

Great Profit-Sharing Prize Campaign

FREE--Valuable Prizes--ENTER YOUR NAME

ONTARIO PHARMACY

COUPON With each 50 cents purchase and this coupon you will be entitled to 2,000 VOTES.

A "Hole-in-the-Ground"

Riley Horne's Home in the Canyon of Owyhee

It was the privilege of the writer to enjoy a visit to the "N-bar-N" ranch, familiarly known to the boys of the range as the "Hole in the Ground," recently. While the latter title is suggestive, it hardly does the place justice. And yet, when compared with the towering mountains and scores of miles of sagebrush desert by which it is surrounded on all sides, it seems but a mere hole in the ground, although a generous section of a tremendously big, and a raggedly, ruggedly, awfully grand canyon, a monster crevice in the earth's surface, a crevice that indicates frightful convulsions during the world's formative period.

After thirty miles of sagebrush, the effect of the first view of that canyon is beyond the writer's power of description. As the car glides up to the brink of that chasm and stops—and there are few drivers who will take the plunge over the brink without stopping to consider the possibilities of getting safely down and out again—a wonderful panorama is presented to view of the fortunate beholder. Rugged crags, majestic cliffs and weird formations of many hues and colors, with fertile valleys and the Owyhee river, a silvery ribbon edged with emerald green, far below, with majestic mountains towering over all, combine to form a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Coming back to earth, the traveler is confronted with the problem of getting to the bottom of it all, twelve hundred feet below. Venturesome, indeed, would be the driver, who without acquaintance with the road and the knowledge that another car had made the plunge, would send his machine over that cliff. The road is perfectly safe for the careful driver, however, and the glide is thrillingly exhilarating as the big touring car goes swiftly down and round and up and over, skirting the edges of with narrow margin, responding promptly and faithfully to every movement of the wheel and the slightest pressure on pedal to slack or speed ahead.

From the start down it is five miles to the ranch, the road clinging to the face of the cliff and winding in and out with the contour of the canyon, affording frequent panoram-

ic views of the ranch, in the rapidly approaching distance, with its green fields, corrals, stables, orchards and a grove of giant Lombardias which shelter and obscure the home in its garden of roses until one is right at the door.

Safely arrived, the guests are cordially greeted by Riley and Mrs. Horne and their two fine children with truly western hospitality. It is a good place to be, down there at the "Hole in the Ground," a place where still linger the poetry and romance of early days in the west.

Twenty-five years ago a sturdy lad just entering his twenties, a young trapper who had wandered over much of Washington, Oregon, California and Arizona in quest of pelts, with two beaver traps, his worldly possessions, slung over his shoulder, climbed down into this "hole" and made his camp.

Being a keen observer, he gazed at that pleasant prospect with a vision that peered far into the future. He saw, as in a dream, those sagebrush flats transformed into fertile fields, with cattle and horses grazing on desert and hill.

That trapper lad was Riley Horne, and the dreams of a quarter of a century ago have come true. He now owns a section of land in that canyon and hundreds of acres in other near-by places, and his horses and cattle, by hundreds and hundreds, graze on desert and hill.

But land and horses and cattle are not all that Riley has accumulated, his collection of curios and relics being well known and many of them loaned for exhibition purposes. His collection of ancient firearms is highly prized, and his fund of historical anecdotes in connection therewith intensely interesting to the visitor.

Chiefest of his prizes in this collection is the rifle that was carried by "Cheeko," the Indian guide, when he piloted the dauntless Fremont through the mountains to the coast. This gun was purchased of Cheeko's family, after much persuasion, by a friend of Riley's collection, and is authentic. Another prize is a relic of the Mexican war, in which Riley's father fought. Yet another is one of the first repeating rifles the Indians ran up against. The man who

carried this rifle was driven to bay by the redskins as night spread her mantle o'er the hills. Confident of their victim, the pursuers retired for the night, renewing their attack at break of day. At the first shot from the besieged the Indians rushed forward, only to meet a volley which threw them into panic and rout. The Indians said afterward that they had made a mistake "Him loaded gun all night."

Across the Owyhee and eight hundred feet above the "N-bar-N" is the Rinehart ranch, the scene of many stirring events during the Indian troubles of the early days. At this place occurred an unrecorded massacre of an emigrant party. Who they were and how they came to this out-of-the-way place, difficult of access, even today, will never be known, but that it was an emigrant party is demonstrated by the remnants of wagons, arms, implements, etc., that have been found, with bones of the victims, in a crevice in the earth. Mr. Horne has a hub and parts of the felloes of a wagon wheel, one of the spokes being wedged into its place with a piece of homespun linen. There were, also, relics of Indian equipment in this crevice.

