done. A beauty and rich, Miss Cameron had looked upon more than one languishing suitor, and forgotten him when her amusement wearied her. Scarcely a flirt, for she encouraged no downright love-making, but a beautiful, fascinating woman, who wounded hearts with merely a careless glance.

Musing in the sunset, it was impressed upon her heart that unconsciously she had poisoned a life that was already sinking. There were capabilities for better things than dissipation and suicide in John Furber; and she shivered as she thought he might be upon a dangerous precipice, waiting for the clasp of her hand to draw

him back, or its repulse to thrust him over. She passed in review her host of male friends, and found none who had wakened her heart to hours of such keen pleasure as John Furber had given her. She tried to recall one mind whose grasp of intellect had dwarfed her own as his had done, who had met her fairly in so many arguments and worsted her, and she could only remember soft flattery of her "wonderful mind." Finally lifting her eyes with a soft sigh, she saw him leaning against a tree, opposite the low window, looking at her. A vivid flush stained her cheek, as he said:

"What can you have been thinking of? You have not stirred for half an hour. Only that your eyes were open, I should have thought you asleep."

"Your powers of observation are marvellous," she answered, lightly. "I was dreaming."

"Of what?"

"The world in general, my world in particular. It is almost time I returned there."

She was prepared for some polite show of regret, but not for the ghastly change in his face. She shuddered remembering his aunt's words.

"Going away! Why, of course, you would be soon," he said, trying to speak carelessly, while his face hungrily devoured her face, and his white, parched lips were drawn as if in sharp physical pain.

"I have been here three months," she said, feeling her own heart ache at his misery.

"Yes, yes, you will go."

"And you," she said very gently, "you will be in the city, I presume. I should be glad to welcome you to my house."

"No," he said, harshly, "I will not take advantage of your kindness. I am a man your friends would tell you to shun, Miss Cameron, a man who has wasted life till it is too late to take up the threads again. You do not know, perhaps, that my aunt keeps me here for charity."

"I know you have offended your father," she answered; "but you are a man scarcely thirty, and it is cowardly to talk of despair at your age."

Her words cut him like a whip lash. The dark blood mounted to his forehead, as he repeated:

"I might fight the world yet, and here his tone was bitter, and yet strangely pathetic. "The battle is scarcely worth winning. What would I gain? Money? I do not value it. Position? I have thrown it behind me. I have played the fool, and I must take a fool's wages."

"I will not have you say so," she said roused to an earnestness she never had, intended to betray. "You shall not throw away your life."

"Miss Cameron—Louise," he cried, "were there a prize to win, were one heart's hope centered upon me, I would prove myself a man if I had any motive!"

There was no mistaking the prayer in his eyes, the pleading in his voice. Only for one moment, close bow to the low window, before a hand like a snow-flake fell upon his shoulders, a voice low and sweet murmured in his ear:

"Be a man, for my sake."

She was gone before he spoke again, and he wandered off to the woods to muse upon a possibility of this new life. The next day Mrs. Tollman lost her summer boarder.

Society, languidly contemplating Miss Cameron for the next three years found her eccentric. She was gay and grave by flashes, fascinating in either mood, but she was mysteriously unapproachable. The bravest suitor found himself met at the point where friendly attentions merge into a lover's devotion, by a wall of icy reserve that was impassable. She never flirted but she had the reputation of a flirt because she was popular and admired, and remained single till she was twenty-seven. She was known to be truthful, and she had distinctly told several inquisitive lady friends that she was not engaged, so there was not even the spice of romance in the gossip. Surely she was not "disappointed," for never had the bright serenity of her beauty been more unclouded.

Scranford knew her not in those three years, but Mrs. Tollman was the recipient of various hampers of city delicacies from her city boarder, and acknowledged the same by letter. One of these dated three years after the beautiful Miss Cameron left Scranford, after elaborately thanking that young lady for a hamper of dainties, added:

"Do you remember my nephew, John Furber? He left the day after you did, and I fretted more than a little. But he took a turn for the good, Heaven be thanked, and went to New York for a situation. He worked himself up, for he's smart, John is, and to-day he writes me he has made friends with his father again, and is to be taken partner in a big commercial house. His father's to buy it, but John's earned a place, too, by hard, honest work. Oh, my dear, I'm happier than I ever thought to be. Perhaps you've heard of the house John is in—Collis, Hayes & Co. But I'll tire you writing about my own affairs. I wouldn't only I thought you'd remember John."

"In New York!" Louise murmured; so near me all these three years, and yet never seeking me. Was I too bold? Did I drive him away by showing my heart too plainly? Well, even so. I am glad I gave him the first start toward an honorable manhood. Remember him? Yes, Mrs. Tollman, I do remember John."

She folded the letter and was dressing for the opera, when the servant announced a caller.

