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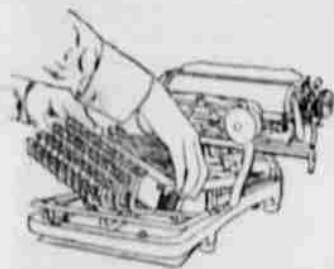
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- A cheap tract of pasture land containing 600 acres, lying near Prineville.
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- A fine ranch of 200 acres, one hundred of which will grow alfalfa. This is a "snap."
- 100 acres of choice land on Willow Creek. Good house, two large barns and other outbuildings on the place. The entire tract is level. A portion of the land is in alfalfa, a portion is excellent for grain raising and the remainder is pasture land.
- 150 acres of timber and pasture land. A good bargain.
- A good house and five lots in Prineville. Would make an ideal home.
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- We also have for sale the noted Hot Rock Soda Springs. This spring produces the finest soda in the state and will make a fine summer resort.

For further particulars inquire of J. L. McCulloch, manager of the Crook County Real Estate and Abstract Co., Prineville, Oregon.

Church Directory.

Services will be held as follows:

BAPTISTS
Prineville—preaching the second and fourth Sundays.

Sabbath school every Sunday at 2 p. m.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Haystack—preaching every third Sunday.

Bend—preaching every first Sunday. Rev. Triplett pastor, residence Baptist parsonage Prineville Ore.

PRESBYTERIAN
Prineville—preaching the first and third Sundays.

Sabbath school every Sunday morning at 10 a. m.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Rev. R. L. Alter, Residence at McFarland's hotel.

M. E. CHURCH
Prineville—preaching the second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 a. m.

Epworth league every Sunday evening at 7 p. m.

Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Willow Creek—preaching first Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.

Claypool—preaching third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.

Howard—preaching the Saturday evening preceding the third Sunday in each month. Rev. H. C. Clark pastor, residence M. E. parsonage, Prineville Oregon.

Christian Endeavor meets at the Union church every Sunday evening at 7 p. m.

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W. A. BELL,

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office on street leading to Court House.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOE MEEK

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

EARLY DAYS IN OREGON.

Meantime the trappers left to guard the fort remained stationed within the wood all night, firmly believing they had their enemy "corralled," as the horsemen of the plains would say. On the return, in the morning, of their comrades from the main camp, they advanced cautiously up to the breast-work of logs, behold! not a buffalo skin nor red blanket was seen! Through the crevices among the logs was seen an empty fort. On making this discovery there was much chagrin among the white trappers, and much lamentation among the Indian allies, who had abandoned the burning of the fort expressly to save for themselves the fine blankets and other goods of their hereditary foes.

From the reluctance displayed by the trappers, in the beginning of the battle, to engage with the Indians while under cover of the woods, it must not be inferred that they were lacking in courage. They were too well informed in Indian modes of warfare to venture recklessly into the den of death, which a savage ambush was quite sure to be. The very result which attended the impetuosity of their leaders, in the death of Sinclair and the wounding of Captain Sublette, proved them not over cautious.

On entering the fort, the dead bodies of ten Blackfeet were found, besides others dead outside the fort, and over thirty horses, some of which were recognized as those stolen from Sublette's night mamp on the other side of the mountains, besides those abandoned by Fitzpatrick. Doubtless the rascals had followed his trail to Pierre's Hole, not thinking, however, to come upon so large a camp as they found at last. The savage garrison which had so cunningly contrived to elude the guard set upon them, carried off some of their wounded, and, perhaps, also some of their dead; for they acknowledged afterwards a much larger loss than appeared at the time. Besides Sinclair, there were five other white men killed, one half-breed, and seven Nez Perces. About the same number of whites and their Indian allies were wounded.

An instance of female devotion is recorded by Bonneville's historian as having occurred at this battle. On the morning following it, as the whites were exploring the thickets about the fort, they discovered a Blackfoot woman leaning silent and motionless against a tree. According to Mr. Irving, whose fine feeling for the sex would incline him to put faith in this bit of romance, "this surprise at her lingering here alone, to fall into the hands of her enemies, was dispelled when they saw the corpse of a warrior at her feet. Either she was lost in grief as not to perceive their approach, or a proud spirit kept her silent and motionless. The Indians set up a yell on discovering her, and before the trappers could interfere, her mangled body fell upon the corpse which she had refused to abandon." This version is true in the main incidents, but untrue in the sentiment. The woman's leg had been broken by a ball, and she was unable to move from the spot where she leaned. When the trappers approached her, she stretched out her hands supplicatingly, crying out in a wailing voice, "kill me! kill me! O white men, kill me!" but this

then greedily licked them off. I have taken the soles off my moccasins, crisp them in the fire, and eaten them. In our extremity, the large black crickets which are found in this country were considered game. We used to take a kettle of hot water, catch the crickets and throw them in, and when they stopped kicking, eat them. That was not what we called cant tickop ko hangh, (good meat, my friend,) but it kept us alive."

