

The Plaindealer

Vol. XXVI.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1895.

No. 2.

IF YOU DON'T READ
The Plaindealer
YOU DON'T GET THE NEWS.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

U. S. Senators: J. H. Mitchell, J. N. Dolph
Congressmen: Ringer Herman, W. H. Ellis
Attorney-General: G. E. Chamberlain
Secretary of State: Sylvester Pennington
State Treasurer: W. M. McWhorter
State Auditor: J. H. Hildreth
State Printer: Frank C. Baker
Member Board of Equalization: C. S. Brock
Supreme Judge: J. C. Pullerton
Railroad Commissioners: Geo. M. Brown, G. A. Macrum
Clerk of Railroad Commission: Lyell Baker
Judge: J. C. Pullerton
Prosecuting Attorney: Geo. M. Brown
Receiver: R. S. Sheridan
Register: R. M. Vestch
Obeyer: C. A. Weather Bureau
Sensors: Henry Beckley, C. S. Brock
Representatives: J. T. Bricker, C. A. Macrum
Sheriff: C. W. Brown
School Superintendent: J. A. Underwood
County Judge: J. A. Underwood
Commissioners: J. A. Underwood, J. C. Pullerton, J. H. Hildreth
Clerks: J. C. Pullerton, J. H. Hildreth
Justices: John Hamlin, H. C. Wright
City of Roseburg: W. T. Wright, J. H. Hildreth, H. C. Wright
Recorder: W. F. Carroll
Marshal: W. F. Carroll
Township: W. F. Carroll

WILL P. HEYDON, County Surveyor, and Notary Public.

Office: In Court House.
Orders for Surveying and Field Notes should be addressed to Will P. Heydon, County Surveyor, Roseburg, Or.

A. W. CRAWFORD, Attorney at Law,

Room 2, Masters Building, ROSEBURG, OR.
Business before the U. S. Land Office and mining cases a specialty.
Late Receiver U. S. Land Office.

W. F. BRIGGS, U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor and Notary Public.

Office: County Jail Building, up stairs.
Special attention paid to Transfers and Conveyances.
ROSEBURG, OR.

MYRA BROWN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

Office, Up Stairs, in the Marks Building.
Residence, 112 Cass Street, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

K. L. MILLER, M. D., Surgeon and Homoeopathic Physician.

Residence, 112 Cass Street, ROSEBURG, OREGON.
Specialties: Chronic diseases a specialty.

AN AFTER- THOUGHT.

TO-DAY—after Christmas—you will possibly discover that you have thought of everything except your feet, as if

SHOES

In winter were a secondary matter! If your purse looks weak and unattractive after the Xmas campaign come to our store. A sum that wouldn't buy a poor pair of shoes in some places buys a good pair at our store.

PARROTT BROS.

EXCLUSIVE BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS
324 Jackson Street,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

J. F. BARKER & CO. GROCCERS.

Attorneys-at-Law,
Roseburg, Oregon.
Office over the Postoffice on Jackson street.

W. R. WILLIS, Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Will practice in all the courts of Douglas County, Or. in the Court House, Douglas County, Or.

C. A. SEHLBREDE, Attorney at Law,

Roseburg, Oregon.
Office over the Postoffice on Jackson street.

W. W. CARDWELL, Attorney at Law,

Roseburg, Oregon.

F. R. COFFMAN, Physician and Surgeon

Office: At Dr. Hoover's old stand on Oak Street.
Residence: Cor. Lane & Jackson Street.

N. J. OZIAS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,

Roseburg, Or.
Office in S. Marks & Co.'s Block, upstairs.
Calls promptly answered day or night.

JAMES BARR, Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Rush Medical College.
Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.
OFFICE: Rooms 9 & 10, Masters Building.
RESIDENCE: Douglas Street, second place east of B. Street.

LA FAYETTE BANK, JUDGE L. LOVHART LANE & LOUGHARY, Attorneys & Counselors at Law

Roseburg, Oregon.
Will practice in all the courts of Oregon. Of-
fice in the Taylor-Wilson block.

MRS. N. BOYD, —DEALER IN CHOICE— Family Groceries, DISHES, Books and Children's Toys.

