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JACKSONVILLE, OREGON: MARCH 17, 1880.

\$3 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. W. ROBINSON, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

G. H. AIKEN, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

MARTIN VROOMAN, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

P. JACK, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Formerly of Glasgow, Scotland.) APPLIGATE, OREGON.

E. H. AUTENRIETH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

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

DR. J. M. TAYLOR, DENTIST. ASHLAND, OREGON.

WILL JACKSON, DENTIST. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

BERTHOLD ROSTEL, Asst. SURGEON of the German Army. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

PROFESSIONAL HAIR-CUTTER, IN ORTH'S BUILDING, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

GIBBS & STEARNS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS. Rooms 2 and 4 Strowbridge's Building. PORTLAND, OREGON.

JACKSONVILLE HOTEL! Specially Occupied Mrs. Mackin & Mrs. Vining. JACKSONVILLE.

GO TO KAHLER For eye, ear, nose and throat. Cotton batting, 27 1/2 cts per pound, at the New York store.

RESCRIPTIONS Carefully prepared. KAMLE BROS. Three undershirts for \$1, at the New York store.

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.

Wool Manufacturing Co. Take pleasure in announcing that they now have on hand a full and select stock of

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS AND HOSIERY, Made of the very best NATIVE WOOL

NEW LIVERY STABLE BACK OF COURT HOUSE. MANNING AND WEBB, Proprietors.

Fine Turnouts. Having lately fitted up the most modern and comfortable horse and carriage line in the city.

NEW ROUTE TO THE SEA BY WAY OF THE ROSEBURG & COOS BAY STAGELINE.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARE NOW running a daily line of four-horse stages between Roseburg and Coos City.

ASHLAND AND LINKVILLE Express. H. F. Phillips, Proprietor.

BLACKSMITHING! DAVE CRONEMILLER. BACK AT THE OLD STAND.

P. DONEGAN GENERAL BLACKSMITHING AND HORSE SHOEING.

PHOENIX DISTILLERY AND SALOON. J. L. HOCKETT, Prop.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS TAKEN full charge of this business and is prepared to furnish the public with a first-class quality of Brandy, Wine and Cider.

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A TRIBUTE.

To the memory of Bro. Geo. McKnight, by Mrs. W. J. Plymale, N. G. of the Ruth Rebekah Degree Lodge, No 4, I. O. O. F.:

By a mystic summons from the invisible Guardian of the great unknown, our well beloved brother, Geo. McKnight, has passed from our midst,

In the time that he has been working with us in this degree he has endeared himself to us by the strongest ties of personal friendship, and strengthened the golden links of the mystic chain which binds us together in this society.

His life has been a living exemplification of the sublime teachings of Odd Fellowship; and in the heart of each member he leaves a monument to his memory, more enduring than the purest slab of spotless marble, and while time, the great healer, scatters beautiful flowers over the new made grave of our departed brother, let us cherish his memory and contemplate in chastened sorrow the grandeur of his life, which has been a beautiful illustration of the imperishable tenets of our Order.

Each member should feel that our Brother has passed the invisible door that we soon all must signal, and be recognized by the test that will be required of us when we too shall stand before the Grand Master of the universe, and let this be another admonition to us to live in the highest sense in accordance with the sublime teachings of our Order, and may we see, in our brother's death but a broken link in the golden chain of Odd Fellowship that should be welded again in the workshop of the Eternal and that we too are only waiting till the angels open wide the mystic doors.

With us still we have an Odd Fellow's most sacred charge, the heart broken widow and orphan, and while we offer them in personal friendship our most sincere sympathy and condolence in this dark hour of affliction there bereavement has touched a tender chord in the great heart of Odd Fellowship that beats responsive to their own and circles around them the protecting chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, whose electric links bind us together in the mystic ties of this degree.

Our lamented brother needs no higher eulogy than that he lived in all the relations of life an Odd Fellow in its purest, truest sense, and while we bow in submission to the Divine mandate that has summoned our brother to the presence of the Supreme Ruler we whisper sadly, kind husband and father, faithful friend and brother, and exalted Odd Fellow, a last earthly farewell; and while nature clothes your last resting place in its choicest verdure and beauty, may the whispering winds and anoning pines chant your requiem.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SASSA-PARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial or blood disorders.

