

# The Dead Spirit of the Klamath

A True Story of Oregon Indians Related to the Author by a Pioneer of the West.

MRS. HELEN COLVIG GALE.

(Continued from Last Week)

Out on the clear air the assembly call rang, the waiting soldiers fell in to line and the five chiefs were taken to the guard tent. A detachment hurried over to the village to quiet any disturbance that might have arisen there, but to our surprise we found it entirely deserted save for a few old women and small children. Kelly understood the pain of the Indians at once. They had gone to the hills some to the east to bring the Plutes to their aid and some to the south for the Modocs. Our danger was worse than ever. Colonel Drew, knowing the situation of affairs, hurried across the mountains and at once sought Lalek, and with aids went the next morning to the guard tent and talked with Lalek.

"Chief," he said in his abrupt way, "I want those Indians back here by Saturday night." Lalek said nothing; and I want them to surrender what arms they have in their possession," Drew continued. Still the old chief did not reply. "I want them here by sundown on that day and I don't want more than 20 of them on this side of the creek at one time. Do you understand?" "Yes, I understand. But they no come; how you get them here?" "They will come; they must come," demanded the colonel. "I will let one of you chiefs out and he must go to all Indians and tell them that you order them to return and tell them that if they are not here Saturday evening at sundown I will hang the five chiefs who are left here."

The seamed weathered face of the old warrior changed not a muscle. "Well?" said Drew, impatiently, after a long silence. "I not know now," said Lalek, placidly. "I must talk with the others."

He turned to the chiefs and told them Drew's orders. For an hour they talked it over, then the old chief came to the window and called to Drew, who was pacing nervously up and down.

"Well, what about it?" demanded the colonel.

"We not know yet," answered Lalek. "We want Celie; send her to us."

The girl had been sulking about our camp since the night before. She was soon found and immediately came to the guardhouse, holding her head high and her dark eyes dilating with smoldering excitement.

The chiefs, in their laconic way, told her what Drew demanded. "Of course," she said, when they had finished, "you do not agree to this; you would all rather die?"

They were silent. "Answer me," she cried in the Klamath tongue; "answer me, do not tell me that you hesitate for one moment. It surely has not come to this; you surely will not send for the Klamaths to return." There was amazement pictured on her face and her whole attitude was one of appeal, still no answer came from the men.

"What are you?" she cried, fiercely, when she read what their silence meant. "What are you that you dare do this? You are cowards, all, if you do not say to the white devils, 'Hang us, what do we care; we will not give up, to you like so many squaws; we are brave men—we are the chiefs of the Klamaths.'"

Lalek raised his calm eyes to her flashing ones. "It is useless to struggle," he said; "there are too many for us and we must give up in the end."

"Then give up in the end and not in the beginning. Prove that you are worthy of the trust the Klamaths have given into your keeping. They hung my brother George at Jacksonville; he was brave—he was not afraid—he had no squaw heart. You must not, y'omust not give your birthright, the land of our fathers, without a struggle. O Lalek! you do no consent to this? You will not send for the Indians to return?"

The old chief nodded his head. "We have talked it all over and think it is the best and only way."

"Then why do you send for me?" she asked.

"We wanted you to go out with the chief we send; we know your influence over the people and we want you to tell the Indians to return; you can convince them that it is the only thing to do."

She clasped her brown hands on her heaving breast; there was a sneer on her handsome face.

"Did you think I'd go? Did you think I'd say you were right in doing this? I thought you knew me better; I thought you knew I never would give an inch to these interlopers. I tell you now, I would die first—I would rather see every Klamath dead than to know that one of them was a coward. O! Pride of my race, where have you gone—to know that you, who should be the bravest of them all, willingly submit to the white man's commands. Blow," she said, turning to the comeliest and youngest of them. "Blow, do you consent to this cowardly thing?"

"Celie," he said, carelessly, "do you not see it is useless to fight those palefaces?"

"No! No! No!" she cried, wildly. "I cannot see it. It is better to die fighting than to be led without

had lost forever. A barrier worse than death was now between them. He had helped to sell her kinsmen's rights—her rights. How much better it would have been to never have consented—far better to have died than to live without her, and that was what he must do now. He knew her nature too well to hope for forgiveness. She, the pride of all the race, so brave, could never love a coward, and he had proven himself one before her. What was his miserable life worth now, without her?

