

Bedrock Democrat.

J. M. SHEPHERD, EDITOR.

BAKER CITY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

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Assessment Equalization.

The Salem Mercury says: "We publish in to-day's issue the Report of the State Board of Equalization. This paper is one of a great deal of importance, and should be perused by our readers with care. The subject is a new one in this State, but not so in the other States of the Union."

That taxation should be equal and uniform through the State according to actual value is not a debatable question. It is a mandate of our constitution.

Article 10 Sec. I. provides as follows: "The Legislative Assembly shall provide by law for a uniform and equal rate of assessment and taxation; and shall prescribe such regulations as shall secure a just valuation for taxation of all property, both real and personal." Although this provision had been standing since our Constitution was adopted, no action had been taken on it. Up to the time of the last session of the Legislature no law had ever been passed to comply with this important and positive requirement of our fundamental law.

Every new subject of legislation presents its difficulties and embarrassments, and this subject is not exempt from the general rule. The best method of a just and fair assessment of property for taxation is a problem in political economy which has not yet been solved in any government. The State of New York, after an experience of near a century, a few years ago created a Board of Commissioners, consisting of the best talent which the country afforded, including the distinguished name of Daniel A. Wells, to report upon a method of assessing property for taxation. The result of this action was enacted into law, but still we find the problem unsolved in that State, and debate still going on.

The present report of our State Board of Equalization may not reach perfect results, but the paper shows ability and conscientious labor; let it be considered and studied as an effort to meet the requirements of our Constitution and to reach results which no one will deny should be reached to do exact and equal justice to all.

But let us here remark that there has been much misapprehension on this subject, and some misstatements relative to it by some of our contemporaries. We bespeak care in treating this matter, as it is an important one, and its purpose and end nothing but justice."

HOTEL CHANGE.—Mr. J. B. Springer, formerly of Albany, Oregon, has leased the Oriental Hotel at Walla Walla, and took charge last Monday.

Goodwin's Murderers Captured.

Two or three weeks ago we had an account of the murder of Wallace W. Goodwin, of Pendleton, which took place on the 17th of October, near Fort Hall, Idaho. The Deer Lodge, Montana, New Northwest, of the 15th inst., has an extended account of the arrest of Gash and Matz, at or near Stevensville, in that Territory. It appears that Gash and Matz were two of four men who stole and ran off some thirty head of horses from Bitter Root valley two or three months ago. They took their share to Utah, and having sold them, were on their return to Montana, when they fell in with Goodwin on the road. Since his arrest Matz has made a confession to his father and the officers, stating that while camped one night they carried into effect a plan to rob Goodwin, who they supposed had a large amount of money in his possession, that he shot Goodwin once and then fled into the willows; that while there he heard two more shots fired, and that Gash then called him out; that he found Goodwin dead, and after robbing him of \$260—all the money he had—they dragged the body to the river and threw it in. He does not know whether Goodwin died from the shot he fired or from the two shots fired by Gash. Matz also says the entire benefits he has derived from the stealing of horses and the murder of Goodwin was \$60 in money and a suit of clothes. It appears Matz was working on a farm in Bitter Root Valley last summer when Gash came and enticed him away to engage in these lawless acts. There is some compassion for Matz, whose father is almost distracted by the affair, but a general denunciation and even threats of summary vengeance upon Gash. It is also probable that unless the authorities of Idaho speedily make requisition for the prisoners they will be held in Missoula for the horse stealing.

SUICIDE.—Horace W. Myers, editor of the Corinne Reporter, formerly Sawyer & Myers, publishers of the Salt Lake Mining Journal, committed suicide on Monday evening, Nov. 24th, at Corinne, by taking laudanum. Financial troubles are assigned as the cause. He was a brother of S. K. Myers, of Eldorado, in this county. He left a letter for his mother, who lives in Woodford County, Illinois, in which he stated he was tired of life.

DAILY MAIL.—The citizens of Canyon City are badly in want of a daily mail. It is the county seat of Grant County; a great deal of business is done there; it is the depot for Camp Harney and Warner, and it is no more than right and justice that there should be a daily mail to that point, which could be run from Baker City with ease. We will have more to say about this at another time.

