

Oregon Sentinel

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DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY.

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Office on California street, opposite P. J. Ryan's store. Calls promptly attended to, day or night.

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Office opposite P. J. Ryan's store.

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Dr. Vrooman consults here with the intention of permanently locating himself in the practice of his profession. He is a graduate, and from twenty-seven years experience in the disease incident to this case, states himself as being able to give general satisfaction.

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Mineral surveys, and all other business in my line promptly attended to.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business left in my care. Office in O'Reilly's brick building.

B. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

All business placed in my hands will receive prompt attention. Special attention given to collections.

J. S. HOWARD, MINERAL SURVEYOR, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

J. S. HOWARD, having been duly appointed U. S. Mineral Surveyor for the counties of Jackson, Joseph and Curry, State of Oregon will make of local surveys of mining claims.

WILL JACKSON, DENTIST, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

DENTIST EXTRACTED AT ALL HOURS. Lancing gas administered, if desired, for which extra charge will be made. Office and residence on corner of California and Fifth streets.

BERTHOLD ROSTEL, Asst. SURGEON of the German Army

PROFESSIONAL HAIR-CUTTER, IN ORTH'S BUILDING, Jacksonville, Oregon.

The Treatment of Chronic Cases Made a Specialty.

A. C. GIBBS, L. B. STEARNS, GIBBS & STEARNS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS.

Rooms 2 and 4 Strawbridge's Building, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Will practice in all Courts of Record in the State of Oregon and Washington Territory, and pay particular attention to business in Federal Courts.

NEW GUNS MADE TO ORDER and repaired by MILLER.

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Circuit Court—Second Monday in February, June and November. County Court—First Monday in each month.

TOWNS OF JACKSONVILLE. I. H. President, T. G. BARNES; J. Langley; J. Nunn; J. S. Hayden; H. P. Pope; Ad. H. Hines; Street Commissioner, Geo. H. Young.

SOCIETY NOTICES. Oregonian Pacahontas Tribe. No. 1 IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN. HOLDS ITS STATE CONVENT AT THE RED MEN'S HALL THE THIRD MONDAY IN EVERY SEVEN MONTHS. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to brothers in good standing.

Warren Lodge No. 10, F. AND A. M. HOLD THEIR regular communications on the Wednesday evening preceding the full moon in every seven months. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

Oregon Chapter No. 4, U. A. M. HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETINGS ON TUESDAY EVENING at 7:30 o'clock. Companions in good standing are invited to attend.

Jacksonville Lodge No. 10, O. F. HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETINGS every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

Jacksonville Stramm No. 14, F. O. R. M. HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETINGS every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

South Rebekah Lodge No. 4, L. O. F. HOLDS ITS regular meetings on every other Monday evening at 8:30 P. M. Members in good standing are invited to attend.

Table Rock Encampment No. 10, I. O. O. F. Holds regular sessions in Hall, Old Fellows' Building, in Jacksonville, Oregon, on the 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month and every 10th day of the month. All encampments are cordially invited to meet with us.

J. W. RIGGS, PHOTOGRAPH & PERROTYP GALLERY, ASHLAND - - - - OREGON.

I AM NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED in this city, and all that favor me with their patronage I will guarantee to give satisfaction. My motto is to live and let live—please to call on me. I am also prepared to do outdoor work—taking land-caps, private residences, etc.

Call and see specimens of pictures taken in all kinds of weather. J. W. R.

DR. SPINNEY & CO., SPECIALISTS, No. 11, KEARNEY STREET

TREATS ALL CHRONIC AND PRIVATE DISEASES WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE. Office hours—9 A. M. to 12 M. 2 to 9 P. M. CONSULTATION FREE. Reside excepted. Consultation free. Call at Dr. A. F. SPINNEY & CO., No. 11, Kearney Street San Francisco.

CITY MARKET, CALIFORNIA ST., WILLIAM BYBEE, Proprietor.

THIS WELL-KNOWN MARKET, OPPOSITE Kahler & Bro.'s drug store, is prepared to handle the best quality of FRESH BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON, HAM, SALT MEATS, BACON, Superior, SAUSAGE, LARD, ETC.

The most favorable inducements offered to patrons, and no effort will be spared to ward giving general satisfaction. WM. BYBEE

HORSE PAINT, SASS, SCRUBBING and blacking brushes at JOHN MILLER.

