# The Oregon Sentinel.

R ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY JANUARY 23, 1864. VOL. IX.—NO. 1.



ECIAL NOTICES.

HERS MOTHERS MOTHERS

to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTH-P for CHILDREN TEETHING.

ble preparation is the prescription of one female physicians and nurses in the Uni- And has been used for thirty years with g safety and success by millions of moth- ldren, from the feeble infant of one week dult.

relieves the child from pain, but invigor- omach and bowels, corrects acidity, and and energy to the whole system. It will ntly relieve

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it the Best and Surest Remedy in the all cases of DYSENTERY and DIAR- CHILDREN, whether it arises from teeth- any other cause.

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THE SUPPRESSION OF QUACKERY.

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DR. L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D.,
he Hungarian Revolutionary War; Chief on to the 20th Regiment of Honveds; Chief to the Military Hospital of Pesth, Hungary; ate Lecturer on Diseases of the Genito Uri- gans, and Diseases of Women and Children, orary Member of the Philadelphia College sion.

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all diseases, the first great cause rings from neglect of Nature's laws.

NOT WHEN A CURE IS GUARANTEED

Secret Diseases. Seminal weakness, nervous debil- y in all its stages, strictures, gleet, gravel, eases of the kidneys and bladder, mercu- atism, scrofula, pains in the bones and ses of the lungs, throat, nose and eyes, the body or limbs, cancer, dropsy, epilep- Vitus' dance, and all diseases arising from ent of the sexual organs, such as nervous loss of memory, loss of power, general dimness of vision, with peculiar specks ap- fore the eyes, loss of sight, wakefulness, liver diseases, eruptions upon the face, back and head, female irregularities, and e discharges of both sexes. It matters hat cause the disease originated, however ing or obstinate the case, recovery is cer- a shorter time than a permanent cure ted by any other treatment, even after the baffled the skill of eminent physicians, all their means of cure. The medicines are pleasant and without odor, entirely nsuring no sickness, and free from mercury.

During twenty years' practice in Eu- Atlantic States and California, I have re- the jaws of death many thousands who, in ses of the above mentioned diseases, had up to die by their physicians; which war- consoling to the afflicted, who may place under my care, a perfect and speedy cure. eases are the greatest enemies to health, as the first cause of consumption, scrofula and Diseases, and should be a terror to the ily. A permanent cure is scarcely ever majority of the cases falling into the competent persons, who not only fail to ease, but ruin the constitution, filling the with mercury, which, with the disease, in- ever into a rapid consumption. But should and treatment not cause death speedily, this marries, the disease is entailed upon n, who are born with feeble constitutions, prey of life corrupted by a virus which elf in scrofula, tetter, ulcers, eruptions, affections of the skin, eyes, throat and lling upon them a brief existence of suffer- ndering them to an early grave.

URE is another formidable enemy to e thing else in the dread catalogue of dis- so destructive a drain upon the system, thousands of victims, through a few years to an untimely grave. It destroys the em, rapidly wastes away the energies of mental embarrassment, prevents the proper of the system, disqualifies for marriage, ness, and all earthly happiness, and leaves a wreck in body and mind, predisposed and a train of evils more to be dread- n itself. With the fullest confidence, I unfortunate victim of self-abuse that a and speedy cure can be effected, and, with ment of ruinous practices, my patient ed to robust and vigorous health.

ion, and all diseases of males and females on principles established by twenty years sanctioned by thousands of the most re- ses. Medicines, with full directions, sent of the State, Oregon, Nevada and Wash- tories, by patients communicating their letter. Business correspondence strict- al. Address,

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Doctor offers free consultation, and asks ation unless he effects a cure. je2lm3mlp

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ERCHANTS,
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ttend to the Receiving and For- ding of all Goods entrusted to with promptness and dispatch. ments solicited. Merchandise re- storage.

City, April 11, 1863. 15

o goods delivered until the freight s are paid. D. & W.



I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge

NO. 10 holds its regular meetings on Friday of the first week in each month and on Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 7 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

GEO. B. DORRIS, N. G.
GEO. F. FUNK, R. Sec'y.
Trustees.—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Denlinger and Geo. B. Dorris.

Warren Lodge No. 10. A. F. & A. M.

HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

ALEX. MARTIN, V. M.
H. BLOOM, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER No. 4,
OF
ROYAL ARCH MASONS,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will hold its regular communication on the First Saturday Eve. of Every Month.

All sojourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.
L. SACHS, Sec'y. dec8:47

O. JACOBS. R. F. RUSSELL.
JACOBS, & RUSSELL
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS
AT LAW,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office opposite the Court House.
All business committed to their care will be promptly attended to. July 2 '62.

