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LAKE COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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A. W. CHARLTON ..... Sheriff
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A. McCALLEN ..... Treasurer
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JEROME KNOX ..... Receiver

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I. O. O. F.

LAKEVIEW LODGE NO. 63—Regular meetings on Saturday evening of each week, at seven o'clock. Members of the Order in good standing are invited to attend

C. U. SNIDER, R. S. JOHN SIMMONS, N. G.

A. F. & A. M.

LAKEVIEW LODGE, NO. 71—Regular meetings Saturday evening on or before each full moon. Visiting members cordially invited.

A. S. DOWN, W. M.
J. FRANKL, Sec.

O. E. S.

ORIENTAL CHAPTER, NO. 5—Regular meetings Saturday on or before each full moon. Members in good standing are invited to attend.

MRS. J. B. PHELPS, W. M.
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Attorneys at Law.

All business before the U. S. Land Office at Lakeview promptly attended to. Homestead, Pre-emption, Desert, Timber Culture Entries and Contests a specialty. Maps of townships furnished on short notice.

LAKEVIEW AND LINKVILLE - - OREGON.

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Attorney at Law,

LAKEVIEW - - 8-10-'82 - - OREGON.

Town property and farms for sale.

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Will practice in all the Courts of Lake Co. 3-3

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OFFICE—At Drug Store - - LAKEVIEW, OR. 2-17-'83

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Will attend calls from a distance. Charges reasonable.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

LUNCH STAND.

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LAKEVIEW, OREGON.

Hot Meals to order at any hour between 10 P. M. and 4 A. M. Place of business, in room back of barber shop. Oysters on the half shell, and quail on toast.

MRS. M. M. GEARHART,

FASHIONABLE MILLINER and DRESSMAKER,

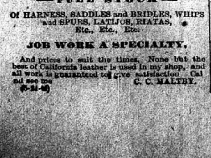
LAKEVIEW, - - - - OREGON.

Hats, bonnets, trimmings, etc., of the latest styles. Dress goods of all descriptions, and ready-made suits of all kinds kept on hand.

☞ I have rented the Cheeney house, south Main street, where I will be found ready to fill all orders for millinery.

(6-43-tf) MRS. M. M. GEARHART.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.



C. C. MALTBY,

(Formerly of the firm of Harris & Maltby)

Has opened a new harness shop in the Masonic Building, Lakeview, Oregon, where he keeps constantly on hand a

— FULL STOCK —

OF HARNESS, SADDLES and BRIDLES, WHIPS and SPURS, LATIGO, CHATAS, Etc., Etc., Etc.

JOB WORK A SPECIALTY.

And prices to suit the times. Note this, the best of California leather is used in my shop, and all work is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call and see me.

C. C. MALTBY.
(6-2-'83)

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN WATTS. FRANK WILCOX.

WATTS & WILCOX.

Water street, Lakeview.

General Blacksmiths.

All work in our line done with neatness and despatch, and at reasonable rates.

Give us a Trial

and judge for yourselves. All our work is GUARANTELD TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

☞ **Horses shod for $2.50.** ☜

Give us a call at our new shop, Water street Lakeview, opposite the Court House.

(5-23-tf.) WATTS & WILCOX.

M. D. HOPKINS,

BLACKSMITH,

LAKEVIEW, - - - - OREGON.

Having procured the services of one of the best workmen on the coast, I am now prepared to do all classes of blacksmithing at prices too low for competition.

☞ HORSES SHOD FOR $2.50. ☜

A FIRST-CLASS WAGON SHOP is run in connection with the blacksmith shop.

☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED. ☜

Come and see me at my old stand on Water street, opposite J. W. Howard's store.

(5-23-tf.) M. D. HOPKINS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

OVERLAND STABLE.

Main Street, Lakeview,

HENRY LEEHMAN, - - - - Proprietor.

HORSES BOARDED

By the Day, Week or Month, and the best of care taken.

☞ Special Attention Given to Transient Stock.

Terms Reasonable.

A fine Corral for the accomodation of Teamsters, where will always be found a good supply of hay, grain, etc.

