

ITEMIZER

JAN. 28, 1882

WEEKLY

SHORT BITS.

Roads worse than ever.

The first snow of the winter. It is only slight.

The brick work on Mr. Poppleton's store is finished.

We acknowledge a call from Mr. J. J. Daley, of Dallas.

The Trustees have made an order to have the front room of the town jail, in which they meet, repaired and papered.

Mr. R. B. Pariah is up from Portland. He is making arrangements to build a brick on his front street property, joining Messrs. Belt, Robertson & Whiteaker in this enterprise.

"As the young Duniway will probably be indicted by the Multnomah grand jury, 'all Portland' will now have the opportunity of testifying to their character.

Attention is called to the card of T. F. Smith, who for a number of years, has practiced his profession in this county, having been located at Dallas. Independence is now his home.

We call attention to the attention to the ad. of Mr. E. Cox in to-day's issue. The fruit-dryer sold by Mr. Cox is certainly an improvement on any we have ever seen. No better investment can be made by farmers whose orchards generally yield no revenue, than to order one of these dryers.

Owing to a press of business we were unable to "revise" Prof. Garrigue's manuscript, in consequence of which a few "unintentional" errors crept into his notice to "astronomers." We hope our readers will "tumble to the racket" and not "give it away."

Orders for job work received at this office.

Job printing done at ITEMIZER office in good style. Orders taken at Independence or Dallas.

A fresh lot of groceries just received at Belt & Son's; also a brand new stock of gent's furnishing goods.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. For sale by L. W. Robertson.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and \$1. For sale by L. W. Robertson.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalize is a positive cure. For sale by L. W. Robertson.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by L. W. Robertson.

Pungles.

Those indebted to Cooper Bros. will please come forward and settle immediately. We mean what we say.

Administrator's Notice.

Whereas I, W. P. Conaway, was on the 31 day of January, 1882, duly appointed administrator of the estate of Thomas Birch, deceased, by the Hon. the County Court of Polk county, Oregon, therefore, as such administrator, I hereby give notice that all persons having claims against the said estate shall present them, with proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice, to me at L. W. Robertson's drug store, in Independence, Polk county, Oregon.

W. P. CONAWAY, Administrator.

Belt & Pipes, Attorneys for Administrator.

For Rent.

A large farm for rent. Enquire of A. Wing, Independence.

Wanted.

Oak wood, sawed in two-foot lengths, delivered at office of Belt & Pipes, on subscription to ITEMIZER.

Pay Your Doctors' Bills.

Drs. Davidson & Lee request those knowing themselves indebted to the firm to make settlement immediately. Don't forget this, but remember that we need some money.

A Secret Divulged.

Mr. A. Assall will hereafter furnish canned oyster stews at 25 cents a dish. Fresh oysters will cost as before, 50 cents, prepared in any manner, with all trimmings. If you wish a fine flavored cigar after eating, he has it.

Calico Ball.

On Tuesday evening, February 14th, the Independence Silver Cornet Band will give a grand Calico Ball at Butler's Opera House. The ladies will be expected to wear calico dresses. A huge time is expected.

For Frisco.

Mr. H. Hirschberg starts for San Francisco about the first of February, to be absent about two months. He expects to lay in a stock of goods, with the view of going into the dry goods business again, in Independence. Joe has done business in this town too many years, and is too well known to us to deem it necessary to introduce him to our readers. His old customers and friends will welcome his return to our business circles. He will open in his brick store, now occupied by E. Poppleton, in the Spring.

Prizes Awarded.

The two writing classes of Prof. Clayton, having finished their course, selected Messrs. Belt, Magers and Pipes as judges to determine the person to whom the several prizes offered were due. On examination of the specimens of the class of young ladies and gentlemen (without knowing the writers), the judges unanimously agreed that the best improvement was shown in the specimen which proved to be that of Miss Patience Cooper. The prize was a neatly executed card. In the other writing class the prize for best improvement, a "Family Record" was awarded to John Denny; that for best writing to Fred Godley; that for the best executed fancy pen work to Mr. Will Hostler. The specimens all show a marked improvement and evince Mr. Clayton's success as a writing teacher.