—A FULL LINE OF—
Fruits, Nuts, French Candies, Confectionery
Canned Goods, Coffees, Teas, Etc.
IMPORTED KEY WEST CIGARS.
CHOICE BRANDS OF CIGARS.

A. SALZMAN, (Successor to J. JASKULEK.) Practical: Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.

DEALER IN: WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.
Repairing a Specialty.
Genuine Brazilian Eye Glasses and Spectacles

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Cutlery, Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Smokers' Articles.

Also Proprietor and Manager of Roseburg's Famous Bargain Store.

A SQUARE DEAL

We had for dinner the best I ever ate. Thanks to COTTOLENE, the new and successful shortening.

Is what we give to every customer, for we believe the best advertisement possible is a customer pleased with what we have sold them, they will come again and again, and their friends will come too.

We are not here for a day or for a month.

We are Here to Stay.

WOLLENBERG & ABRAHAM

Roseburg, Or.

If Business Is Not Good Don't Squeal, But Root.

The Plaindealer's Advertising Columns

Are the Rooters for the Business Men of Douglas County.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$4 SHOES

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform—stamped on sole. Five to 75 cents over other makes. If you don't believe us, try them.

SHEET MUSIC

It is now well understood that T. K. Richardson is the best established and most reliable Piano and Organ dealer in the State. He has secured the American agency and will soon receive 40,000 PIECES SHEET MUSIC AT 10 CTS. PER COPY.

Mailed to any address for One Cent Extra. Catalogue of this immense stock sent free on application. We have also secured the agency of the Wiley B. Allen Co.

T. K. RICHARDSON, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

THE THIRD ADDITION BKOOKSIDE

The Howe Farm, east of town, has been platted and is now on the market in Lots and Blocks containing 3, 20, 30, and 40 acres, ranging in price from \$25 to \$100 per acre.

Any one wanting a fruit, vegetable or chicken farm or a suburban home can now be accommodated on easy terms.

All lots sold in First Brookside addition have more than doubled in value. The prospect is much better for the future. More fortunes are made in lands near a growing town or city than any other way. Seize the opportunity.

For information or conveyance, call at any Real Estate Office, or on

G. T. BELDEN, Propr. BOWEN & ESTABROOK, GENERAL

Blacksmiths and Machinists

Are now located in their new shops on
Stephen Street, between Oak and Cass,
And are prepared to do work in their line with neatness and dispatch.
Give them them a trial and be convinced.

That Pie

AT HARVEST.
If we have let our sunny springtime pass with idle morn of what the year might bring—
Have gathered flowers to toss them on the breeze
And only cared to hear the woodbirds sing:
If we have turned aside from sober truth
In bright, delusive fairylands to stray
And spent the golden promise of our youth
With selfish living and regardless play,
When shadows fall, we shall be struck at heart
With bitter grief for our blighted fate.
And then the lesson of life's molder part
Will lead to agonized remorse—too late!
The land is barren now which once was green.
We never can be what we might have been.
—Arthur L. Salmon in Academy.

DERRINGER'S CHUM.

Promptly as the red sun touched the skyline Old Derringer knocked off work. He had done this as regularly as clock work every day since the last of March, and now it was the middle of September.

He threw his mining tools aside and straightened up, with a sigh of relief. He was a tall, elderly man, with a rugged, weather beaten face, in which honesty and kindness of heart were not lacking. He looked the typical western miner in his faded red shirt and greasy slouch hat, with the iron gray beard that reached almost to his waist.

He glanced up at his dog cut on the hillside, at the sparkling stream at his feet, at the gigantic peaks, hundreds of feet high, which shut in the narrow Dakota ravine on both sides. Then his eyes strayed down the gully, where a tiny stream followed the winding course of the stream through scrub and timber, and an exclamation of wonder burst from his lips.

A slender figure had suddenly appeared in the path about 50 feet distant, and as it came slowly nearer it proved to be that of a lad of 18 or 17. He was empty handed, and his clothes and shoes were much the worse for wear. He paused within a couple of feet of the miner and looked at him timidly out of a pair of frayed brown eyes.