(8-15-'83) HENRY LEEHMAN.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS

Impels me onward;

Success is my Motto

and

LOW PRICES MY BANNER!

Still I lead with the FRESHEST and CLEANEST STOCK OF

Fancy Dry Goods,

Ladies and Children's wear, of all kinds.

SILKS, LACES, FICHUS, ULSTERS, DOLMANS and LADIES HATS.

Gent's Clothing and underwear, of all descriptions.

BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, HARDWARE,

GROCERIES and CANNED GOODS,

TOBACCO, CIGARS and CIGARETTES,

Wall Paper and Window Curtains,

☞ Flour, Grain and Bacon. ☜

Don't fail to price my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

CHARLEY SNIDER, LAKEVIEW, OREGON.

THE ENSIGN.

[From the French of Alphonse Daudet.]

I.

The regiment was engaged on the banks of a railway, and served as a target to the whole Prussian army massed in an opposite wood. They were firing on each other at a distance of eighty yards. The officers shouted, "Lie down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained standing, gathering round their colors. In the great horizon of the setting sun, of cornfields, of pasture land, this confused group of men, enveloped in smoke, looks like a flock of sheep surprised in the open country by the whirlwind of a terrific storm.

It rained iron on that slope; nothing was heard but the crackle of the volleys and the prolonged vibration of the balls which flew from one end of the battle field to the other. From time to time the flag, which waved overhead in the wind of the mitrailleuse, disappeared in the smoke, then a voice, grave and steady, dominating the firing, the struggles of the dying, the oaths of the wounded, would cry: "*Au drapeau, mes enfants, au drapeau!*" Instantly an officer, vague as a shadow in the red mist, would spring forward, and the standard, once more alive as it were, showed again above the battle.

Twenty two times it fell. Twenty-two times its staff, still warm, slipping from a dying hand, was seized and upheld, and when, at sunset, what remained of the regiment—scarce a handful of men—retreated slowly, firing as they went, the colors were mere rags in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third ensign of the day.

II.

Sergeant Hornus was a crusty old wardog, who could scarcely write his own name, and who had taken twenty years to gain his sergeant's stripes. All the miseries of a foundling, all the brutalizing effects of barrack-life, could be traced in the low projecting forehead, the back bent beneath the knapsack, that air of careless self-neglect acquired in the ranks. Besides all this he stammered, but then eloquence is not essential to an ensign. On the evening of the battle his colonel said to him, "You have the colors, my brave fellow—keep them."

And on his coarse head, frayed by war and weather, the vivandière attached the gold band of a sub-lieutenant.

This had been the one ambition of his humble life. From that moment he drew himself up; he who was wont to walk with bent head and eyes fixed on the ground, henceforth looked proudly upward to the bit of stuff which he held very straight, high above death, treachery and defeat. Never was there a happier man than Hornus on days of battle, holding his staff firmly in its leather socket with both hands.

He neither spoke nor moved, and was as serious as a priest guarding some sacred thing. All his life, all his strength, were concentrated in the fingers grasping that gilded rag upon which the balls beat so persistently, and in his defiant eyes looking the Prussians full in the face, as if saying, "Try, if you dare, to take it from me!"

No one did try, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those murderous battles, the colors came out, tattered, in holes, transparent with wounds, but it was still old Hornus who carried them.

III.

Then came September with the army around Metz, the investment, and that long pause when the cannon rusted in the mud, and the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inaction, want of food and want of news, died of fever and *ennui* beside their piled arms. No one, neither chief nor soldiers, had faith in the future; Hornus alone was still confident. His ragged *tricolor* was all in all to him, and as long as he could see that, nothing seemed lost. Unfortunately, as there was no more fighting, the colonel kept the colors at his house in one of the suburbs of Metz, and poor Hornus was much like a mother whose child is out to nurse. He thought of it constantly. Then when the yearning was too much for him, he went off to Metz, and, having seen it still in the same place, leaning against the wall, he returned full of courage and patience, bringing back his to dripping tent dreams of battle and of advancing marches, with flying colors floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshal Bazaine put an end to these illusions. One morning Hornus on awakening found the whole camp clamorous, groups of soldiers in great excitement, uttering cries of rage, all shaking their fists towards one side of the town as though their anger were roused against some criminal. There were shouts of, "Away with him!" "Let him be shot!" And the officers did nothing to prevent them. They kept apart with bent heads as if ashamed of being seen by their men. It was indeed shameful. The marshal's order had just been read, so 150,000 fighting men, well armed and still efficient—an order which surrendered them to the enemy without a struggle!

