

Oregon Sentinel

Advertisements will be inserted in the Sentinel at the following rates: Ten lines, one insertion, \$2.00

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, JULY 17, 1886.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. R. YOUNG, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, CENTRAL POINT, OREGON.

L. L. WHITNEY, M. D., EAGLE POINT OREGON.

Having located at this place I ask a share of the patronage of this section.

W. F. WILLIAMSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW MEDFORD, OREGON.

All business in my line will receive prompt attention.

P. P. PRIM, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW Jacksonville, Ogn.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Office in Court House.

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Will practice in all the Courts of this State. Office in the Court House.

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Physician And Surgeon. Calls attended to at all hours day and night.

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PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, Medford, Or.

Offices--For the present will be as heretofore.

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OFFICE--At City Drug Store, Residence on Fourth St., opposite M. E. Church.

Self promptly attended to, day and night.

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All business placed in my hands will receive prompt attention. Special attention given to collections.

A. L. JOHNSON, Notary Public, Real Estate Agent and Collector Medford, O.

I make conveyancing and furnishing abstracts of land titles a specialty. Loans negotiated and collections made.

WILL JACKSON, DENTIST, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Teeth extracted at all hours. Laughing gas administered. If desired for which extra charge will be made. Office on corner of California and 5th streets.

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Rooms 2 and 4 Strawbridge'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.

THE ASHLAND COLLEGE -AND- NORMAL SCHOOL, Ashland Or.

Four courses of study. Normal and Commercial College, Preparatory and Instrumental music.

For particulars or catalogue apply to the undersigned at Ashland, Oregon.

M. G. ROYAL, A. M., President

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world.

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OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA

VIA Oregon & California R. R.

And connections. Time 2 1/2 days. Fare from Portland to San Francisco \$32; to Sacramento \$30.

Close connections made at Ashland with stages of the California Oregon and Idaho Stage company.

(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY) East Side Division.

Between Portland & Ashland Mail Train.

LEAVE PORTLAND 7:30 A. M. MEDFORD 8:24 A. M. ASHLAND 9:20 A. M. PORTLAND 10:11 P. M.

Albany Express Train. LEAVE PORTLAND 4:00 P. M. LEBANON 4:45 A. M. PORTLAND 10:15 A. M.

Pullman Palace Sleeping cars daily between Portland and Ashland.

The O & C. R. R. Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Div. from foot of F. St.

West Side Division.

Between Portland & Corvallis. Mail Train.

LEAVE PORTLAND 9:09 A. M. CORVALLIS 4:30 P. M. CORVALLIS 8:30 A. M. PORTLAND 3:20 P. M.

Express Train. LEAVE PORTLAND 5:00 P. M. McMinnville 6:00 P. M. LOCAL TICKETS FOR SALE AND BAGGAGE CHECKED AT COMPANY'S OFFICE.

Corner F and Front St., Portland, Oregon. Freight will not be received for shipment after five o'clock P. M. on either the East or West-Side Divisions.

R. KOLBACH, E. P. ROGERS, G. F. & Pass. Agt.

Citation to Heirs.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Jackson, sitting in probate, May term, 1886.

In the matter of the estate of William Briner, deceased.

To Lemuel Briner, Elizabeth Briner, Martha Foster, Matilda Nicwamer, Elsie Harvey, Thomas Briner, George Bonner, Bernina Gladson.

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that B. C. Goodard Administrator, has filed his petition praying for an order of said court to sell the following described real property belonging to said estate to-wit:

Lots No. 1, 2, 3, and the W 1/2 of the N E 1/4 and the N W 1/4 of the E 1/4 of section 29, Township 37 south, range 1 west, located in Jackson county, Oregon, the heirs instead of Wm. Briner, deceased.

Therefore, notice is hereby given to the heirs and legatees of said estate that the same will be sold and delivered at the usual place of holding County Court in Jackson county, Oregon, on the 25th day of July, 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M. at which time the said lots and all other interested parties are hereby notified to appear and show cause, if they have, why an order should not be made as to the above position.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 15th day of July, 1886.

W. H. PARKER, County Clerk.

DRESSMAKING.

MRS. J. M. SMITH, Jacksonville, - - - Ogn.

Having moved to a new location on California street--at the residence of E. D. Foundry--I hereby ask my friends and the public generally to give me a call for anything in the line of Dressmaking, Fitting and Cutting.

Dress Patterns Furnished.

My prices are regulated to suit the times and satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. J. M. SMITH.

Notice.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, OGN., May 20, 1886.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Jackson county, Jacksonville Oregon, on Tuesday July 20th, 1886, viz: Elijah Smith, preemption D. S. No. 4438 for the S E 1/4 of N W 1/4, Sec. 27 township 38 south range 3 West.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: James Jeffrey of Jacksonville, Wm. Ray, Alex. A. Ingart and James McDonnell all of Uniontown, Jackson county, Oregon.

