

POLK COUNTY OBSERVER

VOL. XVIII

DALLAS, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, DECEMBER 15, 1905

NO 40



SPECIAL OFFERING FOR HOLIDAY TRADE....

Now is the time to prepare for your Christmas gifts and we offer some extra good things for this season of the year. Extra good value in high class goods for both old and young. **Everything needed for man or boy and lady or girl.** Extra values for the Holiday buyers at our great

CLOSING OUT SALE

Clothing, Smoking Jackets, Underwear, Furnishings, Fancy Dress Goods, Cloaks for Ladies and Girls, Fancy Hosiery, Ribbon, Laces, etc., etc.

Something for yourself and friends at our Great Closing Out Sale.

Copyright 1905 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

R. JACOBSON & CO.
DALLAS, OREGON.

HISTORIC GETTYSBURG

Dan Poling Writes Entertainingly of His Visit to the Great Battlefield.

Mine eyes today have seen the vale,
The circling hills around;
My pilgrim feet today have trod
A nation's travail ground.

You will please excuse the verse. I have just been wandering along Seminary Ridge, clambering over the boulders that hang on the Round Tops, falling into the yawning walls of Devil's Den, and, through it all, thrilling with such enthusiasm that mind may have a tendency to twist the pen.

Last night, after the meeting held in the historic old courthouse used as a hospital during the battle of Gettysburg, the venerable janitor, a G. A. R. man and a survivor of the "bloody three days," told me that a few feet from where I had been standing a splendid fellow lay wounded on the 2nd day of July, 1863. A shell had exploded just outside, and one of the fragments hurling through the window tore the poor chap's face away.

Down the street a short distance, and one square to the right, a plain bronze tablet marks the spot on the stone steps of the Lutheran church where a chaplain fell, foully murdered while defending the honor of the house of God. Bullet holes still add to the real estate values in the quiet little city, and corn fields still yield their annual harvest of broken metal and bleached bones. Only a few days ago, laborers excavating for a cellar unearthed the skeletons of four men.

With one of the students from the college—and, by the way, the main building of "Old Gettysburg" played a prominent part in battle history, being used as a hospital—we started on the morning of November 21, in a light carriage and behind a good team, to see the battlefield of Gettysburg, in earnest.

Only in a general way could we see it, of course. Days and days could profitably be spent on the hills and in the valley, where brother fought brother until the death. But though we rushed from place to place, irritated and hampered by limited time and myriad things we wanted to see; though we could not read all the monuments, spend moments in all the historic nooks, or walk up and down all the trenches and battle lines, we still had time enough to see, and read, and feel enough to drown our eyes with tears and flood our souls with patriotic veneration for those who here fought and died, that the "government of the people, for the people, and by the people, might not perish from the earth."

We wound first through the streets of the little city, through which troopers galloped and infantry charged in the first two indecisive days of the battle; then, up the hill, close by the home of the President of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, where, in the wide fireplace, the first religious library in America was wantonly destroyed, to the magnificent

government pike known as Confederate Avenue.

Turning to the right, we rode along what was on July 1, 2 and 3, the right wing of the Army of Northern Virginia. We were at the scene of the first day's struggle. Soon our feet pressed the sod where Reynolds fell while grandly meeting the charge of Lee's advance guard. A little mound supporting a simple stone marks the exact spot where Pennsylvania's great Major-General of Volunteers died. Yards in advance of his own firing line, as it is, by it we read better than by plaudits of history the chivalrous dash of his bravery. A noble monument in stone and bronze a quarter of a mile distant represents the warrior in lifelike repose, sitting his charger and gazing away toward the blue line of hills from whence came the dashing men in grey. From one of the four cannon resting on granite bases at this spot was fired the first shot of the battle of Gettysburg.

Just ten miles it is to the seam in the mountains through which wound the veterans—tried of Dixie land. A grey haze of smoke hangs like a pall over the hills, and through it fantastic, weird shapes seem moving still. Rank on rank of infantry, lumbering cannon, flashing sabers of cavalry—men are marching up the quiet Pennsylvania pike. No word they utter, no sound; but in their eyes the light of awful purpose burns a living flame, and on their brows is set the pallid seal of fate. They tread the narrowing lane of death. They sing the songs and cheer the cheers with word, with thought, with life of that which they believed to be a cause well worthy smiles from God, but which the One Omnipotent had judged unworthy and untrue. The sun is waning in the west, and with it wanes and flicker out a brave people's star of hope. Confederacy is lost forever. "The government at Washington still survives." Humbly in the dust we bow and, thanking Him who rules the roll of worlds for the heritage of sires who died, we, the living, re-dedicate ourselves to the cause of brotherhood and common weal.

