THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

DALLAS, SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1883.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

The coldest snap of the season.

M. H. Axsom is quite ill at his home in this city.

Hon. H. Y. Thompson, of Portland, was in town Tuesday.

David Stump, of Monmouth, made us a pleasant call on Tuesday.

A. M. Miller, who has been ill for some weeks, is able to be about.

George W. Belt, of Inedpendence, has been re-appointed Notary Public.

We received a pleasant call on Tuesday last from Mr. H. Yocum, of Ballston.

Rev. C. Alderson will preach at Independence to-morrow, morning and evening.

John P. Hart returned this week from a visit to his children on Yaquina Bay.

We received a pleasant call last Saturday from Mr. J. T. Ford, of Independence.

The last man executed in Polk County was executed by the father of the present Sheriff.

Miss Ella Witten, one of the teachers of the La Creole Academy, is very ill.

Mr. John Bones and Mr. I. Vanhorn, of the northwestern part of this county, made us a call Tuesday.

The road having been repaired between Monmouth and Airlie, the train now goes through to the latter place.

The next quarterly Conference of the M. E. Church will be held at Buena Vista, this county, on the 27th and 28th insts.

Dr. J. N. Smith was on Thurdsay called to his home in Linn County, near Corvallis, to attend his sister, who was very ill.

E. L. DeLashmutt and F. M. Collins, who have been confined to the house by sickness, made their appearance on the streets this week.

Mr. George A. Sheppard was in town Tuesday on business connected with the sale of the Yocum farm under his execution against Yocum.

We understand a petition will soon be presented to the Board of Trustees, asking an appropriation for the purpose of buying fire apparatus.

Collins & Hall this week sold to Howard & Millican, of Salem, twenty-one head of beef cattle. We understand they were sold for 3½ cents, on foot.

Mr. W. A. Baskett, who has been living east of the mountains for some years, paid us a visit yesterday. He will remain in the county until the last of next month.

Mr. S. N. Millard, of Independence, called Wednesday. As will be seen elsewhere in this paper, he was on the eve of a very important event and was just a little nervous.

Deputy U. S. Marshal Brown last Thursday arrested and took to Portland a Chinaman, who is charged with selling liquor to some Indians here during the trial of Gilbert.

Mr. Luther Elkins, of Linn County, came to Dallas, about two weeks ago, on a visit to his son William. He was taken ill last Saturday, but is now able to be about the house.

The sale of the property advertised to take place on Tuesday of this week, to satisfy an execution in favor of L. Senders and against W. H. James, was postponed until next Monday.

At the Sheriff's sale of Hathaway Yocum's farm on Tuesday the property was bid in by George A. Sheppard, the plaintiff in the execution, for $8,000. The farm consists of 360 acres of land.

It is to be regretted that the series of lectures just closed at Oak Grove church were not delivered at some more control point. A great many missed hearing them who would have been glad to do so.

Several persons in this place who have subscribed and paid for the West Shore and Polaris are at a loss to know why these publications do not come to hand. Brothers Acton and Samuels, rise and explain.

An error was made last week in stating that there was a judgment for plaintiff on the pleadings in the case of A. D. Davidson vs. L. Bentley. The judgment was for defendant for costs and disbursements.

County Treasurer Miller on Monday paid to the State Treasurer the balance of Polk County's State tax. The total tax was $13,189.30. Polk is the third county to pay up, Douglas and Yamhill having been the first.

The attention of Postmasters is respectfully called to the fact that it is their duty to notify us when a paper is not taken from their respective offices, by the person to whom directed, at the same time stating the cause thereof.

Miss Annie Martin, daughter of John S. Martin, of McMinnville, died on Sunday last. Deceased was a sister of Mrs. B. DeLashmutt, of Dallas. She would have been seventeen years of age on Tuesday, the day of her burial.

Messrs. H. Holman, Wm. Grant and C. G. Rowell have purchased and will develop a stone quarry on Isaac Burson's old place, situated near Oakdale in this county. As the demand for good building stone is continually increasing, the Polk County quarries will be valuable property.

Mr. James Harris is prepared to furnish wagons and hardware to those who need them at as good bargains as can be had elsewhere. He is too well and favorably known to require any special recommendation from us, as those who buy from him will always testify. Go to his place of business when you need anything in his line, and you will not regret it.

A number of our townsmen accompanied, of course, by fair partners, went over to Independence last Saturday night to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Whether the "cabin" is wearing out, or the performers are inferior, or from whatever cause, the visitors from here report the performance as much less meritorious than that of last summer at Independence.

The remains of G. J. Baskett, who died in Santa Barbara, Cal., having gone there in the hopes of benefiting his failing health, arrived at Dixie last Saturday and were consigned to their last resting place on Sunday Jan. 14, 1883. The family wish to express their sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors, who, in their time of sorrow, so kindly offered sympathy and assistance.

