

The Holt County Sentinel.

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124 9m

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n2 if

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SPECIAL attention given to the treatment of all Diseases of the Eye. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.
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n6 if

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WILL Practice in the courts of Holt and adjoining counties.
n1-ly

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OFFICE—Southeast room in court house.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
n1-ly

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WILL give special attention to the collection of Claims, the sale of lands, the payment of Taxes for non-Residents, and the Redemption of Delinquent Lands for Northwest Mo.
OFFICE—One door West of City Hotel.
n1-ly

Samuel Watson & Sons,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Cassimeres, Satinets, Jeans, Blankets, Flannels, Linseys, Yarns,
OREGON, MO.
Roll Carding, Felling, Coloring, and Dressing done to order.
n2 ly

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TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Northeast corner of Public Square,
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Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Tinware.
j680-ly

COX & DILL,
DEALERS IN
Drugs and Groceries,
MOUND CITY, MISSOURI,
DESIRE to inform the public of Mound City, and vicinity, that they have just opened a large stock as above, which they offer at the Lowest Possible Figures.
118 ly

Price House.
PETER PRICE, Proprietor.
West Side Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
The citizens of the county and the traveling public are informed that this house is still open and in good repair, with accommodations for the comfort of boarders and travelers. The house has with it a good stable for horses and a lot for teams and loose stock. Thankful for past and present patronage I solicit a share in the future.
PETER PRICE.
123-ly

CITY HOTEL.
MARY A. KEEVES & D. W. MARTIN, Prop'rs.
Oregon, Missouri.
THIS house has a superior location, being within two minutes walk of the post office and court house; is on a main street running east and west. It has recently changed proprietors and has undergone a thorough renovation and retfitting, thus making it equal in its appointments to any first class hotel in the west. Its tables will always be filled with the best market affords. There is a stable, well furnished and convenient connected with the house.
118-4f

GEO. P. LUCKHARDT,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
I am prepared to do any thing in my line of business. Pictures, such as
AMBOTYPES, FERROTYPES,
&c., &c.,
Taken in a superior manner, and at
Low Prices.
n1-ly

KRAUSS & RECKER,
BREWERS,
FOREST CITY, MISSOURI.
HAVING enlarged their Brewery, they are now ready to supply their customers with good Beer, in such quantities as may be desired. Come and try it.
n19-6m

NEW HARNESS SHOP!
Harness and Saddles
Manufactured to Order
AND
Warranted.
C. J. HART & CO.,
Have Established Themselves at
FOREST CITY, MO.
WHERE they propose to furnish the good people of this section with
ALL KINDS OF SADDLERY GOODS
AS
CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!
They respectfully invite all wishing anything in their line to call.
Harness, Saddles, Buggy Whips,
Two and Four Horse Whips!
and everything in the
FURNISHING LINE.
n14 3m

The Mason & Hamlin
CABINET ORGANS.
FORTY different styles, adapted to sacred and secular music, for \$50 to \$600 each. Their FIVE GOLD or SILVER MEDALS, or other first premiums awarded them. Illustrated catalogues free. Address, MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, or MASON BROTHERS, New York. 118-ly

FOR Good Pictures go to Luckhardt's Gallery.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

She sat in the shade of the portico,
Busy with some sweet task;
The Spanish eyes, and the forehead low,
Hid by the airy mask
Of the dusky hair that had rippled down
As she sprang o'er the flower bed—
In sooth she had purposed to frame a frown,
But she framed a smile instead!

He took her hand in that certain way,
More eloquent than words,
No sound fell into the silent day,
Save the chirp of the orchard birds;
Her work lay close by her side unscann'd
The book on knees unread—
In sooth she had purposed to lose her hand,
But he caught the other instead!

And when with the wealth of the rosy June,
The bees to their hives had got
He leaned through the lull of the sleepy noon,
And whispered a—you know what!
She swayed from his earnest eyes, and low
She buried her blushing head—
In sooth she had purposed to say "No! no!"
But she murmured "Yes!" instead!
—Lady's Book.

