

PRINEVILLE REVIEW.

Entered at the Postoffice at Prineville, Oregon, as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY W. M. HOLDEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, \$1.00; Six months, \$0.50; Three months, \$0.25.

Advertising rates on application. Advertisers desiring to exchange their ads are requested to bring in copy for exchange not later than Tuesday afternoon.

THURSDAY June 10, 1903

An Awful Catastrophe.

On last Sunday at about five o'clock in the afternoon, one of the worst calamities that ever happened to the happy and prosperous town of Heppner almost wiped it out of existence.

The day had been a hot and sultry one and in the evening a few clouds of thunder were heard and a large black cloud appeared above the town, when it suddenly bursted, sending one solid sheet of water to the earth that was at least 20 feet high and 200 feet wide in the canyon in which Heppner is located and rushing down upon the town it carried death and destruction in its wake; houses being swept from their foundations and whole families engulfed in the angry waters the horrors of which no pen can portray or tongue can tell.

As the water rushed in its mad way down the canyon on its way to the Columbia it carried everything away, but to the cool heads of Leslie Matlock, who as soon as the flood started in at Heppner, immediately saddled a horse and although the night was dark, kept ahead of the angry waters, and waded through in whose path destroying elements would come to the for their lives. Matlock is made out of the stuff heroes are made out of and long will his heroic deed live among the people of Morrow county.

Often we hear of disasters away from home and little did we realize the awfulness of the same until it came to our neighbors. No flood disaster of either ancient or modern times in the entire northwest compares with the awfulness of this one, when the number of lives lost is taken into consideration. A city of 1200 inhabitants, at least one fourth of its people within a half an hour and within a minutes warning.

HERE'S A CHANCE

Elfers Piano House Making Tremendous Cuts in Prices. Fifty cents on the Dollar for the Piano and Organ. Being in the Bankrupt Stock of Gilbert Bros. Sole Agents.

These pianos came to us in regular form from Mr. Charles M. Matlock, Receiver of the Bankrupt Estate and the entire transaction as far as we were concerned, was duly confirmed by the Circuit Court, so there is no trouble about the title. These instruments, in addition, we give our own warranty, which every piano in this stock has as good with our own regular line of instruments.

Quality and style, price and payment all offer exceptional inducements. A small outlay now means a fine piano. Those who prefer may have two years in which to pay for their instrument, by paying one-fourth down and the remainder in equal monthly installments, deferred payments drawing 8 percent interest. Here are a few of the bargains:

J. C. Wheeler upright, serial 723, for \$112.50; Seidinger upright, large, choice walnut case, for \$117.50; Schneider, large size, that has been formerly held for us as much as \$275, \$150 and \$150. Many others at corresponding reductions.

At practically half price see the list. Schultz, brand new, formerly valued at \$85 to \$95, marked down to \$42.50 and \$48; Needham organ, valued at \$89 to \$100, going at from \$45 to \$55; Ben-y organ, for which from \$75 to \$150 was formerly asked, all while they last at \$35 and \$40.

That have been turned into us as part payment for new Chickering, Weber and that model modern pianos, the Kimball, of Chicago, at prices and terms simply irresistible. Largest size fancy mahogany carved walnut case, Royal upright, sold recently by a prominent firm which has gone out of business, for \$200, now \$119. Largest size walnut case elegant upright, \$184. Medium size, genuine mahogany case, Leicht upright, has been out of rental, \$167; another one, \$132. Beautiful, nearly new, fancy walnut case, Decker & Son, original price, \$180, now \$245. Fancy English oak Colonial Doll upright, the \$200 style, \$125. Fancy cabinet grand Decker Bros. upright, genuine rosewood case, the \$450 style, \$275. Large size upright, the \$220 style, \$115. Very fine genuine rosewood case, Decker & Davis upright, the regular \$200 style, now \$225. A slightly used upright styled Kimball Cottage upright, the \$200 style, \$214. Fancy large upright, the \$200 style, \$125. Very elegant upright, the \$200 style, \$125. Very fine genuine mahogany case, Decker & Davis upright, the \$200 style, \$125. And many others.

