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OREGON SENTINEL

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. W. ROBINSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office on California St., opposite P. J. Ryan's. Residence at B. F. Dowell's.

MRS. DR. ELLA FORD ROBINSON,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON,
DISEASES OF WOMEN
A SPECIALTY.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE AT B. F. Dowell's.

L. DANFORTH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office on California street, opposite P. J. Ryan's store. Calls promptly attended to, day or night.

G. H. AIKEN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office opposite P. J. Ryan's store.

MARTIN VROOMAN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Vrooman comes here with the intention of permanently locating himself in the practice of his profession. In a graduate, and from twenty-seven years experience in the Diseases incident to this Coast, flatters himself as being able to give general satisfaction.
Office at Kahler & Bro's Drug Store.

CHAS. J. HOWARD,
COUNTY AND MINERAL SURVEYOR
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Mining surveys and all other business promptly attended to.

E. H. AUTENRIETH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business left in my care. Office in Orth'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, Josephine and Curry, State of Oregon will make official surveys of mining claims.

WILL. JACKSON,
DENTIST,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
TEETH EXTRACTED AT ALL hours. Laughing 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
—AND—
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 Strowbridge'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.

GO TO KAHLER BROS AND BUY YOURself a Gold Pen.

WHY SHOULDN'T
The People of this Valley Save
THEIR MONEY
WHEN THEY CAN BUY
Dry-Goods and Fancy-Goods
GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
TOBACCO & LIQUORS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
MERCHANDISE!!
—FOR—
ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE
BY GOING TO
A. Fisher & Co.
RYAN'S BUILDING,
Next door to Post Office,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Where Highest Cash Prices are paid.
CALL AND SEE US.

CITY MARKET,
CALIFORNIA ST.,
WILLIAM BYBEE, -- Proprietor.
THIS WELL-KNOWN MARKET, OPPOsite Kahler & Bro.'s drugstore is better prepared than ever to furnish the public with the choicest quality of
FRESH BEEF,
PORK, VEAL,
MUTTON, HAM,
SALT MEATS,
BACON,
Superior,
SAUSAGE, LARD, ETC.,
The most favorable endeavors will be used to patrons, and no effort will be spared toward giving general satisfaction.
WM. BYBEE

CITY BARBER SHOP
AND
BATH ROOMS.
CALIFORNIA ST.,
Jacksonville, - - - Oregon
THE UNDERSIGNED IS FULLY prepared to do all work in his line in the best manner and at reasonable prices.
HOT OR COLD BATHS
Can be had at this place at all hours of the day.
GEORGE SCHUMPF.

P. DONEGAN
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
HORSE SHOEING,
COR., OF SECOND AND CALIFORNIA ST.
ALL KINDS OF MARKETABLE produce taken in exchange for work.
P. DONEGAN.

BLACKSMITHING!
DAVE CRONEMILLER.
BACK AT THE OLD STAND.
I AM NOW PREPARED TO DO ALL work in my line cheaper than ever, and in fact will do it cheaper than any other shop in Southern Oregon.
Give me a call and I will convince you.
DAVID CRONEMILLER.

KAHLER BROTHERS.
DEALERS IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

THE CITY BREWERY.
VEIT SCHUTZ, - -- Proprietor.
I WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INform the citizens of Jacksonville and the world at large, that they can find, at any time, at my Brewery, the best lager beer, in any quantity the purchaser may desire. My house is conveniently situated and my rooms are always in order. A visit will please you.

GO TO KAHLER Bros for paints, oils and brushes.

CITY BAKERY
AND
SALOON,
IN MASONIC BUILDING, OREGON ST.,
JACKSONVILLE, OGN.
THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY DEsires to announce to the public that they are now prepared to fill all orders for cakes of every description, such as wedding cakes, cakes for parties, wine cakes; also crown and rye bread, [illegible] crackers.
A lunch house will also be kept at this place, where oysters in all styles, Limburger and Schweitzer cheese, can be had at all hours of the day or night.
Fresh bread every day.
Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
GROB & ULRICH.

