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OREGON SENTINEL.

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Physican And Surgeon,
CENTRAL POINT, OREGON.
Calls promptly attended to at all hours.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Office in Mrs. McCully's building, corner of California and Fifth streets.

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Jacksonville, Ogn.
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Notary Public, Real Estate Agent and Collector.
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I make conveyancing and furnishing abstracts of land titles a specialty. Loans negotiated and collections made. All business intrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention.

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Rooms 2 and 4 Strowbridge's Building,
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Freight Notice.

To accommodate shippers of Southern Oregon the Oregon and California Railroad Company has hired the large warehouse at Riddle, and storage will be charged at the rate of fifty cents per ton per month or factional part thereof.
E. P. ROGERS,
G. F. & P. Agent, O. & C. R. R.
Portland, November 1, 1882.

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Steam Bath
Practical Shaving, Haircutting
AND
ARTIFICIAL HAIR WORKER.
FOR
Ladies and Gentlemen.
BLEEDING,
Cupping, Leeching,
IN
NEUBER'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE
THE POST-OFFICE.
Jacksonville, Dec. 11, 1877.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine

J. NUNAN,
California Street, Adjoining
HOLT'S NEW HOTEL,
Jacksonville, Oregon,
DEALER IN
CLOTHING
MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'!
Latest Pattern and made from
OREGON CITY CASSIMERE
DUCK & DEMIN OVERALLS AND JUMPERS.
SHOES, ETC.,
LADIES', MISSES', CHILDREN'S KID & CALF SHOES,
MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS; ALEXIS TIES AND BROGANS.
[All California Make.]
A full Assortment of
Ladies' Dress & Fancy Goods,
Also a large line of
Men's and Boys' Hats.
Gentlemen's Underware, Suspenders &c., I also keep a full line of
GROCERIES, ETC.,
Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Spices, Canned goods of every description, a full assortment of
Stationery,
TOBACCO & CIGARS.
A large quantity of
Crockery and Glassware,
All of which I will sell
FOR CASH
—AT—
Extraordinary Low Prices.
My motto will be
"QUICK SALES and SMALL PROFIT."
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

I am also agent for the following Standard Insurance Companies:
Foreign Imperial, London, Northen and Queen.
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Home Fireman's Fund.
Home State Investment Ins. Co.
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Traveler's Life and Accident of Hartford Conn.
Risks taken at lower rates than any Agent in Oregon, and will guarantee in case of loss, prompt payment.
JERRY NUNAN.

TUTT'S PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.
(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

THE ASHLAND
Woolen 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
And of which they will dispose at very reasonable rates.
Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention. Send them in and give our goods a trial.
ASHLAND WOOLEN M'F'G CO.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.
A fine Hazleton Piano, warranted sound and in the best condition. For further particulars enquire at the residence of E. D. Foudray, Jacksonville, Oregon.
EUGENIA A. KELLEY.

FAME.

"I don't wish to discourage you, but lately
I've been filled
With certain strong misgivings, son, that
somehow won't be stilled;
There's something tells me, plain as
words, that you, with all your wit,
Have erred in marking out your course,
and you'll repent of it.

"The time will come when you will sigh:
Had I but only known
What I do now, the good old farm, with
all its hills and stone,
Would not have driven me away to find,
when hope is dead,
That fame does not bestow her wreath on
any sort of head.

"I'm talking plainly, that I know, but,
Reuben, mind you this:
That Fame's a far-off target that a million
markmen miss;
Then, some fine day a shot is heard that
rings throughout the land,
And Genius pops the bull's-eye, square,
with steady eye and hand.

"You may turn out a genius, Rube; I
really hope you will;
You know Fame's temple crowns the top
of an enormous hill,
And ten thousands bound that way, with
resolution stiff,
Have found their way completely stopped
by a stupendous 'if.'

"Now, Reuben, when you reach that 'if'
you'll show good judgment, son,
By taking cross lots for the farm and come
here on a run;
Stay here and toil, as I have done, and you
may get to be
A Deacon in the church, perhaps, or, may
be, School Trustee.

"All that be blowed!" Well, go your way,
you'll have my earnest prayers;
We'll always keep in order, son, your
cozy room upstairs.
For you may yet return, convinced that
wreaths of Fame are rare.
And that your old straw hat best suits the
color of your hair."