There are many things we would like to write, but we must hasten our pen as we hastened our feet. At the extreme right of Seminary Ridge is a monument that attracted our attention. It is erected in memory of the 90th Regiment and represents in stone a shattered tree trunk. At the forking of two branches, a little turtle dove in bronze stands with wide-spread wings, hovering her young. The story is to me a beautiful one. A shell fired on the 1st of July by Lee's advancing army tore the top out of a tree where the monument is now erected. Just below the section cut away, a dove had her nest, and through the long and terrible battle she covered her young; now and then uttering a plaintive mother-cry of fear, not for herself, but for the little ones nestling in her breast.

The same old beautiful story, told in another and strange way, but the same old story still—the love of a mother. Rob the world of light and joy and truth and bravery and virtue, and leave still with us mother-love, and soon the sun will shine, the heavens smile, the world bloom with new courage, and faith lead on her own sweet way to purity.

Changing our course, we drove the entire length of Seminary Ridge, the position occupied by General Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia during the battle of Gettysburg. Every few yards, iron tablets mark positions of batteries, battalions and divisions, giving names and recording history. Cannons are in position, placed as nearly as possible in the places occupied by the artillery in July, 1863. No monuments are as yet erected on the Confederate side, and so, in comparison with the Union lines just across the valley of death, Seminary Ridge is plain and bare.

Here in a sunken vale we read that just before us and behind a clump of scrub oaks, Longstreet formed his lines for Pickett's charge on the Union center. Driving on, we had at last traversed the entire length, four miles, of the Confederate battle line. Descending into the valley, we began our backward trip down the Union positions, by Big Round Top and Little Round Top, through Death Valley and Devil's Den, along Peach Orchard and Bloody Wheat Field, over the High Water Mark of the Rebellion, into Mead's Headquarters and on through the National Cemetery out to Spangler's Spring, where men in blue and grey drew water together.

We climbed Big Round Top and the lookout tower located on the summit. It was a hard pull, but the view that lay in panorama before our eyes, eastward, westward, to the north, and to the south, was recompense a hundred times for all the energy expended. Some one has said that this is the most beautiful and inspiring landscape in all the world. However that may be, we can only say that speech fails utterly to describe; pen and brush are as plow shares to picture the wealth of wondrous beauty that

Royal Baking Powder Saves Health and Saves Money.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

the Master Artist has here bestowed upon the hills and valleys of the old Keystone State. We can only say, come and see.

Our pilgrimage is now through the blood pools of the battle. From the Round Tops, we could see the entire field from end to end. Looking down the boulder-strewn sides of those little mountains, our souls grew sick as we thought of men struggling up the steep in the face of minie balls and canister. Devil's Den is absolutely sickening, with its death trap and crevices. God must have veiled his face on that terrible second day in July. Satan surely had hid his blood-glutted revelry.

On the left flank of little Round Top stands a monument to General Warren, who saved the Union army from annihilation by discovering the sudden flanking movement of Hood. Armed against Little Round Top, which was as yet unoccupied by the Federals, Warren took the only available guns, and, without orders from a superior, galloped at their head to a position on the crest of the hill, where, fighting like a demon, he held the point until reinforcements hurried Hood back, broken and defeated.

We cannot stop at Peach Orchard, where Sickles was cut to pieces, or at the Wheat Field, which in less than ten minutes became a field of blood and death. We hasten by monuments recording the achievements of companies, divisions, regiments and individuals until we stand upon the knoll, from its baptism of blood fittingly christened as the turning point of the war, "High Water Mark of the Rebellion." There is one monument at this place that held us. We read every inscription. A huge stone pedestal surmounted by the figure of a man charging bayonets stands in honor of the Second Corps, Second Division, First Brigade of the First Minnesota Regiment. Reverentially I uncovered my head, and reading the story, prayed the God of Battles to multiply their kind forever and ever. Two hundred and sixty-two men—think of it, ponder it—two hundred and sixty-two men charging a whole victory-flushed army; yes and holding it at bay, and driving it back! Sickles, defeated, had just poured his demoralized ranks through their lines, and close behind on the double-quick came the howling Confederates. Another moment and the Union center would be pierced. A crisis was at hand! No time for reinforcements! Covered with dust, his face drawn with fear, General Hancock gallops up to the little company of stalwarts from out the Great West, and—God help them—orders the charge. With courage sublime, down the slope they go "into the jaws of death!" Two hundred and sixty-two men charged an army, held an army, and when at last reinforcements had driven the fighting demons in grey back into their lair, 215 of the 262 men from the First Minnesota Regiment did not answer roll call. They were resting in the valley. They were tired, and God gave them sleep. Do you wonder that we wept? "Young man, go west!" Go west; west to the seed ground of this kind!