TABLE ROCK SALOON,
OREGON STREET,
WINTJEN and HELMS,
PROPRIETORS.
THE PROPRIETORS OF THIS well-known and popular resort would inform their friends and the public generally that a complete and first class stock of the best brands of liquors, wines, cigars, ale and porter, etc., are constantly kept on hand. They will be pleased to have their friends "call and smile."
CABINET.
A Cabinet of Curiosities may also be found here. We would be pleased to have persons possessing curiosities and specimens bring them in, and we will place them in the Cabinet for inspection.
WINTJEN & HELMS.

NEW STATE SALOON.
C. W. SAVAGE, Prop.,
JACKSONVILLE, OGN.
HAVING AGAIN TAKEN POSsession of this saloon, the undersigned [illegible] friends and the public generally at this old and popular resort. The finest liquors and cigars can always be had at this place, and the tables are supplied with all the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day.
A first class billiard table is also kept at this house. C. W. SAVAGE.

"C. O. D." SALOON.
CALIFORNIA ST.,
J. P. McDaniel - - Proprietor.
THIS POPULAR RESORT, UNDER new management, is furnishing the best brands of liquors, wines and cigars. The reading table is supplied with Eastern periodicals and leading papers of the Coast. Give me a call.

S. P. HANNA,
WAGON--MAKER,
Jacksonville, Oregon,
IN CRONEMILLER'S BUILDING IS IN receipt of a full assortment of material and prepared to do all work in his line on short notice and in a workmanlike manner.
Vehicles of every description made to order.
Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
Repairing a specialty.
S. P. HANNA.
Jacksonville, February, 20, 1878.

RE-OPENED!
JACOB MEYER,
PIONEER WAGON-MAKER,
HAS RESUMED BUSINESS AT the stand of the late J. L. Badger and is prepared to execute all work in his line with promptness and dispatch and at very reasonable rates. All kinds of vehicles constructed. Repairing a specialty. Good work and low prices guaranteed. Give me a call. J. MEYER.

F. RITSCHARD,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
California Street
Jacksonville -- Oregon,
MAKES A SPECIALTY OF CLEANing and repairing watches and clocks. Charges reasonable. Give him a call.

DR. SPINNEY & CO.,
SPECIALISTS,
No. 11,.....KEARNEY STREET
TREATS ALL CHRONIC AND PRIVATE DISeases without the aid of mercury.
Office hours—9 A. M. to 12 M; 2 to 5 and 6 to 9 P. M.,
CONSULTATION FREE.
Sundays excepted. Consultations free. Call or address Dr. A P SPINNEY & CO., No. 11, Kearney street San Francisco.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF POCKET AND Table Cutlery for sale by JOHN MILLER

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Josephine—ss.

H. F. Simon plaintiff vs. Israel Dietrich and Adeline Dietrich his wife and Charles Hartson defendants. } Suit in Equity to foreclose a mortgage.

To Israel Dietrich, Adeline Dietrich and Charles Hartson defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, within [illegible] days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you, if served within this County, or, if served in any other county in this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you, or if served by publication, or, out of the State of Oregon, then by the first day of the term of this Court, following such services, viz.

April 28th, 1879.

And if you fail to answer, for want thereof Plaintiff will take judgment against you Israel Dietrich for $369 44 gold coin with interest at 1 per cent. per month from Sept. 22d, 1876 less $4 and his costs and disbursements in this suit. And a decree against all of you defendants foreclosing plaintiff's mortgage on the N W ¼ of N W ¼, Section 25 T 40 S, R 9 W, and for the sale thereof to satisfy said judgment, and ten per cent. additional on the whole amount of said judgment, as attorney's fees and declaring plaintiffs said mortgage a prior lien to that of defendant Charles Hartson's decree of said court. Published by order of Hon. H. K. Hanna Judge of said court. Made February 19th, 1879.

E B WATSON
Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

Justice Court for the precinct of Kerbyville.
State of Oregon, county of Josephine—ss

J. Wimer & Sons vs Jerome Murry, } civil action to recover money.

TO Jerome Murry, the above named Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for the precinct aforesaid on the 6th day of May, 1879, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the office of said justice in said precinct, to answer the above named Plaintiff in a civil action.

The Defendant will take notice that if he fail to answer the complaint [illegible] Plaintiff will take judgment against him for the sum of $70 96 and costs and expenses. Given under my hand this 12th day of March 1879.