"By the Great Falls of Missouli! Where did you come from, youngster?" demanded Old Derringer. "And how ever did you find your way here? You're the first human creature I've seen in months. Any more comin' behind?" he added sharply and suspiciously.

"I'm all alone," replied the lad. "I was chucked off a Northern Pacific freight train back here this morning, and I followed a sort of a road in this direction, thinking it would lead me to a mining camp. I lost it after awhile and wandered around in the mountains till I struck the path that brought me here. If you can give me some supper and a place to sleep, I'll go away in the morning."

"What's your name?" demanded Old Derringer.

"Tom Mellish," was the hesitating reply. "I'm from the east."

"It ain't hard to see that, young tenderfoot. Get in a scrape and run off, eh?"

"It was sort of that way," the lad answered sadly. "I lived in Pennsylvania, and when my parents died a year ago they didn't leave anything, and I couldn't get a place to work—you see, the times were so hard. They were going to send me to the poorhouse, and I couldn't stand that. I ran away. I had a little money, but it's all gone now. I got here mostly on freight trains."

"And where are you bound?" asked the miner.

"I thought I'd like to be a sailor and travel to foreign countries," the lad answered, "but as I wanted to see the west first I came this way, thinking I might get on a vessel at Portland."

"Well, this here certainly beats me," declared Old Derringer, and he soon purpled with suppressed laughter. "You've got luck, anyhow, and that counts for a heap. Any relatives livin'?"

"I don't know, sir. I had an uncle somewhere, but he may be dead."

Old Derringer contemplated the lad for a moment and pulled his beard reflectively. "I'm from the east myself," he said, "but I ain't seen it for 20 years. It breeds good stock, lad, and you're one of them. I like your face, and if you care about stayin' here and chummin' with me you're welcome."

"It's a bargain," the lad gladly replied. "I'm tired of freight trains and tramping and of being starved."

A little later the two were eating supper on the hillside, and Old Derringer, with a trust and confidence that were remarkable for him, was telling his new chum how he had stumbled on this lonely, gold bearing stream and was slowly gathering a store of precious nuggets and dust. Then he showed him the dugout, which was a room excavated in the soft part of the cliff and reached the fall expended upon it by its snugness and dryness.

"Besides," the miner explained, "it won't attract attention if any stray prospectors happen to peep into the valley. It's a main thing don't like to be meddled with, and I reckon that's why I was called Old Derringer."

Thus Tom Mellish's new life began, and from the first he liked it and was happy and contented. After his wanderings it was pleasant to have regular and square meals and a bed every night, and, as for the work, why, it was a never ending delight to dig and cradle the yellow gold that the sides and bed of the stream yielded.

Tom and Old Derringer were soon fast friends, and their mutual liking ripened as the days went by. The miner no longer suffered from oppressive spells of loneliness, and he seemed to regard the lad as a living representative of the faraway east, toward which his thoughts had turned yearningly of late. Neither spoke much of the past, however, and the subject was one that they tacitly avoided. The bag of gold under the floor of the dugout grew larger and heavier as October dwindled away, and at the end of the month a wonderful thing happened. A stroke of Old Derringer's pick opened a pocket of rich nuggets, and also disclosed a rich vein of gold that seemed to run deeply into the side of the hill. For three days they worked in a sort of trance, almost forgetting to eat and sleep, and more than one canvas shot bag was filled with the precious metal in pure bulk. On the fourth morning the spell was broken by the discovery that the supply of provisions was completely exhausted.

"There's nothin' to be done," growled Old Derringer, "and that's a trip to the nearest settlement, which is a day's journey off. I hate to leave at such a time, but game's scarce hereabouts, and we can't live on that anyway. I reckon I'll start right now, seein' it's purty early yet. You ain't afraid to stay until I come back, youngster?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Tom. "There's nothin' to be afraid of. I'll just keep on working."

"That's the way to talk," Old Derringer exclaimed approvingly. "I'd stake all I've got on your honesty, lad, and that's why I'm goin' to leave the pile of gold in your care. I'll try my level best to get back tomorrow night, but don't worry if I ain't on hand. As these hours' been any one along this way since spring, exceptin' yourself, it ain't likely you'll have any visitors. This is a lonely spot and purty far off the beaten track. If anybody should happen along, just keep your eyes open and don't let 'em in the dugout."

