

Just at this time, Democrats are making loud professions of interest in the welfare of Oregon. The leading Democratic paper is particularly zealous. Its motto is "Advocacy of the interest of Oregon—Progress." How does it advocate them? By a persistent pursuit and vilification of Senator Williams, mainly because he is not a Democrat and incidentally because his influence as a Republican is so great at the seat of Government as to overshadow the whole Pacific delegation. Is this course wise? Is it for the interest of Oregon to defeat and recall a Senator who has more power to advance the substantial interest of the State than the whole united Democratic party? Leaving politics and political abstractions out of the question, it seems not. What, we ask, has Mr. Joseph Smith accomplished?—What does he expect to accomplish? He is at the foot of the Congressional Committee on Revolutionary claims, when it is notorious at all such claims have been extinguished, and in his own language "he might as well be in the gallery as the body of the House, so far as his usefulness is concerned." What would be the influence of Mr. Smith in the Senate? Literally nothing! What would it avail if J. K. Kelly or the best man in the Democratic party in Oregon were to be the successor of Mr. Williams in the Senate? He might have the privilege of telling an unappreciative audience that the Democracy of Oregon were opposed to the 15th amendment long after it had been accepted or rejected. He might, in the Senate chamber, denounce Chinese immigration and explain that men of both parties in Oregon were for and against it. His words would fall on listless ears; while his constituents in Oregon, regarding the question as a purely industrial one, would settle it to suit themselves. Undoubtedly a Senator's chair would be a nice thing for some Oregon Democrat, individually, but could his followers reasonably expect any emoluments? No!—not a crumb, not a minnow would they get as he would have no voice whatever in the distribution of patronage. Those, then, who are laboring to displace Senator Williams, are not working in the interest of the people of Oregon but against it and simply for the advancement of some individual demagogue. Weighed against our railroad interest, our mail facilities, our land surveys and the general prosperity of the State, political questions are as nothing; and whenever the people of Oregon recall their best friend from Washington and replace him by a man whose only usefulness will be to pocket his pay, without the power to assist his friends, they will do a very unwise act.

PROPOSED CHANGE IN THE ROAD.—Last week Mr. Howard surveyed a new road over the hill between here and Applegate. He found that by grading three quarters of a mile an excellent road could be built having a grade of only fifteen inches to the rod, while the present road has twenty-five inches to the rod. The tax of this road district for one season would probably be more than sufficient to make the new road and as it would enable teamsters to haul nearly double the load they do at present, we hope the Commissioners will give the matter a favorable consideration.

BOUNDARY COMPLETED.—We learn that the survey of the boundary line between this State and California has been finished. The surveyor, Mr. Major found at the coast a difference of six miles between his survey and that of Major Truax—locating the line that distance south of the former survey, thus slightly increasing the territory belonging to Oregon.

COMMITTED TO ANSWER.—James Brown, who shot Adney some time since was examined on Monday before Justice Wade. No extenuating evidence except that of Brown's wife was elicited and the prisoner was remanded to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Adney is still in a critical condition and his recovery is by no means certain.

GOOD BOY.—Billy Carl walked into this office on Thursday with a pitcher of nice lager, for which he has the thanks of the Printers. If you are dry and have a spare "bit" we know of no better place to drop it than the "El Dorado."

Trip to Crater Lake.

ED. SENTINEL.—In conclusion of my imperfect communication last week, I will give you a few more items which will probably be of interest to some of your readers.

Before quitting Crater Lake, alias Deep Lake, Blue Lake, Sunken Lake, I will supply one item omitted in my last. We had intended to circumnavigate the lake and sound it at different points, but owing to the frail nature of our boat, and strong wind blowing at the time, we were compelled to forego this desirable object. We, however, made one sounding about one half mile from the Island, and found it 550 feet deep. Could we have reached the deepest part, no doubt we would have found it 1,500 or 2,000 feet deep.

On the morning of Aug. 5th, we parted company with Mr. Linn and family, Col. Ross and Mr. Ish, who returned to Jacksonville, and the remainder of our party started for Fort Klamath under the escort of Lieut. Thornburn. We had much dust during the day, and the air was loaded with smoke, yet we were enabled to enjoy many grand views along the high banks of Anna's Creek. To all lovers of the beautiful, the grand or the wild, we would recommend a trip over this portion of our road. The canyon through which Anna's creek leaps along is in places hundreds of feet deep enclosed between perpendicular walls from which occasional springs break out in snowy curves and lose themselves on the tops of the trees or are broken on the rocks below. The ever-changing scenes along the road are of the most animating nature. Smooth and dusty roads, alternate with rough and rocky; dense groves of green timber on one side and impenetrable wastes of dead limbless and barkless trees, falling and standing, on the other, with here a grassy lawn and there a half frozen brook, is a general description of our trip to Wood River valley. Arriving at this valley the scene changes. A large prairie, perfectly level, covered with grass from one to two feet high, with beautiful skirts of willow, pine and quaking aspens marking the courses of the many fine streams that pass through on their way to the great Klamath Lake.