"And the colors!" asked Hornus, growing pale. The colors were to be given up with the rest, with the arms, with what was left of the munitions of war—everything.

"*To-To-Tonnerre de Dieu!*" stuttered the poor man. "They sha'n't have mine." And he started at a run toward the town.

IV.

Here also there was a great disturbance; National Guards, civilians, *garies mobiles*, shouting and excited, deputations on their way to the marshal; but of this Hornus saw and heard nothing. All the way up the Rue de Faubourg he kept saying to himself;

"Take my flag from me indeed! It is not possible. They have no right to it! Let him give the Prussians what is his own, his gilded carriages, his fine plate brought from Mexico! But that, it is mine. It is my honor. I defy any one to touch it."

These fragments of speech were broken by his rapid pace and by his stammer, but the old fellow had his idea notwithstanding; a very clear and defined idea—to get the standard, carry it to the regiment and cut his way through the Prussians with all who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter the house. The colonel, furious himself, would see no one; but Hornus was not to be put off thus.

He swore, shouted, hustled the orderly!

"My flag, I want my flag." At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, colonel; I——"

"The colors are all at the arsenal—you have only to go there and you will get an acknowledgement."

"An acknowledgement! What for?"

"It is the marshal's order."

"But, colonel——"

"Leave me alone," and the window was shut.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"An acknowledgment, an acknowledgment," he repeated mechanically, moving slowly away.

V.

The gates of the arsenal were open wide, to allow the passage of the Prussian wagons, which were drawn up in the yard. Hornus shuddered. All the other ensigns were there, fifty or sixty officers silent and sorrowful; those sombre carts in the rain, with the men grouped bareheaded behind them, had all the aspect of a funeral

In a corner the colors of Bazaine's army lay in a confused heap on the muddy pavement. Nothing could be sadder than these bits of gay-colored silks, these ends of gold fringe and of ornamented hafts, all this glorious paraphernalia thrown on the ground, soiled by rain and mud. An officer took them one by one, and as each regiment was named, its ensign advanced to receive an acknowledgment. Two Prussian officers stiff and unmoved, superintended the ceremony.

And must you go thus O sacred and glorious flags!—displaying your brave rents, sweeping the ground sadly like broken winged birds, with the shame of beautiful things sullied? With each of you goes a part of France. The sum of long marches bid in your faded folds. In each mark of a ball you kept the memory of the unknown dead falling at random around the standard, the enemy's mark!

"Hornus, it is your turn, they are calling you; go for your receipt."

What did he care about a receipt!

The flag was there before him. It was his, the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all. And seeing it again, he fancied himself once more on that railway bank. He heard the whistling balls and the colonel's voice: "*Au drapeau, mes enfants!*" He saw his twenty-two comrades lying dead; himself, the twenty-third, rushing forward in his turn to support the poor flag which sank for want of an arm. Ah? that day he had sworn to defend it to the death—and now!

Thinking of all this made his heart's blood rush to his head. Distracted, mad, he sprang on the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, tried to raise it once more straight and high, crying "*Au dra——*" but the words stuck in his throat—he felt the staff tremble, slip through his hands. In that paralyzing atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which weighs so heavily on capitulated towns, the standard could no longer float. Nothing glorious could live. And old Hornus, too, choked with shame and rage, fell dead.

Facts and Figures.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* consoles the Federal officers with the following figures and facts: "It may be an item of importance to some persons that of the 110,000 Federal officials only 15,000 come under the civil service rules, and of the whole list over 90,000 are postmasters. President Cleveland will have 95,000 offices to fill without interfering or infringing upon civil service rules at all.