Every instrument thoroughly repaired and tuned and in perfect condition. Elfers - Prineville. Heppner, Prineville, Oregon, Street, corner Park, Portland, Oregon.

CAPTIVITY OF THE OATMAN GIRLS

BY R. B. STRATTON

A STIRRING STORY OF 1850

CHAPTER XIV.

"I think I suffered more during that two or three hours in solid and body than at any other period of my captivity in the same time. We feared to stay only as long as was necessary, for our energies were well nigh exhausted. We started back, and then I saw an Indian carry a basket. One of them took the baskets of the dead and kept up with us. The rest of our party went howling through the woods in the most dismal manner. The next day we found the camp, and found we had been nearly around it. We were soon on our way and by traveling all one night we were at the village.

"It would be impossible to put upon paper any true idea of my feelings and sufferings during this trip on account of Mary. Had it not been for her I could have contented to have laid down and died with the three we buried. I did not then expect to get back. I feared she would not live, and on reaching the village that she had materially failed and had been furnished with scarcely food enough to keep her alive. I sought by every possible care to revive her and for a short time she revived. The berry we had gathered, while it could add to one's flesh and give them an appearance of healthiness, (if their stomachs could bear it) had but little strengthening properties in it.

"I traveled whole days together in search of black bird eggs for Mary Ann. These eggs at seasons were plentiful but not then. These she relished very much. I embarked for a short time the hope that she might by care and nursing be kept up until spring when we could get fish. The little store we had brought in was soon devoured and with the utmost difficulty could we get a morsel. The ground was searched for miles and every root that could sustain human life was gathered. The Indians became reckless and quarrelsome and with unpardonable selfishness each would struggle for his own life in utter disregard of his fellows. Mary Ann failed fast. She and I were whole days at a time without anything to eat, when, by some chance or the kindness of the chief's daughter, we could get a morsel to satisfy our cravings. Often would Mary say to me—I am well enough but want something to eat; then I should be well. I could not leave her over night. Roots there were none I could reach by day and return; and when brought in our day loads would take them for their own children. Several children had died and more were in a dying state. Each death that occurred was the occasion of a night or day of frantic howling and creaking mourning. Mary was weak and growing weaker, and I gave up in despair. I sat by her side for a few days, most of the time only begging of the passers-by to give me something to keep Mary alive. Sometimes I succeeded. Had it not been for the daughter and wife of the chief we would have obtained nothing. They seemed really in feel for us, and I have no doubt would have done more if in their power. My sister would not complain, but beg for something to eat.

"She would often think and speak in the most affectionate manner of dear pa and me, and with confidence she would say—they are now safe and happy in a better and brighter land, though I am left to starve among savages. She seemed now to regard life no longer as worth preserving, and she kept constantly repeating expressions of longing to die and be removed from a gloomy captivity to a world where no tear of sorrow dims the eye of innocence and beauty. She called me to her side one day and said—'Olive, I shall die soon; you will live and get away. Father and mother have got through with sufferings and are now at rest; I shall soon be with them and those dear brothers and sisters.' She then asked me to sing and she joined her sweet, clear voice, without faltering, with me, and we tried to sing the evening hymn we had been taught at

the family altar—

'The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear, etc.' 'My grief was too great. The struggling emotions of my mind I tried to keep from her but could not. She said: 'Don't grieve for me; I have been a care to you all the while. I don't like to leave you here all alone, but God is with you, and our Heavenly father will keep and comfort those who trust in him. O, I am so glad that we were taught to love and serve the Savior!' She then asked me to sing the hymn commencing—

'How tedious and tasteless the hour, when Jesus no longer I see.' 'I tried to sing but could not get beyond the first line. But it did appear that visions of a bright world were hers, as with a clear, unflinching strain she sang the entire hymn. She gradually sank away without much pain, and all the time happy. She had not spent a day in our captivity without asking God to pardon, to bless, and to save. I was faint and unable to stand upon my feet long at a time. My cravings for food were almost uncontrollable. And at the same time among uncivilized savages, to watch her gradual but sure approach to the vale of death, from want of food that their laziness alone prevented us laying in abundance; this was a time and scene upon which I can only gaze with horror and the very remembrance of which I would blot out if I could.