—Rural New Yorker.

Carver Wins by One Bird.

Louisville, Feb. 23.—The cold was disagreeable for the contests between Captain H. Bogardus and Dr. W. F. Carver, of California. The match was shot on the grounds of the Jockey club. Seven or eight hundred persons were present and considerable money was put up, bets on an average at the opening being about 100 on Bogardus to 60 on Carver. Last night the latter's friends grew more confident, and he crept up in the pools. Before the opening of the match pools sold 100 on Bogardus to 80 on Carver. Then even bets were offered and accepted. The terms of the match were 100 birds, 30 yards rise with 80 yards boundary. Both men appeared calm and confident. At a few minutes past 1 o'clock they were called to work, Col. John M. Barbour, of this city, acting as referee, without any judges. The birds used were tame pigeons, and did not fly well. Bogardus failed to score on the second bird, which fell dead 40 yards outside the limits. Carver missed the 15th and 16th, and Bogardus missed the 19th, and the score stood a tie. Carver fell behind on the 20th, with a miss. When the 50th bird was reached there was a tie, each having killed 43. At the 70th shot Bogardus had 60, Carver 57; 76th, Bogardus 64, Carver 61. From the 75th to the 90th Carver gained three and tied Bogardus. Neither missed for some time, and excitement ran high among the crowd, but the contestants were cool and determined. At the 96th bird Bogardus missed, and Carver, without a miss, ran out, defeating his antagonist by one bird. The score stood Carver 83, Bogardus 82. Time, two hours and forty minutes. There was nothing to mar the good feeling, the match passing off pleasantly and without protest. The crowd cheered lustily at the finish, and all joined in heartily congratulating Carver on a closely won victory. Carver's stakes and gate money was over $1500.

A Chicago "Tribune" reporter on a hunt for sensation disguised himself as a drunkard and entered a home for inebriates called the Washingtonian home. He remained a week and wrote a page about it. Then he told the superintendent who he was. The superintendent, after recovering from his surprise at the unexpected revelation, told the reporter that in disguising himself he had gone to unnecessary expense, as he could have passed examination as a baccalaureate drunkard on his merits. The reporter, from this and other things he saw and heard, took the pledge, so that while he went to reform the home, the home actually reformed him.

HIS PA MORTIFIED.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning, said the groceryman to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collects garbagein the alley.

"O, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumbers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I came away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to the boy?"

"Well, in nine cases out of ten they would hit it right, but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"S-h-h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave each of us a piece of limberger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece and it made me tired. O, it was the awfulest smell I ever heard of, except the smell when they found the tramp, who hung himself in the woods on the Whitefish Bay road, and had been dead three weeks. It was just like an old back number funeral. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, I put a piece in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went down to church too, and sat on the back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book and ma held the other, and pa he always sings for all that's out, and when he braced himself and sang, "Just as I am," ma thought pa's voice tinctured with biliousness and she looked at him, and hunched him and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, because his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross toward ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said "whew" and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowsey. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman that used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled pa's cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small-pox, and held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine who belongs to our church, and he looked at ma kind o' queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out and when he came by me he said something about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses and they looked at pa and ma scandalous, and the two ushers they came around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up, and that he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken before of the matter and expected it would be attended to before this, He said he was a meek and humble follower of the lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided, but he'd be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a boneboiling establishment. He said religion was a good thing, but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fat rendering establishment as he could in a flower garden, and as far as he was concerned he had got enough. Everybody looked at everybody else, and pa looked at ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all round. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her underclothes, and a piece in the spare room, under the bed, and a piece in the bathroom, in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table and a piece in the library in a book and I went to the dining room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bear. Ma came home from church, first and when I asked where pa was, she said she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air himself. Pa came home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told pa that he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carbolic acid. Pa fully convinced ma that it was not him, and then they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went down to the health officer and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said they were dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for the plumbers, and ma went to the neighbors to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor in the basement, I came over here. If they find that limberger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and ma says she is going to break up keeping house and board. That is just in my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where you can have a bill-of-fare and tooth picks, and billiards and everything. Well, I guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat tail full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."—"Peck's Sun."

THE BANNER STATE.

