

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME II.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1867.

NUMBER 28.

Holt County Sentinel.

(WEEKLY.)
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Public Square, Oregon, Mo.
Terms—In Advance:
One copy per year, \$2 00
Club of five copies, 8 75
Club of ten copies, 15 00
And one copy to getter up of club.

Advertising.
The rates adopted by the Convention of Publishers of North Missouri, held at Macon, June 12th, 1866, will be adhered to by us. They are as follows:

RATES OF ADVERTISING—TRANSIENT.
One dollar and fifty cents per square for first insertion, and seventy-five cents per square for each additional insertion. A square to be one inch in space down the column, counting cuts, display lines, blanks, &c., as solid matter. No advertisement to be considered less than a square, and all fractions counted a full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as TRANSIENT. District, or County, to be charged for as transient advertisements.

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS.
One square, three months, \$7 00
One square, six months, 10 00
One square, twelve months, 15 00
Four squares, twelve months, 30 00
Ten squares, twelve months, 60 00
DOUBLE COLUMN ADVERTISEMENTS.
Administrator's notices, \$4 00
Final settlement notices, 4 00
Stray notices, 4 00
Each additional animal in same notice, 1 00

LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
25 cents per line for each insertion.
Obituary notices, resolutions and proceedings of benevolent and religious associations to be charged half price—75 cents per square.
ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.
In advance, \$5 00
No certificates of publication to be made until publisher's fees are paid.

Professional Cards.

T. C. DUNGAN, T. J. HAWTHORNE,
DUNGAN & HAWTHORNE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.
OFFICE—Price House.
24-3m

HORACE COOPER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.
OFFICE—over Mitchell's Bakery.
19-3m

IRA C. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
187 1y

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—At Residence, S. E. corner Public Square.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
nl-1y

T. H. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oregon, Mo., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in North-West Missouri and Kansas.
OFFICE—Over W. & J. W. Zook's.
nl-1y

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

S. C. Collins & T. W. Collins,
Real Estate Agents,
WILL give prompt attention to the buying and selling of LANDS, and the payment of TAXES. S. C. COLLINS having resided in Holt county for about twenty-five years, and having been County Surveyor for the greater portion of that time; and T. W. Collins having been engaged in the Practice of Law for a number of years in the county, they flatter themselves that they will be able to give entire satisfaction to those who may see fit to transact business with them. S. C. Collins also offers his services as County Surveyor, and T. W. Collins as Attorney at law.
OFFICE—East side Public Square, Oregon, Holt county, Missouri.
16-6m

Dr. R. KING.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. Having had an experience of twenty-four years in the practice of medicine, he hopes to be able to render satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage. Office at residence, west of W. H. Stierrett's store.
n85-1y

WHISKERS & MOUSTACHES

FORCED to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNY'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, \$1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address **BERNARD, BRETTE & Co., Chemists,** No. 256 River street, Troy, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States.
25-1m

\$90 A MONTH!—Agents wanted for six entirely new articles, just out. Address **O. T. GAREY,** City Building, Blufford Me. 60 1ely

A. C. BEVAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
OREGON, MISSOURI.
nl-1y

JAMES SCOTT,
TAX-PAYING AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Oregon, Holt County, Mo.,
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Has a number of good farms for sale.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n6 1y

CHRISTIAN KRAUSS, GUSTAV RECKER.
Krauss & Recker,
LAGER BEER BREWERS,
FOREST CITY, MISSOURI,
HAVING enlarged their Brewery, are now ready to supply their customers with good Beer, in such quantities as may be desired.
nl-1y

JAMES H. NIES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
North-east corner of Public square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Tinware.
j850-1y

W. M. BASKINS & CO.,
BLACKSMITHS,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Holt County and the public generally that they are prepared to do Blacksmithing in its various branches, promptly and on reasonable terms.
SHOP—Second building east of City Hotel.
nl-1y

MARTIN WHITMER,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs, &c.,
Oregon, Missouri.
A large stock of my own manufacture constantly on hand—by the best of workmen. Can supply anything wanted in my line, on short notice.
140 1y

W. M. WYETH & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
SADDLERY,
Number 43, Second Street,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Prices guaranteed as low as in any Western City.
148 1y

J. MURPHY, & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
OREGON, MO.
READY MADE CLOTHING, and goods of the latest styles, always on hand. Suits made on short notice, and best style. Call and see the Largest, Best, and most Complete Stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, ever offered in this city.
11-6m

BEALS & ADAMSON,
WILL respectfully state to the public that they have purchased, and are fitting up the old livery stable stand in this place, where they keep constantly on hand good Saddles, Harness, Buggies, Carriages, Hacks, &c. Will also give special attention to the feeding or sale of horses.
Transient custom particularly solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed at all times.
11-6m

GEO. P. LUCKHARDT,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
I am prepared to do any thing in my line of business. Pictures, such as
AMBROTYPES & FERROTYPES,
&c., &c.,
Taken in a superior manner, and at
Low Prices.
nl-1y

NEW GOODS!
Just Received
North Side of Public Square by
B. F. Potter.