He gave one last look toward her, as she stood with her hands clasped tensely in front of her, her head uplifted so the fine handsome features were alighted against the changing colors of the western sky, then, conscious of what he had done and of what he had lost, slunk away into the night.

## GIVEN ROYAL SEND OFF.

Big Demonstration for American Fleet by Japanese.

YOKOHAMA, Oct. 25.—The American battleships departed from Yokohama at 8 o'clock this (Sunday) morning for Olangpippi. The day was beautiful and clear and the warships passing down the bay with a Japanese escort presented a fine appearance. There was not a single desertion from the fleet while it was here and the conduct was remarkably orderly.

President Roosevelt's message to the emperor and the Japanese people, thanking them for the splendid reception will be handed to the emperor through the foreign office to which it was presented, by Ambassador O'Brien.

The send-off accorded the American fleet was such a celebration as was never before seen or heard of in Japan. The earliest daylight saw the harbor resplendent in color from myriads of water craft of every description, from the smallest launches to large steamships, which circled slowly about the big warships, laden with crowds gathered to bid the fleet God speed.

At 7:30, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs Nacy and other Japanese officials steamed alongside the Connecticut, bearing the farewell of the nation to Admiral Sperry. "These are farewell," said Admiral Kaito, as the party returned to his flagship, and immediately afterward the Connecticut weighed anchor and after her in single file came the long line of other American ships.

## HARVARD AND NAVY GAME.

They Play a Tie Game of Football Yesterday.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Oct. 24.—The Navy and the Harvard football teams played each other to a standstill this afternoon, the final score being 6 to 6. From the standpoint of good football it was of the varied sort, the midshipmen outplayed their opponents. When the first half ended there had been a battle royal, resulting in the blue and gold crossing the crimson line within seven minutes after play commenced. Harvard had not scored, nor had she been dangerous.

The crimson's score was made about the middle of the second half and was no fluke. J. T. Doughty Nourse, from his place in the center of the Harvard line, got out and dashed away with a recovered ball on a 60-yard run to the goal.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 24.—Pennsylvania and the Carlisle Indians played each other to a standstill in a football game today, the final score being 6 to 6. Pennsylvania scored in the first ten minutes of the game. In the second half the Indians reversed this. In the first half Pennsylvania had it much her own way, and in the second the Indians had the best of the argument.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 24.—Michigan 10, Ohio State 6.

BERKELEY, Cal., Oct. 24.—Barbarians 17, California 6 (Rugby).

RENO, Nev., Oct. 24.—Stanford 11, Nevada 6. The teamwork and superior knowledge of the game gave the big end of the score to the visitors.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 24.—Yale easily disposed of Washington and Jefferson in a football game today by a score of 38 to 0.

PORTLAND, Or., Oct. 24.—Multnomah Athletic club 35, Albany 0.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 24.—Washington 6, Whitman 0.

EUGENE, Or., Oct. 24.—Oregon 15, Willamette 0.

CORVALLIS, Or., Oct. 24.—Oregon Agricultural 10, The Dalles A. C. 0.

## HOTEL MOORE LEASED.

Will Be Known as the Moore Rooming House—Restaurant Separate.

Hotel Moore has been leased to George Lindley and Donaldson Selby and on after November 2 it will be known as the "Moore Rooming House," the gentlemen having leased only the rooms. What is now the hotel office and dining room will be made over into storerooms and will be for rent. The restaurant will be run separately from the rooming house.

## CABINET WILL TAKE STUMP

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 23.—As a result of today's cabinet meeting every member of the cabinet will make political speeches in states where there is any doubt of the outcome in the campaign for Taft. The campaign engagements of Senator Depew in Virginia were cancelled. He will go to some more doubtful state. The members of the cabinet speak as follows:

Metzall at Charleston, W. Va., October 10.

Wright at Baltimore, October 30; also at Richmond, October 28.

Meyer will speak at Paulding and Sandusky, O.; Belaire, Md.; Trenton, N. J., and Boston.

Root at Cincinnati next Wednesday, Toledo Thursday and New York City October 31.

Cortelyou at New York Thursday night.

Bonaparte, two speeches in New York City next Tuesday.