In the Army.

After a soldier is sworn in, he gets his uniform, and from that time, for the first two years, draws $13 a month pay. In the third year he receives $14 a month; in the fourth, $15; and in the fifth, $16 a month; but all above $13 is kept back, so that at the end of his service, if he has not forfeited any of his surplus, there are $72 coming to him. It may be, though, that he has been locked up too often; may have been disorderly, or something of that sort, and then he forfeits the amount. If a soldier re-enlists within 30 days of his discharge, his pay is raised to $18 per month, and $1 per month of this is kept back as a saving fund.

The Farmer and the Editor.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Farmer who Felt in his Heart that this was a cold World and that no one Cared for him or his Mechanically slipped a goose Egg into his coat tail pocket and Betook himself to the village and the office of the Gazette, where he Produced the Egg and Swore by the Horn Spoon that it was laid by a Pullet. The Astonished and Delighted Editor sent out for a Bed-cord to Measure the Length and Diameter of the Egg, presented the Farmer with a Year's Subscription, and took Voluminous Notes with a Pencil The next issue of Gazette contained a full and Thrilling Description of the Egg and the Pullet, and wound up by saying that Farmer Johnson was Honest, Upright, Enterprising and Progressive, and that he had the Loveliest Family, the best Farm and the Fattest Live Stock of any Agriculturist in the State. All of which so Tickled the Farmer that he carried a Grin until the Weather Wore the Enamel off his front teeth, and he had no Trouble in Marrying off his Daughters, Selling off his Old Hay, and getting Elected as Supervisor.

Moral—If you can't get hold of a Goose Egg, a Pumpkin, Squash or a Pack of Turnips will Answer just as well.

Horse Physiognomy.

[American Agriculturist.]

A horse's head indicates his character very much as a man's does. Vice is shown in the eye and mouth; intelligence in the eye and in the breadth between the ears and between the eyes; spirit in the eye and in the pose, in the mobile nostril, and active ear. The size of the eye, the thinness of the skin, making the face lean, the large open, thin-edged nostril, the fine ear, and the thin, fine mane and forelock, are indications of high breeding, and accompany a high-strung nervous organization, which with good limbs and muscular power, ensures a considerable degree of speed in the animal. The stupidly lazy horse, that drivers call a "thick head," has a dull eye usually, a narrow forehead and contracted poll. He comes not infrequently, is always a blunderer, forgets himself and stumbles on smooth ground, gets himself and his owner into difficulties, calks himself, is sometimes positively lazy, but often a hard, goer. He needs constant care and watchfulness on the driver's part. A buyer of equine flesh should be able to detect the good and bad qualities of the animals he contemplates purchasing. This valuable knowledge is only acquired by a careful study of the various parts of horse physiognomy.

Happiness a Habit.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Every permanent state of mind is largely the effect of habit. Just as we can perform an action so continuously that it comes to be habitual, so we can encourage conditions of mind until they, too, come to be habits of thinking and even of feeling. Every thoughtful parent or teacher recognises this in the training of youth. The child constantly thwarted or scolded or ridiculed has constantly aroused within him feelings of resentment or discouragement or misery; and these grow to be habitual, and a character for ill-temper or moroseness or despondency is formed. On the other hand, the child who is wisely treated, whose facilities are brought into action, who is encouraged to do well, who is surrounded with cheerful faces and orderly arrangements, becomes accustomed to corresponding habits of thought and feeling. The exercise of self control, of truthfulness, of honesty, and other essential qualities, not only result in habitual actions of the same nature, but in habitual feelings or states of mind that induce those actions. So the condition that we call happiness is likewise acquired to a considerable degree. It involves within it many things, but they are not impossible to secure, and when we have discovered them it rests with us to encourage or discourage them. Happiness is not only a privilege, but a duty, not a mere reward good that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we consider the contagious character of happiness, strength, courage and hope, it becomes the very necessary and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligation to attain as much of it as possible.