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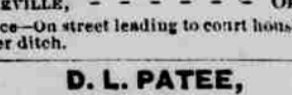
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HOW WE RECAPTURED BILL.

A Story Founded on Facts.

(Written for the REVIEW by OWENS.)

"I don't 'pose, the way I cut across lots, that it was more than six or seven miles to the camp, it didn't seem but a little while 'till I came out in full sight of their camp. You see I'd got so used to traumping to W. ten miles and back, that I didn't think nothin' of a little jaunt like this, and I got there long before I wanted to. I knew it was no use a tryin' to do anything till the camp was asleep, so I jist lurked 'round at safe distance and reconnoitered, as the soldiers say. As the night was dark I couldn't find out much only as their fires lighted things up right 'round the camp. Occasionally I could hear horses whinnin', and I could tell that they were on the other side of the camp, but I couldn't make out whether they had sentinels out guardin' them or not. Finally I crept out 'round soft and still as a cat to the other side, till I could see horses movin' about. But I could not tell which from 'tother, so I jist lay flat down and watched and waited what seemed to me a powerful long time. All at once, as I lay there with my neck stretched out a watchin' and a lookin', there was the awfulest yell, right over my head it 'peared like, and I reckon I must have jumped 'bout a rod, and away flew a big owl from a bunch of bushes.

"Yes, it seems funny now, sit'n here by the fire talkin' about it, but it wasn't funny then, for if it had have been a big Injun with his tomahawk right over me I wouldn't have been no scardier I reckon.

"I waited awhile longer, and then the moon come up, and I b-gan to think I might venture a little nearer. The camp had been still and quiet this long time, and I felt convinced that they were all asleep long ago. Gradually and cautiously I crept nearer, and nearer, and I began to think they didn't have any guards out and grew bolder and 'rose to my feet. I had been thoughtful enough to wear a pair of moccasins so that I made no noise. The moon was on the wane and didn't give much light, but enough that on comin' nearer the band of horses I could easily see that Bill was not among them. There were only dark, or spotted ones in the band, while, as I've told you Bill was yellow, what they call a buckskin out West. These were all loose, or hobbled, and I knew they kept Bill tied, or staked, or he would have come some of his own accord and saved me the trouble of this little scout after him. But I hadn't gone to all this trouble to give up now, so I crept along closer to the camp, thinkin' to find him tied some place near, and sure enough, there he was within thirty yards of a wicup. I tell you it made my heart thump to go that close.

"But says I to myself, 'John you are in for it now, and you're in the right; the pony is yours and the Lord is with you,' and I crept up a little closer, and then I said in a whisper 'Co o-Bill,' but my voice was so shaky I could scarcely hear it myself. After awhile I managed to say it a little louder, and a little louder till directly he heard me. I saw him prick up his ears, and I called again 'Co o-Bill,' and the faithful old creature started toward me, and then jerked up all of a sudden and I knew he had come to the end of his rope.

"In a minute I had met him, in another had cut his rope and was on his back. Slowly I walked him out of camp, and was just beginnin' to think myself out of danger, and was sorter crowin' to myself how lucky I was, when out from the brush in front of me popped an Injun. Quick as a flash the thought crossed my brain, 'The Lord ain't with you after all, and it's all up with you, John.' But in that self same flash came the remembrance of the old trick we had taught Bill at the old house in Iowa. 'Scat!' said I, at the time snap-

pin' my finger, and Bill gave the same old leap—almost over Mr. Injun—and away we flew. On, on, faster and faster on a bee line straight for home. I don't know whether we were pursued or not, I never looked back to see. Long before we got home I could see the light in the window and knew mother was waitin' up for me. 'Mother!' I cried, as Bill dashed up to the door. 'Get the children up and ready to ride to W. while I suddle Daisy.' And I k: the woman she was, she obeyed without even stoppin' to ask 'why'.

"We piled the youngsters and mother on to Bill, and Daisy, and Club and I walked into W just as the folks were eating breakfast.

"We staid a week with friends in W. and then a lot of the men went home with us as a body guard.

