

Crook County Journal.

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CATTLE SOLD

C. Sam Smith Gets a Good Figure

Raising Better Cattle

Henry Gray Refuses \$22.50 for His Yearlings. Demand for Good Cattle.

Last week C. Sam Smith and Henry Grey were in town and in discussing the merits of graded stock they gave their experience with cattle buyers this fall, which should be proof positive to any one that it does pay, and pays well to raise good grades of stock. Mr. Smith disposed of his cattle at the following figures: Two year old steers \$31, yearling steers, \$22 yearling heifers \$24. Among the heifers were a number of this spring calves. Mr. Grey was offered \$22.50 for his yearlings and refused the offer. It certainly seems to one outside of the business that there is more money in raising a few good cattle than in a lot of scrubs that will bring only half or two-thirds the above prices. Scrub cattle will certainly eat up as much grass as the graded stock and will stamp out a great deal more, for they are greater travelers.

With the curtailing of the range the number of stock must of necessity be lessened and therefore to get as much value out of the business as for merly. It must come to the raising of better grades those that can be turned into cash at an earlier age.

Warm Spring Warblings.

More rain more rest for some people, but not for us 'kids'.

Mr. See and family have returned from Portland and the land of eternal dampness.

I guess the Smithsonian man learned the piute language in one day, for he has gone back east again.

Several homesteads have been taken on the Agency plains lately and we will see that transient homesteaders comply with the law as to residence.

Quite a temperance discussion was indulged in here last week, which is a good thing to advocate, but to see people so extreme, while the revenue from whiskey furnishes them their bread and butter is like a man trying to raise himself by his boot straps.

Almost a tragedy nappened here last night by Harry Miller giving the night watchman, Jas. Hays, a scare almost equal to an anarchists maneuvers.

An ex-deputy game warden was here a few nights ago and left next morning before the agent could order him off the reservation.

EX-CORNERCRACKER.

Uncle Sam is kinder to the Indian than to the white children. At the Indian schools the girls are taught how to scrub, cook and sew and the boys are taught trades, while in the white schools the children are dismissed with only a few dabs of astronomy and geometry in their heads. The Indian

girl who can tell when an egg is cooked enough has been treated far better than the white girl who can extract the square root.

During the year past a Navaho Indian bequeathed his fortune, valued at over \$20,000, for the establishment of free medical dispensary "as an aid in extinguishing cruel aboriginal superstitions" in the tribe.

The manuscript for a uniform course of study for Indian schools, which Miss Peel, superintendent of Indian schools, has been at work on for the past three years, is now in the hands of the printer. Thirty-one subjects are included and special attention is given to industrial branches. Those treated are: Agriculture, baking, blacksmithing, basketry, housekeeping, laundrying, carpentry, cooking, dairying, engineering, gardening, etc. It is said by those who have inspected it to be the best and strongest course ever written for Indian schools. Miss Reel has gleaned her ideas from personal observation in the field, and has also consulted with prominent Indian workers.

THE LEADER.

Post Items.

From our regular correspondent.

L. D. Gillenwater has started with his sheep for the Mitchell country. Mr. Gillenwater contemplates moving his family there in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Curl and others have returned from recent trip to the fruit orchards for their fall supplies.

John Buoy and family, of Burns, passed through, here recently from Creswell on their way home. They spent a few days on the creek visiting with their Aunt Mrs. R. Knox.

Archie Wold and son have the contract for finishing the new school house.

Dick Koopman has returned from Pendleton. Mr. Koopman left here recently in search of stolen property. We are informed that he found the same near Pendleton.

E. B. Knox left on Friday for the Deschutes country to assist in bringing his father's sheep out to fall range.

FROSTY NORTH.

Personal Side of Roosevelt.

The following statistics of the new president are of interest at this time:

Height—five feet eight inches. Weight—One hundred and eighty-five pounds. Chest measurement—Forty-two inches. Collar—No 16 1-2. Gloves—No 8. Hat—No. 7 1 4. Shoes—No 9. Has not been sick in the last ten years. Has no life insurance. He is 42 years of age. His father died at 47; his grandfather at 77.

He prefers simple food, but is a great eater. His appetite is voracious and he indulges it. He does not smoke.

He takes all sorts of physical exercise—rides horseback, uses dumb-bells, spars, punches the bag, wrestles and walks miles at a time. Besides the forms mentioned, his exercise ranges from hunting big game, to romping with his children.

Has never had a physician; says he had no use for one. He sleeps eight hours a night; go to sleep the minute he gets into bed and does not wake up until morning.

SILVER LAKE

The Beautiful Valley of Eastern Oregon

Miles of Meadow Lands

Valley is Surrounded By Forests and Rim Rocks.—Climate Is Mild in Winter.

The little valley of Silver Lake lies in the northwestern part of lake county and forms a marked contrast to the miles of barren country surrounding it. To the north the desert extends for a hundred miles with only an occasional break in the form of monotonous ridges or long groups of buttes, and one may travel for days without seeing a farm house. In nearly any other direction for many miles one meets with scarcely anything to remind him of civilization and if the name is applicable anywhere, the valley of Silver Lake could surely be called an inland empire. The valley proper is entirely enclosed by juniper and pine ridges and high rim-rocks. Its extent is almost ten by twelve miles, but is not sharply defined because of the long slopes leading to the surrounding hills. At least one-third of this section consists of natural meadow and swamp land, reclaimed by drainage. This affords the chief resource and upholds the reputation of the valley as a hay producer. To insure a good yield of hay some of the meadow must be irrigated, but this is easily done by means of a system of levees and dams, placed in position while the water is plentiful in the spring.

