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OVER THE RIVER.

BY MISS HENRY A. W. PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've passed to the other side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight grey and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of The City we could not see;
Over the River, over the River,
My brother stands ready to welcome me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
We catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo, they have passed from our heart—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye!
We cannot sander the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
Shall sail with care on life's stormy sea,
Yet somehow I hope on the unseen shore
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

THE "LONG AGO."

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of time
As it runs through the realm of tears;
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a blending sweep, and a surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summer like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and go,
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow
As glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical tale on the river of time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June's with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are bows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are beads of dust, but we love them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

MARRYING RICH.

BY REV. W. B. SLAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

At the end of a pretty lane, along
The sides of which thrifty maple-trees
Furnished a grateful shade during the
warm summer months, stood the cottage
of Farmer Barnwell. A beautiful lawn,
skirted by shrubbery and dotted over
with pyramid evergreens, all tastefully
arranged, spread out in front of the
cottage. An open porch afforded an
agreeable place to pass away a twilight
hour. The doors and windows were
decorated with the queen of the prairie,
intermingled with jasmine and honeysuckle,
which climbed together the trellis,
and hung in graceful tresses in the
air. Altogether, it was a lovely place,
quiet and inviting. Within, the same
taste that was evinced in the surrounding
grounds, was displayed in the order
and neatness that prevailed in every
apartment. The farmer's good wife
was a model of excellence, in her own
proper sphere. If you could have inspected
the barns and yards, and the fields
beyond, you would have found everywhere
indicative of the same care,
and order, and thrift.

The farm was not large, and the farmer
had performed most of the work
himself. It was wonderful, the neighbors
said, that he could accomplish so
much. He never seemed in a hurry,
yet he always was up with his work.
Now the secret of this was, that he had
learned how to practice the rule, "Every-
thing in its time, and everything in
its place." In the cold days of winter
you might have found him in his little
shop, mending rakes, and plows, and
grain cradles, and other utensils of the
farm. And then you might have observed,
too, that each article was put away
carefully where it was safe from all
exposure. It was not so strange,
after all, that the farm was productive,
that Farmer Barnwell never was harassed
in the summer time with breaking
tools, that his cattle did not die as others
do.

It was not so strange, yet the people
wondered at it all, and said that he
was always "in luck," and so they
went on in their own way. There was
another thing they wondered at. Farmer
Barnwell had a choice collection of
books. Some of the best agricultural
works were on his shelves, and he found
time, not only to read them, but to study
them. And then he had managed to
procure the best fruits, and the trees
were carefully trimmed, and when the
cold winter came on they were mulched,
and thus they escaped the fate of other
men's trees, and grew in beautiful
thriftiness and tasteful forms. Many
persons, it must be confessed, could not
understand why his trees always lived
through the hard winters, and why they
always bent under a burden of delicious
fruits. But so it was, they could not
deny it, and so they reasoned that he
was a "lucky fellow." And thus the
years went on, one after another, and
Farmer Barnwell was a man of forty-
five at the time our story commences,
and everybody said he was "well to do"
in the world. He had not bought other
lands, because he had not enough; and he
thought it was better to till the soil well,
and get grateful returns, than to skin its
surface for scant products.

And Farmer Barnwell had one son.
He was now a man. The father's thrift
had enabled him to give him the advantages
of a thorough education. He had
just returned from college, where
he had graduated with honor.

Charles Barnwell was a modest boy.
His whole soul had been engrossed in
the earnest toil after knowledge. He
had studied as many do not study, because
he loved the truth for its own sake.
The facts and principles of science
were to him, as a thirsty man would
drink water, to satisfy the cravings of
his mind. He had graduated, but he
did not once that his education was
completed. He had in view no profession.

family of Barnwell to our readers, and
the beautiful place they called their
home. If intelligence, industry, refined
taste in rural embellishments, and
thrift, constitute elements of happiness,
the Barnwells were a happy family.
And so they were. For to these elements
we must add that they were a
truly pious family. The old family
Bible was well read. The altar of prayer
was ever held sacred. And the library
was well stored with excellent religious
books.