The Portland Telegram is itself in error when it attempts to correct the News about an item that appeared in the latter paper, recently, relative to a stone quarry in this county. It is true that such a quarry has been worked in this county for many years, but that referred to by the News is newly discovered and much more accessible to market. It is noticed in another place.

In many rural neighborhoods in this county, both amusement and improvement are attained by the existence of debating or other literary societies. It is cause of regret, and ought to be cause of shame, that in the two principal towns in the county, Dallas and Independence, there are no organizations of the kind. For young people, nothing so well leads to originality of thought and expression as participation in the exercises of such societies.

The Portland press is at war. It cannot be called a civil war, for the most uncivil things are said. Our esteemed country exchanges are taking a hand on either side of the internecine struggle, and exhibit, in their criticisms, a knowledge of newspaper excellence that could be beneficially applied at home. For our part, it is all we can do to make THE ITEMIZER approximate our idea of what a paper should be. We have no valuable knowledge to throw away on metropolitan journals.

Miss Joie Buffington, who has been residing at Dallas for some months past, teaching music, left this week for North Yamhill, whence she expects to go east of the mountains. Miss Buffington hopes to recuperate her failing health in another climate, and her many warm friends here will rejoice to learn that she has been fully restored to health. She is a most excellent young lady, and her departure is greatly regretted, both on account of the loss to our society and the illness which causes it.

We have received a paper called "Le Mot D'Ordre," printed in Paris, France. There is not, in all Oregon, a paper so poorly printed as this. It is mainly filled with an account of the obsequies of Louis Blanc. It has about three "sticks" of telegraphic dispatches, from which our rusty French enables us to make out that at Buda-Pesth, in Austria, on December 11th, a duel occurred between two persons with unpronounceable names. The upshot of the affair is laconically stated to be that "two shots were exchanged without result."

Death of Rev. Henry C. Jenkins.

We have received information that Rev. Henry C. Jenkins died at Halsey, Linn County, on the 7th inst., aged forty-six years and was buried at the same place. He leaves a wife and six children and three brothers and two sisters. He was well known in this county, where his parents first located in 1844. The family afterwards moved to Wilbur, in the Umpqua valley, where Mr. Jenkins received most of his education and where he was converted and joined the M. E. Church. His parents being Baptists, he afterwards joined that church and was licensed by it to preach. In a few years, however, he returned to his former church, and was engaged in active itinerant work, in the Oregon Annual Conference, until failing health compelled a change of his relation. He was in charge of the Dallas work at two different times, and made here a host of friends by his congenial spirit. He was a preacher of good ability, very zealous, and quite successful. He died as he had lived, a good and true man, gentleman and Christian.

DIED.

At Pioneer Bridge, Benton County, Oregon, January 9, 1883, after a short illness of congestion of the brain, Miss Lydia May Morrison, daughter of Barney and Jemima Morrison, aged 15 years, 10 months and 11 days.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
As it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Dearest sister, though hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in Heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed.

Articles of Incorporation.

Articles of incorporation were filed on Wednesday in the County Clerk's office, incorporating the La Creole Stone Company. J. J. Daly, N. L. Butler and W. P. Wright, of Dallas, are the incorporators. Capital stock is $10,000, divided into 200 shares. The principal place of business is Dallas. The object of this company is to quarry stone from a newly discovered stone ledge, recently discovered about four miles west of Dallas. This stone is said to be of a quality superior, for any purpose, to any yet found in the State. The quarry will be in easy reach of market. A proposiiion has already been received from the railroad company in Portland for stone to be used in the erection of the company's buildings in that city. The stone company will immediately buy and construct the necessary machinery for quarrying and marketing the stone.

Complimentary Notice.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement in another column of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., the great seedsmen, whose mammoth establishment is one of the sights of the chief city of Michigan. They do the largest business in their trade in the United States, reaching even across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The house is entirely reliable, and if you wish to get exactly what you order, you cannot do better than send to them for your seeds, and you may depend upon it you will get the best that the market can supply. Their seeds have become known over the entire civilized world for purity and fertility, and have gained for them an enviable reputation. Their Annual Seed Catalogue just issued for 1883, replete with information and beautifully illustrated, will be sent free on application.

Petition for Post Office at Elkhorn.

A petition is circulating in the Elkhorn neighborhood praying for the re-establishment of the Elkhorn Post Office, which was discontinued a short time ago. The petition asks that a mail route be established between Sheridan and Elkhorn, the mail to leave Sheridan on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 o'clock in the morning and return to Sheridan by noon. Mr. Nathan Blair is recommended for Postmaster. We sincerely hope that the petition will be granted. The former mail was daily, but a bi-weekly mail is said to be amply sufficient for that community.

Failed.