Wilson, Straus and Garfield are at present on speaking tours.

Secretary Root admitted after the conference that Ohio is somewhat "split up." He is sure New York is absolutely safe for Taft.

## WOMAN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

She Jumps in the Lake at Klamath Falls, But Is Rescued.

KLAMATH FALLS, Oct. 23.—Mrs. Jack Horton was rescued from a watery grave yesterday afternoon by the timely arrival of some good Samaritans. About 3:30 p. m. some persons on the west end of the bridge over Link river heard a woman moaning and talking to herself under the bridge. Jumping over the railing, they found a woman who was about to throw herself into the rapid waters of the stream. Seizing the unfortunate woman, they conveyed her to the Lakeside Inn and from there she was taken in a carriage to the American hotel, where she had been stopping with her husband.

While at the Lakeside Inn the would-be suicide begged those who held her to let her go. "The lake for me and me for the lake. I am sick and tired of life and want to die," declared Mrs. Horton. Mrs. Horton has been under the care of a physician for some time and her physical condition may have affected her mind.

## FIVE NEGROES HANGED.

That Many Murderers Executed in Louisiana in One Day.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 23.—Five negroes were hanged in different parts of the state today for murder.

## STOP: "YOURS TRULY"

Movement in Boston for Elimination of the Phrase.

A Bostonian "shorthand expert and authority on business English" has written to 100 of the leading business houses and literary men of Boston, whether business literary men or literary business men we are not informed. The authority on business English wants this committee of 100 to co-operate with him in driving out of business letters the "Yours truly" of convention. A phrase to be "relegated to oblivion," says the authority on business English, who, we judge from the beauty of his language, must be one of the Boston literati; at any rate a shorthand literatus. "Yours truly" strikes him as "meaningless, oftentimes—no poor docket" often "for the literatus—insincere and occasionally ridiculous." Surely the same may be said of most formulas of politeness. It may not be sincere or without absurdity to inquire after the health of your dentist or to thank a man for bringing you a bill. Yet such axle grease, to use Higienian term, helps the world go round.

The stenographers and typewriters cannot be so pressed for time or short of ceremony as to need to dismiss "Yours truly" if that is the accepted business good-by. True the feathers and furbelows of the old days have been mostly shed and stripped. "My very singular good Lord" of the 16th and 17th centuries has dwindled away into "Dear Sir," or the common democratic style of "boss," "young feller," "Bill"; "I am with the most profound respect your most obedient servant" is gone with the great periwigs and the gilded coaches. "Yours truly," "Yours faithfully," "Yours sincerely," "Yours, etc.," are all that are left of those courtly compliments of ceremonious leave and loving farewell. Are they to go too? Spinning in devil wagons and record breaking steamships, people may have only to howl "How!" or "So long!" through a megaphone.

Yet there is time enough in Boston. She at least can afford to be leisurely and dignified. We are wholly sure that the authority on business English, who is willing to advertise his business a little "on the side," perhaps, will get no majority vote for his elimination of "Yours truly." If Boston did away with that she would substitute something more classic. If "You are well, we are well," for instance, or "Give you good den."

## FARMER PAINTER.

Alfred Montgomery Well Known Painter in Medford.

Stooping o'er the golden treasure,  
Reached I for a 'nubbin' rare,  
When I found 'twas just a picture  
That Montgomery painted there.  
—Lydia M. Keek in Epworth Herald.

Alfred Montgomery, known all over the United States as the "Farmer Painter," and a number of his paintings are on exhibition at the Hotel Nash. The above verse refers to his greatest work, a painting of some ears of corn, which is pronounced to be a remarkable picture and a work of art.

Mr. Montgomery is not altogether a stranger in Medford, as he was here last year and spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Streets, who are old friends of his. This time, however, "the painter man" is accompanied by his wife and daughter, the latter Gloria Quayle Montgomery, named after Bishop Quayle. In addition to that, it is the intention of the family to locate either in Medford or some other part of the valley.

This morning the artist will address the scholars in some of the schools and will also lecture and speak in some of the churches. Mr. Montgomery claims that the paintings he has with him are worth over \$90,000 and he carries them with him wherever he goes, and that is pretty near all over the world.

The following are some of the things which have been said of this wonderful though peculiar man:

"Peculiar? Yes. 'So peculiar' that he dares to be true."