J. P. IRVINE, T. W. BELT, A. WING.

Jan. 28, 1882.

A FRANK LETTER.

The Itemizer's Late "Critical" Fusillade.

EDITOR ITEMIZER: In your issue of last week appeared editorially a lengthy criticism of an article by "A Suffragist" in the Daily Oregonian of the 14th inst.

Certain of your strictures and comments I deem worthy a passing notice, and with your permission, Mr. Editor, I should like the space of a half column or more in reply.

"But it pleases us to note" that your article is occasionally satirical as well as quite lengthy, and while I shall not attempt to imitate my distinguished critic in this particular, yet it affords me an opportunity, if so disposed, to discuss the more relevant portion of his criticism with greater equanimity than I otherwise should.

In beginning your criticism you presume to caricature the writer by quoting a misprint at his expense. You are welcome to any advantage you may gain in this particular. [An unintentional typographical error "A Suffragist" refers to here.—Ed.]

With great fairness, however, you print in full the propositions laid down by the writer as facts established by the late postal investigation. In so doing I submit that you at once destroy the edge and vigor of your criticism. Your comments upon these propositions are very candid and fair, and the only exception I can possibly take is that you put too much stress upon language that could not well be worded otherwise, and state facts as they appeared to the writer. In writing these propositions I studiously avoided any allusion that could be construed as a reflection upon our honorable Postmaster, and if there is possibly any such expression it must be attributed to my poverty of language, and not as an intentional (these italics are mine) fling at a gentleman for whom I have always entertained the greatest respect and the highest consideration. I made no charge against Mr. Hodgkin, either by implication or otherwise, for I believe him to be a high-minded and honorable gentleman, a citizen of unblemished character and sterling integrity.

"Now we come to the curious part of this most remarkable" criticism. In my communication to the Oregonian I said in substance that the point was for the prosecution to establish the fact that the package in dispute had been properly addressed. I maintained that this fact was established, and after carefully reading the caustic review of my position in this particular, with all due difference to my critics superior legal and logical acumen, I see no reason to materially change my opinion. It seems clear to my mind that primarily the fact of the proper mailing of this package figures as an important factor in the case. For what more could the prosecution do than prove that the package was properly addressed? That is to say, addressed as they claimed to "Independence, Polk county, Oregon." On the other hand, it became obligatory upon the part of defense to establish the fact that there had been some mistake made, or at least misleading circumstances connected with the address upon said wrapper, etc. If this could be done, of course the onus of guilt or dereliction of duty would be removed from the Postmaster. In my second proposition I plainly stated that this latter fact had been established.

But my critic is disposed to think that such a position is decidedly unique and anomalous. It is very evident that he misapprehends my position in the premises.

He seems to think that we must either worship God or Meagy; either own allegiance to the Duniway Publishing Company or swear fealty to the Independence Postoffice office. Personally I claim no such relationship towards either party. I am willing to believe there is "a golden mean" between these two extremes, and that both parties are honest in their statements and convictions. I have no "mand" to throw either at Mrs. Duniway or Mr. Hodgkin, and I am equally loth to cast any reflection upon the testimony of witnesses. I believe they are all equally honest and sincere. You speak of me as "this apostle of the senior editor." You are simply mistaken. I do not occupy and have never occupied the role of an apostle. This insinuation is unworthy of my chivalric and courteous critic.

You also "very much fear that 'a suffragist' has not only admitted away every vestige of the case against Mr. Hodgkin, but has also knocked the props from under the defense of the Duniway's."

Why should you fear that "suffragist" has done so dreadful a thing? I have no "ax to grind," and am no partisan in this matter. It is immaterial to me whose "props" fall or where they fall. I aim to "follow to the line, let the chips fall where they will."

You say that Mrs. Duniway was unnecessarily severe upon certain witnesses for the defense. For once we are in accord. I think that the Matam's abuse of witness was in bad taste, to say the least.

One more comment and then I am done. You also say, "This defender and zealous exponent of an enlightened political movement" makes also the statement that the "hoodlum element were indelicately ostentatious." That is not in accordance with our observation.