DAISY'S MISSION.

Hell-roaring bar was neither a pretty nor euphonious name, nor a reverential one; but, considering the character of its dwellers, it was an exceedingly fitting one for the locality that bore it. A six months' residence there convinced me so thoroughly of this fact that I could not conscientiously have changed a single letter of the name, even had I possessed the power to do so. Not that it savored of sulphurous odors; not that the roaring of its apparent patron saint were ever heard echoing among the canons that encompassed it; but for sinfulness, and wickedness, and riotous debauchery, it was peerless among all the mining camps I had ever visited in California.

I was sent there in the summer of 1853, by a San Francisco firm, to close out a business that was drifting into involuntary bankruptcy, and a long dusty ride found me there early in June of that year. A view of the camp from the mountain had not impressed me favorably with it, and a nearer acquaintance only confirmed that first impression; but, like a half-reluctant bridegroom, I had resolved to take it for "better or worse," with but slight hope, however, that it would prove any better than it looked.

"Hello! deacon. What do 'you' want in Hell-Roaring? Preachers don't stand much show in these diggings. You aint wanted, better git!"

This was my greeting. I had just alighted from my mule, tired and out of humor, and felt half inclined to resent the brusque, unmannerly salutation, but did not. It was not a consciousness of the truth that quieted me for my appearance was certainly slightly clerical. True, I had a perfect right to differ in opinion with the speaker, for of a verity this was just the place where profusions of gold should be made, making no professions of godliness, I held my tongue for a moment. I looked up; a brawny and powerful figure confronted me, and I prudently held my temper.

I was agog with curiosity, and a crowd gathered. And such a crowd! Great broad-shouldered fellows, dirty and unshaved, deeply marked with chronic dissipation, whose every second word was an oath; striplings, whose tongues were volubly impudent and early trained to blasphemy in imitation of their elders, gathered round, while I unsaddled my mule in a so awkward a manner as to excite derision. There people weighed everything, like their gold-dust, in their own scales, and measured by their standard, I was regarded as a worthless impostor. I had "store clothes" on, and this fact alone was too much for the fixed conventionalism of the Bar. Buckskin and gray flannel assumed a dignity in early times among the "honest miners" more unyielding, more exacting, than purple and fine linen. My "boiled shirt" was considered an infraction, and therefore the Bar was affronted. "Deacon" was echoed from mouth to mouth. Bets were offered and freely taken that I was a psalm-singer; a gambler, with a "dead thing," or "waxed keeds"; a lawyer; a doctor; anything but a horse-jockey, or a gentleman. Although nettled with the uncourteous reception, I could not afford to fall out with my new neighbors. Beating my dusty hat against my knee with a well-assumed swagger, I returned quietly, and asked if the Bar was dry? And the Bar "was" dry!

With a whoop, the crowd adjourned to the saloon—a rickety, clap-board institution, furnished with a few stools and rough tables—and the Bar drank—first with myself; then with Joe Miles, the proprietor; then with the bluff individual who had first accosted me. Pressing through the crowd, he held out his big, rough hand, and, taking mine, he led me forward with something of a triumphant air.

"Boys," he said, "I take it all back. This is my old skipper; come out with him from Boston in '49. He aint no preacher—he spends his money like a man, and don't whine. Anyone that don't like him can call on Bill Thorp. That's me, boys! Let's take suthin'." Finding that things had taken an unexpected turn, I immediately took advantage of the new situation. Thorp stood sponsor for me, and his emphatic assurance of my unpreacher-like character and proper disregard of the value of money put the Bar in good humor; so I explained my business, and hoped to deserve well of the boys. And I won the friendship of these people; not by pandering to their tastes or falling into their practices, but by minding my own business. While abstaining from rubbing against their prejudices, and scrupulously avoiding all interference with their pleasures, I sympathized with them in all their little troubles, and they respected me. The Bar, by day, did not seem to be a very bad or boisterous place; in working hours it indulged in a kind of feverish rest. But it was by night that it shone in the full glory of its appropriate name. Then it was that the vampires that sucked the blood of honest labor came forth. Short-card men, poker-sharps, monte-dealers, faro-dealers, and others of the fraternity, sneaked out to prey on the earnings of the day, and the Bar ran riot. It was then that great strong fellows, who were wearing out their lives in a daily conflict with Nature—tearing open the mountains and wrestling with the streams—that others might wear the gold they won, would gather round the gambling-tables, to "try their luck"—and this thing called "luck" in the early days was a strange thing. Existing on the superstition that is found in the composition of every man, in a greater or less degree, it was a phantom that haunted all classes, and entered into all human calculations. Luck shamed reason and set at naught all mathematical certainties, and, forgetting that a man's luck was much of his own making, it was followed with a persistent fatuity that led the feet of too many into bad and dangerous places. It was the scapegoat for all sins and short-comings. It was the rock upon which were built the golden castles of the hopeful future; the shifting sand upon which were carried the unfruitful and disastrous past; the harvest whose sheaves of promise often yielded only bitterness and disappointment. In these tilts with fortune the Bar drank deep. If it was dry by day, it was unquenchable by night. If luck was with the boys, they drank, and dallied with it; if against them, they drank still deeper, and cursed it.

