

ROGUE RIVER COURIER.  
Official Paper of Josephine County, Oregon.  
FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1886.

Registered at the Postoffice in Grant's Pass, Ore., as Second-Class Matter.

CORRESPONDENCE.  
We invite correspondence from all sections on subjects of local and other interests.

With each letter the name and address of the sender is required, especially if sent for publication.

AN INSULT.

It is now well known to some of our best citizens, from experience, that a certain nefarious little sheet ckes out a spasmodic existence in Grant's Pass, the main object of which, it seems is, if possible, to drag down the moral and social tone of its readers to the level of the whom God knows could get but little lower. He has most unmercifully slandered some of our most prominent men, among whom we might name Hon. G. W. Riddle and Hon. H. B. Miller and others, until all of our best citizens, out of disgust, wish the imaginary editor out of the community and the "Argus" non est.

Mr. Piatt, a gentleman living near here, holds a bill of sale of the "Argus" office. Upon seeing so much slander and abuse of our citizens in the columns of that dirty sheet Mr. Piatt came to town for the purpose of trying to get possession of it in order to put a stop to its existence. Gabbert had said that he would turn it over to Mr. Piatt and it was supposed the matter would be arranged and the dirty thing wiped out; but just at this stage of the proceedings Chas. Nickle puts in an appearance and tells Mr. Piatt that nothing can be done with the disreputable being for his slander of our citizens and that he wants him to run his paper until after election, etc. Mr. Nickle on last Saturday evening said the same thing in our presence and seemed to be much amused while in town that the COURIER had been so liberally slandered. The result of Nickle's advice was that immediately afterward the demented editor boldly said that he would do nothing, but would stand Mr. Piatt a law-suit, adding that he had a man backing him. We presume he means Chas. Nickle. We regard this action of Mr. Nickle an insult to the best citizens of Grant's Pass and vicinity.

THE CHANGE.

We this week take pleasure in placing the ROGUE RIVER COURIER before our readers, with the confidence to believe that its enlarged space and pretty improved appearance will merit a continuance of the very liberal patronage which has greeted it since its inception.

We shall make the COURIER an independent exponent of the interests and welfare of the people, and spare no pains, time nor money to make it fully worthy of the patronage of the people of Southern Oregon.

Our readers will notice that we have dispensed with the "patent outside" and otherwise greatly improved its typographical appearance. As we have laid out a large sum for presses, printing material, etc., we feel it a privilege to ask those in arrears to the COURIER, to assist us at their earliest convenience.

As the time in which we have been compelled to make the change has been limited, we have been compelled to omit, to a certain extent, a great deal of local matter concerning Southern Oregon, which will appear from week to week hereafter.

The COURIER from a general-principle standpoint—not from a political view—would say to the voters of Josephine county that Charles Nickle is not a fit man for State printer. We have in our possession every evidence that he is too unscrupulous. The voters of Josephine county should call to recollection his mode of doing business in the newspaper line, and then consider his qualifications for a State office. He has grown entirely too fat on a small business in a short time.

Congressman Hermann on Saturday had an interview with the Secretary of War as to the executive order removing troops on June 30th from Fort Klamath. On Mr. Hermann's earnest representation, Secretary Endicott suspends the order until the settlers and people can be heard from.

John Kelly the Taunmany Chief-tain died June 1st.

OUR HONORED DEAD.  
Decoration Day Doings at Smith River, Cal.

May 30, 1886.

As an evidence to the outside world that the time of the inhabitants of this beautiful but hitherto somewhat isolated valley is not wholly occupied with scenes of a tragic nature, and that our unenviable reputation abroad in this respect is not fully sustained or justified, I hereby append an account of the manner in which

DECORATION DAY

was observed and celebrated here on Saturday, May 29th, that being decided upon as the most suitable and convenient date, seeing that the 30th was on Sunday. It was an initial day, never before having been observed in this locality, and by the hour appointed, 11 a. m., the church that had been tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens for the occasion, was filled to overflowing with the people, young and old, of the valley and vicinity, who listened with interest and marked attention to the following interesting and excellent

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES:

Voluntary—Not Dead but Sleeping—an excellent anthem, creditably rendered by the choir, Miss Kate Anthony, Miss Addie Rice and Messrs. Campbell, Loring and Wallace.

An appropriate prayer by the pastor, Rev. J. Appleton. The Orphan's Prayer, by the choir.

The following beautiful and touching poem, that was to have been recited by Miss Mattie Lucas but who, to the regret of all, failed to put in an appearance on account of ill health, entitled:

"WAR TIMES AT HOME."

I am only a woman, comrades,  
No great thing can I achieve,  
No spanlets wear on my shoulder,  
No golden bands on my sleeve;  
But may I tell you a story  
Concerning the hard-war and heart-war  
The women folks fought alone.

When our "boys" went off to the army,  
We tearfully helped them away;  
Stood watching, while we could see them,  
Then turned to the work of the day.  
Our farms were nearly deserted,  
And left for the women to till—  
They planted the seed in the furrow,  
They carried the grain to the mill;  
They gathered the grass in the meadow,  
They stowed it away in the snow,  
They hauled, too, the rails for the fencing,  
And some of them followed the plow;  
But these things were easy of doing,  
The "our hands became unblurred and sore";  
For there were no men-folks to hinder,  
No critics to interfere.