O. WM. DOUTHITT. JAMES O. FAY.
DOUTHITT & FAY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS
AT LAW,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State. March 4 '63.

B. F. DOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly collected. Oct 18.

J. GASTON,
(Successor to Reed & Gaston)
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Especial attention given to collection cases. June 10, 1863. 40

(By appointment.)
GEORGE B. DORRIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC
FOR JACKSON COUNTY
Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq.

J. S. HOWARD,
SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,
JACKSONVILLE OREGON.
Residence near the South end of Oregon street. January, 2, 1864

PETER BRITT,
Photographic Artist,
Is prepared to take pictures in every style of the art, with all the late improvements. If Pictures do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at his new Gallery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and sit for your likeness.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
No one need suffer with the Ague when
DR. G. W. GREER'S
AGUE ELIXER
Can be had, warrented to cure in every case when taken according to directions.
To be had only at his office in Jacksonville, Oregon, California Street. jn27tf

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN
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ASHLAND MILLS FLOUR
EAGLE MILLS FLOUR!
WE WILL KEEP ON HAND THE above well-known brands of Extra Family Flour, for sale, at Wholesale & Retail.
RYAN, MORGAN & CO.
Agents for the Mills.
Sept. 8, 1863. sept1m


## A Smack in School.

A District School not far away
'Mid Berkshire hills, one Winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three score mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their task intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book—
Rose loud and clear a rousing smack!
As't was a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I saw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statute thrill
The master thundered "Hither Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken on his track,
With stolen chattles on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good natured fun.
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot.
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susanna shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And durstn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot,
I know—boo hoo—I ought to not,
But some how from her looks—boo hoo,
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

## The Miser's Request.

The hour hand of Phillip Acre's old fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the sang red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red-hot bar of the little grate in a most cozy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the burning coals.

For Phillip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascinations of a day-dream.

"If I were only rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah, if! Then good by to all those musty old law books; good-by to the mended boots and thrice turned coats, and all the ways and means that turns a man's life into wretched boudage! Would not I revel in new books and delicious paintings and high stepping horses? Would not I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat? Wouldn't I—what nonsense, I'm talking though!" he cried, suddenly rousing himself. "Phil. Acre, hold your confounded tongue! I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense! Here you are neither rich, nor distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moonstruck aspirations as Queen of Night herself! She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come! If only Dr. Wyllis were not so distrustful of a fellow! However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Hallo! come in there, whoever you are."

It was only the serving-maid of the establishment carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

"Please, sir, the postman just left it—two cents to pay."

"Here are your two coppers, then, Katy—a pretty fair equivalent for any letter I may receive. Now, then," he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relation to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic?"

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured to himself as if to insure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake and in my right mind; it is not delusion, no part of my waking vision! But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimer, whom I hav't seed since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money. Why, I'm not the shadow of a relation; but, then, I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak! Rich—am I really to be rich? Oh, Edith! Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the loved, far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him by the magnet of gold. All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now!

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile, made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love. There was only one alloying shadowing—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law! Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved by the fiery furnance of trial!

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft lights vailed by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis' drawing room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotropes, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet gray eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls of that kind old painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely," she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Phillip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest spot a poet's fancy could devise, with fountains and shrubberies, and green delicious copses! Oh! shall we not be happy there?

She started up, with a bright, sudden blush, for, even while the words were trembling on her lip, Phillip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Phillip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed, indefinitely."

"Phillip! for what reason?"

"To enable me by diligent labor at my profession to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Phillip, I thought—"

"You thought me the heir of Theron Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Theron Mortimer. Of course, I shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But, Phillip, the will has made it legally yours."

"Legally, it is; Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak at this woman's expense. I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!"

"You have done right, Phillip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? what is her name?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then darling—"

His lips quivered a moment—yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence:

"Then I will begin the battle of life over again?"

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial!

"Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief: "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do, Edith, I have never felt exactly certain about Phil. Acre's being worthy of you before—"

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law practicing—why there is time enough for that afterwards. Child don't strangle me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil.

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried and not found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and traveling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of full a week's duration, were driven along the shores of the Hudson in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Hallo; which way is Thomas going?" said Phillip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the shore road.

"I told him the direction to take, Phil!" said Edith, with bright sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once. We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil., with a comical grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose."

"Wait until you see, sir!" said Mrs. Acre, pursing up her little rosebud of a mouth. And Phillip waited dutiously.

"Where are we?" he asked in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillard portico, which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. "Surely this is Mortimer Place."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was," said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy—come Edith! Well, how do you like the look of your new home?"

"Our new home?" repeated Phillip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer, although she never knew of it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along, but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil. Acre. And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer will trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you I'll be bound."

Phil. Acre's cheeks flushed and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, the sunset turning her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of darkness had come light.