Yes, and here is Pickett's charge! Down the valley, comes death, and only death. We turn away. Men—the mangled forms of men: Men in grey—brave men—men in blue—brave men lie in heaps—sickening heaps. Some died with visions of Southern vine-clad mansions in a halo before their glazing eyes; some murmured softly the tender names of loved ones waiting among the hills of old New England. All were men, and they were brothers. Sacrificed upon the altar of holy conviction to the glutted god of War. Let the curtain fall upon the mightiest tragedy of the Rebellion. We stand upon a knoll where God placed forever the seal of doom upon a cause—the "Lost Cause."

General Mead's headquarters were visited, and then we brought our day's trip to a fitting close by standing where Lincoln the Good stood when he voiced the feeling of a nation that could not speak for sobbing and said: "But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or

detract." With this vision of our martyred Lincoln, we take up the task left behind and press forward toward the light of destiny that God hath set.

DAN A. POLING.

END OF USEFUL LIFE

Lewis Abrams, Pioneer Merchant of Lincoln, Passes Away After Long Illness.

Lewis Abrams, aged 81 years, 9 months and 13 days, died Monday morning at 1:30, at the residence of D. F. Carnes, in Salem. The immediate cause of his death was peritonitis, though he had been seriously ill since last June with cancer of the stomach.

Mr. Abrams was the pioneer warehouseman of Lincoln, and was well and favorably known all over this part of the valley.

He was born in New Jersey, February 29, 1824, and when nine years old accompanied his parents to Illinois, where he resided until the gold fever carried him to California in '49. In the spring of 1863 he came to Portland, but only remained one year. His next move was to Salem, where he resided one winter, and conducted the Levi grain warehouse, on Front street. In 1865 he went to Lincoln, and had conducted the grain warehouse continuously since that date.

Besides the widow, four children are left to mourn the loss of a father: Mrs. Lois A. Green, of Bellingham, Wash.; Chester Abrams, of Portland, and Carl and Letta, of Salem.

The funeral services were conducted at the family residence at Lincoln Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, by Rev. E. Gittens, pastor of the Leslie M. E. church, of Salem. Burial took place in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, in South Salem.

A Yambill Weather Prophet.

After having listened to so many predictions of a hard winter in Oregon this year, it is mighty comforting to learn that these prognostications are all wrong and that January and February will be months of showers and sunshine—especially when this assurance comes from no less an authority than Uncle Eli Branson of Yambill county. Eli has for many years made a study of hog's melts and their relation to the weather, and he tells the editor of the McMinnville Reporter that the melts this fall indicate a very mild winter. They appear to be a little larger at the front end, which he takes as an indication that the first part of the winter is going to be the big end. And that's "jist-jist-by-the-sli" the way it will be, if Uncle Eli predicts it.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is simply liquid electricity. It goes to every part of your body, bringing new blood, strength and new vigor. It makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents. Belt & Cherrington.

Milton W. Parsons Dead.

Milton W. Parsons, a veteran of the Civil War and former member of George Wright Post G. A. R., died Sunday at his home at Montavilla, a suburb of Portland, aged 79 years. He was a native of Ohio, and had been a resident of Portland and vicinity since 1853. He leaves an adopted son, Albert Parsons, and a step-daughter, Florence Covey. Mrs. Parsons died six years ago. Mr. Parsons was for a long time connected with the printing business in Portland, and more recently was engaged in the real estate business on Villa avenue, Montavilla. He is remembered by all early residents of Dallas as a landlord of the old Dallas hotel, which stood on the corner now occupied by the Starlin drug store and which was destroyed by fire about 25 years ago.

Clear thinking, decisive action, vim and vigor of body and mind, the sparkle of life, comes to all who use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Belt & Cherrington.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

FREE LIBRARY IS POPULAR

Nearly One Thousand Books Have Been Circulated in Less Than Two Months.