Then, too, there was work for the soldier,—  
Lint, bandages, socks and the like;  
Sheets, blankets, and shirts for the sick ones.

And kind hopeful letters to write,  
The good, the young and the middle  
Could each find a part they could do  
To help on the "Christian Commission,"  
And the "Sanitary," too.

And once when some "boys" from our township  
Wrote home that their flag was no more,  
Had succumbed to the wiles of the weather  
And the beating of bullets that tore,  
How quickly our forces were gathered,  
How all worked with might and with main,  
Till "scales" of alken texture  
Waved over those heroes again.

But the heart-war! oh the heart-war!  
Was when we went for the mail,  
And was handed the black-bordered letter  
That told us the sorrowful tale  
Of how our beloved ones were fallen,  
In hospital, battle, or pen;  
How fierce was the battle within us,  
And bitter the conflict was then.

As yesterday do I remember  
The day when they brought us the word  
That our brother had fallen in battle—  
Shot down as a boy shoots a bird,  
And the long, dreary nights that came after  
When comfort seemed mockery's frown,  
And our mother was sick with her sorrow,  
And hope's every sand had run down,

And when the next morning at worship  
Our father broke down in his prayer,  
And his trembling lips could not utter  
The words that were struggling there,  
The flood gates seemed suddenly opened,  
We all were so ready to cry,  
And so our petitions were ended,  
With tears flowing down from each eye.

The long, lonely lane to the pasture,  
Grew lonelier since he was gone,  
Seemed to echo his name from the fences  
As the cows plodded slowly along;  
And the birds, as they sprang from the branches,  
Seemed calling his name o'er and o'er,  
And nature, above and beneath me,  
Seemed sadder than ever before.

Then vengeance rose mighty within me;  
For now that my brother was dead  
I wanted to take up his musket  
And stand in the ranks in his stead,  
But the neighbors would say it was shameful,  
And fashion her proud lip would curl,  
For I was only a woman—  
Nay, then, I was only a girl.

And the Government wanted the fathers,  
The husbands, the sons, brave and tall,  
As targets for enemies bullets,  
And girls wouldn't answer at all.  
If they had only wanted the daughters,  
Then two from our house could have gone,  
And couldn't two girls stop a bullet  
As well as our brother had done?

Did they think we would fear and be fickle  
And scamper before we were hit?  
Well, maybe—but women are tested  
In places which show they have grit,  
And to think that our beautiful brother  
(He may not have seemed so to you,  
But to us, to us who loved him,  
He was beautiful good and true!)

And then, too, to think of the thousands  
Of fallen, all fallen for me!  
Oh, God! I never can be worth it;  
Such sacrifice ought not to be.  
I might have protected one soldier  
By stopping one bullet myself,  
I might have saved somebody's darling,  
Laid one victim less on the shelf.

And thus the heart-war raged within us,  
With those thoughts and more of their kind;  
So we pushed the hand-war with more vigor  
To drive the heart-war from the mind.  
I have told you my simple story,  
But sisters all over the land  
Could tell you a similar story,  
If asked for the name from your hand.

A sweet song, Somebody's Darling, by O. V. Wallace.  
A recitation, The Last Salute, that was rendered by Miss Ruby Costello.

Quartette, I Asked the Restless Winds, by the choir.  
An excellent and interesting address by Rev. J. Appleton, followed by a most excellent quartette, They're Gone, by the choir, after which

THE PROCESSION

was formed in the following order by the marshal and his aids:

1st, The partially furled American flag, born by the color-bearer, F. J. Havens.

2d, The Mechanics' Brass Band, Orville Rice leader.

3d, A company of citizen soldiery, commanded by O. V. Wallace.

4th, Rowdy creek school, with furled banner, in charge of P. Costello, teacher.

5th, Ocean district school, in charge of Miss Hattie Peters, teacher.

6th, Bradford district school, in charge of Misses Ella and Louise Roney, teachers.

7th, A large concourse of citizens, in charge of James L. Becksted.

The procession formed, one of the largest and most imposing ever seen in the valley, the march to the cemetery was taken up amid the boom of cannon and the soul-stirring strains of martial music by the band, nearly everyone in the procession bearing garlands, wreaths or bouquets of flowers and evergreens, with which to decorate and beautify the graves. Arriving

AT THE CEMETERY

the music ceased and the long column entered its precincts in respectful silence, countermarching, in order to admit its full length; and forming in a hollow square, the remaining portion of the programme being carried out, viz:

8th, Instrumental selection, Nearer, My God, to Thee, most effectively and creditably rendered by the band.

9th, The reading of Will Carleton's famous memorial day poem, Cover Them Over, by Miss Ella Roney, rendered in such manner as to give unmistakable evidence of ability of the highest order in the reader as an elocutionist.

10th, Quartette, Scatter the Gems of the Beautiful, by the choir.

11th, Instrumental selection, Dirge, by the brass band.