"What a barbarous hour!" she murmured, not looking at the card. "In a few moments, Jane."

A great heart throbs sent the blood over her brow and neck; then it faded leaving only a soft tint upon the fair cheeks, and in the dark eyes a light of happiness harmonizing well with the smiling lips. She looked like some visitant from another world, in the radiance of her beauty, as she came across the wide drawing room to the window where he stood. He had not heard her light step but he turned when she was near, showing the stamp of his better life in his noble face.

He held out his hand, looking earnestly into her face, and seeing she spoke only a happy truth as, taking it, she said:

"I am glad to see you."

"Leonie," he said, "you gave me a hope three years ago, that has become me above temptation and suffering to a position where I am not ashamed to look any man in the face. Leonie, you bade me—"

Blushing brightly, she took up the words as he paused.

"To be a man, John, for my sake."

"And I obeyed you, my love, my darling. I have come for my reward, Leonie, loving you with all the strength of my heart, daring now to ask you for your love in return."

Society had a ripple of sensation, in a fashionable wedding, when the son of Israel Furber, the millionaire, (so the newspapers said, and they know everything), married Miss Leonie Cameron. But only you and I, reader, know the romance of that summer in Scranford, or how John Furber redeemed his manhood for Leonie's sake.

OUR OLIVE CREEK LETTER.

OLIVE CREEK, June 16th, 1875.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—There is no news of importance in this part of the country, at present, but I guess I will write you a few lines any how. The weather has been very cold here all through May; it has been very pleasant, with the exception of this afternoon, when we had a tremendous thunder storm. I hear that Jack Frost has been playing hob with the vegetables in John Davis Valley.

The Grangers have raised the prices on their crops, but I am afraid they won't raise much crops. The miners of this section of the country are going to hold a meeting. Their object is to raise the price of gold dust. The dust in this camp has always sold at \$16 per oz., it is the intention to put it up to \$23 1/2 per oz. The reason of this is because the crop of gold is going to be rather light this season, as the frost has nipped a great deal of it in some of the claims. I don't the Never Sweat Co., at the mouth of Quartz Gulch, will lose much, as they have not unearthed or exposed much of theirs. Another reason why we have to raise the price is because gum boots are so high and so worthless. We pay \$7.50 per pair, and then we consider ourselves lucky if they last and keep our webs dry one week.

I understand that the 4th of July is going to be on Indian Creek, between Canyon City and Prairie City. LONG JIM.

At Pioche, Nevada, the other day, some ladies expressed a desire to inspect the workings of the Raymond mine, and accordingly were escorted into the lower depths by Mr. Andrews, the foreman. After satisfying their curiosity, the conversation turned upon the means of egress, and the fatigue and danger of climbing the ladders with which the shaft is furnished, whereupon one of the fair visitors said she believed she could climb the ladder herself. After some badinage, Mr. Andrews promised the lady that he would present her with a handsome silk dress if she climbed from one of the levels to another alone, a perpendicular height of 200 feet. The challenge was no sooner made than accepted, and the dauntless lady climbed the ladder for the specified 200 feet, a task that few men except miners would dare to undertake.

A Nevada correspondent writes home to his paper that Lord Byron and Mrs. H. B. Stowe will be on hand in the court room on the day the acquittal verdict for the Rev. Henry Ward is to be rendered. Immediately after the jury's decision is announced, the noble Lord will be put on trial to answer certain charges brought against him by Mrs. S., who is booked as the first witness to take the stand. Fullerton cross-examiner—a full purse of guineas having been taken up in England to fee-fa-fum him. The noble Lord is feeble now, and has almost reached his centennial, although he used to write poetry and frequent bar-rooms when young; nevertheless, club footed as he is, he stated to the correspondent his intention of fighting the infamous charges to the bitter end, if it took the last cent of his investments in the gold mines of Greece, and if he should have to stand on one leg to do it.

Some of the women are in ecstasies over the pull back style of the dresses nowadays. Says one of 'em: "Women has certainly evolved a little out of the original sin. At last you see, in broad day-light her legs, her arms, her whole natural shape. Undoubtedly we shall retrograde a trifle, but progress is our watchword, and the eyes of prophecy behold, in a future Eden, woman robed in a garment which will allow the free action of all the organs, for all are honorable." "Therefore, rejoice with me that my sex once more dared to show Adam the woman—not a bundle of rags, but the form divine in its beauty and grace, and pray with me that the day is not far distant when the legs, now tied back, be emancipated, the arms, now trussed like a baked fowl, be allowed to move to the melody of bodily motion, and through the recovered laws of health, a new woman-constitution formed, to which she shall cling with Andy Johnson tenacity forever and ever." Amen.

Another \$1,500,000 of the Consolidated Virginia bullion has been sold to the Government, to be paid for in gold coin.