During the week, the following books have been received at the library:

Student's Standard Dictionary.
Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced—Phyffe.

The Tempest—Shakespeare.
Hamlet—Shakespeare.

Aftermath—James Lane Allen.
The Spenders—Wilson.

Rose in Bloom—Alcott.
Wizard of Oz—Frank Baum.

The Prince and the Pauper—Twain.
Stories Mother Nature Told—Andrews.

Flamingo Feather—Kirk Monroe.

The library was opened on October 17, and from that time to December 1, 275 membership cards were issued, all of which have been used frequently; 399 volumes of fiction were circulated; 35 non-fiction, and 211 children's books. Of the traveling library books, consisting of all three classes, 209 volumes were circulated, making a total circulation of 854 books.

It will be seen that few non-fiction books have been read, but the Librarian earnestly hopes that there will be a steadily increasing demand for the many excellent poetic, scientific, and other solid books which the library offers.

Mrs. George Gerlinger held a story hour for the children, Saturday afternoon, from 1 to 2 o'clock. She will continue the reading of the Wizard of Oz tomorrow afternoon at the same time and place. All school children are invited to attend.

The library fund was enriched recently by a gift of \$16.00 from the local Lewis and Clark Club. Several smaller voluntary subscriptions have been paid in. The Library Association is very grateful for this timely aid.

Oregon Not Slighted.

Oregon was not slighted in making the house committee assignments. Williamson was given a place on the irrigation and mines and mining committees, and Hermann on Indian affairs and election of president. These are the same assignments as in the last congress. Senator Fulton has been given the seat heretofore held by Senator Mitchell. The senate has taken no notice of Mitchell's death, except to drop his name from the roll.

Real Estate Legal Blanks for sale at this office.

Beautiful methods that injure the skin and health are dangerous. Be beautiful without discomfort by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Sunshine faces will follow its use. 35 cents. Belt & Cherrington.

Judge W. L. Wells, of Halsey, was in the city Saturday for a short business visit. Judge Wells moved to this county several years ago from Polk where he was prominent in public affairs and served for several terms as county judge. He is living on a good farm near Halsey.—Albany Herald.

C. H. Jones, editor of the Oregon Teachers' Monthly, published in Salem, attended the Polk county teachers' and school officers' institute in Dallas, Saturday.

Christmas Gifts

While giving—give gifts of the lasting kind—some beautiful and substantial gold, silver or cut glass article that bears the stamp of high-quality, finest workmanship and of the newest styles. It will always be appreciated by any one who receives such a gift. Watches, Cut Glass Dishes, Silverware, Beautiful Gold and Silver Novelties are some of the many articles we are showing to Holiday shoppers

C. H. MORRIS

Jeweler and Optician

Main Street, Dallas, Oregon

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
For children; safe, sure. No opiates

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

Of Steel Ranges

In order to reduce our stock of Steel Ranges, we will give.....

\$6.50 Worth of Goods Free with each range sold during this sale. All the standard makes, "Quick Meal," "Bridge-Beach" and "Moore" Steel Ranges.

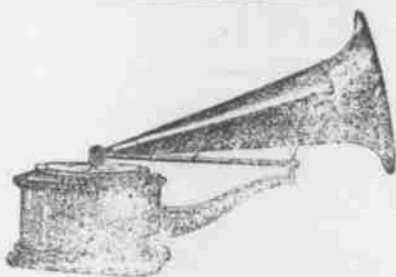
SALE NOW ON.

WM. FAULL,

Main Street, Dallas, Oregon

FULL LINE OF

Columbia Phonographs



Big Stock of Records and Supplies

L. D. Daniel's Wall Paper Store,
Main Street, Dallas, Ore., Phone 225

DRINK WITH ME!

All the flavors of Fountain and Bottle Soda: Sarsaparilla and Iron, Orange Cider, Mineral Water, Iron Brew and Welch's Grape Juice.

SMOKE! YES

All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco kept in stock.

CONFECTIONERY

Constantly receiving a fresh supply of Fruits, Chewing Gum, Nuts, Aldon's Candies and Lunch Goods.

Tracy Staats

Main St., Dallas, Oregon

NURSERY STOCK

General Lines of First-Class Nursery Stock.

Roses and Climbing Vines
Berry Bushes of all Varieties

Black Loganberries a Specialty

You are cordially invited to inspect samples of my stock at Loughary & Ellis' grocery store during Circuit Court week.

J. B. NUNN, Dallas, Ore.