

Oregon Sentinel

Table with advertising rates: One square - 10 lines of 10 characters - 10 c...

PUBLISHED SATURDAYS - AT - MEDFORD, JACKSONVILLE OREGON - BY - FRANK KRAUSE

VOL. XXX--NO. 3

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, JANUARY 17 1885.

\$3 PER YEAR

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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate: Loss of Appetite, Bile, Constipation, Headache, Irritability of Temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Blisters, Eruptions at the Neck, Itch, Scabies, and other eruptions...

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FOR 1885. INVALUABLE TO ALL. Will be mailed FREE to all subscribers...

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We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Copyrights, Trade Marks, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Out of the Snow.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DAILY RECORD OF AN EXILE FROM PORTLAND.

[Oregonian, Jan. 8th.] In writing, now that it is all over, about the experience of the past three weeks, there is little to tell of general fact concerning the blockade, the work of raising it, the rescuers with food, etc.

The brave men of the Cascade looks have had recognition, the state of the thermometer has been elaborately set forth; everybody knows that a hundred and fifty people were caught in the snow, and held three weeks; everybody knows that all these people, as well as those held back by the blockade, though not actually in drifts, are now rejoicing at their delivery.

The following record is not long drawn. It was written with cold fingers, and barely serves to recall the happenings, small and great; in the order of their occurrence. If anything may seem too trifling to be dignified by print, my excuse must be that it all seemed either strikingly disagreeable or else dull enough to entertain.

Wednesday, Dec. 17.—At noon we arrived at The Dalles from the east, having toiled along all night, and found the snow very heavy from Umatilla junction, where the train waited a long time for the Short Line connection. We were assaulted the smoking dinner at the Umatilla house, and found the snow a cause for jokes and rallies, never thinking for a moment that it would worry us so sorely and so long.

Thursday, 18th.—It still snowed as we pulled out from The Dalles at 8:40, with a snow plow and three locomotives hauling our train. Doubts had crept into some minds, but all were tolerably cheerful as we rolled with a muffled sound through the fluffy snow, sure that the snow plow was going along ahead of us and believing that we should follow it to Portland.

Friday, 19.—Still snowing. To-day we had one meal. It was brought on a sled from Hood river. The men came nine miles and arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. This one meal brought by them consisted of two biscuits apiece and a small chunk of meat furnished by a hog whose misfortune it was to be in Hood river at this time.

Saturday, 20.—Still Snowing. We hear that a snow-plow is coming from The Dalles, and this is our daily installment of hope. Yesterday it was somewhat whispered about in the train that there was some meat in the express car consigned to somebody down the road.

Sunday, 21.—This is our first Sabbath in the snow bank and we have two preachers on the train. He in the emigrant car made a pious talk, I am told, while the one in the sleeper, being sufficiently encouraged and not wishing to force the matter beyond the majority desire, was content to help along some gospel singing late in the evening.

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Monday, 22.—The storm is worse than ever, and all the work done hitherto was undone last night. Ten or twelve men started down the road this morning, among them Houser, Holmes, LeGrande and Kercheval. At noon a tologgan load of food from Hood River arrived, and at 3 in the afternoon thirty-five men from the Cascades came in with thirty pounds each of bread, flour and canned goods.

Tuesday, 23.—This is the morning of the great exodus. Some sixty men got ready to accompany the thirty-five rescuers, and we all turn out early to help them tie up their feet in gunny-sack, pieces of blanket and towels.

Wednesday, 24.—It is still snowing, and Hobart's men, unable to accomplish anything, are merely cutting wood enough to keep the engines in fuel. Engineer Tuttle brought down

four chickens, (which are old hens) some old woman up the road charged \$1 apiece for them, but they will make good broth for the sick women and the children deprived of milk.

Thursday, 25.—It is still cold and snowing. The first sound that greets my waking ear is "Merry Christmas, Henry," and I look out and the curtains to see a stalwart snow-shovel-er trying to pull a frozen boot upon a sockless foot.

Friday, 19.—Still snowing. To-day we had one meal. It was brought on a sled from Hood river. The men came nine miles and arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

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