LINES FOR MUSIC.
I.
Dark the night, while sad and lonely
Sit I here and watch the hearth grow dim,
And the wind around the lintel,
Sings to me a wild, unnatural "me—"
Music that awakes remembrance
Of the times less lonely, far away—
Times when hearts beat light and joyous,
And this heart the geyest of the gay.

II.
Ah! the days when we were happiest,
And the friends that once to us were near!
Few there are can know them truly
Until many a bitter year;
And the heart grows sad to breaking,
When we must at last awake to find
That the friends who most have loved us,
Are the ones forsaken, left behind.

[Written for the HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL.]
DISAPPOINTMENT.
A DREAM.

Truly, "Disappointment sinks the heart of man," and few there are who have not felt its effects. In studying the lives of all great men, we find their brightest hopes often resulting in disappointment. Even the infant, as it grasps to catch the beautiful things held out to its gaze, is disappointed when it receives upon obtaining them. So we, in grasping for the allurements and beauties of this world, and finally obtaining them are disappointed. We start forth on life's voyage; we think all is bright, and apparently we are not mistaken; but alas! we find when too late that our hopes were built on a sandy foundation.

We may taste of its bitterness even while in the arms of Morpheus. I remember a beautiful dream I once had, which made a very deep impression on my mind. I had wandered forth in the evening, listening to the birds as they carolled their evening chants to their Creator, and sank with all nature into oblivion. Seated on a moss-covered rock, close by the side of a clear running brook, I began thinking of the many happy days my childhood knew, of my hours of trouble, and the many disappointments I had met with, when my weary heart, forgetful of the danger to which I was exposed gave way to repose.

I had always had a desire to be rich, thinking I could then render so many desolate hearts happy. I thought I was a creature whom the world called poor, and if I could only gain this cherished wish I would be happy. Presently I beheld a form at my side, unlike any I had met in the world. Tears were trickling down my cheeks, and when she saw them she asked, "Child, what is the matter?" I replied, "The world hates me because I am poor." She told me that riches would not make me happy, but I still clung to my cherished idea. She then told me she would give me riches, and that in one year I was to return to her and see if I had realized my anticipations.

I returned to the world, but new trials were added to my lot, and instead of promoting the welfare of others I devoted my wealth to my own comfort. I was now unhappy indeed. The fear that some one would rob me of my treasure continually haunted me. I forgot God and thought only of the world and its pleasures.

The time soon came when I was to render an account of myself. I resumed my place, and when the form again approached, I besought her in my anguish of heart to take back her riches; that I wished to be poor, so that I would not so easily forget God and could devote my life to his service.

She praised me for my decision, and told me that down in my heart there was wealth which, when spent, God would replenish.

But the approach of a storm and the echoing thunder awoke me. I was happy when I became sensible that the miserably spent year through which I had passed was only a dream, and one from which I could profit.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.
I went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the house was very crowded. The curtain rose, and amidst a burst of applause the hero made his appearance. He had hardly uttered twenty words, when it struck me something was the matter with him.

The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity in the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none; he walked and talked like a person dreaming, his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them, and altogether he was quite unfit for the part. His smile was ghastly, and his laugh and voice unnatural; he would frequently stop off suddenly in his speech, and let his eyes wander vacantly over the audience.

Even when in the character of a silly husband he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by a young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife and eating his supper while he was shut up in a closet, from whence he could not emerge.

His contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passions that hisses were audible in various parts of the theatre. The audience were fairly out of temper, and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the potations he had that day indulged in. A storm of sibilant and abuse now fell around the ears of the devoted actor, and not content with verbal insult, orange peel and apples flew upon the stage.

He stopped and turned to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in a human countenance. His face was worn and haggard, and tears rolled down his painted cheeks, I saw his lips quiver with mental agony; I saw his bosom heave with convulsion and suppressed emotion, and his whole meinure must have throbbled with pity.