"During her singing quite a crowd gathered about her and seemed much surprised. Some of them would stand for whole hours and gaze upon her countenance as if fascinated by a strange sight, and this while some of their own kindred were dying in other parts of the village. Among these was the wife of the chief—'Asepana,' I caught here to say that that woman nor her daughter ever gave us any unkind treatment. She came up one day, bearing Mary in my arms, and bent for some time silently over her. She looked in her face, felt of her, and suddenly broke out in a most piteous lamentation. She wept, and wept from the heart and aloud. I never saw a parent more to feel more keenly over a dying child. She sobbed, she moaned, she howled. And thus bending over and weeping she stood the whole night. The next morning as I sat a little way from her, shading my eyes in my hands, she called me to her side and said—I am willing to die. I shall be much better off there!—and her strength failed. She tried to dig but was too weak.

"A number of the tribe, men, women and children, were about her, the chief's wife watching her every moment. She died in a few moments after her dying words quoted above. 'She sank to the sleep of death as quietly as sinks the innocent infant to sleep in its mother's arms. "When I saw that she was dead, I could not give myself up to loneliness—to weeping and despair. 'The last of our family dead, and all of them by tortures inflicted by Indian savages!' I exclaimed to myself. I went to her and tried to find remaining life, but no pulse, no breath was there. I could not adore the mercy that had so wisely thrown a veil of concealment over these three years of affliction. Had their names been mapped out to be read beforehand and to be received step by step as they were really met to us, no heart could have sustained them.

"I wished and most earnestly desired that I might at once lie down in the same cold, icy embrace that I saw fast stiffening the delicate limbs of that dear sister. "I reasoned at times that die I must and soon, and that I had the right to end my sufferings at once, and prevent these savages, by cold, cruel neglect, murdering me by the slow tortures of a starvation that had already its score of victims in our village. The only heart that shared my woes was now still; the only heart (as I then supposed) that survived the massacre of seven of our family group, was now cold in death, and why should I remain to feel the gnawings of pain and hunger a few days and then

THE CAMEL'S HEAD.

"Where the camel's head goes his body follows," says an Oriental proverb. It's the same way with disease. A small when disease once has a place in the body a large number of it may follow it.

The opening for disease is often found in a "weak" stomach. When the stomach is "weak" the body also becomes weakened by lack of nutrition, and disease attacks the heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and other organs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the weak stomach strong. It cures disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and so enables the body to resist or throw off other diseases.

Men and women who are sick are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and to obtain without charge the opinion of a specialist on their ailments. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. "For the past few years I have been a very sick man," writes Mrs. Christine of Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. "I tried medicine from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When I started I was all run-down and had very little strength in my body. I was choked up, and at times it was very hard for me to breathe. I had severe headaches and cutting pains in my knee-joint. Was so weak I could not attend to my work nor walk on or down stairs without the assistance of my brother's support. I am now taking the fourth bottle, and am feeling much better. I can go on and down stairs and perform my duties as well as any one. Everything seems to be in a state of nature. I assure you that life is worth living."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing just as good for dyspepsia or debility. Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

without any to care for me, unattended and uncared for, lay down and die. At times I resolved to take a morsel of food by stealth (if it could be found) and make a desperate attempt to escape.

