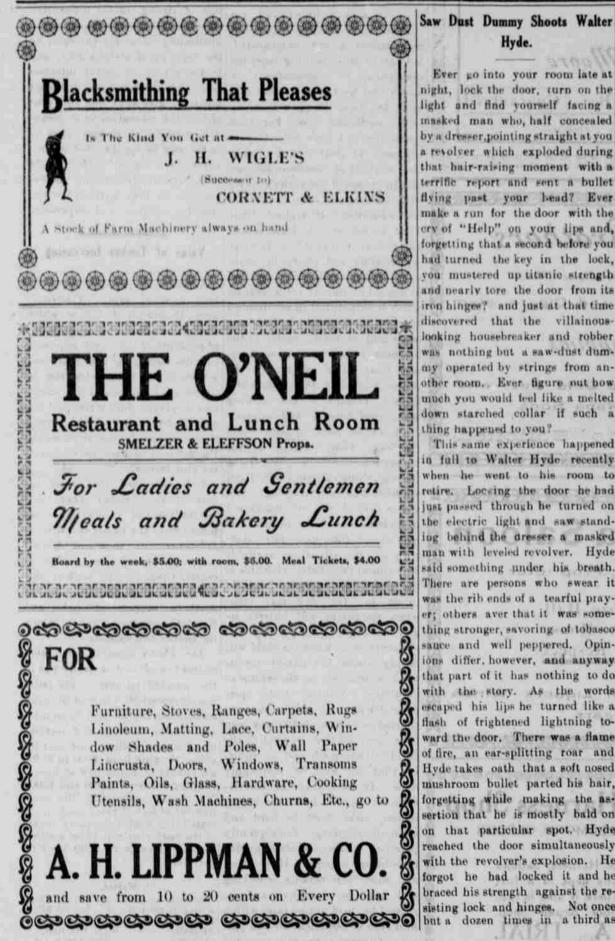
SUPPLEMENT TO Crook County Journal

PRINEVILLE, CROOK COUNTY, OREGON, NOV. 15, 1906.



Hyde. Ever go into your room late at night, lock the door, turn on the light and find yourself facing a masked man who, half concealed by a dresser, pointing straight at you a revolver which exploded during that hair-raising moment with a terrific report and sent a bullet flying past your bead? Ever make a run for the door with the erv of "Help" on your lips and, forgetting that a second before you had turned the key in the lock, you mustered up titanic strength and nearly tore the door from its iron hinges? and just at that time discovered that the villainouslooking housebreaker and robber was nothing but a saw-dust dummy operated by strings from another room. Ever figure out how much you would teel like a melted down starched collar if such a thing happened to you?

This same experience happened in full to Walter Hyde recently when he went to his room to retire. Locking the door he had just passed through he turned on the electric light and saw standing behind the dresser a masked man with leveled revolver. Hyde said something under his breath. There are persons who swear it was the rib ends of a tearful prayer; others aver that it was something stronger, savoring of tobasco sauce and well peppered. Opinions differ, however, and anyway that part of it has nothing to do with the story. As the words escaped his lips he turned like a flash of frightened lightning toward the door. There was a flame of fire, an ear-splitting roar and Hyde takes oath that a soft nosed mushroom bullet parted his hair, forgetting while making the assertion that he is mostly bald on on that particular spot. Hyde reached the door simultaneously with the revolver's explosion. He braced his strength against the re- misled at the time the bill was

many seconds he pulled on the pine. The door quivered and groaned under the superhu.nan energy at work to wrench it open. Finally he turned around and saw the tightening and slacking of a string along the wall which was doing admirable work in operating the saw-dust man behind the dresser. A smothered laugh in the adjoining room shed more light on the mysterious intruder and explanations were made soon afterward.

A few hours before a dummy had been stuffed and dressed according to the ethics of the ordinary porch climber and two strings run from the revolver's trigger and arms of the automaton; the first to explode the blank cartridges, and the other to give a few life-like motions to the saw-dust counterpart of a human being. From a stove pipe hole near the ceiling and connecting with the adjoining room the operators could see all that transpired by looking across to the mirror in the dresser. In reality they can tell more about the incident than Hyde himself because they were cool, collected and enjoying the sport, while Hyde-well, you ask Hyde about it.

Not Uuder Suspicion.

From Land Office sources it is learned today that the investigations on the Umatilla Indian Reservation were initiated to ascertain the connection of J. H. Raley and other Oregonians with the wholesale entry of large areas in the ceded strip of the reservation. This verifies Secretary Hitchcock's statement that Senator. Fulton is not under investigation.

The Senator's name was brought into the case by reason of his having introduced a bill to validate the title of a large number of entries now believed to have been made in the interest of Raley and others.

From the same source it is forgot he had locked it and he learned that Senator Fulton was sisting lock and hinges. Not once introduced, and this explains his but a dozen times in a third as testimony before the committee.