

#### The Oldest Postmaster.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat publishes the following sketch of the oldest postmaster in the United States, who has served continuously since 1828, having been appointed by John Quincy Adams.

The Globe-Democrat has recently published pictures and sketches of a number of persons who believed themselves the oldest postmasters in the service of Uncle Sam. They were interesting in themselves, but what is still more interesting they have served to bring to the front the man who is really the oldest, whose claim to that distinction is backed by the postmaster general, and is, therefore, beyond question. This postal patriarch is Dr. Roswell Beardsley, who was appointed postmaster at North Lansing, N. Y., by John Quincy Adams, June 28, 1828, and has served in that capacity at that place ever since, nearly 74 years. This is fifteen years longer than the record of any other postmaster in the service, says the postal authorities at Washington. Mr. Beardsley is now 92 years old. He built the store wherein the postoffice is located over sixty years ago. Of course Postmaster Beardsley has not depended upon his office salary for support, but has been engaged in the merchantile business and other ventures, whereby he has amassed a fortune aggregating \$150,000. His salary for the first year as postmaster was \$19 53, and at no time has it exceeded \$200. During all these years of active life he has never indulged in a vacation. He never could find the time. Every three months during his long service he has made out the reports of the office and forwarded them to Washington, and it is said to his credit that there has never been an error discovered in one of them. Until a few years ago Mr. Beardsley had always been a democrat, but in 1896 he gave practical exhibition of his belief in independence in politics by breaking away from Bryan and voting for McKinley. The postoffice department at Washington regards its subordinate with manifest interest. His picture was secured by the private secretary of one of the postmaster generals some years ago, and his long record of service is familiar to the heads of bureaus. Moreover, the postoffice department has given evidence that it would delight to honor the man who has been one of its faithful employes during so great a portion of its existence. At the second in auguration of Mr. McKieley, an invitation was sent to Mr. Beardsley in the name of the department to visit Washington as its guest. This invitation, however he could not accept, much to his regret, for he was sick, and dared not make the journey.

#### Took French Leave.

Word comes from Klamath Falls that A. P. McMillan, teacher of brass instruments, string music, baseball enthusiast and late candidate for Justice of the Peace at Klamath's shire town, has taken French leave without consulting his wife or anybody else, says the Lakeview Examiner. Mac also took a bicycle that belonged to another man, and separated several confiding friends from their spare cash on a borrow. He did not want to overlook anybody, desiring to be remembered by all his friends, so he appropriated \$75 or \$80 that had been entrusted to him to purchase instruments for a young ladies brass band he proposed to organize. He learned that the authorities of Seattle, Wash., were on his trail for some offense committed in that city, and not desiring to go back to Washington because the climate

was not conducive to his health, he left for other parts. It is said that he forgot to say good-bye to his young wife. A warrant has been issued for his arrest. Not long since McMillan wrote a letter to the Examiner to see how the music business was running over here but received no encouragement. A few months ago he won the love of Miss Edna Mitchell, a Klamath Falls young lady, well known in Lakeview, and they were married.

#### Farmer Boys as Convict Hunters.

A motley crowd of convict hunters stepped off the O. R. & N. train Wednesday morning and a general smile passed over the faces of the bystanders as the mission of the newcomers was made known.

"We are Hood River men," one of the five said "and we are going out after that reward."

The names of the members of the party were given as S. F. Louts, Harry Hampshire, James Hughes, James Moberly and Aleck Gillespi. C. A. Bell, they said would follow on the next train with more dogs.

The sleuths are simply farmer boys who are probably used to hunting bear and grouse in the woods about the base of Mount Hood and the dogs they have along have good records as bear trailers, but what a burlesque on the canine breed! One was an old, fat, red canine, evidently a cross between a British bulldog and an Irish setter; two were diminutive fox hounds; a fourth was a three-quarter greyhound; and they were all led along the depot platform with as much care as a woman would bestow on her lap dog.

"Don't you worry about the looks of these dogs," said Louts, as he saw the smiles. "They have all been trained to track bear in the woods and these two fox terriers can track a man just as well."