But the best of people have their
weaknesses; and good Mrs. Barnwell
would have been a singular lady indeed,
if she had not any weak point. It was
her misfortune to think too much of
money. She had always been industrious,
and prudent, and economical. All that
was needed to educate her son she
had most cheerfully appropriated for
that purpose. In fact, she did not
so much desire wealth for her own
personal enjoyment as that she might
bestow it upon him. She doted upon him
as mothers only can dote, and with better
reason than most mothers have, for he
was truly noble and worthy. Perhaps,
too, that rigid economy, which was necessary
when they were poor, and which
had become a habit while saving the
means to educate Charles, had contributed
to give her a higher notion of the
value of wealth than she would otherwise
have had. Now whatever may have
been the origin of that feeling, it
was, at the time embraced in our narrative,
her greatest failing. The exhibition
of it will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Charles and his mother were sitting
in the large east room, toward the close
of the day. The sun shone brightly
upon the opposite hill, and the fresh
spring breezes floated gently through
the foliage of the surrounding trees.
The mother evidently wished to introduce
a subject of importance, and with
some effort, she at length began:

"Charles, you are now twenty-three.
You have finished your education, and
have come home to stay. I cannot tell
you how happy I am to have you back
again."

"I am equally happy to be here,
mother. Indeed, I have always longed
for this quiet home."

"It has cost a great deal of money to
give you your fine education, Charles."

"I know it, mother; and it has cost
you many other sacrifices. In all my
absence this has been the only thing that
has cast a shadow on my heart. Yet,
mother, had the money and the time
been all my own, I should have felt that
both were well invested in the acquisitions
I have made."

"And so do I, my son. I do not
mention it because I regret it at all.
No, no; I am proud of it all, and I
am proud of my boy. You have not
disappointed me, and I don't think you
will."

"I should be ungrateful to disappoint
your expectations, mother. As I love
you, I shall ever strive to honor you."

"How much is she worth now, mother?"

"Not less than twenty thousand."

"Are you much acquainted with the girl?"

"No. I have seen her a few times
abroad. She visits at the Petersons,
who are a very aristocratic family."

"Does she go into our society much?"

"No."

"I have met her myself, mother, and
think I know her. In the first place, I
am obliged to say that she is not familiar
with the better class of society. Her
father was a craven money-lender. He
made a fortune by oppressing the poor.
The greed of gain consumed him, and
he died young, of very avarice. His
father had trained him up for such a
life, and he infused his spirit into his
daughter also. She is utterly incapable
of any noble endeavors. Her education
is limited. Her mind is ever
groveling. She has none of those
accomplishments, none of that refinement
and feminine delicacy of sentiment that
is a passport to good society. She
glories over her wealth, and assumes
airs that are offensive. That class of
aristocrats to which she belongs, and
with whom she moves, are known among
men as snobs. They have an artificial
and vicious standard of etiquette. I
don't feel much like assuming any of
the honors of such a connection, mother."

"But you will not forget that she is
very rich."

"No. Nor can I forget that she possesses
a narrow and vulgar mind. Her
money can never buy for her those
qualities that a woman must have to
make her husband happy."

"I am afraid you are to sentimental."

"No. I look at this matter in a
utilitarian light. What should I gain
by such a marriage?"

"You would get twenty thousand dollars
and a wife."

"A wife? Ah, that word, in my
mind, has always imported goodness,
nobleness, amiability, devotion. Why,
that is the holiest word in the language."

"Would you rank it above the word
mother?"

"In some respects, no; in others,
yes. To the husband, wife is the most
hallowed name; to the son, mother.
But we should remember that the woman
may bear both these hallowed names.
Miss Marks is not such a person as I
could place in either relation. Why,
I have seen her turn the poor from her
door in scorn, and her name for charity
is a by-word. But I really think that
I can do better than marry Miss Marks.
To be honest, I think I can marry rich-
er."

"Well, if you can, I will be satisfied."

"Will you, mother?"

"Certainly; and be glad of it too."

"Well, I can do it, and I will. In
fact, I have had more thought on this
subject than I have uttered."

"Where can you find a girl worth
more than twenty thousand dollars, that
you can win?"

"Well, mother, I may as well make
my confession first as last. I have seen
a young lady whose wealth, if all I have
heard be true, is many times greater
than that of Miss Marks. I have been
assured that she is highly connected,
and I have learned from herself that
she is willing to bestow all her treasures,
with her own hand, upon me. If I may
but have your blessing upon my union
with her, I hope to be the richest man
in all this region. Now will you allow
me to follow my own inclination in this
matter? I assure you, my mother shall
never have occasion to blush at the
choice her son has made."