The following, taken from a Portland paper, will be read with regret by Mr. Langworthy's many friends in Dallas: A. J. Langworthy, a dealer in general merchandise, at Corvallis, made an assignment Monday to I. R. Dawson, manager of the Merchants' Protective Union, for the benefit of creditors. Liabilities between $4,500 and $5,000, and assets about the same. His indebtedness is chiefly in Portland, and principal creditors are: White, Goldsmith & Co., Allen & Lewis, Ladd & Tilton, Mooney & Valentine and Akin, Selling & Co.

The Masquerade Ball.

Every one is looking for a good time at the masquerade ball, to come off on Friday night, the 26th inst. The boys seem determined to make it the grandest event of the season. The hall is being decorated in the "nebbiest" style. Prizes, consisting of a handsome standard silver pickle castor offered to the best sustained lady character, and a box of choice cigars offered to the best sustained gentleman character, are on exhibition at J. W. Crider's store. A jolly time is expected.

Academy Lecture.

On next Wednesday evening Hon. Warren Truitt will deliver a lecture at the Academy, on the subject "of English Language." The subject is an important one and offers a large field. We have no doubt that the audience will be repaid by hearing the lecture.

New Goods at W. C. Brown's.

Great reduction in prices at W. C. Brown's.

Remember the masquerade on the evening of the 26th.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

The Law's Severest Doom Pronounced Against Tom Gilbert.

On last Tuesday before one o'clock, the hour appointed by the Court for pronouncing the sentence of Tom Gilbert, the convicted Indian, the Court room was filled with men eager to witness the solemn formality. Judge Boise, before the hour arrived, was busily engaged in writing, and, while expectation was intense, he began to make a decision on a demurrer in a civil case. That done, the Sheriff was ordered to bring in the prisoner. "Stand up," said the Court, as Gilbert had taken a chair within the bar. This order was obeyed by the Indian, and the Court then asked: "Have you anything to say why the Court should not pronounce sentence upon you?" Gilbert looked puzzled and said he did not understand. Mr. Daly, one of his attorneys, was called, who explained to him that he could tell the Court whatever he wished. He still seemed not to know exactly what was meant, and asked, "what about?" After another explanation, he asked, "you mean I can talk to these people?" indicating the audience with a gesture. He then began and said substantially: "I am going to hang. I did not kill Dave and his wife. If I had killed them, now I am going to hang, anyhow, I would not tell a lie about it. God knows whether I killed them. The boy killed them, and they swear against me to save the boy from hanging. The boy killed another boy once." He repeated his avowal of his innocence, and said: "It will be found out who killed Dave and his wife, but I hang for it. It will do me no good then." He spoke very earnestly, and gestured with his left hand, occasionally placing it on his breast. At the close he sat down, and repeated, after he was seated, "I must hang for it." During this delivery there was a deep hush, and the audience was standing. The prisoner's earnest manner made an impression on the hearers, and caused some persons to express a doubt as to his guilt. Judge Boise then caused the prisoner to stand up again, and said that he had no discretion in the matter; the jury had found him guilty; they had believed the witnesses, and it only remained for the Court to pass the sentence. He proceeded with the sentence: "That you be taken from this place and kept in close confinement in the county jail until the first day of March, 1883, when you will be taken out of said jail and, between the hours of eleven o'clock A. M and one o'clock P. M. of said day, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

The prisoner is exceedingly ill-favored, his forehead being very narrow across the top, caused from the compression which it received when an infant, according to the custom of his tribe. His eyelids droop over his eyes, giving him a sinister expression. Yet when he was making his speech the emotion caused by the imminence and horror of his fate, humanized his face, and caused it to appear less repulsive. There was nothing, however, tragic in his manner, which was intensely earnest, but very quiet. Only a little while and Tom Gilbert will solve for himself the mystery that only the dead can ever know.

MONMOUTH ITEMS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Mr. Chas. Gould moved his family out to Airlie, Tuesday evening, on the regular train's first trip, since the high water, to that point.

Mr. P. B. Marshall, who has been attending school here, has been obliged to quit and return home, leaving his brother in his place.

Pres. D. T. Stanley has sold his job printing office to Mr. Conover, of the Town Talk, Salem, and the material was removed on Tuesday.

We are informed that some of the students of the State University at Eugene City talk of coming to enter school here. We hope it is true, as the more the better.

Miss E. McFadden, of Corvallis, has arrived and taken charge of her department, crayon work, in the College. She is an experienced teacher and a perfect lady. We are always ready and willing to welcome such to our town. She starts in with a moderate-sized class, which will be increased very shortly. Once more we say to her, welcome.

You did not give, in your item about the little party at Mr. Frank Butler's, the story about "those break down" that the boys had, and how they had to carry the girls out of the mud, and how they had to "foot it" the rest of the way. Some people may think that part of the party was not the pleasantest, but we were a boy once, and we used to be glad to have a break down in the mud, just so we could get to carry the girls out from the wagon to solid ground. It is fun, isn't it, boys?