Wm. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

County Treasurer's Notice.

OFFICE OF TREASURER OF JACKSON CO., Jacksonville, May 14, 1886.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT there are funds in the County Treasury for the redemption of the following county warrants, protested up to July 6, 1881.

Numbers, 663, 763, 836, 835, 837, 832, 841, 4024, 849, 820, 779, 333, 903, 1901, 71, 727, 138, 39, 51, 900, 810, 732, 93, 97, 132, 270, 146, 139, 148, 147, 905, 149, 102, 149, 114, 133, 135, 94, 131, 45, 116, 59.

Interest on the same will cease from this date.

NEWMAN FISHER, County Treasurer.

WANTED--A capable man or woman, of unusual energy, to take the agency of this or some other county for the "History of California." To the right party it will pay \$100 to \$300 per month. Address F. PERSON, Manager Occidental Publishing Co, 120 Sutter street, San Francisco.

Red Star COUGH CURE. TRADE MARK. Free from Opium, Tobacco and Poison. SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

ST. JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. THE GREEN GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

TUTT'S PILLS. 25 YEARS IN USE. The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

TUTT'S PILLS. SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER. Loss of appetite, bowels constipated, flatulence, headache, dizziness, etc.

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GEO. RIEVES, WAGON--MAKER, Jacksonville, Or.

Wagon Material. At the old stand of S. P. Hanna, in Cronin's building, keeps on hand a full line of Wagon Material.

Restoring A Specialty. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. GEO. RIEVES.

The Duvens' Grime is used March and Sept., each year, 216 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 7,000 illustrations--whole picture gallery. See whole sale prices direct to consumers--on all goods for personal or family use.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 217 & 209 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Men Think they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

McFERRY & CO'S SEED ANNUAL. For 1886. Not for sale without order. It contains about 500 pages, and is the most complete and valuable work of the kind ever published.

PATENTS. We are prepared to act as Solicitors for Patents, Copyrights, Trade Marks, etc.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world.

Bill Nye's Budget.

LETTERS TO A BRIDE--NO. 2.

May 10--George said last week that we must economize, for trade seemed to be paralyzed. It is funny that trade should have waited till we got married, and then got paralyzed. But we must do all we can, George says, to save our money. I am trying every way to save what he makes. For three days I have been making my husband a pair of the finest night-shirts that anybody ever saw. They are long and graceful, and trimmed with pink embroidery. George put one of them on last night, and we had our first harsh word.

At first he laughed a low, bitter laugh, such as we sometimes hear on the stage when a villain sticks a large, red stab knife into a casual acquaintance.

I did not think that my own blood would ever curdle my young blood with such a low, gurgling laugh. For a few moments I yearned for my mother's bosom to mean on, but it was useless to yearn.

George said that anybody with brains enough to soil a silk handkerchief ought to know that the buttons should be on the right-hand side, and that three pockets in a night shirt was all moonshine.

Then he buckled a handkerchief around himself, and pretended to be sitting Bull, but I would not laugh at him. It was the first time that I had ever refused to laugh at anything George expected me to laugh at. Can he ever forgive? Oh, can he ever forgive? I threw myself on the bed and wept till the pillow streams were a sight to behold.

I also made a mistake in putting in the sleeves, so they pointed back into the dim part. George said that he felt all the time as if he had been turned around in a cyclone, and that while

the eyes of a dead hog. I think parsons are apt to make a mistake in the estimate they place on their children. For instance, papa never would sing anything but "Me Poor Nellie Gray," and if mamma could sing anything she did it under an assumed name, for I never heard her. Well, when I began to sing at school and people could discover what tune it was, my parents began to squander money on my alleged voice. I always knew I couldn't sing; but here I am with a trunk full of sheet-music, no piano and a faculty for making a pie that would lead a man to the gallows.

I also know how to elocute some, but that does not keep us now. What does a poor man want of a wife who can recite "Curfew shall not ring to-night," and who can not throw any hope into a low spirited hunk of bread?

I see it all now, oh, so plainly, and so does George I fear. I can understand how he feels exactly. He may be a rich man some day, if he don't die of dyspepsia before he amasses a fortune, and all that time I must practice on someone. Poor George!

Yesterday I bought a little red receipt book of a pleasing young man who called at the door. His eyes were so deep and dark, and his voice was so pleasing, that I would have purchased the book if I had to borrow the money. The book is a very useful one, and is bound in the same color as my new dog.