Altogether, the Bar was a wild and abandoned place; but attrition with these people taught me that there are solvents for even crystallized wickedness—that there is no cloud so dark as to be without a single streak of silver, no nature so rugged as to be impenetrable, or beyond the reach of humanizing influences. I had been domesticated in my new home about a month, when a circumstance took place which seemed to change entirely the whole routine of Hell-Roaring. There was an arrival one morning, and the Bar throbbled with a new sensation: a quiet, unassuming lady—a Mrs. Hampton—and her little daughter, who sought rest and health in the mountains. Mrs. Hampton was widowed, but no one inquired into her history. She was welcomed as a new and strange element among so much wild, reckless life, that brought back memories of mother, or sister, or sweetheart far away, and the Bar was pleased. The boys christened the little daughter "Daisy," and she was well named. From this day a marked change took place. Everyone desired to be well thought of by the new-comers; dress became an object of solicitude; drunken yells rending the quiet night were less frequent; spirits of evil seemed to be quelled, and the Bar was on its good behavior.

Little Daisy was everywhere as a ministering angel. If there was a sick-bed in the camp, Daisy was beside it with the little luxuries that the hand of a woman only knows how to prepare. If a poor fellow was about to "pan out" his few last sands of life, Daisy was there to wet the parched lips, to fill the poor, neglected heart with hope, or to write the last message to loved ones over and beyond the plains. Quiet and unobtrusive, Daisy moved about in her ministrations. As she passed the saloon on her errands of mercy—her brown hair neatly folded over the pale forehead, her little basket of "goodies" on her arm, and a word and a smile for every one—oaths half uttered would be choked back, and rough and brutal jests shrunk unspoken, as if ashamed in her presence. Even Oregon Sis—to whom a bluish was a stranger—would hang her head silently when Daisy was near, and

her eyes would swell—perhaps, poor thing! with looking back to the old days among the apple blossoms, when she, too, was pure and innocent—at least, I thought so. Somehow, the Bar was not so dry as formerly; and Joe Miles, its ruling spirit, neglected his business, and said he was tired of whiskey selling. He laid aside a six-shooter, that, reports said, had served him only too well on more than one occasion, with the remark "that the Bar was so quiet now, it wan't no use to carry it. Joe was very particular now as to his personal appearance, dressing in the once despised "store clothes," and took to solitary rambling about the neighborhood. It was noticed if Daisy had occasion to pass along the dangerous trail through the canon, Joe was there with his strong hand to guide her. It she crossed the foot-log over the turbulent stream, a steady arm was general-ly there to support her, and more than once Joe was found in earnest conversation with her, or reading the books with which she supplied him. Joe finally sold out the saloon, and invested in a mining claim, which he was industriously working when I closed out my business and left the neighborhood.

I visited the Bar once again. Down the wild Sierra, by the same tortuous and rugged trail that I had traversed nearly two years before; winding among the same lordly pines, rich in fragrance and standing like sentinels in the mountain passes; through the same groves of laurel and Manzanita, glistening like waves of emerald and silver in the noonday sun, full-blossomed and wondrous in their beauty, I approached the Bar. The place seemed changed. A few little white cottages peeped out from among the rich oak foliage, spots of ground were under cultivation, and the hand of industry had been busy. The clapboarded saloon stood in the old place just as I had first seen it, but its unimpaired condition showed that the institution was poorly patronized. A crowd had gathered near it—not such a crowd as in the olden time, but a sober and quiet one. Everyone looked anxious to tell me something; but no one spoke till I found my old friend Thorp. Taking my hand kindly, he led me aside, and for a moment was silent. "Well, Cap," he said, earnestly, "things is rough on the Bar; they aint like they was when you left. She's gone—that Daisy—and things aint gone right for some o' the boys ever since. Yes, Cap it 'is' mighty rough!"