On last Saturday night, some time after the hour of nine, I heard a very peculiar sound on the side walk near the Post Office, and peeping out at the window, for the night was clear, I could distinguish several boys, who appeared to be holding a council about something. Their object was soon carried into effect by part of the crowd. No doubt it was fun for them, as I am sure it was for me, as I peeped through the window at them. That's right, boys, have lots of fun, but watch your "corners."

Bound Over.

Mr. William Ridgeway, of Douglas Precinct, was arrested and brought before Justice Tillotson on Thursday, on information of R. G. Worthington, charging him with assault with a dangerous weapon. Ridgeway waived examination and gave bonds, in the sum of $500, for his appearance before the Grand Jury. The men had a dispute, in which Ridgeway claimed that Worthington had turned water on his land. Worthington says Ridgeway struck him with a large stone As the matter is to be judicially investigated, we will make no comment.

It Never Fails.

If all other remedies have failed to afford relief there is one that will never disappaint you, and that one is Syrup of Figs. The strong and the weak alike find it powerful for good; harmless, yet thorough, always giving strength to the bowels, so that regular habits may be formed and the system restored to a healthy condition. Each half-dollar bottle contains from twenty to thirty average doses, and the dollar bottles more than double. For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas.

Married.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst., near Monmouth, by Elder H. M. Waller, Mr. L. W. Tice and Miss Orela Haight, both of Polk County.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., at Independence, Mr. S. N. Millard and Miss Olive Ott, both of Independence.

Installation, I. O. O. F.

Last Saturday evening the following were installed as officers of Friendship Lodge, No. 6, I. O. O. F., by D. D. G. M., E. T. Miller: J. D. Lee, N. G.; C. G. Rowell, V. G.; J. M. Blakeney, R. S.; S. A. Randle, P. S.; and A. Shultz, Treasurer.

For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure, For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas.

LEWISVILLE ITEMS.

The roads are very muddy.

J. M. Staats has another glass-ball shooting here to-day (Saturday). There is also a shooting match for a gun.

B. F. Smith is improving his time by digging a ditch to drain one of his fields.

Lindeman and Estabrook have commenced plowing for spring crops. Nothing like taking time by the foretop.

J. S. Bogue thinks times are hard in this vicinity. He says he can't get anyone to cut his wood, so he has to cut it himself.

We were recently shown a boot-jack that was expressly manufactured for the purpose of pulling off our store-keeper's boots. It is made of oak and is substantial enough to pull the foot off an elephant.

One evening last week, as H. S. Smith was packing eggs for market, by the light of his lantern, his cat came in the room, and, becoming frightened, sprang onto a tub that was filled with eggs, rolling about two dozen onto the floor, breaking them. He says he has a cat to give away now.

H. J. Ward, our hunter, returned the latter part of last week with feathers drooping and his cheeks bedewed with tears, saying "I've lost my bet." He was gone nine or ten days and never got a shot at a deer. He says the next time he goes hunting he will stay at home and shoot tin cans.

As J. S. Bogue and wife were returning from a visit to Grandma Smith's, last Sunday, the horse which Mrs. Bogue was riding became unmanageable, nearly throwing her off, J. S. being scarcely able to restrain the animal until she could alight. He then changed the saddles on the horses and then they quietly proceeded homeward.

C. and S. Smith, when bringing goods from Independence, on Thursday of last week, for H. S. Smith, got stalled in the mud, about half a mile east of this place, and had to double teams to pull out of the mire and to get up the hill. As they were going up the hill so much mud stuck to one of the boy's boots as to pull it off, but he went on up the hill without it.

One of the party of hunters who went out near Mary's Peak, week before last, hunting, thought he had found a bonanza. One evening he discovered, as he supposed, the tracks of a whole band of deer. He said nothing to the rest of the hunters that evening, but early next morning shouldered his gun, determined to find the band and kill them all himself. He patiently and carefully tracked them through briar and brake, until nearly exhausted, when fresh signs gave indication that he was nearing his game. With every faculty on the alert, he carefully peered in all directions, when lo, a lot of goats, quietly feeding, that had strayed away from their home, met his gaze. Weary and crestfallen he tried to return to camp without being discovered, but in vain. P. C. Howard, please rise and explain.