This last statement is simply astonishing, and I am disposed to believe that it was a slip of the pen. Your "observation" was certainly very limited, and surely did not extend beyond the limits of the platform. In fact from what you say the actors upon the platform did occupy all your attention, and "that is in accordance with our observation" too.

I am now done with this controversy. In this communication I have endeavored to state my position with perspicuity and fairness, and have also attempted to indicate wherein my critic has misapprehended my position. That's all.

A SUFFRAGIST.

[We have all along had two objects in view. One to defend Mr. Hodgkin, the other to criticize Mrs. Duniway's abusive language. "A Suffragist" agrees with us in both points. And that's all.—Ed.]

Zena Items.

Our weather clerk is as changeable as a young maid.

Our roads are getting so rough that they make one sick to ride over them, or at least such was the case with one passenger on the stage on last Monday.

When the stage arrived here in the afternoon one of the passengers got out of the coach and that he staggered reminded one of being out to sea, the way he braced himself. It was rather funny to see him. And saying to himself, "This is the sickest, roughest, hic, sea I ever saw."

And he went over into the mud. The sea was too much for his underpinning. Moral: Always carry plenty of ballast and there will be no danger of getting top heavy on the roughest sea of adversity.

Mrs. John T. Crooks has been very ill.

Col. A. T. Long will lecture at Highland Church, Saturday evening, February 18th, and at the Zena Church, Sunday the 19th, at 11 a. m. All are invited to attend. Bro. Long is a fine speaker, and if you hear him once you will want to hear him again. Come and judge for yourselves.

Rumor has it that a dance will be given on the 14th of February at Phillips' hall.

On last Saturday morning we were aroused from our slumbers by the baying of hounds. We were not aware before that our yards smelled like foxes or coons. They came very close to our door. We believe it to be a put up job, or else bad training of the dogs.

Born to the wife of John Beckett, a daughter.

Born to the wife of John Crooks, near Zena, a son. John seems to be cured now.

Notice to School Clerks.

Superintendent C. E. Magers announces that he is ready to supply the clerks of school districts with blank reports. As all clerks must report by the first Monday in March, or else a forfeiture of the district money, clerks will do well to supply themselves with blanks.

Soiree.

A very pleasant dancing party was given at Butler's hall on Tuesday evening last in honor of Miss Lona Strang, of Salem, who is visiting friends in town this week.

About thirty couples were present, who "chased the hours with flying feet" until midnight, when the party broke up, some adjourning to Assall's oyster room for supper, while the remainder repaired to their respective homes. The music was furnished by Messrs. Pierce and Godley.

Order of Chosen Friends.

A Council of this Order was instituted in this place at Odd Fellows Hall on Wednesday, January 23d, by C. A. Wheeler, Deputy Supreme Councilor. The following is the list of officers selected for the ensuing term: J. M. Mitchell, P. C. C. C. A. C. Sweet, C. C. M. S. C. Stannus, V. C. Mrs. L. B. Sweet, Sec.; S. Stannus, Treas.; H. M. Lues, P.; John J. Marwick, W.; G. W. DeBord, G.; —; S. Dra. T. J. Leo and J. E. Davidson, Medical Examiners; and W. A. Cummings, G. W. DeBord and J. M. Mitchell, Trustees. The name of the Council is Orient, No. 7, of Oregon, and will meet Tuesday evening of each week at Odd Fellows' hall.

Prodigal Son.

The prodigal son of the bible no doubt represented his time, and filled the place perfectly as a parable, but the modern prodigal is somewhat different, and is thus represented by an exchange:

"Now, there was a certain man had two sons.

And the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."

And he divided unto him his living, and the youngest son purchased himself an oil-cloth gipsack and got out of the country.

And it came to pass that he journeyed even unto Bucksinn and the land that lieth over against Leadville.

And when he was come night unto the city he heard the sound of music and dancing.

And he got into that place, and when he arose and went his way, a hiveling at the gates smote upon him with a slung-shot of great potency, and the younger son wist not how it was.

And in the second watch of the night he arose and he was alone; and the pieces of gold and silver were gone.

And it was so.