And the guns. One was a little 22 caliber breech loader; another was an extremely long single-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun with accompanying ramrod, such as were quite common 40 years ago; another was a double-barreled shotgun, breech-loader of an ancient pattern, and there were two repeating rifles that had probably done good service in exterminating the bear from Hood River Valley since the close of the Civil War.

"Where is Chief McLauchlan; he promised to be here to meet us?" queried Louts, but the chief was not on hand. Detective Cordano was, however, and as he sized up the outfit he said: "Well, if Tracey and Merrill ever get sight of you they will simply take those old guns away from you and kick you out of the woods. They would not deign to hurt you."

Not daunted by these remarks, however, the manhunters struck up Sixth street looking for a place to obtain breakfast, prior to their departure for the firing line. Whatever their fighting abilities may be they certainly have as much self-confidence as any of the posse now on the trail of Tracey and Merrill. —Telegram.

#### Saves Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland, of Armonk, N. Y., "But, when all other remedies failed, we saved her life by Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had Consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and to-day she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung disease yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infalible for Coughs and Colds. 50c and \$1.00 bottles guaranteed by Adamson & Winick Co. Trial bottle free.

*E. W. Grover*

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

#### Governor Pardons Ingram.

SALEM, Or., June 19.—Governor Geer this afternoon granted a full pardon to Frank Ingram, a life prisoner from Linn County, as a reward of his bravery in saving the life of Guard Girard in the recent penitentiary outbreak. Ingram, who suffered the loss of a limb in consequence of his brave act, will not be informed of the commutation of his sentence and restoration to citizenship until tomorrow morning, and then the news will be carefully delivered to him, since it is believed the sudden announcement of the welcome news might aggravate his weakened condition. While the pardon dates from today, Ingram will probably not be removed from the penitentiary until he has entirely recovered from the operation necessary from his wound, which, will not be many days. Ingram has never discussed with the prison officials his plans for the future, since he has never had an intimation of the reward that awaited him.

Erank S. Ingram is a single man, farmer by occupation, and is now 43 years old. He was sentenced for life, having been convicted of murder in the second degree, and was received at the penitentiary March 22, 1892. Since his incarceration he has worked in the shops, and has learned the blacksmith trade. A fine specimen of his handwork may be seen in Governor Geer's office. It is a miniature anvil, and is used for a paperweight.

Speaking of Ingram's record as a prisoner, Superintendent Lee said:

"He has been a model prisoner, industrious, attentive and diligent. Many of his Linn County acquaintances have been calling on him regularly, and somebody volunteered to aid him in getting a pardon. Quite a strong effort was made in his behalf, but part of his relatives were against him, and rendered the work in his behalf very difficult. Ingram has always claimed that it was to save his own life that he took that of his brother."

The act that won Ingram's pardon was the saving of the life of Guard Girard at the risk of losing his own, when Tracey and Merrill escaped from the penitentiary. After murdering Shop Guard Ferrell, the convicts started after Girard. They were chasing him down a narrow corridor in the foundry building and closing in on him rapidly. Just as they had taken aim to kill Girard, Ingram, who was standing near the corridor, intercepted Tracey, the foremost of the two, and grabbed his rifle, at the same time receiving a bullet from Merrill's gun, that lodged in his (Ingram's) knee and necessitated amputation. By this time Girard had reached a place of safety, and the convicts went to the penitentiary enclosure, killed two guards and made their escape.

#### A Terrible Explosion.

"Of a gasoline stove burned a lady hair frightfully," writes N. E. Palmer, of Kirkman, Ia. "The best doctor couldn't heal the running sore that followed, but Bucken's Arnica Salve entirely cured her." Infalible for Cuts, Corns, Sores, Boils, Bruises, Skin Diseases and Piles. 25c at Adamson & Winick Co.

#### Shingles For Sale.

I have for sale at my shingle mill on McKay creek 100,000 shingles and will manufacture over 400,000 more during the season. All from the choicest timber. Price, at the mill \$2.25, delivered in Prineville \$2.50.

J. W. RITTER.

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