THE ROSEDALE TROUPE.—This favorite troupe is amusing the people of Walla Walla. Thus far they have given most complete satisfaction, and have been well appreciated, and patronized fairly, considering the times. It is hoped they will visit us during the Winter.

"DEBAUCHERY."—The man who is so low down in the scale of morality and debauchery as to be compelled to send to San Francisco for remedies, has license to accuse other people?

LONDON, Nov. 22.—Dispatches from Madrid agree in representing that the late interviews between Minister Sickles and the Spanish authorities were of a stormy character.—Sickles barely escaped mobbing by a crowd which congregated in front of his residence.

It is rumored that the insurgents intend to surrender. This will leave the entire fleet of iron-clads at the service of the Government in case of a war with the United States.

An Iowa newspaper correspondent tells of a County Clerk, in a rural town, who had a pet calf which he was training up in the way of an ox. The calf walked around very peacefully under one end of the yoke while Mr. Clerk held up the other end, but in an unfortunate moment the Clerk conceived the idea to put his own neck into the yoke, to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner; this frightened mister calf, and elevating his tail and voice, he struck a "dead run" for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along with his head down and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying at the top of his voice: "Here we come, blast our fool souls, head us, everybody!"

Bull of the blank sheet, at La Grande, has had another fit.

A Day Among the Chickens.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT.—Things happen sometimes in these days of dull times and little business.

And it came to pass that the Doctor and myself, after a great deal of talk and much preparation, finally got ready to take a day's shooting among the prairie chickens of Wolf Creek, in this Valley.

There is nothing more characteristic of the prairies than their sudden change of appearance as the summer passes into autumn.

To day you may walk, mile after mile, through grass knee high and of the richest green, and beautifully spangled with variously colored flowers, still in their summer bloom; but to-morrow, after a single heavy frost, you move over the same scene, treading, at every step, on the grass that has withered, and the flower that has faded away.

In place of the beautiful shades of richest green nothing greets the eye but one vast expanse of a yellowish brown herbage, relieved only by the whiter tints of vast stubble fields of already harvested grain.

The change in the appearance of nature is not more remarkable than in the feathered denizens of the prairie.

The grouse—or shall we say chickens, as the custom is?—which yesterday lay in the stubble, right under the nose of your dog and gun and which, in the grass, you could hardly kick up with your boot, now gather into flocks of from fifty to five hundred, and under the warning spring and cackle of some old drummers, rise and fly booming on for miles, before either man or dog has suspected their presence.

The distance being so great, to walk was out of the question, so with Frank and a one horse shay to do the distances and the burden, we started early on Friday morning, the 21st ult., for our hunting ground.

The morning was dark and lowering, and as it had rained some little our ardor was slightly dampened, but the sun appearing about 10 o'clock our spirits revived and we flew briskly along, and arrived at North Powder about 11 o'clock, A. M., where we expected to have some fine shooting, in this we were however sadly disappointed as we failed to flush anything but a single old cock who was too wary to allow us to come within gunshot.

Pursuing our way, we arrived at Mr. Bozark's, a well to do farmer of Wolf Creek, at 2 P. M. After putting our horse in the stable and taking some internal refreshment in the shape of several sections of gingerbread and half a dozen apples apiece, we buckled on our accoutrements and sallied forth.

Crossing the creek we started into a stubble field, and traversed it from one end to the other, but without raising a single bird. Proceeding to a small shanty at the upper end of the field, we were greeted by a woman surrounded by about half a dozen tow headed responsibilities, and, in answer to our questions as to whether there was any game in the country, said—"No, I guess as how there hain't any"—and shut the door.

This cheering intelligence did not completely reassure us, and we started off, not feeling certain that we would be able to fill our engagement for five dozens of chickens promised to various and sundry friends in Baker.

We started down the creek through a field of rye grass, not in the best of spirits I assure you, when—whirr—whirr—r—about a dozen rods in advance raised a flock of about 50 chickens. Bang—bang—bang—go the guns, but, taken by surprise and at quite a long distance, we both miss. Hastily reloading, (the Dr. had a Maynard breech loader, I a double Greener muzzle loader), we mark down the flock on a foot hill, a quarter of a mile away, and start in pursuit.