We arrived at Wood River where we camped for the night. This is no doubt the finest stream in Oregon for angling. Salmon trout is abundant, weighing from one to eight pounds.

Aug. 6th. On account of the dusty and dilapidated condition of our wardrobe, (I speak for the ladies), we accepted with diffidence the pressing invitation to accompany them to the Fort. On arriving we found comfortable rooms ready, and ample provisions made for our whole party. And during our stay of three days, thanks to the gallant officers, we found our every desire anticipated that could add to our comfort or pleasure. We found Col. Elmer Otis, of the 1st Cavalry, Commander of the Division of the Lakes, Mr. A. H. Miller, of Jacksonville, and Judge Alexander, a gentleman traveling for his health, at the post when we arrived. Col. Otis had been with Archey McIntosh, who was recently reported at the head of a formidable band of Snakes ready to carry fire and tomahawks to all the country around. He had been with the Col. some two months in the capacity of guide and scout, and therefore could not have been on the war path, as reported.

On the 7th our whole party accompanied by Lieut. Thornburn and Dr. Tolman, visited Klamath distant nine miles, passing on our way Klamath Agency and its fine farm. We found here about 300 acres under cultivation. The crop this year is bald barley and oats, principally the former. In connection with this is a large tract of hay land under fence. Capt. I. D. Applegate, under whose charge we found the farm, informed us that bald barley was held in high repute among the Indians as an article of food, and that in winter it was issued out to them in rations. We rode through oats nearly as high as our horses backs. It is thoroughly demonstrated that most of the staple productions of the farm may be raised in this region. Capt. Applegate also informed us that some fifty Indian families had located on farms of their own, and built themselves houses, with only the assistance of the Agent to haul the logs to their places, and that a number of the Indians had done good service on the farm during the summer.

We arrived at the Lake, and our entire party embarked in a fine White Hall boat, which had been brought

out from the Fort for the purpose, and had a very pleasant sail for an hour or so. During our sail old Sol was overtaken by the great eclipse, which rendered our boat ride almost equivalent to a moonlight excursion. We returned to the Fort in the afternoon, well pleased with our excursion.

We spent Sunday very pleasantly at the Fort.

Monday was spent in fishing and shooting with varying success. One fishing party was so unfortunate as to let a large dog follow them that had a great taste for dabbling in the water. This troublesome dog, by his frequent plunges so frightened the fish that they would not bite in that vicinity.

On Tuesday morning, through the kindness of the officers of the post, we found our wagons repaired and our horses supplied with shoes when missing. All things being ready we bid good-bye and turned our course homeward.

In behalf of our whole party I would say that through the kindness and hospitality of Capt. Goodell and Lieut. Thornburn, our three days stay at Fort Klamath was the crowning pleasure of our trip, and will ever be remembered as such.

On our return we stopped near the Rogue River bridge for the purpose of visiting the great Rogue River Falls, located about one half mile below the bridge in a deep and almost inaccessible canyon.