A general discussion at this place, recently, in reference to what we commonly call the "apple louse," elicited various opinions in regard to its habits, depredations and manner of propagation. Some claimed that if a person would buy only healthy trees from nurserymen there would be no trouble with them. Others maintained that many comparatively healthy, thrifty young orchards that had been set out from two to four years had been attacked by these pests within the last year or two, and consequently did not believe the others altogether correct. A few young trees have been attacked by them in this vicinity the past year, but they were destroyed by a bath of strong soapsuds or some other equally strong mixture. As this insect is attacking many young orchards in this State, it is to the interest of all to know something about it. Will you are some of your readers tell us about its habits and manner of propagation, and how we can the most easily, cheaply and effectually destroy it? Will it entirely kill the trees, or will it leave them after being on them a year or two? Did our last Legislature pass any law compelling people to keep their orchards free from this insect? I think there should be a law if there is not, but it ought to be very stringent on nurserymen, if at the nursery the trouble begins. PEDRO.

NOTICE.

Those who are indebted to me, either on note or account, are respectfully requested to come forward and settle within 30 days. I do not wish to offend anyone, or to cause anyone to incur expense, but I cannot wait any longer; therefore, be on time and do not wait for the collectors, for they are expensive. ADOLF WOLF.

INDEPENDENCE, Jan. 17, 1883.

LAST BLAST FOR FUNDS.

N. B.—Settlements and payments are now in order without arguments, as we have sold out, and now want our money from whomsoever due. Remember that what you owe us is not yours, but ours, and we have use for it. So come forward and deposit your checks for, and on account of, yours, etc., etc.

McGREW & WALLER.

PERRYDALE, Ogn., Nov. 28, 1882.

SHELL OUT.

We have sold out our livery business to Mr. A. J. Goodman, whom we recommend to the public's patronage. We respectfully request those indebted to us to call and settle their accounts immediately, as we want all the money we have made.

COOPER BROS.

INDEPENDENCE, Dec. 28, 1882.

DALLAS HOTEL.

W. S. Elkins, Proprietor.

This Hotel is second to none on the coast for good accomodations, and is first-class in entertainment. Sample rooms free for displaying goods.

A General Stampede.

Probably nothing has caused such a general stampede in the direction of any one of our business houses as that produced by the announcement that all sufferers could obtain a Trail Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery free of cost, by calling at Jasper R. Miller's Drug Store. This is the great remedy that is producing such astonishing cures everywhere, curing where everything else has failed. No person suffering with a severe Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, or any other affection of the Throat and Lungs but what Dr. King's New Discovery will give instant relief. A single Trial Bottle will convince the most skeptical and show you what a regular dollar size bottle will do.

Best cigars in the city at Jap. R. Miller's

Every owner of a horse should possess Dr. Kendall's book. Jap. R. Miller will sell it to you for 25 cents.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Jap. R. Miller.

Pure and fresh drugs of every kind constantly on hand at Jap. R. Miller's. He keeps every article belonging to the trade.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas,

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas,

INDEPENDENCE ITEMS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Prof. Cressey's dancing school on last Friday night was well attended.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church have organized a Mutual Aid Society.

A. P. Bonzey has gone to Albina, where he contemplates engaging in business.

George E. Good and County Clerk Shelley were in town Monday on business.

We are indebted to Hon. Stephen Staats for several copies of valuable Eastern journals.

We understand that Emerson's Minstrels will be the next attraction here in the theatrical line.

Prof. McElroy, Supt. of Pub. Instruction, was in town this week on business connected with his office.

W. B. Lawlor, who has been in Nevada for the past year, returned home last week, but will return to that State in a few days.

There is no use going out of the county to buy furniture, when you can be suited in prices and quality, at Allen & Osborne's, Independence.

Those contemplating buying furniture can do no better than to call on Allen & Osborne, at Independence. They carry the best stock in the county.

Rev. Mr. Dunning, of Corvallis, preached at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday, and Rev. Anthony Simpson occupied Rev. Dunning's pulpit at Corvallis.

A Teachers' Institute for the counties of Marion, Linn, Yamhill, Benton, Tillamook and Polk will be held at this place during the last week in March. Further particulars will be given hereafter.

Allen & Osborne, Independence, have an extensive stock of furniture which they sell at reasonable prices. Their stock consists of chamber sets, parlor sets, chairs of the best quality, a fine lot of picture frames, and whatever is usually carried in a first-class furniture store.

Jay Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company played to a crowded house last Saturday night, quite a number attending from Dallas, Monmouth and Buena Vista. The performance did not come up to the popular expectation, it being in many respects inferior to the performance here last summer.

We are requested to say that the announcement in last week's paper to the effect that H. Hirschberg and James Cooper of this place had formed a partnership to carry on a brokerage business, though made on the authority of those gentlemen, was a little premature, as no partnership of that nature has as yet been formed. Though operating together, their business relations do not amount to a partnership.

As per announcement, Lieut. Schwatka lectured at Butler's Hall on last Friday evening, and, we regret to have to say, to a small house. The dancing school, which took place the same evening, and the fact that Jay Rial's second-class Uncle Tom's Cabin Company was to play the following night, no doubt, will account for the small attendance. Those who were present, however, enjoyed a rich treat, and during the whole lecture listened, spell-bound, to the thrilling and graphic description which the lecturer gave of his most daring and dangerous journey in the Arctic seas.