Oregon is destined to become the banner State of the Pacific slope. This is not an idle boast, but the calm deduction of patient investment. A State to beome great, wealthy, and powerful, must possess a genial climate, fertile soil and abundant resources. It must have easy access to central marts of trade. If it has broad trade agricultural priviteges, it will become powerful, and if coupled with these leading factors it can command a wide range of commercial intercourse, it will be mighty. Oregon has all these natural advantages in process of development. It has wealth of area. It has a rich virgil soil. It is possessed of great agricultural, manufacturing privileges. Its latent resource is wonderful to contemplate. Its era of development has but commenced. Trans-Atlantic railroads are straining every nerve to reach its borders. Staunch steamships are being built to traffic in its commerce. These motors of civilization will bring immigration and immigration will bring rapid developement and development will bring prosterity and prosperity will bring contentment. Our population will double, treble and quadruple. This will give us a stronger representation to the seat of government and lead additional activity to command subsidies for the improvement of our harbors, rivers and coast. It has been demonstrated by experiment that our table and prairie lands are susceptible of producing all classes of cereals in the greatest abundance that our upland and highland, even to the summit of our mountain ranges, are natural pastures for the propagation of all kinds of grasses. This leaves naught but our desert lands untillable, and even these to a great extent by the fostering hand of labor will be reclaimed and brought to swell the great, pulsating stream of unbounded resources. —"Albany Herland."

BAD PRACTICE.—If all we hear of the management of affairs at the railroad front on the southern extension be true in reference to shielding men guilty of crime, things certainly have arrived at a sad state of affairs. Surprise need be no longer expressed, when men have a little money on their person are never heard of, and their bodies never found, and hence are reported lost. We were informed this week that certain parties high in authority at the front were harboring, shielding and giving those charged with crime to seclude themselves from view of those who come out there clothed with the authority of a warrant for the arrest of these violators of the law. In consequence no arrest can be effected, and the guilty parties are permitted to go unpunished, and are simply encouraged to delve down deeper in the pools of crime. Under such state of affairs there can be no security of life nor property, and the very men who are now allowed to go unmolested may turn against the interests of those now shielding them.—"Plaindealer."

"BONDED SPIRITS."

The movement in Congress now being led by Senator Sherman for the relief of "whisky in bond," has developed a good many erroneous impressions among the press about the meaning of this term, and we presume it is less generally understood by many readers. The substance of a very learned and lucid explanation of this process is as follows: Attached to every distillery is a warehouse of which the Government, through a United States storekeeper, takes charge. On every door is a patent "Government lock," and the storekeeper keeps the keys. At the end of the warehouse nearest the distillery proper, is partitioned off the "cistern room," that contains tanks, into which the whisky runs direct from the still. From these tanks it is drawn on into barrels in the presence of the storekeeper and the United States gauger. The barrels so filled are rolled into the other portion of the warehouse and a "warehouse stamp," bearing the date of the distillation, is affixed to each. The whisky thus barreled can, under the revenue laws, remain in this warehouse under Government lock and key for three years. Then the whisky is said to be "in bond." At the expiration of the three years the tax of 90 cents per gallon must be paid on the original quantity of whisky in the barrels, as shown by the gauge when it was barreled, less two and a half gallons per barrel per anum allowed for evaporation and shrinkage. Then a tax-paid stamp is put on each barrel, and a brand, with the name of the distiller, the number of the district, and the date of the payment of the tax, is burned in the head. Now the distiller for the first time can do as he pleases with his whisky, and it is said be "taken out of bond."

The Coldest Town on the Globe.

Jakutsk (or Yakootsk), chief town of the province of that name in eastern, Sibera, is on the left bank of Lena river, 62 degrees 1 minute north longitude 149 degrees 40 minutes east, and distant, from St. Petersburg 5915 miles. The ground remains frozen to the depth of 2000 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During 10 days in August the thermometer marks 85 degrees, but from November to February it ranges from 42 to 68 degrees below zero, and the river is solid ice for 9 months out of the 12. The entire industry of the place—population about 5000—is comprised in candle works, and yet it is the principal market of eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting tribes of Buriats. The former, nomadic, having large herds of horses and cattle, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsk. The Buriats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sables, foxes, martins, hares, squirrels and the like, and many of them are sold at Okhotsk.

Such is Fame.