On the morning after our arrival at this place Mr. Fay and myself shouldered the photographic instruments and set out to visit the falls. After searching for sometime we found a place where in the language of the great Napoleon's guide, descent was "barely possible." However, after sundry mishaps, misstep, and never missing a slip, we succeeded in arriving at the river sound of limb but somewhat scratched. We turned our course down the river in search of the falls. For many miles through this canyon the river is one continual rapid, falling and foaming over immense boulders and dashing through narrow channels, keeping up a continual roar that is deafening. Downwards through such a gorge we had to pass: sometimes clambering up a gigantic boulder and sliding down on the opposite side and at the imminent peril of portions of our apparel; and again we were compelled to wade into the water not knowing where we would come out. Add to this the numerous thickets through which we had to crawl; and every one can appreciate the exclamations of my companions in distress, more especially when it is known that we had on a pair of strange boots which had knawed away at least one-half of the cuticle from his feet. We had just entered a few rods of "good going" when he quietly laid down his carpet bag, sit down on a boulder, pulled off his boot, and after looking at his mutilated foot a few moments, exclaimed: "This is what I call pursuing the fine arts under difficulty." We had begun to look anxiously for the great falls but could hear no sound from them, which we attributed to the noise of the rapids near by. We gained a point where we determined to take a picture, whereupon we mounted a large flat-topped boulder, set up our tripod and mounted our camera, and after some consultation drew our focus on the most picturesque spot of the rushing rapids above. Unfortunately, at this juncture my foot came in contact with one of the legs of the tripod and down came our camera ten feet into the river. I sprang down the rock into the river just in time to snatch it from the circling foam, and brought it wet and dripping to the top. Here was a predicament that bid fair to be troublesome. When we attempted to wipe the water from the lens we found it was past our reach, being between the glasses. Desperation overtook us and we determined to dissect the concern, the inside of which we knew nothing. We began to unscrew and ere long the whole face of the boulder was strewn with lens, brass tubes, etc. Each lens was carefully wiped and laid right side up in a particular place; a fire was built and the brass plates and tubes were soon dried. The process of reuniting was completed and proved a success. We took our picture, which proved to be the best executed one of the trip. This whole performance detained us about two and a half hours. We started and traveled until about 4:30 p. m., when we determined to abandon the pursuit for the night and return the next day. We found a very good passage out, and soon reached the road. My companions feet being very painful,

on reaching the road he pulled off his boots and started bare-foot two and a half miles to camp. I will venture to say that if he will go on the stage and go through the same performance he did at the end of the first rod of his bare-foot travel his debut will be an entire success, and he will be greeted with the applause of the whole audience. Sand bars was the cause, but I shall not even attempt to give the performance. On arriving at camp we learned that we should have went up instead of down the river to find the falls.

On next morning we had better success, and reached the falls at an early hour. We were amply paid for all of our trouble, for no finer sight can be seen in this country. Here the south fork of the river pours over a perpendicular bank 144 feet striking on the bar of the river below. The course of the falling river is almost at right angles to the precipice, thus forming an exceedingly graceful curve. Cuds of spruce are driven off in every direction. On the opposite side of the river at a distance of two hundred yards around, is covered with moss to a thickness of six inches, and one would imagine themselves walking on feather beds anywhere in the vicinity. We succeeded in getting photographs of the falls although not in the perfection that Mr. Britt could have done it himself, yet they will give a very good idea of their magnitude. Those desirous of procuring copies can procure them of Mr. Britt.

We returned to camp and that afternoon started once more for home, where we arrived next day renewed in body and mind.

The Way that the Country is Going to the Bad.

[From the Providence (R. I.) Journal.]

Considering how rapidly, according to the philosophers of the weeping schools, the country is going to the bad, some of the signs are propitious for a little greater hope of national longevity. First the crops, the source of plenty, the best assurance of prosperity, are coming in well. Cheaper food or the abundant returns of exportation to feed other nations may be calculated upon; most likely the former, for the crops abroad are promising abundantly. Immigration is still flowing in upon us, and its character is improving. Not only the rude labor that subdues the forests and brings up the coal and iron, that digs the canals and interlaces the country with railroads, still pours its steady tide, but skilled labor, well instructed of mechanics in all the departments of productive industry, come to add their industry to the aggregate of the national wealth. The Labor Exchange, at Castle Garden, New York, finds places for many of them, as they land. Its returns for a few months, although, of course, including but a small part of the skilled immigration may indicate the proportion, of its different departments, in which it comes. These returns report: Tailors, 275; shoemakers and cabinet-makers, about 200 each; weavers, 175; carpenters, 150; coal miners, 160; bricklayers, 72; masons, 90; bakers, 65; gardeners, 100; wheelwrights, 40; machinists, 30; locksmiths, 40; machinists, 35; painters, 30; butchers, 45; coopers, 40; tin smiths, 40; and musicians, 40.

While the crops are coming in so well, and men who can earn the money to buy food and clothing are coming to help us to buy them and consume them, our national finances are in such condition that foreign bankers are offering money to the Government at five per cent., and the Secretary of the Treasury hopes by economy in expenditure, by vigilance in collecting, and by judicious administration to be able to borrow at four or four and a half per cent. If he can go on reducing the public debt at the present rate, he will soon be able to borrow at the lower figure.

While, therefore, it is unfortunately true that some branches of production are depressed, it would seem that on the whole the country to which the labor of all the rest of the world is tending, cannot be worse than the countries which it leaves to find employment with us.

If you want a new style collar, linen finish, the neatest ever brought to this market, call at Baums. If you don't want collars read his new advertisement and see what you do want. He says he will sell cheaper for cash, than you ever purchased here before.