The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor of invective subsided into solemn stillness, while he stood near the footlights a picture of dejection. When all was calm he spoke, and in a voice broken with sobs which seemed to rend his heart, he offered his explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "though in my acting to-night I am confident of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong. I am not intoxicated. Emotion, alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fill my allotted part so badly; my wife died a few hours ago and I left her side to fill my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore you to forgive. I loved her, grieved for her, and if my anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief.

The audience were thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently, and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible, thro' the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor man's wounded feelings.

There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don the gay attire and utter studied witticisms, for the amusement of a crowd not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that was festering under his painted cheek and stage smile. And in the great theatre of life how many there are like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies sorrow, the shadow of which is ever present with them in busy places.

HOW TO GET A QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is in toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one that had common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! never mind!" Wife will ask you why you did not marry her. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

WHEN the war ended in April last the Government owned and used for military purposes 830 locomotives, 4,000 cars and 70,000 tons of iron. All the locomotives have now been sold but 82 and there are about 1,000 cars yet on hand. Some have been sold for cash at auction, and some on six months and two years time to Southern railroads. All will be sold before January first.

The Printer's Ten Commandments.
1. Thou shalt love the Printer, (especially the Ladies) for he loveth you muchly.
2. Thou shalt subscribe for his paper—for he seeketh much to obtain the news of which you remain ignorant.
3. Thou shalt pay him for his paper he laboreth hard to give you the news in due season.
4. If a business man, thou shalt advertise, that thus thy profits may enable thee not only to pay for thy paper, but "put money in thy purse."
5. Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules—in deranging the paper.
6. Thou shalt not touch anything that would give the printer trouble; that he may not hold thee guilty.
7. Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositor; for he will not hold thee blameless.
8. Thou shalt not read the news before it is printed; for he will give it to you in due time.
9. Thou shalt ask him few questions of things in the office; from it thou shalt tell nothing.
10. Thou shalt not at any time send abusive and threatening letters to the editor, nor cowhide him more than five times a year—nor bring the printer old rotten wood—nor bring produce that defies the d—l to eat.

Too Much Metal for John Bull.
Recently, when the United States war steamer, Wyoming, was at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, several of that vessel's officers on shore met a number of English officers from an English vessel of war in the bay. One of the Englishmen, putting a circular piece of glass in front of one of his eyes, asked, in an ironically obsequious manner—
"Officer, how many guns do you carry?"
"Six," replied the officer of the Wyoming.
"Oh! We carry eleven," said the other.
"What weight of metal do you throw at a broadside?" asked the officer of the Wyoming.
"About eighty pounds," answered the Englishman, inflating himself with a mixture of wind and pride.
"Well," replied the officer of the Wyoming, "one of our guns, alone, throws one hundred and sixty-eight pounds; that's double your whole broadside."
The Englishman immediately collapsed, struck the elevation of his head, and walked off.

Origin of the Word Yankee.
When the New England colonies were first settled the inhabitants were obliged to fight their way against many nations of Indians. They found but little difficulty in subduing them all, except one tribe, who were known by the name of Yankoes, which signifies invincible. After much waste of blood and treasure, the Yankoes were at last subdued by the New England men.

The remains of this tribe, (agreeably to the Indian custom,) transferred their name to their captors. For a while they called them Yankoes, but, from a corruption common to the names of languages, they got, through time, the name of Yankess—a name which we hope will soon be equal to that of a Roman or an ancient Englishman.

AWFUL!—The following startling threat was made use of the other day by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist you round your own head, and ram you down your own throat until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt collar sticking out of your eyes. His opponent left."

It will be remembered that Gen. Ochoa, of Mexico, passed through this city some days ago en route to Washington. We now learn that he is the special envoy of President Juarez to our Government. He was threatened with arrest by the French blockaders of Acapulco, in case of his arrival in that port, and although Gen. Halleck denounced such a proceeding as altogether unjustifiable by the law of nations, the French consulate at Acapulco notified the American-Pacific steamboat company that he would be arrested nevertheless, in case the steamer should touch that port on its way to the Isthmus. In order to avoid this danger, the General came to this country by the Overland Stage route.—[Aitchison Champion.]

Why is a bridegroom at the altar like a sailor? Because he's a marr'in her.