

THE COURIER.

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VOL. 2.

GRANT'S PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OR., FRIDAY OCTOBER 1, 1886.

NO. 27.

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—AT REASONABLE RATES.—

The following lines were presented to Prof. H. L. Benson at the close of his labors at this school. In them may be found the sentiment of all whom he left behind:

Written by the Misses Olive Morningstar, Anna Drain, Nancy Drain, Mollie McCallister and Lulu McCallister.

Farewell kind friend and dear instructor, We regret to see you go.

With this little ode of comment, When for our studies we have gathered,

At the ringing of the bell, We will listen for your coming

Then sad reality will tell.

You will not be here to greet us, In other paths your steps will wind,

Other bells will ring your welcome, And other happy faces find.

But as you sow seeds of knowledge, Watered by progressive showers,

Time will rear the vine you've planted In this little town of ours.

Then farewell, you leave behind you Friends who dread to see you start,

Who gratefully your aid remember, With true emotions of the heart,

May God bless and keep you ever, In the paths of truth and right.

And for your labors may be given, A crown of laurels fresh and bright.

We too commonly have no word of praise or cheer for our fellow mortal until death closes the lips.

If we would soften the heart and inspire the living, then let us look arms

with our good friends and all move forward together.

A gentleman who has just returned from a hunting excursion to Southern Oregon, says the business of killing deer for their skins is still carried on there as extensively as ever.

The settlers in that section are becoming disgusted with the business, but cannot do much to prevent it. Some are afraid of having their cattle shot if they make complaint, and others say: "We have done the same thing ourselves," and have no right to complain of others.

In every direction in Coos, Curry and Jackson counties the camps of these skin hunters are found, and around them are the carcasses of deer rotting on the ground.

Two hunters will start out with a pack horse each, loaded with provisions for two weeks, and at the end of that time return with their horses laden with a hundred to a hundred and fifty deer skins.

For these they get about 50 cents each. One of the worst features of this business is that as the skins are thinner and better adapted for fine buckskin in the summer time than after the winter coat of hair has come out and the hide thickened, hundreds of does are shot before their fawns are sufficiently grown to take care of themselves.

There should be something done at the next legislature to put a stop to this slaughtering of deer. Some effective law should be passed forbidding it, and a commissioner or other official appointed to look after the matter.

Let every member of the legislature make a note of this.—(Oregonian.)

That's the way they do the business in Southern Oregon, but the killing of deer for their pelts is confined to fewer persons than is generally supposed. We say by all means let us have legislation that will preserve this fine animal for the benefit of those of our settlers who need and do make a legitimate use of the meat.

The Northwest Magazine sensibly remarks:

"There is almost everywhere the burden of too many newspapers. Where one paper fully meets the wants of a community for local news, for advertising and for publicity for legal notices, a second paper is a tax on that community for which no benefit is received in return. The editor and his printers must live, and the community is supporting them almost as directly as if the assessor levied a tax for their maintenance. If there were fewer newspapers there would be larger and better ones and the editors could afford to be more enterprising and independent."

Persons who have a superstitious dread of Friday will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on Friday

will go out on Friday and will have fifty-three Fridays. Five months have five Fridays, changes of the moon occur five times on Friday and the longest and shortest day of the year is Friday. It seems from this that Friday cuts quite a figure in this year.—(Blanco Star-Vindicator.)

A tramp entered the house of Hon. W. F. Owens last Wednesday evening, and went through all the rooms, taking Mr. Owens's pants, and finding nothing therein left them thrown on the floor, thence he went to the girls room and took Miss Effie's \$500 gold watch and chain, a fine gold ring, etc., etc., and left for parts unknown. Strange as it may appear, yet not one in the house awoke or knew anything about it until morning.—(Review.)

Correspondence.

EIGHT-DOLLAR MOUNTAIN,

Sept. 20th, 1886.

ED. COURIER.—Presuming that you will be interested in hearing something more from this isolated region, I send you the following:

Work is progressing quite lively on the ditch and the five miles that the company intend completing this fall, will soon be finished, though they expect eventually to tap Sucker creek seventeen miles above their diggings. There are three gangs of men at work—ten white men under William Coker, the Superintendent; thirty white men under Major Buttles, and thirty Chinamen under Fawn.

BORN.—On the morning of the 18th inst., on the southern slope of Eight-Dollar Mountain, to the wife of James Rea, a son. Maj. Buttles declares that the new-comer shall have a pick and shovel if he wants them, and not be charged for the same. But he will doubtless refuse the offer, and engage in the boot and shoe business.

Maj. Buttles was agreeably surprised on last Saturday evening, by a visit from his wife and two sons, Charlie and Jay, of Grants Pass. They returned home on Sunday.

On Monday morning, a bill, calling himself Porter, and pretending to be almost everything but what he really was, skipped the camp, facing toward Grants Pass, having first succeeded by false pretence in obtaining from DeLamatter about \$12 worth of goods and appropriating several articles belonging to boys in camp. It is to be deplored that there are rascals base enough to take advantage of such thorough gentlemen as DeLamatter and the Major. Geo. McAllister, of Applegate, keeps the camp well supplied with watermelons and vegetables.

Chas. Hart, of Kerby, was in camp Monday with a load of fruit. Perry McDaniel passed down the river on Monday, en route for Josephine creek, where he goes to take charge of the Watts mining claim. Ezra Hamer, formerly of Grants Pass, late of the railroad corps in California, arrived here last Saturday and is making a first-class ditcher.

On last Saturday, Frank Nickerson, well poised on the hurricane deck of one of Dr. Holten's thoroughbreds, made a successful voyage to Kerby where he is doing the town in grand style at this writing.