Sachs Bro's have just received a large invoice of sugar in packages of 50 to 80 lbs, just the thing for small families.

FOR THE EAST.—Mrs. P. J. Ryan left for Indiana on Thursday night with her little child. We hear of several more ladies who intend starting overland in a few days.

NO LAWYERS.—Jas. D. Fay left for Salem yesterday to prepare for the Supreme Court. Next week all the rest will follow and we will enjoy a short season of peace.

THANKS.—We are under obligations to Clarence Sprague, formerly of this office for copies of the Cincinnati Commercial.

A man named Taylor Hardy was instantly killed at Salem yesterday morning by being caught in the belt of the Capitol Saw-mill.

PATENT FOR JACKSON COUNTY.—We see by the Mining and Scientific Press that W. M. Mickelson of Ashland has obtained a patent for his Truck plow.

THE HARVARD CREW BEAT.—The International boat race was won by the Oxford crew by three boat lengths—time 33 minutes.

BORN.

FEBELLY.—On the 26th inst. to the wife of P. Febely a son.

DIED.

CONSTANT.—At his residence, near the Rogue River, August 27th, Thomas Constant, aged about 36.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

Erick Tomeroy, Horace Greely, Tom Thumb

HARRY JACKSON

All completely played out in Jacksonville, being overlaughed by

Morris Baum,

Who can, and will, sell goods cheaper than any of them.

WOMEN STARE,

And think he stole them when he offers his best goods at 12 1/2 cents a yard.

MEN WILL

scare. He believes it when they hear that BAUM sells Heavy Suits for \$35, and ready-made suits out and out for \$18 and Cassimere pants from \$5 to \$7.

AN OLD LADY

Walked into his store the other day to see some Alpaca, and asking the price she was informed that it was 25 cents a yard. Turning back her head and elevating her eyes, she exclaimed: "Why bless my soul! this must be a pawn shop, where they sell the goods for half price!" FOUR AND DELAINE'S 30 cents; Common D 10 to 20 cents; Muslin 12 1/2 to 18 cents. They have a endless.

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Which they sell in proportion.

Silks and Soap.

Laces and Tobacco

Hats and Candles.

Coal Oil and Sugar.

Nails and Coffee,

Boots and Swiss Mull.

And everything else in the Dry Good, Grocery and Crockery line.

IF

Any man, woman or child don't believe they can't just call around and see for yourself. Nothing but amusement to

SHOW GOODS.

MORRIS BAUM,

PAIN KILLER!

THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, it Cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaints, Pains in the Liver, Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, it Cures Boils, Felons, Cuts, Bruises, Scalds, Old Sores, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frost-bitten Feet, &c., &c., &c.

No More Foolishness!

Those indebted to me are informed that I have just received a new style collar, linen finish, the neatest ever brought to this market, call at Baums. If you don't want collars read his new advertisement and see what you do want. He says he will sell cheaper for cash, than you ever purchased here before.

HIDES! HIDES!

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR Hides of all kinds, delivered at the market of the undersigned, in Jacksonville.

JOHN ORTE. December 6th 1896.

WILSON'S GREAT WORLD CIRCUS! And Exhibition of PERFORMING APARTAIN LOSS Will Exhibit at JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1899.

Performance to commence at 8 o'clock P. M. The Manager of this Gigantic Establishment... From all parts of Europe and America...

AFRICAN LIONS! Together with their strongest keeper, Wm. Lambert, THE LION CONQUEROR... THRILLING AND DARING FEATS!

FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT, And that these Lions are four in number... HARRY JACKSON, No effort at flattery can make me say that I make a weak and indifferent appropriation to the Great World Circus and Animal Exhibition.

RAILROAD

TOLINK RIVER! A Large Assortment

OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE, AT NURSE'S FERRY, AT Link River.

THE BRIDGE

GLENN, DRUM & CO., GENERAL MERCHANDISE CALIFORNIA STREET, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

NEW FIRM, NEW GOODS

NEW PRICES! LOW PRICES WILL WIN!

THE ABOVE NAMED FIRM take pleasure in notifying their friends and the public generally, that they are now receiving and opening a very large and extensive stock of STAPLE DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, CALIFORNIA AND SALEM CLOTHS, BLANKETS, HOOP SKIRTS, ETC., ETC.

GLENN, DRUM & Co. We have, in connection with the above, a very large and extensive stock of choice Groceries, Hardware, Quince, Glassware, Cutlery, Paints and Oil, Window Glass, Nails, Iron and Steel, Cast and Steel Pews, Woods and Willow ware. We are ready to sell anything in our line at the LOWEST CASH PRICE.