Did these pioneers lose their way and wander onto this little flat, guarded by precipitous mountains on two sides and by a sheer precipice of eight hundred feet along the river, or were they lured to their fate by Indian treachery?

Mr. Horne's mother, of Portland, is spending the summer with her son and his family at the "N-bar-N." Mrs. Horne is a charming lady, erect, alert and keen of intellect at the age of eighty-three, who crossed the plains by ox-team transportation, "way back in '47. Some of her immediate relatives were members of the famous "Blue Bucket" train that penetrated to the coast a year or two prior to that time. The party with which Mrs. Horne's people traveled camped on the site where Boise now stands, then but a military post. They crossed the Snake river twice, caulking their wagon boxes and using them as boats to carry the women and children and their goods and supplies.

This party had no trouble with the Indians beyond pilfering and cattle-stealing, nearly everything being recovered by prompt pursuit. Not a member of the party was lost during the long trip from the Mississippi to the Willamette, where the pioneers located.

Fortunate, indeed, are those who

have the opportunity of listening to the stories and anecdotes of the life and experiences of such interesting pioneers, and twice fortunate is he who meets them at the home of Riley Horne, in the "Hole in the Ground."—Express.

JORDAN VALLEY.

(From the Express)

Riley Horne went to Ontario Thursday morning to arrange for fattening his big steer, which is expected to beat the world's record for size and weight.

Charles Harding, who left here last week to join the Idaho militia, passed the examination with a grade of 90 per cent.

Gus Azcuena left here Wednesday morning for Murphy, where he is loading five cars of sheep for the Chicago market, to which point he will accompany the shipment.

HIGH GRADE CATTLE.

F. J. Palmer has purchased eighty and Harry Looney thirty head of cows and calves for their ranches in this valley. The cows are roan and red durhams, well bred and are a valuable addition to the livestock of the valley.

Ceal Palmer, Ed. Miller and Walter Looney left for Caldwell yesterday to drive the cattle home.

DITCH REPAIRED.

Jack Healon, superintendent for Maney Bros., on the Antelope reservoir work, states that the flood waters of Jordan creek are now running through the big canal into the reservoir. The ditch has been widened in the place where trouble has occurred, giving a perfect bottom and stronger banks. More widening will be done and the canal will be in fine shape for filling the big reservoir next season. There is an abundance of water in store for all purposes this year.

The Caldwell Commercial club is endeavoring to have a state highway made of the Jordan valley road to the state line. The Homedale people have been working on this proposition for some time and have a highway district organized for the improvement of these roads. It is now up to Malheur to look after this end of the line. The Oregon part of the road, however, is in much better condition than the Idaho end, thanks to the road supervisor, but there are bridges, culverts and other work needed which the supervisor has not the means to do.

BURNS.

(From Times-Herald)

Judge Dalton Biggs came over from Ontario the latter part of last week to spend the Fourth of July with relatives and friends in the city. He was accompanied by Mrs. Biggs and two of their children, Miss Rena Biggs, his sister, and Miss Helen Biggs, daughter of J. W. Biggs of this city. Judge Biggs delivered the 4th of July oration.

Duncan McRae, the old time stock man of Riverside, came in on the afternoon of the 4th and surprised his many friends in this city. Mrs. McRae and the son also came and they had a fine time with their old friends. Duncan says Burns has not changed except to get bigger and better in some respects (the place is dry you know) but he finds the people the soul of hospitality. They were taken into homes and made welcome. Duncan always finds a hearty greeting wherever he goes in the Eastern Oregon country and his friends find the same greeting when they meet him in his own home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glenn have been over from Malheur county this week guests at the I. H. Holland home. Mr. Glenn is buying horses in this section and Mrs. Glenn came over with him.

This Mexican muddle is working a genuine hardship in the public prints on the political candidates. But, then, it is some relief even at that.

NYSSA.

(From the Journal.)

A series of runaway accidents occurred in Nyssa and vicinity this week with bad results, although fortunately no serious injuries resulted.