We found everything just as we had left it, and we resumed work with renewed hopes, and greater energy, for now we had recaptured Bill."

(The End.)

Relics of Salem Witchcraft.

(N. Y. Sun.)

In the busy little city of Salem are preserved a few relics of the horrible year of 1692, when a number of the best citizens of the town were hanged on the accusation of some poor, deluded persons, mostly girls in their teens, who asserted that they had been bewitched and tortured by the prisoners. Not a few travelers passing to and from Boston stop over at Salem to see the few mementoes of that frightful year that are kept in the office of the register of deeds.

The relics are displayed on a large stand in the center of the main office. The first thing that attracts attention is a little bottle whose mouth is carefully protected by a wax seal to keep the contents beyond the reach of kleptomaniacs. The bottle contains a half-dozen witch pins. These implements are nothing more than the ordinary pins used two centuries ago, when pins were still manufactured by hand. The interest attaching to these specimens comes from the fact that they are the very pins that were used at Salem to stick into the accused persons to see whether they were witches. If the unfortunate were hurt by this treatment it was a sure sign they were witches and unfit to live.

Besides the bottle of witch pins is the official seal of the court of Oyer and Terminer, before which the prisoners were tried. It is a little iron strap fitted with a black wooden handle, and its impress is seen upon the only warrant for the hanging of one of the prisoners that has been preserved. This warrant, as it was written out by the clerk of the court, fills the greater part of a sheet of paper about foolscap size. It is written in a crabbed hand, but is quite legible. It is addressed to the sheriff, recites the crime for which one of the female prisoners had been tried and convicted, and orders the sheriff to hang her on a certain day. On the lower part of the page appears the sheriff's return, written in a round, bold hand, certifying that he has carried out the mandate of the court. Photographs of this interesting document are on sale.

But the most interesting relic is the court record of the trials of these unfortunate prisoners. These papers are kept in a large volume so arranged that every document may be read without being touched. Here are the affidavits of the ignorant girls and boys who tell of the tortures the alleged witches made them suffer. Here is the detailed examination of the prisoners, giving question and answer. The record was neatly written, and is still as legible as though it were recently committed to paper. It was doubtless written out each day by the clerk from his notes after the adjournment of the court. It tells the story of a great delusion, and probably no original documents that have come down from our forefathers are so replete with tragic interest.

As one turns the pages of this big volume he observes that the poor victims had no chance at all before the tribunal. The design of every question was to extort a question of guilt or to involve the prisoner in contradictory statements. He had no counsel to plead his cause, and every one was against him. The most pathetic of these records is that of the examination of Mrs. Rebecca Nurse, the aged lady whose memory is revered by all who have read the story of her martyrdom.

In the heart of Salem, within a stone's throw of its busiest street, is a little cemetery, many of whose gravestones were carved long before the tragic year of 1692. Here rests the bodies of a few of the victims of these persecutions.

The Potato.

The potato is one of the most important of cultivated plants, and in universal cultivation in temperate parts of the globe, says the American Rural Home. It is a native of the mountain districts of tropical and subtropical America, probably from Chile to Mexico, but there is some question as to whether it is really indigenous. Humboldt doubted if it had ever been found truly wild, but subsequent travelers of high scientific reputation express themselves thoroughly satisfied. Maize and potatoes are the two greatest gifts which America has given to the rest of the world.

The potato has been cultivated in America and its tubers used for food from times long anterior to the discovery of America by Europeans. It seems to have been brought to Europe by the Spaniards from the neighborhood of Quito in the sixteenth century. No more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the introduction of potato culture into Great Britain and other European countries. It was long called "Batatis," or sweet potato, which is the tuber or plant meat by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century. It appears to have been brought to "Ireland from Virginia by Hawkins in 1565, and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1623."

The World's Long Tunnels.