There is really no necessity for ones taking cold, nor even any occasion for it, if a New York medical man can be believed. He says that "cold-taking is simply the result of a sufficient impression of cold to reduce the vital energy of nerve centers presiding over the functions of special organs."

THE LADY ALICE sat in her boudoir, enrobed in a bright brocade of a jardiniere pattern. She was waiting for the appearance of her lover, Augustus Fitznoode. The bell rings. Lady Alice starts from her chair, presses her hands to her heart, and murmurs, "Tis he. He comes; he comes." She would have said a great deal more if her false teeth hadn't dropped down, and compelled her to shut her mouth.

The servant enters. He makes a bow, and says: "A gentleman awaits your pleasure."

Lady Alice, having stuck the teeth to her upper jaw with her brother Jim's last end of chewing gum, replies: "Let him enter."

The door flies open and a tall form appears. It rushes forward. Lady Alice shudders and gasps: "Tis not Augustus."

The form bows low and the lips speak: "Fair lady, the fame of your beauty resounds throughout the land, and I have traveled many miles and from distant countries to gaze upon your face and inform your ladyship that I am agent for the best corn extractor, pimple eradicator, and freckle extirminator ever offered to the public, and at the low price of ten cents a box, three for a quarter or sixteen for a dollar, and a beautiful chromo thrown in."

[It is needless to continue this tale Augustus appears and saves the Lady Alice and in her delight the Lady is willing to give herself to Augustus, but Augustus sarcastically replies that so good a deed as he has done doesn't deserve to be punished in this manner, and the curtain falls.] -"Oil City Derrick."

APPLIGATE ITEMS.

APPLIGATE, FEB. 23d, 1880. During this very unpropitious weather, little progress in prize-worthy efforts can be truthfully reported from this immediate section.

The stock that was reported in your issue of last week as "doing well," is now trading its weary rounds in search of some gift of Nature to satisfy the cravings of empty stomachs and emaciated bodies that have had little to boast of, (except negative satisfaction) for the last ninety days, and making the mountains reverberate the echoes of their mournful wails.

As for farming, little in this vicinity has, or ever will be done by the lords of the soil, but prospects are now quite favorable, that a few of them will soon be compelled to "grease their wagons" and give possession to better, more enterprising and industrious people. So mote it be.

From present appearances Rogue River oats will be in demand down this way for at least a year to come, and the man who obtained a quantity from your generous and accommodating Sheriff, "on another side issue," will no doubt need another load.

This being a very healthful part of the country, the people have few ailments to report; but we are informed that Mr. Geo. Clark is lying at Esq. Brown's in a helpless condition, from paralysis, where he has been for months, with no prospect of recovery.

"Jap" Weatherbee of Jackson creek is now running his saw mill day and night and turning out a fine quantity of excellent lumber.

The coyotes made a break on the sheepfold of Thomas Clemons a few nights since killing and wounding a full "baker's dozen," and then gave him one of their most hideous serenades. It seems that some united and general action should be taken to decimate the numbers of these destructive pests.

We are ashamed, and very sorry too that the would-be Worthy Chief of the Good Templars at Wilderville rented the hall a few weeks since to a saloon keeper, and the result has been as effectual as it was disgraceful, and the organization has been completely broken up, their charter returned, and some of its feeble members already caught in the trap so ingeniously set for them.

It is lamentable and grievous in the extreme, that the very man who has so often acknowledged himself "a broken down, but reformed drunkard" and saved as a "brand from the burning" by this very organization, &c., &c., should so give way as to knowingly and willfully injure the whole community, encourage idleness and crime, and disgrace himself and family, in the vain hope of injuring, a certain one. O! Tempora, O! Mores. OBSERVER.

A MODERN NOVEL.

The Lady Alice sat in her boudoir, enrobed in a bright brocade of a jardiniere pattern. She was waiting for the appearance of her lover, Augustus Fitznoode. The bell rings. Lady Alice starts from her chair, presses her hands to her heart, and murmurs, "Tis he. He comes; he comes."

There is no very serious case of sickness, except colds in great profusion, and of the worst kind as I can testify.