I asked where Daisy had removed to. "O no, Cap you don't understand. The old woman, she went back to Sacramento—broken hearted, they said; but Daisy, she's gone; called for, taken up among the stars where she belonged. We miss Daisy, Cap. She got round some o' the boys, and she made them promise to knock off their grog; I haint touched it since, and I've saved a little. If she'd only staid, this thing wouldn't 'a' happened. You see, Cap," he continued, "here's how it was: One o' the boys got badly hurt in his drift across the creek, and one mornin' Daisy started over to take him somethin' and it was a-runnin' bank full, and the log was slippery, and—well we found Daisy a mile below, with her brown hair all tangled among the willows, and her blue eyes kind o' pleadin' for help; and we brought her back—poor thing! There wan't a single drink taken on the Bar that day, Cap; it seemed to go agin the boys. And Oregon Sis—her that we all thought so bad—she combed out the tangled hair, and she knelt down and kissed Daisy, and went two miles a-foot up the meadows and got flowers and put them in the little blue hands, and—there's where we laid her. Cap,—up there where, you see them white pickets."

For one time the poor fellow could say no more, but sat with his face buried in his hands. "And Joe?" I asked. "Hush," he said, pointing to the saloon, "Joe's in there; his sand's about panned down—shot, night afore last in a row. Joe's a-passin' in his checks sure! You see Joe went to the bad. He sat by old foot-log, the melancholy-like, and wandered up and down the creek, and no one could do anything with him, and he took to drink agin; and the cussed temper come back, and he got to quarin' with everybody. Night afore last he, got in a row with Portegee John; in a poker game; they both drawed, but John was too quick

for him, and Joe's bad hurt. The doctor says he haint got no livin' show. May be you'd like to see him, Cap." We went together into the room where the wounded man lay. The broken windows were darkened with blankets, and on a rough pallet we found the poor fellow, breathing heavily, and two of the boys fanning him tenderly as a mother would have done. The ashy face and heavy drops of sweat that had gathered on the forehead, told the unspeakable agony of the sufferer, and showed that sure enough, Joe's sand was nearly run out, and he beyond all hope-leechcraft. We had not meant to disturb, but his ear, quickened by pain, caught our stealthy foot steps, and, turning round, he recognized me.

"O, Cap," he said, "you have come at last. I knew she would send some one to talk to me, as she used to—to tell me about that blessed land where Christ lives—Him that she just made me understand a little, when she left us. And pray for me Cap, and ask Daisy to forgive me for letting the devil come back and for forgettin' all that she taught me. She told me, if I would only believe all she said, that I would go to a glorious land far away beyond the stars. She's gone there, Cap, and I believe every word of it now. O, can you pray! She taught me, but, I've most forgot how."

If ever I felt like praying, it was then. If ever I felt able to ask forgiveness for a poor wayward, shattered soul, trembling on the brink of the Unknown, about to be weighed in the balance of the Eternal, it was at that moment. Soon there was silence unbroken, save by a few smothered sobs among the bystanders; but a quiet peaceful light rested on poor Joe's face. "Come close," he said in a low tone, "I feel better, now; I know that I'm goin' to where she is, and some how I don't feel so much pain. Tell the boys to lay me outside near the room enough, and then I can find the way to where she is. And, Cap," he whispered, as he reached his hand under the pillow and drew out two pictures, "put these on my heart, for they belong there; poor old mother and her—the only two that ever knew how to reach it. Write to mother how it was, and that if I did forget her that I never will again. When I'm gone, whisper to Daisy that I believed it all, every word of it; that I found the road at last, and am comin'. Yes, Cap, I'm goin' to Da...."

Poor Joe! the blessed seeds of light sown by the little daisy, had taken root at last, and an unruly and turbulent spirit was at rest forever and forevermore.—The Editor.