On the St. Gothard Railway, not far from the famous long tunnel, there is a remarkable tunnel on the plan of a corkscrew. In the descent of the mountain it was found impossible to lay out a safe incline on a straight line or ordinary curve, and the engineers got over the difficulty by driving a tunnel which enters the mountain high on the side, describing a circle through the solid rock, constantly descending as it does so, reappears under itself on the mountainside some distance below, then dives into the rock, again circles and sinks as it circles until it again emerges into daylight under itself, when the line resumes its course down hill in a more familiar way.

The making of a tunnel like this is as striking an example of engineering skill as the world can show, and many very skillful things have been done by our railway makers. The art of tunneling is an old one, but it never attained such perfection as distinguishes it to-day.

There is a wonderful tunnel in Chicago, driven in 1866, two miles out under the bottom of the lake, so that the city may obtain a water supply free from the refuse of the city. This tunnel, which has now been doubled, has two shafts, one on the land and one in the bed of the lake, rising through a crib, which crib is defended by a breakwater and serves as the foundation of a light-house. This was a difficult work to manage owing to its being through clay and quicksand, but it is a mere nothing as to length. There is, for instance, the Croton aqueduct from Croton down to New York, which is driven through solid rock for thirty-six and a quarter miles. The Hoosac tunnel is four and three-quarter miles in length and is twenty-six feet wide and twenty-one and a half feet high.

Germ Theory of Disease.

(Chicago Journal.)

Some people were discussing the germ theory of disease a few evenings ago, and a doctor who was present laid down the law very emphatically upon the germ as being the physical cause, or rather inseparable antecedent, of every known form of disease. When asked why, if he knew so much about it, he and the members of the profession didn't kill the germ, or at least explain to the public how such causes of disease might be exterminated, he just stroked his beard and said the germ had yet to be discovered, although it was well known to exist. "Why," he said, "we are only at the beginning of medical science. There's leprosy, which has been well known throughout this world since the Hebrews left Egypt in the time of Pharaoh, and as yet we do not know whether it is hereditary, contagious or communicable in any way. We know absolutely nothing about its causes or its cures. All we seem to know is that it is in some way connected with such diseases as cancer, scrofula and rheumatism, and that like them it is incurable." Just then a little child in the room began to break out with whooping-cough. It was the beginning of the third week's whooping, and every thing that medical skill and careful nursing could do had been done to relieve the little one. "You see there," said the doctor; "we can't stop the time of that disease by one day. We may put the child to sleep and soften the cough a little, but the germ has put in his appearance, and must run his course. The fact is that medical science is now employed not so much in finding remedies, as in discovering preventives. And, indeed, in a truer sense than Isaac Newton, we doctors are like children picking on the shore, while the great ocean of truth lies unexplored before us." The strange part of the story is that although the lady of the house admired the doctor's candor she determined in future to call on a physician who had more faith in his own medicines.

When canals were introduced into Europe tunnels became necessary to avoid excessive lockage, and with the railway tunnels became quite common. Of the older railway tunnels in England the longest is the Woo Head, on the Manchester and Leeds line, which is three miles long and consists of two parallel tunnels, one for each track.

Hang It Up.

An awkward young countryman from Vermont some years ago entered a Boston warehouse and asked for employment. He could do any kind of "chores," he said, and boasted of his strength. "Stout as you are," said one of the clerks. "I'll give you \$10 if you will carry that bag of salt twice across the store and never lay it down."

The Vermonteer stood for a moment, thoughtfully eyeing the bag, and then shouldering it easily enough, carried it twice backward and forward, walked up to a rope with a hook at its end, which hung through a scuttle, and hung the bag on the hook.

"Mister," said he, "I guess I'll trouble you for that air ten. I didn't lay it down—I hung it up!"

The clerk rather unwillingly joined in the laugh which followed, and handed over the \$10.

"That's better than chopping logs," the young man remarked, as he deposited the money in his wallet.—*Youth's Companion.*

Pittsburg newsboys are an enterprising lot. On New Year's day they mobbed the non-union employees of a street railway until they were dispersed by the reserve police, and in two hours were selling a "full account of the riot" at five cents apiece.

La Grippe has a pretty firm grip on most of the civilized world now.