It tells how to make custards, blanc-manges, and floating island. It also tells you in the back part how to cure beaves, glanders, and botts. I can hardly wait till George gets the book, so that I can bring out that little red volume and win him back again. It also gives away other information. Any one with this book in the house can go to work and take a person right through a long siege of croup or yellow fever without a doctor, and there is a whole lot of law in it, so that

George won't have to have a lawyer or a doctor, and we can save a great deal that way.

Why will people fritter away their money on doctors and lawyers when they can get one of these books so cheap?

Yesterday our landlady gave me a slip of oleander, and I have planted it in a cute little pitcher in the window, where it is slowly growing as I write. It hardly seems possible that some day it will be a large tree with yellow knobs on it. I can fancy George, as he will look ten or fifteen years from now, with a bald place on the back of his head and lifting and surging on oleander till he is black in the face and his eyes start from their sockets. Will it not be a joyful time?

In fancy I stand at the head of the cellar stairs and make suggestions about where to set it, while George rests one edge of it on his person, and moans.

With a good oleander in our home, I feel that we may gradually accumulate quite a little property. If George will only put the same amount of zeal and industry into our home life and try to economize, we will some day be very, very comfortable.

All we need now is a home and furniture, for I have already secured the oleander.

I bought some rheubarb at the drug store this morning, and to-morrow I will make a couple of pies. George is passionately fond of rheubarb pies.

There would be far less cannibalish unhappiness if wives would study their husband's wants, and supply them, I think.--Boston "Globe."

A Depraved Family.

Nothing has been heard of the notorious Tom Brown, who escaped from Folsom prison last week. Placing pepper in his boots, thus preventing bloodhounds from following the scent, he struck for the mountains.

Tommy, his brother Joe, and Charley were operated in Shasta and other northern counties for several years, doing stages and stealing horses, making themselves terrors of the country. Very few stage-drivers in these days could boast that they had "trumbled out the box" to Tommy and his pals, and many a rancher laid the disappearance of his horses and cattle to the trio. Tommy and Frazer finally landed in San Quentin for standing up a stage near Yreka, when Joe Brown's life went out through a bullet-hole in his breast, at the hands of Charley Wilson, a young farmer of Butte county, whose horse he was caught stealing. Tom has sworn that he will make Wilson's life pay for that of his brother. The Browns had two sisters who were prostitutes. Both killed themselves over recreant "lovers." The unfaithful consort of one spent the last few weeks in Anderson. While waiting for death in the city prison at Chico, Joe Brown said: "My God, I have led a wicked life but I have not been a d--- bit worse than my kin. What a nice specimen of humanity I am, dying in jail, having two sisters who are prostitutes and a brother in the penitentiary. God, forgive us all!" Charley Frazer was pardoned from prison about three years ago, through the efforts of his sister. He went to Oregon and died over a poker table--shot through the heart.--"Shasta Echo."

We have forgotten the typical old maid. She has given place to a more attractive type of womanhood. The modern old maid is round and jolly, two dimples in her cheeks, and has a laugh as musical as a bobolink's song. She wears nicely fitting dresses, and becoming little ornaments above her plump throat, and becoming knots and bows. She goes to concerts, parties, suppers, lectures, and manettes, and she doesn't go alone. She carries a dainty parasol, and wears killing bonnets and has live poets and philosophers in her train. In fact, the modern old maid is as good as the modern young maid; she has sense and conversation, as well as dimples and curves and she has a bank of book and dividend. And the men like her--and why not?

Edwin Booth's daughter is now his guardian angel. She is with him constantly and prevents him from going down into the gutter, the victim of an appetite for liquor which has increased with his years. The days of the great actor are drawing to a close very rapidly.

Sirens of the Stage.

What may be named a peculiar branch of feminine industry has been recently developed here, writes a New York correspondent. It consists of the the entrapping into matrimony of silly and conceited young men, with rich fathers, by shrewd, though unscrupulous burlesque actresses. The young men, commonly classified as dudes, lay sentimental siege to the actresses, under the impression that they are irresistible. But the young women are so much more astute and artful than their besiegers that these have no sort of chance with them. They can't be becoming desperately enamored of them--at least they fancy they are--giving them costly presents, elaborate suppers, everything, in short, that money will buy. Still they are as far from winning their affections as the outset, and are at last plainly told that they must agree to marriage before they can have any hope of conquering their histrionic hearts. Strangely enough, although marriage never entered into their calculations at first, they not unfrequently yield. Then the rich papa, hearing of his son's amorous unbecomings, buys the young woman off, and she releases her latest victim to secure another. Half a dozen New Yorkers have within a year purchased their boy's freedom from these adventuresses by paying liberally for it.