\$1,500 PER YEAR! We want agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED 20 Dollar Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in United States for less than Forty Dollars, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelard. All other cheap machines are infringements and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address, or call upon **Shaw & Clark,** Biddford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. 60 1ely

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth,
To them the Sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven,
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.
For them he bore
His father's frown;
For them he wore
The Thorny Crown;
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss,
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor ever dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest He declare,
"I know you not!"
And deep despair
Forever be your lot.
Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
And trust to him who there was crucified.

A STEP IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

A Story and a Mirror.
BY JAMES L. DOWEN.
Roderick Houseman was one of those personages who are met everywhere. There is no need, therefore, that we should specify the particular location of our story. Suffice it to say, then, that it was in a pleasant country village, where the "stars and stripes" waved regularly every Fourth of July, and men duly walked according to the traditions of their elders. In that pleasant village there were a few points of general interest, and among them "the store," at present under the control of Roderick and a single clerk, was the great centre of attraction.

To those who have seen anything of country life we need not say that Houseman was the principle man of the place, especially when to his position as store-keeper were added the fact that he was postmaster, deacon of the village church, and held several petty offices in the affairs of the town. Surely this was honor enough for one man, and so Roderick felt. The sense of his own importance did not desert him at any time. Step by step he had ascended the ladder of worldly fame, and at each ascent he could see further and further over the heads of his fellow men. Gradually they seemed of less and less importance. Their places could be filled readily enough, and the world would wag on the same; but with him—ah! when he should be called upon to shuffle off the mortal coil, how would the breach in society be repaired? And that tho't—a very bad thought it was—became each day more ingrained with his feelings and daily life. As a merchant he was too often harsh, exacting and unreasonable. People who spoke plausible words to his face, re-weighed and measured articles which came from his store with an exactness which would seem to indicate that his Sabbath and prayer-meeting professions of godliness and fair dealing were received with many grains of allowance.

Roderick had many good traits of character, no doubt, but too often he allowed his own self-consequence to blind him. The good people of R. murmured when he demanded extravagant prices, and spoke harsh words to them when there was no occasion for anything of the kind; but there was no other store within many miles, and they could but submit.

"I should like the balance of my last month's wages, if convenient," said a young man to Houseman, one day. He had been in the latter's employ for some time, and being a valued hand, the self-sufficient man was rather anxious to please him.

"Well Zach," was the hesitating reply, "it would be just as handy for you to-morrow—"

The fact was, Roderick was "short" at that particular time, though he was not anxious to confess it. But Zachariah had need of the money, and the merchant was finally forced to confess that he was unable to make the payment upon that day, but agreed to meet it with the first funds which came to hand. Zachariah was ready to wait, upon learning the state of affairs, while the merchant returned to his store chewing a bitter quid. As he entered a woman barged, bearing several bundles which she seemed to have just purchased.

"A good trade," remarked the clerk, Sebastian Reynolds, as his employer closed the door behind her.

"How much?"

"Seventeen dollars forty."

He turned away from the blotter in

which he had been making some entry as he spoke.

"Charge it?"

"Yes, sir. She is going to send up some butter or pay the money in a week or two."

Houseman said no more, but he paced up and down the store for nearly an hour. He was waiting for some cash customers, but they came not, but finally, when the village bell chimed out nine o'clock, the till was almost as empty as at noon. The merchant closed the door and sat down, after glancing once or twice up and down the street. He had been very silent all the evening, and young Reynolds knew well that something was upon his mind which would have to be spoken before they left the store.

"Sebastian," said he, pointing to a chair, "sit down here."

The young man obeyed, and Roderick then proceeded:

"I've made up my mind to one thing; I ain't going to be so easy with folks as I hev been! Them what pretend to pay money must pay it when they get their goods, and then our drawer won't be empty all the while. It is trouble enough to get goods here so as to accommodate them. They can't trade anywhere else, and if we say a few cents more for profit they've got to fork over."