The Doe family, who have been arraigned before our Courts for every crime and misdemeanor known to the criminal code, have at last been avenged. For once they have apeared as the prosecutors instead of the prosecuted. Last Sunday night three negro jubilee singers, belonging to the Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., were arrested and fined $2 each for gambling without a license. They were arrested by John Doe, and taken before his Honor A. J. Doe, Where Geo. Doe appeared as prosecuting witness and Henry Doe as prosecuting attorney. The fine was promptly paid and the bar, bench, prisoners and spectators adjourned to the town pump, where everybody took ice-cold lemonade. The "nigs" didn't drop on it.

ZENA ITEMS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Rev. David Lynch will preach here to-morrow at the hour of 11 a. m. All are invited to attend.

Mrs. M. E. Richardson, of Independence, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips, near this place.

Our stage driver seems to be doing a good business, as he had to run two coaches one day last week, and then was crowded with passengers.

Mr. Jas. R. Shupbach's mother arrived here on Saturday from Salt Lake to reside with her son. She seems to be well pleased with Oregon and its climate.

Rev. Mr. Hannah preached an excellent discourse on Sunday last. The attendance was good for such a stormy day, as winter had decked our hills with her mantle of snow.

Our excellent Road Supervisor has replaced the bridge on the road between here and Bethel, and also made some needed repairs on the Lincoln and Zena lane, which is one of the best drives in the State.

So far, four dogs have launched their barks elsewhere, as they have failed to come home again after renewing their last deeds of destruction upon Mr. I. P. Reese's and Thomas Moreland's sheep, some 22 in number.

This week is the last of the school of District No. 1, until next Spring, when it is to be hoped it will re-open. It has been under the able management of Mrs. Patrick, who came from the East last Fall. As the lady has given general satisfaction, it is to be hoped that the directors will be fortunate enough to procure her again in the Spring.

PERRYDALE ITEMS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Dr. J. M. Roberts, dentist, is in town on professional business.

C. T. Waller has gone to Portland, in the interest of the lightning rod company.

Our friend Pierce Riggs is acting upon the advice of Horace Greeley. We see him occasionally making trips out west.

Driving will be a pastime soon, as Supervisor J. H. Downing is improving the road by working a gang on tar hill.

Miss Emma Butler, who has been stopping at Mrs. McGrew's, has returned home. Our social circle regrets her loss.

Several wheat buyers were in town this week. We suppose the attraction is the 20,000 bushels still held in E. C. Keyt's warehouse. We understand it is being held for one dollar.

A species of bird known as the stork was killed near town this week by A. Waugh. It was purchased by J. P. Frizzell, who is collecting an assortment of birds. The taxidermist is reaping a harvest.

Duck shooting is the favorite pastime for the boys of this vicinity. Mr. A. Waugh is ahead this time. If he had brought in the dozen he reports having "hung in the bush" he would have killed thirty-four in two days.

CARD.

Having sold out my stock of goods and permanently retired from business here, I desire to return my sincere thanks to the many friends who so kindly and liberally patronized me during the many years that I have been engaged in business at Independence. ADOLF WOLF.

INDEPENDENCE, Jan. 17, 1883.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

George J. Baskett, the subject of this sketch, was born in Shelby County, Kentucky, February 25, 1817. He was the eldest of eleven children. His parents, William and Susan Baskett, immigrated to Missouri in 1826 and settled in Howard County, near Fayette. George J. Baskett immigrated to Oregon in 1848, and settled in Polk County, about one mile north of Dixie. He was married September 8, 1850, to Catharine S. Bristow, and their union was blessed with eight children, six daughters and two sons. Three of the daughters passed over the river before him. He leaves his family in good circumstances, his farm being one of the best in the county, unincumbered, and in the best state of cultivation. Mr. Baskett had great energy, perseverance and industry. He took great delight in fine horses, and spent a great deal of money and time in selecting the best he could find. But within the last few years he had been introducing a larger class of horses on his ranch in Eastern Oregon, where he had a large band of stock. He told the writer of this article that he designed selling the most of his fine stock, and, for that purpose, started in the Spring of 1881 on a trip to Idaho and Montana; but did not succeed in selling, and returned in the fall, completely broken down. He remained at home during the winter, and went back to Montana, last Spring, to where his horses were, and not finding sale for them, he concluded to bring them home. but his health again failed, and, leaving his horses with his brother to bring on, he boarded the train and came home alone, completely broken down again. He still thought if he could get to California and bathe in the Hot Springs, he would regain his health. Although his physician, Doctor T. J. Lee, advised him not to go, he had such great faith in the springs that he went. On arriving there, the doctors advised him not to bathe in the springs. His disease was dropsy. He kept growing weaker, and, on the 4th of January, his spirit passed over to the other shore. His remains were brought home on last Saturday, and the funeral took place on Sunday. It was attended by a large concourse of people. The funeral discourse was preached by the Rev. Mr. Waller, the burial being conducted by the Grange, of which he was a member. Mr. Baskett was a good citizen and an obliging neighbor. Thus, one by one, the old pioneers are passing away. There will soon be none left to tell of the hardships and privations they had to endure. There are but few left on the LaCreole. D.