"Talker? On his chosen theme, 'American Art,' a veritable whirlwind."

Originality and individuality are noticeable in every act of this interesting man.

Commonplace? Not a bit of it. Montgomery never does anything like any one else.

Thoroughly unique, yet in exact line with the high educational aims of chautauqua work. Seated at easel while painting, in his running comment and bon mots, he is the supreme teacher, by inspiration.

A sane talk on American art, with flashes of exquisite humor. Old ideas in new and charming setting. Profound things made clear by simple illustration.

A realist of the realists, but by diligence he attains the ideal. No circular can describe this man. To meet him and see his painting and get his message is to become interested.

Achieving distinction after 30 years of diligent toil in his own chosen field, he comes with reassuring words to those who believe and strive—putting courage into the lives of those who aspire, but in whose hearts hope lies so low. He has given to the world the first original philosophic definition of genius, accounting for its existence in the "Power of Desire."

Farmer Painter? Yes. Looks like one. "Born on a farm, bound boy on a farm, and now has sense enough to desire to abide on a farm." He desires to be underrated. This makes him a distinct novelty and most people unconsciously grant him this one desire.

Discovering the very basis of all art, he proceeds with a subtle psychological analysis that would do credit to John Ruskin, and with the sanest reasoning, resolving to a last analysis he reaches the strong, high ground that the typical representative American is the man of the hour, and that it is to him we must intelligently look in the future to take up art lines and carry them to the undiscovered and unconquered realms of human usefulness.

Standing on the firm ground of individual judgment, following his own heart's desire, he has evolved unwittingly a style indigenous, distinctive, heroic. When those in high authority were declaiming against American civilization as it lies entrenched in the undertow of art—when there was nont to champion American art, with the courage of his conviction he threw himself into the breach and strode forth as a protagonist of it all, creating a school of thinking and interpretation all his own.

## SOLDIERS WHO ARE INSANE.

Insane Soldiers Were Formerly Sent To Washington.

According to an order just issued by the war department, insane soldiers from all over the Pacific coast are to be put in California state asylums and maintained there at government expense, instead of being sent to Washington as has been the custom.

Heretofore when an enlisted man became demented in any other part of the country he was sent to the District of Columbia for treatment. This caused visiting friends and relatives much inconvenience, as in some cases they had to travel across the continent to see patients.

The order reads: "Persons serving in the army on the Pacific coast who become insane may, under authority from the secretary of war, be sent for care, maintenance and treatment to a state asylum in California."

## COACHMAN POSES GERMAN BARON

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 23.—A bogus German "baron," known as Von Senden, at the Pacific Union club, and as "E. Miller" on the board of health's list of "rat-catchers," and in an Oakland livery stable, where he worked, is missing. He disappeared October 13, taking with him \$15,000 in gold contributed by some of the most prominent of San Francisco business men.

With a month's salary as a rat-catcher for his original capital, he patronized the most fashionable cafes and established unlimited credit by borrowing from one restaurant man to pay another. He spent thousands

on champagne, automobiles and the gay company of the tenderloin. He was introduced at the Pacific Union club. He asserted that he was the proprietor of a 6000-acre Marin county dairy farm, delivering 1000 pounds of butter a day to local commission men, and borrowed large sums from Meyerfield of the Louvre, and other cafe proprietors. Tuesday he had borrowed \$15,000 in cash and disappeared.

Investigation indicates the probability that the "baron" was once a coachman on the famed Von Senden estates in Germany.

## Bar Out Politicians.

PEORIA, Ill., Oct. 23.—After a stormy session of the State Federation of Labor today adopted an amendment to the constitution barring politicians, political tricksters and wardheelers from membership.

MAIL WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

## SCALE SPRAY Lime and Sulphur SOLUTION

Manufactured at Medford Spray Factory. The man that has charge of our plant has had more experience in the manufacture of spray than any man in the state. We are not asking the people to try any experiment. We have sold 5 to 6 cars of the Niagara Spray in Medford for the last three years. Every barrel is guaranteed. Get our prices before buying your winter spray.

J. A. PERRY, MEDFORD OREGON

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In one of our new rigs and you will be happy.  
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For all kinds of soil.

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For Orchard and Field Use.

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