By order of the Court.
JAMES W. BAINE,
Justice of Peace.
Kerbyville, March 22, 1879.

Executor's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of U. S. Hayden, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned have been appointed by the County Court of Jackson county, Oregon, sitting in probate, Executors of the estate of U. S. Hayden, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle the same immediately, and those having claims against the estate will present them with the proper vouchers to either of us at our residence in Jacksonville, Jackson county, Oregon, within six months after the first publication of this notice.

WM. HOFFMAN
THEO. CAMERON,
Executors of said estate.
Dated March 5th, 1879.

E. C. BROOKS,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
SPECTACLES,
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY FANCY GOODS,
SHEET MUSIC, FIELD
GLASSES, VIOLINS, CITHERNS,
— HARPS —
AND STRINGS FOR THE SAME.
ALSO:
DRUGS, MEDICINES, TOILET SOAPS AND PERFUMERY.
NEEDLES AND BEST SPERM OIL FOR
Sewing Machines,
HE HAS SOLD OUT HIS stock of American Sewing Machines a number of times, but has another lot of them on hand. This is the lightest and most rapid running, as well as durable, machine there is made, and so simple that little girls five or six years old make their patch work on them.
This is the place to buy good watches, clocks and jewelry, and he will sell cheap jewelry cheaper than any one.
Watches, clocks, jewelry and sewing machines cleaned and repaired at a reduced price.

BEATTY PIANOS & ORGANS
LOCAL AGENCY.
I AM AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED Beatty Pianos and Organs for the counties of Jackson, Josephine, Douglas and Lake. Any one wishing to purchase one of these instruments can transact their business with me. Prices extremely low. All wishing a good and cheap piano call and see me.
MRS. B. [illegible]OWELL.

HOW WE DID IT ON SCOTT'S BAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

Talkin' about vigilantes, boys, jest square round, an' I'll tell you how we did it on Scott's Bar once."

We were camped up in the Siskiyou Range—a prospecting party—grouped in the various easy attitudes of camp-life round a glorious pitch-pine fire that sent its ruddy gleams deep among the shadows of the dense fir timber around and overhead, and the conversation had turned, as usual, on the early days of California. As Californians, we have a peculiar fondness for this kind of retrospect. It does us good to recall the flush times with their rich strikes, even if the golden harvest did slip through our fingers. We like to tell how the boys wing-dammed the river—just round the bend, you know—and took out a wash-pan level full the first week; how Sandy Brown sunk at the mouth of the gulch until the water drove him out, and an emigrant came along, went six inches deeper, and struck it rich; how Ned Jones got "broke" at a monte bank, got kind of desperate, and picked up a rope with a horse at the end of it—how the boys followed him and took him over to Kanaka Gulch, where Ned poor fellow! asked them to send word to his mother that the "Injuns" had got him, and died protesting against the injustice of circumstantial evidence; how "Twenty-one Joe" shot a man across his table, down at Spanish Flat, and dealt the game all night with the corpse lying on a bench in the same room; how an emigrant, hunting his horses one morning, found the famous Gold Hill ledge, and sold out for a big "home stake" within twenty-four hours; and about Jake Smith who reached Frisco, on his way home, and saw a chance to double his "pile at a faro-bank, but went back to American Fork, declaring that 'luck always was agin him." These and a thousand kindred reminiscences that made up the exciting record of pioneer life, seeming now like a dream, are told and retold with infinite relish, carrying us back to scenes so full of liberty, so strangely pleasant.

The speaker was Tom Gray, one of those easy-going fellows on whom bad luck seems to have a perpetual mortgage—always out at elbows, always laughing in the face of misfortune, always hunting up a poker game, forever getting up "broke." Even Tom's trousers seemed so desirous of parting company with their unfortunate owner, eternally sliding off him, that his whole life was an incessant struggle to retain his scanty wardrobe. We liked him, however. He was trustworthy, full of experience, and familiar with the history of every gulch along the face of the Sierra. He could always command an audience.

"Let me see," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "we struck Scott's Bar in '51. Them was the diggins, boys; chunks big as flat irons—lots of 'em! Why, I've seen an ounce paid for a candle to play a little four-handed game by—aces worth as high as six ounces, an' ef a feller got two pair beat it gen'rally cleaned him. "But," he resumed, after a thoughtful pause, probably spent in contemplation of the good old days when poker stakes were more plentiful than now, "that ain't the story, an' of you'll listen to me, I'll tell you how we fixed a chap once that wasn't on the dead square.

