

Oregon Sentinel

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JACKSONVILLE LODGE NO. 10, O. E. F. HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETINGS EVERY Saturday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

THE LOST CHILD.

A Reminiscence of Southern Oregon. BY THE EDITOR.

It happened in fifty-five. A heavy cloud had been gathering over the settlers in Southern Oregon. The fame of the lovely valley lying under the snow-capped "Siskiyou" threaded by sparkling streams, covered with luxuriant grasses, the hiding place of antelope and deer, surrounded with hills that were yellow with gold had attracted attention, and emigration had poured fast into the Rogue River country from California and Northern Oregon.

In July of the same year George W. Harris, with his family, consisting of his wife, a daughter about eleven years of age, and a bright, manly little boy of nearly nine, had come from the Willamette and settled in a little valley through which passed the main line of travel, lying about forty miles north of Jacksonville.

Who can write the memory of that dreadful October night! Who can tell the anguish that wrung the heart of that heroic woman! As the night wore on and the sky grew higher and the stars grew colder still they looked coldly down upon her as she kept sleepless watch—holding in her arms the faint and bleeding child—the only treasure left her on earth.

daughter was shot through the left arm by the same volley that mortally wounded her father, but the brave little maiden uttered no cry nor showed the slightest sign of pain, but bleeding freely ran up stairs and threw herself on the bed. It was now that the courage of woman—that splendid quality that turns the fibres of the most delicate hearts to cords of steel, that mocks the valor of the braver sex, was sorely tried.

Mrs. Harris had observed her husband's movements, understood them, and at once realized this situation. For a moment only was she appalled. Instantly recovering her self possession the brave frontier woman took the weapon from the grasp of her dying husband, closed the inner door, and rushing upstairs seized an "Allen's" revolver, which was lying on the roof plate, and discharged it rapidly in the direction of the assailants through a hole in the ceiling.

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cold night air till the bereaved and stricken woman feared they would gather and tear her and her darling to pieces. Hours and hours sped by but the stars seemed motionless. How that woman prayed for daylight, unmindful of the dangers it might bring. Her thoughts now were wholly absorbed by the probable fate of the handsome, bright-eyed child, who had been so suddenly separated from them.

Mrs. Chambers often relates the story to her grand children, George and Mary Love, telling how nobly their mother bore her share of the burden. Twenty-three years have passed, and often, as the evening shadows gather and the twilight deepens, the mother sits sadly and silently with folded hands, looking down into the still unburied past, and wondering if in earth or sky she will find her second born.

Who, that has not suffered, can tell the withering thoughts that cling to the bitter memory of that dreadful October day and night! And who, among us all, can say that when the great harvest of the Eternal is garnered in, there will not be one little golden sheaf that will fill the sad and sorrowing heart with gladness for ever and evermore.

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consistent, well-ordered life. Every citizen, too, is responsible directly and indirectly for his influence before these boys; and every father to every other father. What can you expect of our boys when those who claim to be honorable men, our best citizens, openly and without shame, are seen by them to frequent the bar, the gaming table, to desecrate the Sabbath, and participate in other vices too numerous to mention?

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