And he arose and sat down and rent his clothes and threw ashes and dust upon himself.

And he went and joined himself unto a citizen of that country, and he sent him down in a prospect hole to dig.

And he never before dig.

Wherefore when he spat upon his hands and lay hold of the long-handled shovel, werewith they are wont to shovel, he struck his elbows upon the wall of the shaft wherein he stood, and he poured the earth and rocks over against the back of his neck.

And he waxed exceedingly wroth.

And he tried even yet again, and behold! the handle of the shovel became tangled between his legs, and filled his ear nigh full of decomposed slate and the porphyry which is in that region round about.

And he wist not why it was so.

Now, after many days the slavers with their shovels, and the hoisters with their hoists, banded themselves together, and each said to his fellow:

"Go to! Let us strike." And they stroke.

And they that stroke were as the sands of the sea for multitude,

and they were as terrible as an army with banners.

And they blew upon the ram's horn and the cornet, and the sabbat, and the alto horn, and the flute and the bass drum.

Now, it came to pass that the younger son joined not with them that did strike, neither went he out to his work, nor on the highway, lest at any time they that did strike should fall upon him and flatten him unto his home packed in ice, which is even after the fashion of that people.

And he began to be in want.

And he went out and joined himself unto a citizen of the country; and he sent him unto the lanchroom to find tourists.

And he would fain have filled himself up with adamantine cookies and indigestible pie, and the vulcanized sandwiches which the tourists always did eat.

And no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself he said: "How many hired servants hath my father on the farm with bread enough and lots to spare, and I perish with hunger!"

And he resigned his position in the lanch business and arose and went unto his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, he telegraphed to his father to kill the old cow and make merry, for behold he had struck it rich, and the old man paid for the telegram.

Now, the elder son was in the north field plowing with a pair of balky mules, and when he drew nigh to the house he heard music and dancing.

And he couldn't seem wot—why these things were thus.

And he took the hired girl by the ear and led her away, and asked: "Whence cometh this unseemly hilarity?"

And she smote him with the palm of her hand, and said: "This thy brother has come, and was dead and is alive again, and they began to have a high old time."

And the elder son kicked, even as the government mule kicket, and he was hot under the collar, and he gathered up an armful of profanity and flung it in among the guests, and got him up and guided his loins and lit out.

And he got him to one learned in the law, and he replenished the entire ranch whereon they were, together with all singular the hereditaments, right, title, franchise, estate, both in law and in equity, together with all dips, spurs, angles, crooks, variations, leads, veins of gold and silver ore, mill-sites, dam-sites, flumes, and each and every of them firmly by them firmly by these presents.

And it was so.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Young man: It's all right for you to want to own the earth. Get as much of it as you can in a decent sort of way. But don't imagine you own the whole of it. That's where lots of folks make a mistake.

A modern young lady's forehead. The editor of this column not having seen one for several years, is willing to pay a fair price for a glimpse at the genuine old article. No bandage or otherwise mutilated specimens wanted.

Mr. Thornlyke Rice, editor of the North American Review, is now in a position to afford the whole of his magazine to "Bob" Ingersoll's creed if he wants it. A lady named Bourne, of Newport, R. I., has left him by will, \$500,000.

"Whew! Coming up the stairs takes the wind out of me," remarks the gentleman who climbs to the editorial rooms to give advice about running the paper. "So glad," says the editor, shaking him by the hand, and the gentleman thinks the editor is so delighted to see him.

A gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six years, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?"

"Oh, yes, was the reply, "but not till after the funeral."

Wives ought really to be more careful about telling the truth to their husbands. "Why do you start so whenever I come into the room?" asked a brusque man of his better half. "It is only my nerves, my poor nerves," she replied, "which are so very weak that I am startled by every stupid thing I see."

A little colored boy wrote the following excuse to his teacher: "I am sorry I couldn't come to school on Friday, but I couldn't cause it rain. That way it go in the world. If the Lord shut the door, no man can open the door; and if the Lord open the door, no man can shut the door; and if the Lord say it rain, no man can stop it rain; but the Lord do all things well, and you oughtn't to growl."

When an Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend: "Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogic contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.