"In '52 there come an emigrant to the Bar—a young lawyer, by the name o' Smith. He had hung out his shingle in the States, but didn't have any luck, an' come to California to make a raise, jest like the rest of us. He was an innocent sort o' feller, so Sam Patterson an' I showed him a place where the bed-rock pitched, and he started in an' did first rate. Everybody liked Smith; he was always singin' in his claim. Ef you met him twenty times a day, he always had a pleasant word. He didn't drink nor gamble; he said there was a little wife an' baby back in Illinois that needed his money worse than the gamblers. Smith cabined with a Frenchman by the name of Doctor Baid—we called him 'Frenchy'—but he wasn't very thick with him, an' always carried his sack in the pocket of his coat to his claim. One day he forgot it. Frenchy came walkin' down to where he was rockin', an' told him his coat was up in the cabin, he was goin' down the river, and he had better take care of it. Smith was scared, but he found his sack apparently all right. Every Saturday night he weighed his pile, an' the next time he put it in the scales it was short about six ounces; but he might have made a mistake in the figures, an' didn't say much about it.

"Frenchy soon went over to Humbug, an' left Smith alone in the cabin. Along in the Fall Smith's pile had swelled up to about $1,500, an' he fixed to leave. One night, Sam an' I was up to see him, an' didn't he feel good! He was goin' in a week, an' told us how he was goin' to slip in with his minin' rig on, tell his poor little wife he was broke—jest to see if she would stick to him—an' then pour the whole sackful right into her lap. We were busy talkin' about the old homes in the States, an' it might have been about nine o'clock when we heard a little rustle, like a mouse might make up on Smith's bunk. We didn't think anything about it for an hour, an' jest as we left, Smith reached up for his coat. It was light as a feather; didn't have the color in it. We begun hunt-in' round, an' found that a piece o' chinkin' had been loosed during the day, an' the little rustle we heard was made by the robber's hand. We felt sorry for poor Smith. He never said a word but sot down, and swelled up an' choked till the big tears come, for the meetin' with his little wife was a long ways off now. Next mornin' we raised the Bar, an' the boys were terrible hostile. There wasn't a lick struck that day. We took a drink all around then held a meetin', resolved that a durned mean trick had been done, an' formed ourselves into a vigilance committee—every one of us. Smith said Frenchy was the only man that knew where he kep' his money; an' when he told about missin' the six ounces, we concluded Frenchy was the man we wanted. Cy Herd was made constable, an' sent to Humbug. He found Frenchy jest startin' for Yreka, an' as he didn't hurry [illegible] he would go along an' git a regular warrant from the old chief o' the vigilantes. He got the warrant, an' I always keep it to show. Since they changed the county to Siskiyou—it used to be all Shasta—some folks want to deny that there ever was a committee there."

Drawing out a greasy memorandum book, Tom produced the document, bearing the marks of age and the unmistakable stamp of genuineness, reading as follows:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
COUNTY OF SHASTE,
Shaste Plains Township }

"VIGELANT COM VS DR BAID

"To any constable of Shaste Plains Township this day complaint having Laid before me Vigelant Commitee that the crime of felony has Ben commited and acusing the above named Dr Baid of the same therefore you are to arest the said Dr Baid and bring him before the people and to be delt with acording to their Judgment

A. BOLES

"YREKA 1852 chairman Commitee"

Evidently proud of his distinction as chairman, A. Boles had signed this unique document three times—twice on the back, once to give it an air of legal formality, again to direct Abraham Thompson to "serve the within Rit."

"Now, boys," remarked Tom, as he folded the relic of the people's court carefully away, "that didn't have many big words in it, but it meant business. Cy put it into Constable Thompson's hands, an' they snatched their man an' started for the Bar. When they got there with him, Frenchy was on the bluff, an' allowed he would make somebody pay for that day's work. Brought before the jury—twelve of the best men in that camp—he weakened a little, but swore he was innocent, and called the Holy Virgin—which was tolerable strong for a Frenchman—to witness that he had not been on the Bar for two weeks. No one had seen him on the bar within that time. Cy Herd found out at Humbug that Frenchy was there at sundown the night of the robbery, and at work soon after daylight the next morning. The only evidence was Smith's opinion; he stuck to it that ef Frenchy didn't have his money he didnt want a cent, but that wasnt hardly enough to hang on. Some of the boys wanted to hang Frenchy on general principles, but that wouldnt pan; there was some good square men on the jury, and you bet he got a fair trial.