Separating, the Doctor raised the flock, and, by a fine, long shot, bro't down a great, large fellow, who was flying off, cackling defiance as away he swept over the top of the grass.—We were unfortunate in having no dog, so we had to trust entirely to our own senses in following up the flock, which seemed very wild.—Chasing them into the stubble field again I raised a fine fellow, bat I am ready, too; and a moment for raising my gun, an explosion, he falls heavily to the ground, and as the flecked feathers came floating down the wind, another, started by the report, raises quite close—an instant—the trusty trigger is true to the touch and, he too falls.

Here ends our day's shooting and this sketch also.

We are glad that the blank sheet of La Grande and the "Top Dirt" of Baker City have informed the public who the fellow is that owns the one at La Grande, and has the other, at Baker City, subsidized. Hurrah for "back pay?" It is right that "carpetbaggers" should fall in line—the two naturally run together!

There is a lean, lank, cadaverous looking creature perambulating Baker county seeking to have an office catch him.

The new District School House, in this city, is being rapidly enclosed and completed.

FRED SALADE is authorized to act as Agent for the DEMOCRAT at Umatilla.

GEO. W. PALMER is authorized to act as Agent for the DEMOCRAT at Marysville.

The party at Cleaver's Hall on last Thursday evening was a complete success.

Crossing a slough after a bird, a large jack rabbit uncovers and springs away, but alas—for poor bunny—just a moment too late, for quickly bringing my gun to my face he rolls over and over—gasp once, and, before I reach him, is dead.—Following up the birds till dark we meet with varying success, bagging 10 birds and a rabbit. Going to camp a bird is hastily dressed—or undressed rather—and roasted on a ramrod before the coals, and with the addition of sweet rusk and butter with a cup of good coffee, makes a dish fit for a king, especially when seasoned with that most piquant of all sauces—hunger.

After discussing the merits of prairie chicken to our heart's content, we sit around the fire, relating hunting and piscatorial experiences until time to retire.

Making up a bed in a hay mow I retired and waited for the Dr. until at last becoming impatient, I call out, "What are you doing?" "Putting on my overcoat!" is the laconic answer.

I've often heard of fellows putting on a robe de mer, but never heard before of a man putting on an overcoat in which to go to bed. After arguing the point awhile he came to bed, and, after cogitating upon the mutabilities of things generally, and chicken hunters in particular, we go to sleep—to dream, perchance, "Of the girls we left behind us."

Rising at break of day we ate a hastily prepared breakfast and start out, fully determined to have a day of good shooting, going a few hundred yards in the stubble we raise a fine flock of birds, bang go the guns and another brace are added to our trophies, hastily reloading we follow on, but becoming excited at our prospects, we both miss close shots most ingloriously. Hunting along up the creek I secure several shots at birds sitting on the fence and ground. Crack shots rather look down upon pot shooting as they call sitting shots, but we came too far for birds, to miss any chances like these, so we bang away at everything within shooting distance, both sitting and flying.

Tramping around the foot hills I secure 14 birds, when, hearing the Dr. bring at a rapid rate I go in his direction and find him doing good shooting, having already brought down 11 birds and a rabbit. Whilst amusing the chickens and ourselves at the same time we come across a party from Baker, consisting of Messrs. Foster, Cleaver, Jackson & Schellworth out with a full complement of breechloaders, dogs and the various paraphernalia of good hunters, however they were not in the best of humor, as the birds had been stirred up by my companion and myself until they were very wary and difficult to get a shot at.

Crossing the creek towards the house I flushed a bird which was quickly taken in. Reloading I was walking slowly along when I heard a man sing out: "Look out, Ramrod, here they come!" looking up I see a large flock bearing down upon me.—Here they come, flapping their wings for a few strong strokes, and then sailing on with set wings as if in very glee and wantonness of motion. It is a very poor shot who cannot get one with each barrel, and I am not that shot.

"Plugged them, didn't you?" says the fellow who gave me the warning. Picking up my birds I go to the house where I find the Dr. awaiting me, ready to start home. The Doctor could hold in no longer, but explodes with, "I tell you what, we have more than we went for, haven't we?"