The last sentence was put in a low and emphatic tone. And then the merchant talked for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he had clearly proved to himself, at least, that the people of R. were but tools in his hands, and that he could use them more roughly than he had yet done with perfect impunity. The morrow was to witness the adoption of the new plan.

Sebastian Reynolds was a young man of generous disposition, and while seeking his lodgings he mused: "Houseman is going to take a step in the wrong direction, I fear. People do not regard him with any too much good feeling now, and if he goes to putting on more airs, and feeling too proud, I'm afraid he will have a fall. Yet perhaps it would benefit him in the end."

The morning came, bright and clear. Filled with his selfish thoughts and purposes, Roderick took his way to the store. Sebastian was there before him, and at the moment of his entrance a customer stood before the counter. She was a middle-aged, pale, neatly dressed woman, who met the self-important merchant with a pleasant smile and greeting. Flora Conrode was her name, and she was a widow, in limited circumstances, chiefly dependent upon her only son for support. He had not much of this world's goods in store, but managed to earn a comfortable living for himself and mother by daily toil. Lately he had been unable to work for some weeks, and his mother had been obliged to incur indebtedness for the necessities of life. This act had not escaped the mind of Roderick Houseman, and he wheeled behind the counter, facing the woman.

"Believe we've got a little account against you," he said in his blindest manner.

"Yes, I know," replied the widow, in pained tones. "I should have settled with you before this if Sylvester had not been sick much longer than we anticipated. But he is better now, and I trust will be able to work next week."

"Then you don't want to pay your account this mornin'?"

"I cannot, sir."

The woman looked a little frightened, evidently uncertain whether her interlocutor was really in earnest.

"How do you suppose I can live and support half of R.?" the brute demanded, with a snarl.

Flora Conrode stepped back aghast. She had never been prompted in the payment of such little debts as she had by necessity contracted, and very naturally she felt wounded most deeply by the brutal remark. She did not attempt to answer, but turned and walked out of the store, dashing away a tear when she fancied no one observed her.

Later in the day, when Houseman was absent, she entered, and paid the sum owed, but took no more goods, though Reynolds endeavored to atone for his employer's unkindness.

"I knew she would pay up if she was a mind to," the latter exclaimed, when the entry met his eye.

"But I guess you lost a customer," remarked Sebastian.

"Lost one?" was the almost contemptuous rejoinder. "Where'll she go, I'd like to know? I tell you, what

trading is done in R. I mean to do; and I'm goin' to do it, too!"

Thus weeks rolled on. Where he had put his foot Roderick Houseman kept it. More than one customer had declared that they would never trade more with him, but the conceited man was waiting in ardent expectation for them to return, and purchase of him again.

"I've been bamboozled long enough," he remarked. "They are mad now because I won't stand it longer. Well, this is my store, and if my word isn't law, I wonder whose is."

But Houseman had cause of anxiety soon, though he did not allow himself to manifest much concern. A neighbor happened in one day, and after the usual salutations had passed, he said, bluntly enough:—"Well, Rod, what d'ye think of this new store we're goin' to hev?"

"New store?"

"Yes; didn't ye know Silver Conrode was fitten' up a store?"

"He ain't!"

"But he is,—I seen 'em to work thar when I come over."

"Foolish feller," was the exclamation; "I'd like to know what he's got to set up a trade with?"

For several days Houseman repeated his question to every caller, because he considered it unanswerable. He knew, as all knew, that Sylvester Conrode had been obliged to toil every day to support himself and mother, and the very idea that he could think seriously of opening trade was preposterous. Still so it was, for carpenters were busy at work fitting up a portion of the large dwelling which they occupied for a saleroom.

"I see how it is," Roderick argued, after the fact could be no longer doubted. "I made 'em pay up an old account that they meant to shirk off, and now they're going to show people that any body can start a store and get rich of it."

So Houseman argued, but he was far from feeling at ease. He felt that some part of the story had not as yet reached his ears. And so it was. One day a friend came in and followed Houseman into the cellar.

"I've found out about Conrode," he said, in mysterious tones.

"What is it?"

"The say an old uncle of his'n has died, somewhere off, and left him about five thousand dollars!"

Houseman did not say a word, but his face elongated to a fearful extent. During the day he was decidedly taciturn, and more morose than ever before; but finally he persuaded himself that there was nothing to fear, most especially when he learned that the reported five thousand was but as many hundred.