12th, The dead soldiers' salute, consisting of volleys fired over soldiers' graves, by the military.

13th, The beautiful song and chorals, Soldiers' Memorial Day, by the Bradford school and choir.

14th, The decoration of the graves, by the entire populace.

NO GRAVES BEING SLIGHTED.

15th, National hymn, My Country, 'Tis of Thee, most effectively rendered by the band and the entire assemblage, alternately, after which the procession reformed and marched back to the starting point, where they were dismissed, after having taken part in one of the most interesting ceremonies ever celebrated in this locality—an occasion long to be remembered, and one in which the participants, without exception, deserve much commendation for the creditable manner in which their respective parts were performed, considering the rather impromptu nature of the preparations.

ITEMS.

Permit me to congratulate you on the accession of the new member on the COURIER staff, and allow me to predict an excellent paper and a wide influence under the combined management; and to assist in making it practicable, I enclose the amount for a year's subscription and also some names of our citizens to which I wish you to send some sample copies, believing it may prove to your interest, as we feel that we are indebted to the COURIER for its kindly aid and good will towards us and our interests.

We are anxiously awaiting the passage by Congress of the river and harbor appropriation bill, and trust it may not be vetoed by the president, as we are anxious to see the surveyors operating at the mouth of Smith river at as early date as practicable.

We are now having most delightful weather and vegetation that has been of such slow growth in consequence of the cold, backward spring, is making up for lost time, under the warming influence of the sun's rays and the reviving showers which occasionally visit us.

The Del Norte Co. Co.'s mill will make a second, and it is to be hoped, successful start in the sawing of lumber, the break sustained a few days ago having been successfully repaired at Hobbs, Wall & Co's shops at Crescent city, thereby avoiding a trip to San Francisco.

Times are looking up and everyone now has donned a hopeful look as the season progresses.

M. \*\*\*\*\*

Charles Nickle, of Jacksonville, who wants to be state printer, is an unscrupulous, though successful man, and thoroughly unpopular among his own people. Having that kind of a reputation at home, what kind of treatment can he expect from abroad?—Salem Statesman.

They know him down in the Willamette valley, too.

Ex-President Arthur is out of danger and will get well, says the N. Y. Star.

Democratic Ticket.

For Judge of 1st District, J. R. NEILL, of Jackson.

For Prosecuting Attorney, W. M. COLVIG, of Jackson.

For Representative, S. U. MITCHELL, of Jackson.

For County Judge, CHAS. HUGHES.

For County Commissioners, J. M. PAYNE, J. W. WIMMER.

For County Clerk, C. K. CHANSLOR.

For Sheriff, T. G. PATTERSON.

For Treasurer, J. W. HOWARD.

For Assessor, J. P. LEWIS.

For School Superintendent, A. J. CHAPMAN.

For Surveyor, W. N. SAUNDERS.

For Coroner, DR. W. F. KREMER.

Wild Cherry and Tar.

Every body knows the virtues of Wild Cherry and Tar as a relief and cure for any affections of the Throat and Lungs, combined with these two ingredients are a few simple healing remedies in the composition of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup making it just the article you should always have in the house, for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Bronchitis. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Samples free. Sold by W. F. Kremer, Grant's Pass.

Republican Ticket.

For Judge of 1st District, HON. L. R. WEBSTER, of Jackson.

For Prosecuting Attorney, HARRISON KELLEY, of Jackson.

For Representative, H. D. HARKNESS.

For County Judge, VOLNEY COLVIG.

For County Commissioners, S. MESSENGER, A. H. PLATTER.

For County Clerk, JOSEPH POLLOCK.

For Sheriff, CHAS. J. HOWARD.

For Treasurer, J. C. CAMPBELL.

For Assessor, F. M. NICKERSON.

For School Superintendent, J. H. ROBINSON.

For Surveyor, H. ANLAUF.

Hard Times.

While money is close, wages and prices low, expenses should be cut down in every household. Economy the watch word for Mothers, head of Doctor bills, by always keeping in the house, a bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup. Stops a Cough instantly, relieves Consumption, cures Croup and pain in the Chest in one night. It is just the remedy for hard times. Price 50cts. and H. Samples free. Sold by W. F. Kremer, Grant's Pass.

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My object is to make it to the interest of those having cash or produce, to trade with me.

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—OP—  
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Primary Branches, \$5.00 per Quarter.  
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Algebra, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Moral Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, Physiology and Hygiene, and Ancient History \$7.50 per Quarter.

Geometry, and the Higher Mathematics, Book-keeping, Latin, and the Principles of the German Language \$9.00.

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Unfurnished Rooms free to Students boarding themselves.

The School Room will be furnished with Good Seats, Wall Maps, Globes and Cubical Blocks; also

PHILOSOPHICAL AND CHEMICAL APPARATUS, as the necessities of the School demand them.

None will be allowed to attend Dances while Students of the School.

STRICT DISCIPLINE WILL BE MAINTAINED.  
Special Inducements Afforded to those Preparing to Teach.  
No pains or expense will be spared to make the School equal to any in Southern Oregon, in point of

Thoroughness and Practical Work.  
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