Johnny Lackey was the worst sufferer. He was loading hay, being on top of the load, when without any apparent cause his team started to run. Johnny was taken unawares and fell between the horses and the wagon, the wheels of which passed over his head and breast, breaking his jaw and bruising his body severely. His scalp was badly torn and his face lacerated and one hand mashed. Dr. Sarazin was sent for immediately and hurried to the injured man's relief. He states that while Johnny's injuries are serious and necessarily painful he will undoubtedly make a quick recovery.

A team attached to a cultivator and driven by Everett Bostick ran away Thursday and in the mixup the young man sustained a broken leg when the cultivator tipped over and Bostick was caught underneath. Dr. Sarazin reduced the fracture and reports the patient doing well.

While Frank Ward was driving home Wednesday evening his horses took fright at a passing auto and ran into a fence, where they kicked the buggy to pieces. Frank escaped injury by making a new record for quick jumping.

The most thrilling runaway of all, but which luckily had no bad results, occurred last Saturday when a team attached to a buggy in which were Mrs. H. R. Sherwood and two small children took fright on Main street and started down the street at dangerous speed. They ran directly for the Wilson ditch and spectators held their breath, powerless to help and dreading to witness the tragedy that seemed unavoidable. When almost at the brink the team swerved and safely crossed the narrow bridge. So near did they come to disaster at this point that onlookers say that two wheels of the buggy were suspended when the turn was made. Mrs. Sherwood pluckily held to the lines and soon brought the team under control.

GUARDS LEAVE FOR FRONT.

The National Guard of Idaho is off for the border, where they will be stationed somewhere in Arizona. At present war seems remote, and the boys are doubtless in for a season of life in barracks in a hot climate. But if they should be called for more strenuous duty they will be found ready.

Nyssa is well represented in the regiment, at least seven boys from here having joined the colors. Following is the honor roll: Chester Dunn, Buck Teitsort, Wallace Lynch, William Morey, Dave Canham, Claud Smith and Jupe Anderson.

AUTO COLLIDES WITH HORSE.

A distressing accident occurred near Nyssa last Saturday morning in which a fine young mare belonging to A. Ervington was struck by an automobile and injured so that it had to be killed. Mr. Ervington was driving to town and leading the mare tied to the back end of the hack. When near the Howsley residence Mr. Ervington was overtaken by an auto which frightened the animal which swung out in front of the machine just as it was passing, breaking the mare's hind leg in two places and throwing her to the ground. The accident frightened the team, which turned suddenly, upsetting the hack and burying the occupants, Mr. Ervington and H. F. Brown, underneath. No serious injury was sustained by either, but Mr. Ervington received a number of painful bruises.

The man who respects the rights of others experiences little difficulty in securing the consideration due himself, but the wolf generally gets his due.

Millionaires and paupers are rubbing elbows at the front. War is a great leveler of casts.

Most women are admired for what they are, and not for what their ancestors were before them. It is not always so of men.

THE LAXATIVE FOR YOU
 Because it's function is not merely "action at any cost." It does the work freely, easily and more effectively than a violent laxative because it does it as Nature wants it done. Try SAN-TUX For Constipation Habits. Price 10c and 25c.

 SOLD BY
 Everhart Drug Co., Ontario

METRO PICTURES

You see stars in the Great METRO Pictures shown at the Best Theatres

There are no better pictures



The Pictures Magazine

Ask your theatre for it

Bulletin No. 6

Suppose this was Your Business!

If the Government had asked you to invest your money in a plant to supply Government needs; and after the plant was built, and had become useful for no other purpose, the Government built a plant of its own, making your plant useless and your investment valueless—would that seem fair?

That is precisely what Congress is planning for the Government to do with reference to our investment of \$7,000,000 in an armor plant.

Reporting to Congress, Hon. H. A. Herbert, then Secretary of the Navy, said December 31, 1896:

"The two armor contractors, the Bethlehem Iron Company and the Carnegie Steel Company, both entered upon the business at the request of the Navy Department."

Is it wise—is it fair—for the Government to destroy a private industry brought into existence to serve the Government, unless for reasons of compelling force? To show that no such reasons exist, we make this offer to the United States Government:

The Bethlehem Steel Company will manufacture armor plate for the Government of the United States at actual cost of operation plus such charges for overhead expenses, interest, and depreciation as the Federal Trade Commission may fix. We will do this for such period as the Government may designate.

Isn't that fair? The question is now before the United States Senate.

CHAS. M. SCHWAB, Chairman
 EUGENE G. GRACE, President

Bethlehem Steel Company