The remainder of the valley is taken up by broad sagebrush flats and low dividing ridges. A small part of this less fertile land is fenced and sown to grain, principally rye, but this seems largely to have been abandoned because of the uncertainty of the crop.

With plenty of water for irrigation this land could be successfully and profitably farmed and no doubt would produce at least two crops of alfalfa or clover annually, notwithstanding an altitude of more than 4000 feet. In the solution of this irrigation problem seems to lie the future increase of the population and prosperity of the valley, for the water supply is limited and will permit none being taken from the meadows. Some time ago a company was organized among the residents and land owners for the purpose of procuring water for irrigation. It was found that water could be brought from the mountains in the direction of the Klamath Indian reservation, but in so doing it would drain a part of the reservation. The Indians would not allow this and the project was abandoned.

There is one remaining resource, but it is costly and requires considerable labor. Leading into the valley are a number of basins which could be converted into large reservoirs by simply filling up one outlet. An abundance of water could be collected in the spring and if the scheme was successful it would form a great store of energy for

the dry months.

No more than ten years ago the valley was the headquarters for large cattle firms and thousands of head of stock summered only a few miles from the large meadows, where winter feed was provided. Today there is a great change. The surrounding range is almost barren and summer range must be sought in pastures or far away in the mountains.

The town of Silver Lake is located in the southern part of the valley on the higher ground. It is not a very pretentious little town but never-the-less furnishes supplies to a large section of the country. Here are two general stores, carrying a large stock of goods, hotel and dwellings and the other buildings found in a village.

It will be remembered that this place was the scene of the terrible holocaust of 1894, on Christmas eve, when, forty-three persons were burned to death. A few ruins of the ill-fated buildings are yet to be seen. In the cemetery, near by, has been erected a costly and impressive monument to the memory of those who were so ruthlessly taken from their friends and kindred.

The namesake lake of the valley 7 miles from the town, is about twenty-square miles in area. The valley is drained by three creeks that flow into the lake, forming its only inlet. There is no outlet, except during very high water, when it flows over a low divide forming the only source of supply for a horn lake a few miles distant. During nearly all times of the year on this large body of water may be seen ducks and other fowls but because of the absence of brush and the presence of sand banks and gently sloping boundaries, entirely around the lake, they are comparatively safe from the hunter.

Winters here are usually mild and the snow fall not so great as in many localities of lower altitude. It is to be hoped that capital may find its way here and supply the broad plains with water, transforming them from the barrenness, that they now represent, into a fertility of which the state would be proud.

The Ashland Tidings says: To vilify a man during his life time and wear mourning ostentatiously for him after his death is both cowardly and hypocritical. Yet that is what the three malodorous Hearst organs have been doing Day after day and month after month the columns of San Francisco "Examiner" have reeked with the grossest abuse of President McKinley, and its last page has been the place for most brutal cartoons reviling President McKinley under the head of "Willie and his Papa." They were continued almost up to the very day of the assassination. Since then the space has been filled several times with full page black-faced type lamenting the loss of the President in crocodile tears. The "Examiner" has well earned the name fastened on it by one of its contemporaries, the Anarch of the Dailies.

Lionel Stadge, formerly a bank examiner, and well known in Portland, is occupying a cell in the Tombs Prison, New York, charged with forging the name of Homer Davenport, the noted cartoonist.

GENERAL NEWS.

Items of Interest Gathered Here and There

Some Stolen, Others Not

Cullings From Our Exchanges
News Notes of the Week
Timely Topics

The Oregon Synod of the Presbyterian church will be at Baker City Oct. 10 to 14.

The fall run of salmon in the John Day river is now at its best, affording considerable sport for people residing along the river.

Wednesday evening, Mr. A. B. Byrd of this city, and Miss Josie Anderson of Prineville, were united in marriage at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Byrd.—Burns Times.

Supt. Wiley of the Antelope Gold and Silver Mining Co. has placed a force of men at work on their property in the Axhandle country and will continue work all the winter.—Ashwood Prospector.

T. C. Thornton, of Junction, has a freak chicken. The chicken's wings are said to be on wrong-side up, the "elbow" of the wings meets almost at the back of its neck, while the points extend forward past the neck, like the points of a stand-up collar.

Experts who made an investigation of the large steel, truss bridge at Springfield, in Lane County, report it to be in poor condition. One of the cement piers is cracked and rust is playing havoc with the costly structure. The county will repair the bridge at once.

Mary J. Tustin, wife of Fred Page-Tustin, United States commissioner, died at Wrangel, Alaska, Sep. 23, 1901. She was a daughter of the late Captain A. G. Hembree, who was killed in the Yakima Indian war of 1855-6. She crossed the plains with her parents in 1834.

We have no bull fights in this country as yet, but there is hope. In Scio, according to the News, the "boys" have in confinement red foxes, which they turn loose and chase with hounds when wanting "sport." Cock fighting is a Christian sport in comparison with this.—Lebanon Critic.

Warren McDaniels, a young man who has been working in Eastern Oregon, met with hard luck while on his way across the mountains, to attend school in the valley. He had earned two hundred dollars which he expected to spend on an education, but he lost it while on his way. He thinks the purse was lifted by a stranger.—Lebanon Critic.

Pete is dead and a large circle of close friends will hear the news with sadness. Pete was Prof. F. M. Mitchell's bright bird dog, known from Harrisburg to Pendleton and down to Prineville. This morning Prof. Mitchell was walking along with his gun through a field when the gun was accidentally discharged the full contents going into the faithful animal, who immediately passed into the great dog beyond. Many will miss Pete.—Albany Democrat.