Four car loads of coal have been shipped from Portland to the new foundry at the Penitentiary. The shops will be started immediately.

The Portland Welcome is about the liveliest sheet west of the Rockies, if not east of them, and is making itself particularly lively anent the Northwest News.

A little boy in East Portland was attempting last Sunday to pick a giant powder cartridge and—you know the rest. His thumb and two fingers had to be amputated.

A daughter of W. H. Simmons, who lives ten miles south of Salem, was very badly burned last week, by her clothes catching fire, and there are grave doubts of her recovery.

A body of a man was found in the water at Astoria Tuesday, with a deep cut on his left temple. He was last seen in a saloon, on last Sunday, under the influence of liquor.

The Welcome says: When Solomon spoke of the absurdity of painting the lily he was unconsciously etc., etc. Was it Solomon who said that? We respectfully refer the matter to your "pessimist."

It is reported that work on the tunnels and grades of the Yaquina railroad has been suspended, whether temporarily or not is not known. The question exercising the Yaquina people is what will become of the Bay if the road should not be built.

The jury in the case of W. Scott Beebe, tried in Portland on the charge of attempting to bribe a juror in the Carrie Bradley case, returned a verdict of not guilty last Tuesday. It will be remembered that Beebe was one of the attorneys for Bradley, and the evidence published at the time went to show that he had sent one of the jurymen some money and a note admonishing him to "stand pat." At the rendition of the verdict, one of Beebe's admirers clapped his hands so boisterously that Judge Stott fined him $10.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last!
No One Need Suffer!

A sure Cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian Remedy,) called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry of Cleveland has to say about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment; I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment.

For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price, $1.00.

Hodge, Davis & Co., wholesale agents, Portland, Oregon.

HENRY & CO., Prop'rs,
Cleveland, O

Mason, Dentist, Dallas.

J. L. Hyde has a fine line of drugs and the best cigars to be had in town.

J. D. Lee has on hand a good stock of goods at low prices. You can not do better than to do your coming year's trading with him.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

A dispatch to the Oregonian from Seattle, dated January 17th, gives the following details of the most disastrous steamboat explosion that ever occurred on the Sound:

The steamer Josephine, which left this city at 6:30 this morning for Skagit River, having on board a full freight and twenty passengers, blew up this afternoon in Port Susan Bay, fifty miles north of this point. Robert Bailey, acting master; John Turner, the purser; Amador Ballena, the steward; Sam Kavanaugh, the fireman, and several passengers are reported lost.

The Josephine was owned by J. B. Ball, Newton Hartman and Fritz Dibbin, and was valued at $7000. Her boiler and machinery are the same that were used on the steamer Wenat on the Columbia River eight or ten years ago. She was officially inspected on the 27th of December, when the boiler stood a pressure of 150 pounds to the inch, and she was licensed to carry 100 pounds of steam. Her regular engineer was off this trip and there is yet no definite information as to the cause of the disaster. The steamer was a stern wheeler of 83 tons measurement, built here in 1878 and was generally supposed to be sound in both hull and boiler.

The explosion occurred at noon while the passengers were at dinner. The engineer was at the table, and declares that when he left the lower deck the gauge indicated 100 pounds and that the glass was half-full. The crown sheet went straight up through the forward cabin and pilot house, carrying Jno. Ansen, the man at the wheel, high into the air, causing his instant death. Captain Bailey was on the main deck at the time, and was lost. Neither he nor Purser Tanner were seen after the explosion. The steward, Amador Ballena, and his helper, David Sparks, were instantly killed while waiting on the table.

The body of the steward was afterwards found and left on a part of the wreck, but before it could be picked up was washed to the bottom. Sam Kavanaugh, the fireman, was not seen afterwards, and undoubtedly was killed. S. E. Cannon, a commercial traveler representing Bates, Reed & Cooley, of New York, was killed, but his body was saved and brought here. Cannon leaves a wife and two children, who are in San Francisco. Sam Babbitt, a stranger, was also killed. Those injured were: Dennis Lawler, the engineer, badly bruised about the head; Miss Estelle Bradish of Tacoma, thigh broken; Hannah Price of Skagit, an old lady, ankles jammed and otherwise hurt; H. G. Kelly, of Skagit, leg broken. One or two others were slightly hurt, while sixteen persons on board escaped uninjured.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. James Sheafe, who years ago was a leading grocer in Biddeford. It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheafe had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking him for the theft, as another would, and thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it, and exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," said the other, you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter; it is easily tried," said Mr. Sheafe, putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so. I knew I was right. I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds. However, if you don't want the whole, you needn't have it; I'll take part of it out."