"Every year," says Hon. David Davis in a letter to an eastern literary paper, "every local paper gives from \$100 to \$5,000 in free lines for the sole benefit of the vicinity, in which it is located. No other agency will, or can do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or with great thoughts, financially it is more of a benefit to a community than preacher or teacher. Understand me now, I do not mean morally intellectual, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers on the right side of the question. To-day the editors of the local papers do the most work for the least money of any man on earth. Subscribe for and advertise in your local paper, not as charity, but as an investment."

A "woman of the town" from Astoria was on Tuesday convicted in the U. S. circuit court of selling liquor without an internal revenue license, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and to thirty days in the county jail. When a man is convicted of selling liquor to Indians, with or without license, he usually gets off with a fine of from \$10 to \$50. If a woman sells the stuff to anybody without license, she gets thirty days in jail and a \$100 fine. Fair sample of justice.--"New Northwest."

WASHINGTON, July 11.--Commissioner of Patents Montgomery has worked a nice little scheme in the appropriation bill for the Patent Office. The clause provides for the dismissal of thirty classified clerks and the appointment of thirty skilled laborers, who are not compelled to take the civil-service examination. Thus the law is evaded, and thirty incompetent Democrats are appointed in places of qualified Republicans, who have done nothing whatever, except to stick to their party. The expected wholesale dismissals are close at hand.

At Spokane Falls, the other day, a Chinaman removed the figures 50 from a revenue stamp in a very skillful manner and pasted them on a \$1 green-back so as to make it appear as a \$50 note. He succeeded in getting the bill changed, carrying away for it \$50 in good money and was not arrested for several days afterwards. This heathen's way was peculiar, but he now languishes, and his smile is no longer child like and bland.

The term of office of the Governor of Oregon is four years but the present incumbent, Z. F. Moody, will exceed that time. He was inaugurated on September 18, 1882, and should go out of office on September 13, 1886. The meeting of the Legislature was changed in 1882 from September to January, and thereby Gov. Moody's term was lengthened over three months. It is the first instance of this kind known.

The Lake Shore Road at Chicago is operating their business under the protection of 250 policemen and a lot of Pinkerton's detectives who go out as guards on the freight trains. It seems perfectly ridiculous that when a railroad company have to use an armed force to protect their business, where is our boasted civilization and the civil officers of the law that renders such things necessary?

It is said the members of the House will so manage to perpetrate a conflict with the Senate over the river and harbor bill as to prevent it from reaching the President for his signature. It is thought by dividing with the Senate the responsibility of the defeat of the bill, the President will be relieved from great embarrassment and his popularity will be jeopardized by vetoing it.

The trade prospect for the remainder of the year are much more encouraging than for the first half. Strikes have been in a measure settled; railroad building has been resumed all over the country, and there are but few idle men. The crop prospects are excellent and the demand will be great for wheat and other products of the farm than was the case last year.

On the first of July the people of Atlanta, Georgia, suddenly discovered that it required the contents of five "one quart" wine bottles to make a gallon. The prohibitory law compels dealers to sell in quantities no less than a quart, and it does not accept the bottle as a standard measure. This is inconvenient to customers and exasperating to dealers.

A superstitious subscriber who found a spider in a copy of his paper wants to know if it is considered a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was merely looking over the columns of his paper to see what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across the store door, and be free from disturbance.

Gladsstone's oratory, when he is kindled upon a great public question which enlist his heart and soul, Beecher describes as "shining down upon his audience like the light through a cathedral window, made up of all the colors the sun can produce" full of "brilliant, and rich, and weird effects."

It is estimated that over a quarter of a million people left the city of New York to spend the third, fourth, and fifth of July in other places. The patriotism of that city is migratory in its character. The "day we celebrate" in that locality is emphatically a holiday in all that word implies.

De Lesseps says it will only take \$120,000,000 to complete the Panama canal and enable France to make "peaceful conquest of the Isthmus of Panama." The sanguine Frenchman thinks the canal can be completed in three years with the small amount named.

Many of the same men sent to the front by the California and Oregon railroad, work only a day or two and then start out to tramp for a living and inflict themselves on the country.

Kitty Lynch, the Oregon mare, has been suspended by the National Trotting Association until the second money given her at Salem has been restored to the treasurer of the association.

The mocking birds are so numerous in Dry Valley, Nev., this season, that during the night they drown the yelp of the coyotes with their songs.

Ben Snipes, the well-known cattle man, has taken a contract to send one train loads of beef cattle to Hopkins of Miles city, Montana.

Had we a railway to the moon, it would take but about a year to reach it, travelling at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour.

S. B. Pettengill, formerly editor of the Portland "Standard," is seeking his fortune among the quartz leads of the Cour d'Alene.

Up to last week the number of excursionists going to Yosemite averaged thirty a week.

Grasshoppers are ravaging crops on the Unjqua.

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, Groceries and Tobacco cheaper than ever at the New York Store.