A few minutes later Old Derringer was striding down the ravine, rifle in hand, and Tom watched him until he vanished around a curve in the path. The lad felt proud of the confidence reposed in him, and a desire to show his gratitude kept him from leaving the dugout long. He did not disturb the newly opened vein, which the miner had purposely covered over with bushes, but cradled the sand and pebbles from the bed of the stream.

What he saw of the digout at sundown, he had quite a respectable pile of nuggets. He put them into a separate bag, so that he could show what he had done, and he put the bag into the hole with the others under the miner's bank. Then he ate half of the few crackers and dried beef that remained and went to bed. By sunrise the following morning he was at work again at a spot about 20 yards below the dugout. He stopped long enough for a lunch at noon and then went ahead with his cradling. He had expected to meet the miner that night, and he wanted to accomplish as much as possible.

About an hour before sundown he put the cradle on a rock, and was transferring some small nuggets from it to a bag in his hand, when he heard a strange splash into the stream some distance behind him. He glanced down the ravine and was startled to see two men standing in the path about 30 feet away. They had evidently been taking an observation, and the stone disclosed by one of them in the presence of Tom had good cause to feel alarmed, for the strangers were the most disreputable looking men he had ever seen. One was short and dwarfish, the other tall and stout. Both had bloated faces and black beads and were roughly dressed. They carried rifles, but no prospecting tools or implements. Tom realized that the visitors would not hesitate to commit murder or robbery and had probably come for the latter purpose. His first impulse was to make sure of his life by flight, but on second thought he remembered his duty to Old Derringer and resolved to do his best to save the gold. Just how that could be done was not a matter for present consideration, though a parting plan came into his mind as he stood hesitating. He dropped the cradle, stuffed the bag into his pocket and started up the ravine.

"Not so fast, lad," came a gruff voice after him: "hold on thar."

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"Not so fast, lad," came a gruff voice after him: "hold on thar."

Tom quickened his steps and then broke into a run. As he remembered the hillside a rifle cracked, and the ball whistled close over his head. He kept bravely on, and a few more steps brought him to the little plateau in front of the dugout. He darted inside, and his first act was to lock closely behind the door from the shelf behind the bank. Then he threw himself flat behind the upper corner of the doorway. There was a stone ledge a foot high in front of him, and from this point of vantage he had a splendid view of a good bit of the lower part of the ravine.

He felt rather more cheerful now, for he was in a safe position and could yet command the only approach to the dugout. All the chambers of the revolver were loaded, and Old Derringer had taught him how to use the weapon. The men, however, were in no hurry to attack. After seeing the lad disappear in the dugout they stood for several minutes in earnest conversation. Then they came very slowly up the ravine, stopping to look closely about wherever there were signs of digging or cradling. Tom watched them sharply and with growing uneasiness. Their careless manner showed plainly that they believed the lad to be alone, and what they saw implied was to make sure of his life by flight, but on second thought he remembered his duty to Old Derringer and resolved to do his best to save the gold. Just how that could be done was not a matter for present consideration, though a parting plan came into his mind as he stood hesitating. He dropped the cradle, stuffed the bag into his pocket and started up the ravine.

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IF YOU SEE IT IN
The Plaindealer
IT IS SO.

Faber's Golden Female Pills.

For Female Irregularities: nothing like them on the market. Never fail. Satisfactorily tested by prominent ladies. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation.

SURESAFE CERTAIN!
Don't be humbugged. Save Time, Health, and Money! No other pills like these.

Send to any address, secure by mail on receipt of price, \$2.00. Free trial.

THE APHRO MEDICINE COMPANY,
Western Branch, Box 27, PORTLAND, OR.

ABBOTT'S EAST INDIAN Corn Paint

Cures CORNS, BUNIONS and WARTS
SPEEDILY and WITHOUT PAIN.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LIPPMAN BROTHERS, Prop'rs,
Lippman's Block, SAVANNAH, GA.

For good substantial blacksmithing cheap, go to McKinstry & Manning, Oakland.

Beware of Outlets for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the danger they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by J. C. Cheney & Co.,