Sheriff Patterson and wife were in Kerby last Saturday and Sunday. Johnnie Tyer represented this camp at the camp-meeting on Deer creek last Sunday. He pronounces it a great success. But plenty of pretty girls would make any place look grand to Johnnie. Mr. Jesse Rustle returned home last Saturday. He had been working on the ditch ever since this camp opened. Mr. William Orr and Mr. Blake left for Grants Pass last Monday. We all hated to see the boys go. Everybody speaks in glowing terms of the COURIER. Please send us a copy.

ALPHA.

Population of Oregon Towns.

The population of principal towns in Oregon, as given by Polks Oregon, Washington and Idaho Gazetteer, is as follows: Portland, 40,000; East Portland, 8,000; Astoria, 6,000; Salem, 6,000; The Dalles, 4,000; Pendleton, 2,500; Baker City, 2,300; Corvallis, 2,000; Albany, 1,725; Eugene City, 1,700; Ashland, 1,600; Roseburg, 1,500; Oregon City, 1,300; Jacksonville, 1,000.

The luxury of reading in bed has hitherto been attended by no small or insignificant degree of danger. But the risk is nightly disregarded by hundreds, and nightly also some victim or victims reap the reward of their temerity—the fire fiend claims his own. Should, however, the experiment about to be tried at Turin prove successful, the danger referred to will stand a fair chance of being reduced to a minimum. It is thought possible to produce a daily newspaper (a nightly one might, perhaps, have been more appropriate—the Midnight Mail, to-wit), printed in luminous ink, so that its contents may be perused without the aid of artificial illumination.

Unlike the vast majority of his southern country, R. E. Lee had a very clear idea of the tremendous odds against which the south would have to contend, and was not sanguine as to the result. This is shown by an anecdote never before in print and entirely reliable. Just after receiving his commission from the Virginia convention he called upon a family in Richmond whom he had known for many years. Two of the sons had already enlisted and the third—a mere boy—wanted to do so. The mother, naturally anxious, said: "General, how long do you think this awful war will last?"

The answer was given with solemn and significant emphasis, which the questioner never forgot: "My little madame, I am afraid it will last until we are all driven into the hills and mountains."

Points of Resemblance.

John F. Swift went before the Los Angeles convention without the support of his county delegation. Nearly all the San Francisco delegates were pledged to another candidate. It may not be quite correct to say that the delegates were pledged—They had not generally been consulted. But the political manager who caused their election as delegates was known to favor another candidate. On the first ballot Mr. Swift's vote was less than that of his leading opponent. It was, however, cast by delegates from all parts of the state and by men who owned themselves. It was cast by the kind of delegates who in a long contest attract others to them. They were not delegates much given to combinations. They did not believe in impairing the value of a good nomination by damaging compromises to obtain it. In the course of time the San Francisco manager found that he had to go to Swift to avoid being left out in the cold. He perceived that Swift would be nominated, and made haste to be in at the end.

Washington Bartlett went into the democratic convention much the same way. He was not on the slate of the manager who controlled the bulk of the San Francisco delegation. His strength came from the solid self-owning delegates from all parts of the state. The first ballot showed him almost without support in his own home. But the preference of the interior was more decided than in the case of the republican convention, placing him in the lead from the start. His position was thus made so strong that the San Francisco democratic manager made even greater haste than the republican manager had at Los Angeles to get at the end.

The moral of this situation is that neither of the candidates for Governor is under any obligation to the boss of their respective parties. In both cases the boss came to the candidate. In neither case was the boss in a position to hold out for terms.

Mindful of the value of votes, the candidates in both instances extended a cordial welcome to the managers. Each, however, remains in a position to be Governor, if elected.

—[Call.]

The Value of a Local Paper.

"Every year," said the late Hon. David Davis in a letter to an eastern literary paper, "every local paper gives from \$100 to \$5,000 in free lines for the benefit of the vicinity in which it is located. No other agency will or can do this. The editor in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in a fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local is the best investment a community can make."

It may not be brilliant or full of great thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than preacher or teacher. Understand me now I do not mean morally or intellectually but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers on the right side of the question. To-day the editors of the local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for and advertise in your local paper, not as a charity, but as an investment.—[Tacoma Ledger.]

The Pertrubed Earth.

Earthquakes within the year have been common throughout the globe. The first notable convulsions occurred in New Zealand, where there was a succession of damaging shocks. Next came the earthquakes of Greece, in which six towns were destroyed, six hundred persons killed and more than a thousand seriously injured. They have been felt in Italy, South America and Egypt. Vesuvius is again in eruption and many of the people of Naples have fled to the open country for safety.

The volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands are vomiting forth scoria and flame. In this country the recent earthquake shocks have extended from the national capital and several eastern states down through North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida and through the west. There is no use recounting the devastations they committed in and around Charleston. Recently there has been a slight visitation in this state, from which San Francisco was exempt.

Parties who lost goods by being thrown overboard to save the stranded "Queen of the Pacific" at the mouth of the Columbia river about three years ago will be pleased to learn that they are to get their general average after so long waiting. The whole amount to be disbursed is \$95,000. Owners get 76 per cent. of the amount of goods they had on board.

Socialists are again drilling with rifles in New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Grant's Pass, so named after General Grant, is a county seat, centrally located in Southern Oregon. It is a progressive railroad town of 600 inhabitants, and is the main supply point for a large lumbering country devoted to mining, lumbering agriculture and fruit-raising. Climate unexcelled.

The COURIER being the only paper