"Yes, certainly. I'm glad you have
not been so foolish as to neglect the
good fortune thus offered you."

Little did Mrs. Barnwell understand
the import of her son's words. Little
did she dream of the mortification and
sorrow in store for her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE was a terrible explosion in
Richmond on Friday, of a large magazine
containing a large quantity of powder,
shell, etc. Fortunately but two were
killed, but a large amount of property
was destroyed. The ammunition destroyed
was the property of the late rebel government.

A Mr. Stowe eloped from Burlington,
Vermont, last week, with the wives of
three prominent citizens. All the women
were mistresses of the scamp. The guilty
parties crossed the Canada border,
closely pursued by the wronged
husbands.

The Way to Tame a Husband.

I never unlearned but once, said Tom,
to set at naught the authority of my
wife. You know her way—cool, quiet,
but determined as ever grew. Just after
we were married, all was nice and
cozy, she got into the habit of doing all
the churning. She finished breakfast
rather before me one morning, and slipping
away from the table, she filled the churn
with cream, and set it down where
I could not help seeing what was want-
ing. So I took hold readily enough,
and churned till the butter came. She
didn't thank me but looked so nice and
sweet about it that I felt well paid.
Well, when the next churning came
along, she did the same thing, and I
was regularly set for it every time; not
a word said, you know, of course. Well,
by-and-by this began to be rather irksome,
and I wanted her just to ask me, but
this she never did, and I wouldn't say
anything to save my life. So on we
went. At last I made a resolve that I
wouldn't churn another time unless she
asked me. Churning day came, and
when my breakfast—she always got
good breakfasts—when that was swal-
lowed, there stood the churn. I got up,
and standing a few minutes, just to give
her a chance, I put on my hat and walked
out of doors. I stopped in the yard
to give her time to call me, but never a
word said she, and so, with palpitating
heart, I moved on. I went down town,
and my foot was as restless as Noah's
dove, I felt as if I had done a wrong;
I did not feel exactly how, but there was
an indescribable sensation of something
resting on me.

It seemed as if dinner time would
never come, and as for going home one
minute before dinner hour, I would as
soon have cut my ears off. So I went
fretting and moping about till the dinner
hour came. Home I then went,
feeling very much like a criminal
when the jury is out having in their
destiny—life or death. I couldn't
make up my mind how she would meet
me, but I expected some kind of a
storm. Will you believe me—she even
ter dinner that or while—never had
bestood the churn just where I left it.
Not a word was said. I felt confound-
edly cut, and every mouthful of that
dinner felt as if it would choke me.
She didn't pay any regard to it how-
ever, but went on just the same as if
nothing had happened. Before dinner
was over I had again resolved, and
marched to the churn, and went at it
in the old way. Splash, dip, rattle—I
kept it up. As in spite, the butter
never seemed so long in coming; I
supposed the cream, from standing so long
had got warm, and so I redoubled my
efforts. Obstinate matter, the after-
noon wore off while I was churning,
I paused at last from real exhaustion,
when she spoke for the first time.

"Come, Tom, my dear, you have
rattled that buttermilk long enough, it
is for fun you are doing it?" I knew
how it was in a flash. She had brought
the butter in the forenoon, and had left
the buttermilk in for me to exercise
with! I never set up for myself in
household matters after that memorable
day.

"MADAM," said a traveller to a testy
old landlady, "if I see proper to help
myself to this milk, is there any improp-
riety in it?"

"I don't know what you mean; but
if you mean to insinuate that there's
anything nasty in that milk, I'll give
you to understand that you've struck the
wrong house. There ain't a first hair
in that milk, for as soon as Dorothy Ann
told me that the cat was drowned in it,
I went and strained it over."

The horrified young man declined part-
aking of the cat-flavored milk.

TOMATO VINES.—Clip them as you
would raspberry or blackberry canes.
They need cutting back to insure good
fruit, plenty of it, and of fine flavor.
Clip them one or two leaves above the
fruit, and continue to keep down, as
they are rank growers—and will give
you more vines than fruit if you with-
hold the knife. Of course you have
trained them.

THE great bulk of men blindly fol-
low any impulse which is communicated
to them by minds of superior intelli-
gence, or the force of individual inter-
est, and really original thinkers, the
lights of their own, the rulers of the
next age, almost invariably exert their
powers in direct opposition to the pre-
vailing evils with which they are sur-
rounded.—Sir Archibald Alison.