"Smith told all he knew. Cy swore to the time Frenchy was at Humbug, and we couldnt find a track anywhere that fitted his boots. The jury went out under a big oak all alone, talked it over, and took one vote; about half was for Frenchy, the balance wanted to hang him, anyhow. One of the jurors were old Beck—a kind of natural lawyer, one of the worst men in an argument you ever saw. He knew lots, and picked up lots more as he went along—jest like quicksilver, awful slippery—and would gather up all the gold in your conversation into a store for future use. Beck was the girt-edgeller into an argument, jest as like as not take the wrong side, git the run of your points, flop round, make you take his side, and the dummuxn you, as he called it. He was of easy-goin, soft-hearted man, and for letting Frenchy slide. It wouldnt never do, he said, to hang a man on suspicion; I dont want no ghost jabbering Frenchy round my cabin. Beck saved Frenchy's neck. He made up his mind that he was innocent, and he riddled the evidence jest like he'd been in a regular court. There was some [illegible] points in Frenchys favor; Humbug was a good ten miles from the Bar, and night of the robbery the darkest you ever saw, the trail over the mountain terrible rough. It seemed impossible to make the trip in the night; and Beck spent an hour trying to prove that a man couldn't be in two places at one time, swearing he'd starve before he'd commit murder. Finally Smith stepped up. Boys, says he, let me take Frenchy out and talk to him; ef he dont give me that money in half an hour, I'll think he aint the man. They went out together. Smith talked easy and soft to him at first. He told him about his wife and little one that was waiting for him; how it was every cent he had in the world; how he toiled for it, pinched himself to save it, and ef he gave it up he would forgive and never expose him. It was when, all of a sudden, Smith jumped to his feet, drawed his six shooter, and in a voice so earnest and death-like that the prisoner's lips began to quiver and turn white, he says, 'Frenchy, I know you have got my money, and ef by the time the sun goes over the hill you dont tell me where it is, I'll kill you. He had him covered, and I always believed he would have shot him like a snake—there was such a queer, devilish look about his eyes that it made my flesh crawl; but in a few minutes, there was a loud yell, and Cy said the jury had agreed. So they had; they had compromised, and agreed to give Frenchy a little swing—just leave his tip-toes on the ground—then another, and if that didn't choke the money out of him, he was the wrong man. Then they come in a body, looking mighty serious, one of them bringing a rope, with a regular hangman's noose at the end of it. The foreman read the verdict Guilty; to be hanged before sundown.

"Poor Frenchy looked at the rope, then at the jury; every face was as cold as a stone. He gave a wild kind of a wishful look up the mountain, but his legs were hobbled, an' he weakened right there. 'Men,' he says, 'don't hang me, I'll show you the money.' Sure enough he did. Thompson an' Smith went down the river with him about a mile, to where the trail run under a bluff. Frenchy reached up as high as he could, pulled the big sack out of a crevice, an' handed it to the owner without a word. Smith, in his joy, wanted to let Frenchy go, but Thompson said everything must be done regular, accordin' to law. Meanwhile, the jury got their heads together. Great Moses! wasn't old Beck mad. 'Boys,' he says, 'a man that can fool me on human nature that way, is an awful dangerous element. The majesty of the law is busted wide open. Frenchy's got to have a little taste, to show him Americans wont stand no foolishness.' That is always the way," said Tom, quietly; "do a man a positive injury, then he'll forgit it; but jest impose on his judgment, and he'll never forgive you. The jury was all agreed on that proposition. They passed a string o' resolutions—everything was done that way: First, that Frenchy get twenty-nine lashes on the bare back; second, that Smith was to do the whippin'; third, that the prisoner was to leave Shasta Plains within five hours; fourth, that certain money found on him should go to pay all just demands against him after constable'

Continued on [illegible]