The following good one is from the Roseburg "Star." Mr. Owens will probably see that the "wool" is not pulled over his eyes a second time. The joke is on our Granger friend, W. F. Owens, this time. An individual, wearing the appearance of a farmer, came to him one day this week and stated that he was a farmer from Jackson county and had 7,000 pounds of wool which would arrive next day. Mr. Owens made a bargain for the wool, advanced a few dollars and gave the fellow an order on Caro for some merchandise. The bloated wool-holder bought an overcoat and with the money skipped out. Fletch. has not seen the wool nor the fellow since; and the probabilities are that he never will.—[Roseburg Star.]

The English are enormous consumers of sauces and jellies. The latter are made by the ton in the London manufactories out of old hides, sheep and calf-skins, old kid gloves buckskin breeches, horses' hoofs scraps of leather size and glue. During the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851, hides in London advanced ten per cent in price on account of the great demand for jellies in the refreshment rooms of that city. Cargoes, instead of being devoted to the uses for which they were imported,—that of boot and shoe-making—were bought up by the manufacturing confectioners for jelly making.

"Darn a fool," says Harkins, who was vexed, to his wife. "So mote it be," said Mrs. H., flourishing a darnin' needle, "whereabouts are you worn out?" He said some people were too smart to live long, and he was too awful angry when his wife congratulated him on his prospects for long life! Oh, the tongues of these women!

A HINT TO HARD DRINKERS. The following, handed to us by a lady with a request to publish, looks all right, but we are afraid our better half would invest the first profits in a new hat and compel us to start her in business again: Barkeepers in this city pay, on an average, \$2 per gallon for whiskey. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays \$6.50 for his whiskey. If other words, he pays \$2 for the whiskey and \$4.50 to a man for forwarding it over the bar. Make your wife your barkeeper. Lend her two dollars to buy a gallon of whiskey for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay ten cents for it: By the time you have drunk a gallon she will have \$6.50, or enough to refund the \$2 borrowed of you, to pay for another gallon of liquor, and have a balance of \$2.50. She can continue future operations on her own capital; and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by all respectable persons your wife will have enough money to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE. Nearly fifteen years ago W. R. Daniels, now a member of the police force of this city, was then Governor of Idaho Territory. At that time a gentleman, whose name we suppress, was then one of the most prominent, talented and influential members of the first Legislature of that Territory. Both gentlemen, the executive and the legislator were warm personal friends. Fortune's fickleness is illustrated by the fact that to-day these two met face to face in the police court after a lapse of many years—one a member of the police force and the other a member of the city's peace; charge, drunk and disorderly. Such is life!—Portland "Bee."

INDIANS AS "TAX-EATERS." One of the curiosities of the debate on the Indian appropriation bill in the house yesterday was a speech from Wright of Pennsylvania, the "old man" who likes to be called a demagogue, in which he opposed the appropriation of \$5,000,000 for the non-producing, non-tax paying Indians, while not a cent was appropriated for the working-men. Wright calls the Indians "tax-eaters," and estimates that of the \$20 per Indian that is appropriated every year by the United States the Indian bureau get \$18. During Wright's remarks members of the house stood in breathless attention, and upon his conclusion, congressmen, with no respect for age, shouted enthusiastically, "Dully for you old man."

POST OFFICES. The following post offices have been established and discontinued from Oct. 1st to Jan. 20th: OREGON—ESTABLISHED. Ballsville, Polk county. Cascades Locks, Wasco county. Centerville, Umatilla county. Dardanelles, Jackson county. Latham, Lane county. Houer, Baker county. Malheur, Baker county. Oak Creek, Douglas county. Pettysville (Willow Forks), Umatilla county. Rockville (Scott's), Wasco county. Rye Valley, Baker county. St. Joseph's, Yamhill county. William's Creek, Jackson county. Willows, Umatilla county. DISCONTINUED. Comstock, Douglas county. Iowa Slough, Douglas county. Oro Dell, Union county. Sumter, Baker county. WASHINGTON TERRITORY—ESTABLISHED. Analone, Whitman county. Artondale (Arton), Pierce county. Cherry Valley, King county. Kamileha, Mason county. Key, Thurston county. Little Falls, Lewis county. Novelty, King county. Milton, King county. Pataha City, Whitman county. Summit, Chehalis county. Annettes, Columbia county. Koomecwook, Yakima county. Newaukum Prairie, Lewis county.

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