"No, no," said the other, staying the hands of Mr. Sheafe on their way to the strings of the bag. "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for his dishonesty and receiving the skim-milk cheese at the rate of forty-five cents a pound, the price of the wool.

If you have a secret, confide it to a stingy man. He never gives anything away.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a Lucifer."

Why is a railroad so patriotic? Give it up? Because it is bound to the country with the strongest ties.

When a youth wears a collar for a week and then can't see any dirt on it he must be entirely collar blind.

A wise man will not complain at the weather. When it rains he will keep his umbrella open and his mouth shut.

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and gets reduced to the last quarter.

A yankee has just invented a suspender that so contracts on your approach to water, that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over, and drops you on the opposite side.

"And now I ask," said Mr. Talmage, striking the Bible a heavy blow, "what is the distinctive feature of to-day's religious press?" To clip without giving credit, Mr. Talmage. Arkansas Traveler.

A small boy of four summers was riding a hobby horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause he said: "I think if one of us gets off, I could ride better.

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row." "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew she was in the habit of getting mad why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."

BLESS HIS DEAR HEART.

[Peoria Call.]

In a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly clad woman with three little children, one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely "to take her leave." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened woman hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look that shamed the countenance of the others. "Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside, "I am going to give my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?" He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and prehaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't want any lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, aud so tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them." The wordly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly: "Just like his dear mother." About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with mouth filled with bread and butter said: "Was the pretty boy an angel, mother?" "No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing angels' work, bless his dear heart!" And we, too, said, "Bless his dear heart!"

A WEDDING INTERRUPTED.

By the way, Ballard Smith tells a story of a North Carolina wedding. It runs this way: It was in the Carolina backwoods, a country couple and a country parson. Though a Baptist, the minister wore an old surplice. When he had finished the ceremony he said:

"An' them'uns who God hath joined"—

"Stop there, parson," said the groom; "don't say them'uns, say these'uns!"

"John," said the parson, "I tech you at school, and I say them'uns."

"These'uns," shouted the groom, drawing his pistol.

the parson seeing the movements fired through his surplice and the groom dropped dead—winging the parson as he went down. There was a lively fusilade of perhaps thirty shots. When the smoke cleared away a half-dozen men were on the floor. The bride peeping over the pulpit to which she had fled for refuge, gazed mournfully on the scene and said:

"Them self-cockin' pistols is a playin'——with my prospects!"

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

One more sleeping car episode and I will close. A fat man from New York engaged a lower birth recently, and, after he retired, he raised the certain of his window and gloated in the cool moonlight and the fresh pure air that came in at the partly opened casement. He was a great stickler for ventilation, and the thought that he was getting a glorious draught of heaven's pure air made him happy. Finally, bathed in the magnificent moonlight, he sank to sleep. In the morning he woke to find that the window was double, and that only one of them was open. Aside from the man who got up and kicked four panes of glass out of the bookcase in order to get more air, and went to bed happy, I do not know of a sadder case of misplaced confidence.

A SLIGHT PREVARICATION.

As a story of young American lying, here is as good an item as has appeared for a long while: A son of a well-known American millionaire and railway king has been staying at Monte Carlo and his adventures have been quite amusing. The other night he lost at trente-et-quarante all the money he had with him; whereupon he telegraphed to his mother for more, telling her "he had lost his pocket-book." Then a friend lent him some money, with which he won back his losses, when he again telegraphed, "Don't send the money; pocket-book found." After this he, on the next day, sent a third telegram, saying, "Do send money. Pocket-book found as stated, but with nothing in it!"—a perfect legitimate fruit of the systems of monopoly.

Ingersoll's "Talmagian Theology" contains some excellent specimens of the great orator's felicity of expression. Here is an extract worthy of preservation: "Love is the mother of art and the inspirer of every poet, of every sculptor, of every painter, of every philosopher and of every hero. Love is the air and light of every heart. It is the builder of every house. It is the kindler of every fire on every hearth. Love was the first to dream of immortality. Love has filled the world with melody, for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. Love is the perfume of that wondrous flower—the human heart—without which we are beasts, and with which we are the envy even of gods."

A lady, who has grown very weary of hearing her sex maligned for the length of time it takes a pair of female friends to take leave of each other, says that when her husband meets an old friend of his down town, he don't leave him at all—stays out all night with him.

According to report, Mr. John B. Stetson, a prominent hat manufacturer in Philadelphia, spent upwards of $20,000 for Christmas gifts to his 700 employes.