"There were two, however, who seemed not wholly insensible to my condition—those were the wife and daughter of the chief. They manifested a sympathy that had not gathered about me since the first closing-in of the night of my captivity upon me. The Indians, at the direction of the chief, began to make preparations to burn the body of my sister. This it seemed I could not endure. I sought a place to weep and pray, and I then tasted the blessedness of realizing that there is One upon whom the heart's heaviest load can be placed and He never disappointed me. My dark, suicidal thoughts fled, and I became resigned to my lot. Standing by the corpse with my eyes fastened on that angel countenance of Mary Ann, the wife of the chief came to me and gave me to understand that she had, by much entreaty, obtained the permission of her lord to give me the privilege of disposing of the dead body as I should choose. This was a great consolation and I thanked her most earnestly. It lifted a burden from my mind that caused me to weep tears of gratitude, and also to note the finger of that Providence to whom I had fully committed myself and when I plainly saw striving my way with tokens of his kind regards toward me. The chief gave me two blankets and in these they wrapped the corpse. Orders were then given to two Indians to follow my directions in disposing of the body. I selected a spot in that little garden ground where I had planted and wept with my dear sister. In this they dug a grave about five feet deep and into it they gently lowered the remains of my last—my only sister, and closed her last resting place with the sand. The reader may imagine my feelings as I stood by that grave. The whole painful past seemed to rush across my mind as I lingered there. It was the first and only grave in all that valley, and that enclosing my own sister. Around me was a large company of half-dressed, fierce looking savages, some serious, some mourning, some laughing over this novel method of disposing of the dead; others in breathless silence watched the movements of that dark hour, with a look that seemed to say, 'this is the way white folk do,' and exhibiting no feeling or care beyond that. I longed to plant a rose upon her grave, but the Mohaves knew no beauty, and read no lesson in flowers, and so this mournful pleasure was denied me.

"When the excitement of that hour passed, with it seemed to pass my energy and ambition. I was faint and weak; drowsy and languid. I felt but little strength from the exertions dealt out to me. I was rapidly drooping, and becoming more and more anxious to shut my eyes to all about me and sink to a sweet untroubled sleep beneath that green carpeted valley. This was the only time in which without any reserve I really

Salomon, Johnson & Co.

Successors to C. L. SALOMON.

OUR POLICY

Is to make the dollars go farther than they ever did before in providing the home and family with standard makes of goods, and in consequence we are a busy store.

- WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF MEN'S Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Overcoats, Underwear. LADIES' Shoes, Dress Goods, Silks, Skirts, Shawls, Jackets, Underwear.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is up to date, with full and complete lines of all the first-class goods. We also carry a full line of Crockery and Cutlery.

Come and inspect our stock, and we will take pleasure in showing it to you.

Spring Has Arrived

and so have our Spring and Summer goods and we can now supply the needs of our many patrons, both in the city and country, and to those living out of the city we wish to say that we will pay the highest market price for butter and eggs in exchange for merchandise. You may send them in with your order by stage and we will see that every order receives prompt attention. We also wish to announce that during the prevailing sickness in Prineville we are prepared to give close and prompt attention to all orders.

A Nobby Line of

Gents' Furnishing Goods. The latest styles in Neckties and Collar Shirts, Summer Underwear, Summer Hats, etc.

In the Ladies Dept.

we have the very latest in Shirt Waists, Belts, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Underwear, Wrappers, Sun Bonnets, etc.

I. MICHEL PROP.

BEE HIVE

THE PLACE TO SAVE MONEY.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.



Monuments, Fences, Curbing, Vaults.

and all kinds of stone cutting, including monumental work, done in the most skillful manner. We have a complete stock of all the latest styles of monuments, and we are prepared to give close and prompt attention to all orders.

L. CORNINI.

The Prineville Marble and Granite Works, Branch at the Valley, Oregon.



McKingsburg Hat

First National Bank

PRINEVILLE.

B. F. ALLEN, President; W. WURZWEILER, Vice-President; T. M. BALDWIN, Cashier.

Poindexter Hotel

Shaving Parlors.

Walter Hyde, Prop.

Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, Baths.

HAVE THE FINEST BATH ROOM IN THE CITY.

We desire the LADIES' to remember that we have fitted up our bath room especially for the ladies.

Everything connected with this shop is up-to-date and strictly first-class.

LILIPUT

Collapsible Pocket

Stereoscope Apparatus.

The smallest stereoscope with the strongest optical effect. Highly efficient in different sizes with 100 and 150 views. Descriptive literature sent free. Including N. E. Photographs, Views of the Yosemite, and other views. Agents wanted where prepared to take orders. Agents wanted.

Liliput Stereoscope Co.

Portland, Ore.