A Washington telegram to the San Francisco "Chronicle" under the date of Feb. 13 says: Riding down Pennsylvania avenue in a street-car to-day was a short man with a hard, red face and a stumpy and bristly gray beard. He was neatly but plainly dressed. There were only four passengers on his side of the car—a lame negro, a slender young woman with a soiled dress and woolen gloves, and an artisan in his working clothes. He was by himself. He sat with his bare dumpy hands on his knees, glancing at each new passenger who boarded the car, and then resumed his straight look through the car window in front of him. Nobody recognized him, and yet he had commanded the largest armies ever raised in America, and for eight years was President of the country. He had been to the Senate to see some of the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee in reference to the Mexican treaty.

Mrs. Emma B. Drexel, wife of Francis A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who died last Monday night, was noted for her extensive philanthropy. She paid the rent of more than 150 families and distributed among the poor over $20,000 a year. She employed a woman to institute inquiry into the merits of each applicant, and once every week dispensed groceries, clothing to the poor, who gathered every Tuesday in the rear of her residence.

INDIAN MANAGEMENT.

Captain Smith, of the Warm Springs Agency, has served a longer period as Indian agent than any other one in the state of Oregon, having held the office continuously for upwards of twenty years. His wards have in all that time been loyal to the whites and did good service to the government by furnishing soldiers during the Nez Perces, and former wars, to assist in squelching the outbreaks, on the part of their red brethren. This opportune assistance rendered under the leadership of Donald McKay will be remembered by all the old residents of this country as long as they live. For this good feeling on the part of the Warm Springs Indians, the country is deeply indebted to the good management of Captain Smith. The retiring agent, Father Wilbur, from the Simcoe agency is another faithful officer who has held the post of agent in that quarter longer than any other in Washington Territory. He has held the place, with the exception of a short interval, for twenty odd years. His influence over the Indians under his charge, has been remarkable; their advancement in civilization is highly creditable to his efficient supervision. He has accomplished what few other agents have in any other part of the country. The Simcoe Indians come nearer being self-sustaining than any Indians in the bounds of Washington Territory. The Indians carry on nearly every department of work at the agency, unaided by white management except that of the agent himself. There are Indian mechanics in the carpenter shop, in the blacksmith shop, and in the flour and sawmills. They live in houses constructed with their own hands. Their houses, many of them are weatherboarded and painted. They have work horses that are trained to all kinds of work; they plow, sow and reap; have wagons and carriages, reapers and mowers, and are skilled in the use of them. They raise wheat, some of them as much as 500 to 800 bushels, the excess of which is marketed at the going price; they cut large quantities of hay, much of which is sold to the whites. The women, too, take pride in living much after the manner of the whites, they have their pigs and chickens, have their feather beds and other good bedding, pillows and sheets, kept clean and nice; they have sewing machines, tables and chairs, and other furniture, and in their living have good bread, coffee and tea, all of which they can serve in good style, and although they have good chairs in supply the women seem to have no use for them, as they are mostly seen squatted on the floor, dirt or wood, with a mat or other covering to soften the seat. In the use of chairs they seem to be a failure. All these civilizing influences have been wrought by the efficient management of Father Wilbur, and to him is the government much indebted for valuable services in the suppression of Indian hostilities during the Bannack outbreak.—"Walla Walla Statesman."

Hon. W. H. English, once candidate for the office of vice president of the United States, has been resisting in the New York courts payment of the claim of a Democratic campaign orator W. D. Murphy, of Albany, who in 1880 went to Indiana, at Mr. English's personal solicitation, as he avers to make speeches for the Democratic cause. He made twenty-five speeches and charged Mr. English $1,000 and expenses, which Mr. English refuses to pay. Mr. English answered in court, first, that he did not engage Mr. Murphy; second, that Mr. Murphy's sheeches were poor stuff of no value; third, that Murphy spoke not for hire, but for his own glory and for the sake of the cause; fourth that making speeches for pay, with a purpose to influence and determine political action of free and independent citizens, is immoral and contrary to public policy, wherefore the contract if there was one, ought not to be enforced. The court took another view and decided for the plaintiff, the defendant, however, receiving permission to amend his awnser.

The reason why men who advertise can afford to sell more cheaply than those who do not is, that the advertiser can make quicker sales and more of them; consequently can afford to sell cheaper. Examine and you will find that those who give the best bargains and do the best business advertise most liberally.