The roads were getting pretty good before the snow but now - well never mind, for at the school meeting we were elected an officer, and already had a big office and still we wish the weather would get good and something transpire, that will be news, for now it is scarce, so good bye.

Many persons know it but some do not, that a pretty and easily grown window plant may be obtained by soaking round piece of coarse sponge in warm water until it is thoroughly expanded. After squeezing it about half dry, place in the openings millet and clover, and barley grass seeds, rice and oats. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines a part of the day, and sprinkle it lightly with water every morning for a week. Soon tender leaves will shoot out, and grow rapidly, will form a drooping mass of living green. If regularly sprinkled, it will later be dotted with the blossoms of the clover.

If you need any goods call at the New York Store the closing out and selling at cost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

APPLIGATE MARCH 14th 1880. Up to last night the weather was fine and farmers could work right along, but alas, a big snow, to the depth of 5 inches now covers the earth and work will have to be suspended.

No more will the old settlers refer, with pride, to the hard winter of '62, but will have now to tell this, "that this ere winter beats the hull on them."

Who was it that said "Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring?" If you know, tell him to get out of her lap and let the grass grow, the sun shine so that stock may again look with pride on mother earth as it gaily stands around to nip the tender grass and make its sides stick out with fatness.

Except those sheep that were lost in the first snow storm, our stock has not suffered much, still many have tussies in trying to keep body and "wind" together. Feed is holding out well, that much will be like the transient dew in a short time.

Up to this time none of the miners have made any clean up, but all areas busy as bees and are moving more than a usual amount of dirt, and by their prospects, they all expect a big clean up.

Comment me to the farmers of our valley for push a head - not one but what is putting forth the best licks of his life in order to get his crops in. As for good plowing I have not seen its equal since I am in the State; it no doubt is owing to the much freezing which makes the ground so mellow, and I predict if we have a good season the best crops this year that have been raised since I am in the country, and hope also that a market can be had for the products, which also calls to mind the C. C. wagon road project. So as soon as the crops of grain are in let the farmers and everybody else bestir themselves and work together with might and main and rest not until the road is built.

Run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train, men don't get along well with the passengers. No I don't go to the Universalist, though I do know some awfully good men who run that road.

"Presbyterian" I asked. "Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there are no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go on straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops that hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers," I said. "Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent, where the road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said nobody. I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be painted above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes" I said with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked. "Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads, very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular, and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on connections. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed. "Limited expresses," he said "all palace cars, and \$2 extra for a seat, fast time and only stops at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductors punch and lantern silver plated, and train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich roads through. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested. "Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor don't get a fare once in road is built."

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connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it.

Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said. "Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road too - one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too, directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Roads mighty popular, but its pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But its a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said. "Now your's shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, old fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and eighty all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts all aboard; you can hear him to the next station. Every train light shines like a headlight. Stop over checks are given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as they like, do the station two or three days and hop on the next train that comes thundering along. Good whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes, every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more. "Ah, ha," said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweeps around anything to curves - down to the river, but steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminals. Takes a heap of water to run it though, double tanks at every station, and there ain't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and no hills on the other, and its a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and a good time and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man - twenty-five cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want -"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting: "Zionsville! train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, - It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst by death our well beloved brother, Geo. McKnight, late a member of Lone Star Lodge, No 51, I. O. O. F., of the jurisdiction of California, therefore be it

RESOLVED, - That in the death of our brother the order has lost a true and worthy member, society a just and upright citizen, and his family a kind and loving husband and father.

RESOLVED, - That this Lodge extend to the family of the deceased our heart felt sorrow in this their sad bereavement, and commit them to the keeping of him who doeth all things well.

RESOLVED, - That the charter of this Lodge be draped, and the members wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

RESOLVED, - That a copy of these resolutions be sent under seal of this Lodge to the family of the deceased, and one to the Lodge of which the brother was a member; also that they be spread in full upon the minutes of this Lodge, and a copy be furnished to each of our town papers for publication. Fraternally submitted.

C. SCHRIFFELIN, A. H. MAEGLY, Jno. A. BOYER, Secy.

JACKSONVILLE, March 6th, 1880.