"You bet!" is the sententious reply. And, loading our game, which amounted to 39 chickens and 3 rabbits, into the buggy, we start for home, which we reach safely at 9 P. M.

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The most Simple and Compact in Construction, the most Durable and Economical in use, A Model of Combined Strength and Beauty.

COMPLETE IN ALL ITS PARTS, USES THE Straight Eye Pointed Needle, Self-threading, direct upright Positive Motion, New Tension, Self Feed and Cloth Guide. Operates by Wheel on a Table, Light Running, Smooth and noiseless like all good, high priced machines. Has patent check to prevent the wheel being turned the wrong way. Uses the thread direct from the spool. Makes the Elastic Lock Stitch (finest and strongest stitch known) firm, durable, close and rapid. Will do all kinds of work, fine and coarse, from Cambric to heavy Cloth or Leather, and uses all description of thread.

The best mechanical talent in America and Europe has been devoted to improving and simplifying our Machines, combining only that which is practicable, and dispensing with all complicated surroundings generally found in other machines.

Special terms and extra inducements to male and female agents, store keepers, &c., who will establish agencies through the country and keep our new machines on exhibition and sale. County rights given to smart agents free. Agents' complete outfit furnished without any extra charge. Samples of sewing, descriptive circulars containing terms, testimonials, engravings, &c., sent free.

Address,

Brooks Sewing Machine Co.,

No. 1329 Broadway, New York.

In an article on the Virginians question the New York Times declares that if American citizens were shot, only one course is open to the Government. It says further:

They were not amenable to Spanish laws, since they were captured on the high seas, in violation of international law. Spain has no right to seize them at all—still less had she any right to take their lives. If she has done this, it is a crime for which no explanation or apology can atone. There will be nothing left for the United States Government but to declare war against Spain. The latter power may, indeed, condemn the action of her agents, and consign those agents to severe punishment. It will then be for Congress and the Government to consider what further steps may be necessary on our part. But hitherto Spain has offered no explanation of her outrageous treatment of many American citizens. She has simply proceeded on the theory that the United States would submit to any insults, because it was not worth while to declare war against her. If, however, a Government is incompetent to protect its own flag and its own citizens, it ceases to be worth calling a Government, and may as well announce to the world that anybody may slap its face without fear of consequences. It is needless to say that our Government occupies no such position as that. If any of its citizens have been included in the recent massacre, Spain will have to account for the outrage to the United States. We shall have to protect our own people in Cuba at any cost, and the Spanish Government must know perfectly well what that means. If Americans are to be murdered publicly in Cuba, at any time the authorities there may think fit, we shall have to take possession of Cuba, a work which would cost us very little trouble.

HAVING DETERMINED TO make an entire change in my business I desire to sell all my Real Estate in and near Baker City, consisting of LOTS and BLOCKS in the city, and Land by the Acre, adjoining the Original Town Plat. Lots will be sold at from \$10 to \$100 each. Blocks from \$100 to \$500 each, and Land by the Acre at from \$25 to \$100.

A L S O ,

I will sell my Fine Residence and other improved property in the City, at great BARGAINS.

TERMS.—One Third Cash down, balance in two equal Yearly Payments, with Legal Interest. Warrantee Title Given.

J. M. BOYD.

Baker City, Nov. 5, 1873.—n26m2

1874.

Business Directory
of
EASTERN WASHINGTON,
NORTHERN IDAHO,

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE
Walla Walla Union will issue a Directory of the above named sections in January next.

The work will embrace a general sketch of the counties of Walla Walla, Whitman, Stevens and Yakima, in Washington Territory; Umatilla, Union and Baker, in Oregon; and Nez Perce, Idaho and Shoshone, in Idaho Territory, together with their Productions, Resources, Climate, and all other subjects upon which information is required.

The Directory of each town and city will be complete, and that, with sketches of each place, should make it invaluable to the merchant, farmer, and mechanic.

As an advertising medium, it will be best yet introduced, as it will be of such importance that it will always be retained in prominent position for reference.