Equally abhorrent expedients were resorted to in order to quench thirst, some of which would not bear mention. In this condition, and exposed to the burning suns and the dry air of the desert, the men now so nearly exhausted began to prey upon their almost equally exhausted animals. At night when they made their camp, by mutual consent a mule was bled, and a soup made from its blood. About a pint was usually taken, when two or three would mess together upon this reviving, but scanty and not very palatable dish. But this mode of subsistence could not be long depended on, as the poor mules could ill afford to lose blood in their famishing state; nor could the men afford to lose their mules where there was a chance of like; therefore hungry as they were, the men were cautious in this matter; and it generally caused a quarrel when a man's mule was selected for bleeding by the others.

A few times a mule had been sacrificed to obtain meat; and in this case the poorest one was always selected, so as to economize the chances for life for the whole band. In this extremity, after four days of almost total abstinence and several weeks of famine, the company reached the Snake River, about fifty miles above the fishing falls, where it boils and dashes over the rocks, forming very strong rapids. Here the company camped, rejoiced at the sight of the pure mountain water, but still in want of food. During the march a horse's back had become sore from some cause; probably, his rider thought, because the saddle did not set well; and, although that particular animal was selected to be sacrificed on the morrow, as one that could best be spared, he set about taking the stuffing out of his saddle and re-arranging the padding. While engaged in this considerate labor, he uttered a cry of delight and held up to view a large brass pin, which had accidentally got into the stuffing, when the saddle was made, and had been the cause of all the mischief to his horse.

The same thought struck all who saw the pin; it was soon converted into a fish-hook, line was spun

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from horsehair, and in a short time there were trout enough caught to furnish them a hearty and a most delicious repast. "In the morning," says Meek, "we went on our way rejoicing," each man with the "five fishes" tied to his saddle, if without any "loaves." This was the end of their severest suffering, as they had now reached a country where absolute starvation was not the normal condition of the inhabitants; and which was growing more and more bountiful, as the neared the Rocky Mountains, where they at length joined camp, not having made a very profitable expedition.

It may seem incredible to the reader that any country so poor as that in which our trappers starved could have native inhabitants. Yet such was the fact, and the people who lived in and who still inhabit this barren waste, were called Diggers, from their mode of obtaining their food—a few edible roots growing in low grounds, or marshy places. When these fail them they subsist as did our trappers, by hunting crickets and field mice.

Nothing can be more abject than the appearance of the Digger Indian, in the fall, as he roams about, without food and without weapons, save perhaps a bow and arrows, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, looking for crickets! So despicable is he, that he has neither enemies nor friends; and the neighboring tribes do not condescend to notice his existence, unless indeed he should come in their way, when they would not think it more than a meritorious act to put an end to his miserable existence. And so it must be confessed the trappers regarded him. When Sublette's party first struck the Humboldt, Wyeth's being still with them, Joe Meek one day shot a Digger who was prowling about a stream where his traps were set.

"Why did you shoot him?" asked Wyeth.

"To keep him from stealing traps."

"Had he stolen any?"

"No; but he looked as if he was going to!"

This recklessness of life very properly distressed the just minded New Englander. Yet it was hard for the trappers to draw lines of distinction so nice as this. If a tribe was not known to be friendly, it was a rule of necessity to consider it unfriendly. The audacity and cowardice of the Diggers was the fruit of their own helpless condition. That they had the savage instinct, held in check only by circumstances, was demonstrated about the same time that Meek shot one, by his being pursued by four of them when out trapping alone, and only escaping at last by the assistance of one of his comrades who came to the rescue. They could not fight, like the crews and Blackfeet, but they could steal and murder, when they had a safe opportunity.

It would be an interesting study, no doubt, to the philanthropist, to ascertain in how great a degree the habits, manners, and morals of a people are governed by their resources, especially by the quality and quantity of their diet. But when diet and climate are both taken into consideration, the result is striking.

(To be continued.)

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