"What can he do with five hundred dollars?" was the mode of his reasoning. "It will all be gone by the time he is ready to buy goods, and I shall have to take his stock off his hands. I'll never do it, though—not even to keep him from starving!"

Far sooner than had been expected bales and boxes began to arrive, followed by casks and barrels. That day witnessed the close of Roderick Houseman's prosperity.

Day after day and a week passed; but at its end the self-important merchant confessed that his sales never had been so small for the same space of time. He really began to feel alarmed. The "young upstart" seemed to make vastly more difference with his business than he had anticipated. Thoughts of buying out Sylvester to prevent his starvation no longer had any place in his brain. Standing upon a distant eminence, which commanded a view of both stores, he saw plenty of customers leave the rival establishment, carrying bundles and packages in any quantity, while not one such left his own store. It was a painful sight to the proud man, but not so painful as many harsh words of his had been to sensitive breasts in that little community. He could justly blame no one but himself.

Non other whisperings began to be heard, which he would not believe, until, one pleasant day, an ominous package came to him through the male, directing him to make out the proper accounts, and turn over the post-office to his successor, Sylvester Conrode, Esq. The proud man felt his heart sinking, but the power of the National capital was greater than his, and the desired change was sorrowfully made.

Shorn of his most important office, and with a store which scarcely paid its expenses, the heartless man of former days began to feel that he was not so

important to the life of R. after all. Every means in his power was used to restore his lost prestige and influence, but it proved of no avail. Low prices and easy terms would not avail him now. People preferred to deal with one whose word and honor they could trust.

The annual election of town officers came in due course of time, and Houseman began to feel that his chance was not so good as hitherto. But men talked cheerfully of retaining him in the position he occupied, and one or two shrewdly hinted that he would stand higher than ever. The day came. The votes were polled, and then the result was made known. Roderick went home a humbled man. Every office of public trust had been taken from him, and worst of all, most of them had been given to Sylvester Conrode!

For some time he waited patiently, trusting that a change of department, and many smooth words at weekly prayer meetings, would bring him favor; but it was not to be. Early in the spring he bade adieu to R. forever, while Sylvester Conrode purchased his goods at a lower than "panic prices."

"I have paid him for that insult he gave you, dear mother," said the young merchant, as he recounted the event to his pleased parent. "His falseness and double-dealing proved his ruin. I will see if honor will not bring an equally certain reward."

It did. To-day Sylvester Conrode is a successful merchant and respected citizen, while Roderick Houseman toils day by day for his bread. But all in all, he is more honest, because poorer, and with no influence beyond his family circle. An inward monitor may sometimes tell him that the judgments of God are righteous altogether; and though he may repine at his lot, that voice will ever say, in thunder tones, that his punishment is just.

Beecher on Dancing.
He says: "Do not hesitate to dance among your own family and friends, under the supposition that it is wrong. It is certainly your liberty and it is right and wholesome. Some young ladies asked me, who may we reckon as within the circle of our family? Whoever is near enough to you to salute you are in your family, and all others may be safely considered as not in your family. Your brothers, and sisters, and cousins, and those with whom you maintain your relations like unto those which exist in the household, you may regard as within your family circle. But I think that, if a person wants to know the truth, he will find no difficulty in making the proper demarcation in this regard."

RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTLETS.—Take a handful of the vine called Runabout; the same quantity of the root called Nimbletongue; a sprig of herb called Backbite, (either before or after the dog days) a table spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it; six dolms. of malice, a few drops of envy, (which can be purchased in any quantity at the little grogshop in the north east corner of—block, or at the tea-table of Miss Nancy Night-walk). Stir them well together, and simmer for half an hour over the fire of Discontent kindled with a little jealousy. Then strain it through the rag of Misconstruction, cork it up in the bottle of Malevolence, hang it upon a skein of street yarn, shake it occasionally for a few days; and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken just before taking a walk, and the patient will be enabled to speak all manner of evil and that continually.—[Moore's Rural New Yorker.

It is a singular coincidence that Major General Grant, a Scotch officer in the British army, in 1778, defeated General Lee, in command of the American forces in New Jersey, and was afterward promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, and subsequently to that of general, in the British army. He died "very old" at his seat at Ballendallock, near Elgin, Scotland, in 1806.

A Western man, speaking of the Pacific rail-road, says it is one of the "funniest coincidences in the world, that almost every alternate section of land, on either side of the road, belongs to some member of Congress."

We have a report from Washington that Surratt will be offered his pardon on condition that he will testify faithfully against all parties who had any connection with the assassination plot.